A Scrap Book indeed

consisting of.

Sermons-		Entertainment.
Stories-		Instruction.
Puzzles-		Thought.
Poems-		Improvement.
Histories-	for	Knowledge-
Sketches-		Learning-
Incidents-		Leisure Hours-
Celebrations-		and
Travels-		for every day
Illustrations-		Reading!
		For the
		Young & Old!


DEVOTED
CHOICE LITERATURE
ROMANCE
THE NEWS
COMMERCE

Worcester

Heart of the Commonwealth

The Daily Spy

The Spy should have the eye of Argus ... if honorable if he do but look to the welfare of the commonwealth.

WORCESTER

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1872.

A Hundred Years Ago.

The Spy, as most of our readers know, began its existence in Boston, and was published there nearly five years before it came to Worcester. In those days the carriers were accustomed to greet their patrons, on New Year's day, with an address for which they usually got a few "pence." We print below a fac simile of the address which the carriers of the Spy presented to the subscribers on New Year's day, 1772—just one hundred years ago. The paper had then been published in Boston about a year and a half, having begun existence there in July, 1770, as an advocate of the patriotic side of the quarrel with the mother country. It was finally driven from Boston by the persecutions of the British soldiery and the approach of hostilities. The battle of Lexington was fought in the interval from the issue of the last number in Boston and the appearance of the first number issued in Worcester, which, by the way, was the first thing ever printed in this city. The spirit of the paper appears in the carrier's address which was as follows:

The CARRIER of

The MASSACHUSETTS

SPY,

Wiſhes all his kind Cuſtomers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS,

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

And preſents the following, viz.

HAIL happy day, important year!
Be more propitious than the laſt;
thee let mighty truth appear,
And every tool and tyrant blaſt.

From this unbought, unfetter'd PRESS,
Which laws and conſtitutions ſhow
That it the happy land may bleſs,
With leſſons which they ought to know.

Nor ſhall the frowns of low'ring ſkies,
Nor party rage of ſelfiſh men,
Forbid the boy who brings your SPYS,
To ſerve and pleaſure you again.

But Sirs, since your indulgent hands
Are yearly wont my heart to chear;
Some pence will rivet your commands,
And fix my wiſhes for the year.

Boſton, January 1, 1772.

Worcester,

The Cemetery.

Editor Spy :—The following lines, written by the late Mrs. John Bigelow, on the occasion of the consecration of our beautiful Rural Cemetery, just thirty years ago, derive new interest from the fact that the mortal remains of the writer have within the past week been brought for interment amidst the thousands who now are gathered there:

WORCESTER, August, 1868.

Home of the coming dead!
The spot whereon we tread,
Is hallowed ground;
Here earth in sacred trust
Shall hold their sleeping dust,
Until her bonds they burst
And rise unbound.

Here shall the weary rest,
And souls with woe oppressed
No more shall weep;
And youth and age shall come,
And beauty in her bloom
And manhood to the tomb:
Sweet be their sleep!

Around their lowly beds
Shall flowers their fragrance shed;
And birds shall sing;
On every verdant mound
Love's offering shall be found;
And sighing trees around,
Their shadows fling.

The stars all night shall keep
Their vigils while they sleep;
And the pale moon
Shall lend her gentle ray,
To light the mourner's way,
Who seeks at eve to stray
And weep alone.

But there is a holier light;
Hope, with her taper bright,
On every tomb
Points upward to the sky;
There, every tear is dry;
There is no mourner's sigh,
Nor death nor gloom.

Father! to Thee we bow
In adoration now,
And bless Thy love
For the assurance given,
Of life with Thee in Heaven;
Though here by tempests driven,
There's rest above.

for 1838.

WORCESTER, MASS.—If one happens to visit this charming interior city on a pleasant afternoon, when a westerly wind cools the air and rustles among the trees and shrubbery of the elegant grounds which form a part of nine-tenths of the homesteads of this rural city, the admission is easily made that you may travel far and wide before a city may be found which surpasses it. You may find, in many localities, attractive residences and beautiful enclosures, you may see costly villas and picturesque cottages, but Worcester has a larger proportion of elegant residences than any municipality within our limits, while with a few exceptions there is not in the architecture or the surroundings of the most expensive mansions any outward evidence of ostentation. The shoddy style of house has not superseded the homelike aspect which makes a residence so attractive, whether its owner possesses a handsome competence or counts his wealth by millions. While there must be, necessarily, some similarity in the physiognomy of wood and brick when raised into symmetrical shape for domestic purposes, there is still a marked individuality in these estates, denoting a refined taste and a regard for that harmony which should exist between what nature has given and art has accomplished. The ground of a cottage are not those of a palace, while a palatial home is surrounded by avenues sufficiently broad, and by parterres ample for the culture of the most beautiful flowers, without presenting any evidence that one or the other exhausted or very severely taxed the means of the owner. It is this well-to-do-aspect, the "we-can-well-afford-to-do-it" air, that makes Worcester present a contrast to many places where there is a glaring and vulgar pretension, which seems to indicate a snapping of the purse strings or the exhaustion of a bank account in order to produce effect. The total absence of anything approaching a desire to extort admiration by a garish display is very marked. The good people appear to have built elegant residences without sacrificing their own comfort. They appear to cultivate their gardens because they love flowers, and adorn their grounds because they have an eye to the beautiful. Look at Worcester on a clear bright afternoon or early in the morning and match it if you can.—*Boston Journal.*

According to the Boston Pilot, there are now in the city of Worcester 15,000 Roman Catholic communicants.

1868

The Daily Spy

The Spy should have the eye of Argus: he is honorable if he do but look to the welfare of the commonwealth.

WORCESTER.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1869.

Memorial Day.

It is now a little more than eight years since our country, with traitors clutching at her throat and threatening her life, and abandoned or even attacked by those who were under the most sacred obligations to defend her, called for help to her sons in the northern states, and promptly did they respond. For four years a constant stream of the best and bravest of our young men replied to her summons, and took arms in her behalf. The story of their sacrifices, their sufferings and their heroism is fresh in all our memories, and for many generations the remembrance of the great struggle, and gratitude for the patriotism of the men of our day, will live in the hearts of their countrymen.

We have been called a prosaic and intensely practical people, devoted to money making, incapable of self-sacrifice, among whom the almighty dollar rules, to the exclusion of every noble principle and every disinterested motive of action. The record of the late war is a sufficient reply to all such charges, or if that were not enough, with its history of devotion to country, its numerous sacrifices, of which every family knows by its own experience how great they were, and yet how freely made, that the nation might live, the touching and pathetic ceremonies, now become an established national custom, which this day are performed throughout all the land, would prove that Americans can not only honor patriotism, but can appreciate the beauty of a graceful symbol of recognition of the lustre and fragrance which adorn the memory of those whose valor and devotion saved the nation in its extremity at the cost of their own lives.

We need not urge our readers to give their presence and their aid that the services of this day may be as impressive and imposing as it is possible to make them. These honors to the dead are a duty to ourselves and our country. They are a fitting tribute of sympathy to those whose dearest friends lie in the flower strewn graves, a grateful acknowledgement by implication of the services of those surviving comrades of the deceased, who, with equal courage, faced the same dangers in the same cause, and a wholesome lesson to our children who, as they see year by year the last resting places of the fallen patriots adorned with flowers, may learn to emulate their virtues, and, in their day, should the occasion arise, to stand as firmly for their country and the right as did our fathers in their time, and our brothers whose memory we now celebrate in our own.

Scatter the flowers we bear around
The white tents of the dead;
The night comes down, the day is done,
The old Flag overhead
Hangs silently and wearily;
The rain falls on the sod;
Our loved ones sleep; how well they died
For Freedom and for God!

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

The Patriot Dead.

—"A sacred cause,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves.
Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring."

This day is set apart for a special commemoration of the patriotic dead. This day, throughout our country, the surviving soldiers of the armies of the Union will crown the graves of their companions in arms with chaplets of flowers.

Proclamation by the Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, May 24, 1869.

To the People of Worcester:

The return of MEMORIAL DAY, as set apart and designated by the Grand Army of the Republic, summons us from the secular duties of busy life to the fulfilment of obligations as beautiful in sentiment as they are sacred in character.

By order of the City Council, I would herein respectfully ask the people of Worcester to suspend the usual business of their vocations, and unite with the citizen soldiers in the commemorative service to their departed comrades; to co-operate in every way to make this day impressive in the calendar of passing time; to surrender the cares of active life for a few short hours, in memory of those who have given their lives a willing offering; in memory of valorous deeds and heroic achievements; in memory of the great suffering and sacrifices which have culminated in the perpetuity of the Union and the nationality of freedom; in memory of the principles of loyalty developed, self-sacrifice manifested, and the stimulated spirit of benevolence; and with the memories of the past to evince a living, active sympathy with those who have been spared to witness and enjoy the fruits of their heroism, and have inaugurated this touching tribute to the dead.

And as we strew flowers upon the graves of those who have been borne to their last resting place with funeral honors, let us not forget the patriots who, having fallen asleep in other lands far away from home and kindred, are yet with us in spirit and remembrance.

Let the whole people join in the ceremonies of memorial, and may our hearts be quickened to the full realization of the sacrifices made, and our faith strengthened in the guiding power of the Supreme Ruler who watches the fall of the sparrow as he directs the destiny of the nation; and as we unite in paying tribute to the memory of our fallen heroes, and drop the spring flower as a token of grateful remembrance, may each heart consecrate itself anew to the great principles of humanity and of right, and to the highest demands of the citizen of the republic.

I would also direct that the public schools of the city be suspended on Saturday, May 29th, and would herein request the teachers to bring the subject of Memorial Day before the pupils of their respective schools, and by question and explanation impress upon the minds of the individual scholar the loyal cause, the great principles, and by the blessing of God the triumphal result which demands that we shall forever perpetuate the memory of the two hundred and fifty men who left our city in defence of the Union never to return, that they may fully appreciate that this patriot band gave up their lives that the children of to-day might in their generation enjoy the fruits of the sacrifice, the blessings of republican government, and by them to be transmitted to other generations in its developed unity.

JAMES B. BLAKE, Mayor.

This thirtieth of May, the first fruits of the floral season are to be gathered, not for the boudoir or the ball room, not to adorn lovely woman's brow or bosom, but to deck those grassy mounds beneath which lie the true-hearted whose memories shall forever

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

They died for our country. If they had not died our country would have died. And so they left the dear delights of home and went forth to the sacrifice. Mother and wife yearned over them, and poured an unceasing flood of tenderness after them, but did not call them back nor weaken their resolve. From plow and anvil and workshop, from the tradesman's counter, from academic hall, from the pulpit and the bar, from every lowly and every lofty habitation they went forth to their heroic death. Self sank out of sight, and our country in mortal peril filled the whole field of their vision. The Star Spangled Banner waved them on, and around it they rallied under one common inspiration. Ah! how shall we ever forget the unutterable emotions that swelled all hearts when the first fruits of this new birth of heroism marched on to death at dead of night in that fated month of May, just seven years ago. How profoundly then did we all feel that our country must indeed be worth dying for, since her sons were so willing for her to die. How did our souls bow down and reverence those consecrated ones! How glorious in our eyes appeared each boy in blue!

They died that our country might live. And behold! our country lives a nobler life.

go forth this day with flowers of red and white and blue, with crosses and chaplets and unwrought wildings, and deck the graves of our patriot dead.

Some died on the stricken field, and some in the dreadful prison. Some fell at the cannon's mouth, some lingered long on the hospital cot. To some death came in the swift sabre stroke, or the shrieking shell, or the covert rifle ball; to others it was the ripening of the seeds sown in malarial camps. But however or wherever, in battle or in bed, each one gave his life for our country. And no less heroic was the death by disease than was that by the weapon of war. And so, of this day's commemoration, all, all must be accounted worthy.

Friday. May 29 1868.

1776. July 4th. 1869

Independence Day.

The "Glorious Fourth" passed off in this vicinity with but little excitement or public demonstration. The day was clear and cool, and, although there was no celebration contemplated here, large crowds of people from the surrounding towns came into the city, intent on the pursuit of recreation. The streets were full during the day and evening, and the two bands, stationed on the Common and Court Hill, had large and enthusiastic audiences at each of their three out-door concerts. The usual cannon-firing and ringing of bells at sunrise, noon and sunset, and a general display of flags throughout the city, and the music, were all the formal recognition the day received.

The four Methodist churches of the city united in a picnic at the Camp Ground at Sterling Junction; about 1000 people went out on the special and regular trains, and had an informal good time; swings, croquet, boating, etc., occupied the attention of the more active, while the sedate and the elders paid their attention to lunches and conversation under the trees. It was a happy party, and the return to the city was effected without any of the grumbling which usually emanates from an over-worked and over-tired excursion party.

The Fairmounts of Marlboro and the Excelsiors of this city played a match game of base ball on Agricultural Park in the forenoon, which was witnessed by a large concourse of people. Up to the sixth inning the game was close, but at this point the Fairmounts made 22 runs in one inning, which completely disheartened their competitors, and the game ended in victory for the Fairmounts by a score of 52 to 25. The following is the summary:—

Fairmounts.	O.	R.	Excelsiors.	O.	R.
Fenton, p,	3	6	Hogan, p,	3	3
Madden, s s,	5	5	Hanlon, s s,	5	2
Barnett, r f,	3	6	Foley, r f,	3	2
Hudson, 2 b,	3	6	Manning, 2 b,	3	4
Allen, c,	2	7	Rockwell, c,	4	1
Smith, c f,	2	5	Kelley, c f,	2	3
W. Brigham, 1 b,	2	5	Duffy, 1 b,	3	4
Russell, 3 b,	5	5	Whalen, 3 b,	1	4
H. Brigham, l f,	2	7	Smith, l f,	3	2
	27	52		27	25

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Fairmounts	0	0	2	5	2	22	0	12	9—52
Excelsiors	1	1	0	0	10	9	0	2	2—25

Scorers—C. H. Newhall, Fairmounts; J. R. Laverty, Excelsiors. Umpire—Joseph F. Sheehan, Worcester. Time of game—Three hours.

Worcester Agricultural Society.

SPLENDID SHOW OF NEAT CATTLE

Annual Dinner and Trials of Speed.

The fifty-fourth annual cattle show and exhibition of horses and farm products, under the auspices of the Worcester Agricultural Society, opened yesterday morning under the most depressing circumstances; the rain falling in torrents and rendering the out-door inspection anything but agreeable to the most ardent admirer of live stock. This state of things continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun burst forth through the hazy atmosphere and lent its cheering rays to the rain and mud-bound visitors.

THE DINNER

Was served in the upper hall by Augustus Marrs, and about two hundred persons sat down. There was a noticeable absence of ladies, which is chargeable to the inclement weather. Charles B. Pratt, Esq., President of the Society, presided, supported by Hon. Stephen Salisbury, Hon. Paul Whitin of Whitinville, Hon. John Milton Earle, George C. Davis, Esq., of Northboro', and other prominent members of the society. Rev. J. O. Knowles, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, invoked the Divine blessing. The company having done ample justice to the excellent dinner, President Pratt addressed them, expressing his regret that the gentlemen who had been invited to address them were not present. This was the second rainy day which had occurred during the exhibitions of the society in fifty-four years. On the first occasion the Hon. Stephen Salisbury was the orator. He concluded by introducing that gentleman.

Mr. Salisbury said that he had faithfully promised not to say anything, but the allusion of the President called for a reply. On the day to which reference had been made he had the honor to deliver the annual address in the Old South Church, when Governor Lincoln was President of the society; and this was the second time, as had been truly said, that the elements had been against them.

Death of Ex-Gov. Lincoln.

HON. LEVI LINCOLN, our most venerable and venerated townsman, died yesterday morning, in his eighty-fifth year, and the city flag placed at half-mast by order of the Mayor, soon made public the solemn news. Gov. Bullock, in recognition of the distinguished services of the venerable ex-Governor, who was one of the foremost of those who have caused this state to be respected, issued an order tendering to the family of the deceased an escort by the Independent Cadets on the day of the funeral, and the members of the Executive Council and others of the state officials will attend on that occasion, while the flags at the State House, and the arsenal at Cambridge, will be placed at half-mast.

Ex-Gov. Lincoln was a native of Worcester, and a graduate of Harvard College. He studied law in his father's office, and began his professional life in this city in 1805. His name is eminent in the political history of Massachusetts, he having held for nearly the whole period of his active life prominent and responsible positions. He early interested himself in politics, and was a recognized leader of the Jeffersonian democratic party, which was successful on several occasions in Massachusetts in those days, the state voting for Mr. Jefferson's re-election, and later electing Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gerry to the Governorship. In 1812 he he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and drew up the answer of that body to the speech of Gov. Strong. Party spirit then ran very high, and Gov. Strong stood at the head of those who were opposed to the war with Great Britain. Mr. Lincoln was a firm supporter of the war, and opposed the course of the majority here with indomitable courage, but always maintained the courtesies of political warfare. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1814, the session of which year was the most remarkable one in our legislative history. The Hartford convention was then resolved upon by our Legislature. Mr. Lincoln vigorously opposed this project, but the federalists were overwhelmingly strong and carried their point. He then drew up the well known protest against that convention, which was signed by seventy-six members. This paper was published and sent to every part of the country; and it had the effect of gaining for its author a national reputation. He continued to serve in the House of Representatives for several years, until the close of 1822. In his last year he was chosen Speaker, though the majority of the members were opposed to him in political opinions, a tribute of respect that is very seldom paid to a public man in America. He was a prominent member of the constitutional convention of 1820, and was one of the commissioners to divide and apportion the public property under the act for the separation of Maine from Massachusetts.

He was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts in 1823; and in February, 1824, he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court. This office he held but a short time, for 1825 he was nominated for the office of Governor of Massachusetts by both political parties, and chosen without opposition to speak of. That time was the close of "the era of good feeling," which was soon to be followed by new party divisions. In the re-formation of parties that took place after the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency, Gov. Lincoln became a leader of that organization which ultimately was so renowned under the Whig name. By this party he was repeatedly re-elected to the Executive chair—or, it would be more proper to say, he was re-elected by the people, as the opposition made to his re-election was often but nominal. He was Governor of Massachusetts nine years in succession, a circumstance without parallel in our history; and his retirement was voluntary. The period of his governorship was one of the most prosperous that the state has ever known.

Gov. Lincoln was the first Governor of the state to exercise the veto power. After leaving the office of Governor in 1834, he was elected to Congress from the Worcester district, where he remained by successive re elections until 1841, when he was appointed Collector for the port of Boston. In 1844 he was chosen to the state Senate, and re-elected the next year, when he was made president of that body. In 1848 he was one of the presidential electors on the Whig ticket, and presided over the Electoral College when its vote was cast for Taylor and Fillmore. Later, when the southern rebellion broke out, he showed by his conversation his anxious sympathy with the defenders of the government, and was represented in the patriot army by a son and grandsons. Though classed as a conservative, he became a steadfast supporter of Abraham Lincoln, and at the re-election of the latter to the Presidential office, was a member of the Electoral College for Massachusetts. From that time to his death he acted with the Republican party.

Gov. Lincoln was the first mayor of Worcester, and to his energetic and systematic management the successful beginning of our municipal life is greatly indebted. He took a great interest in agriculture, and was for many years president of the Worcester Agricultural Society. He was also a councillor of the American Antiquarian Society, and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He served as one of the members of the board of overseers of Harvard College, and by that learned body he was made a Doctor of Laws. A similar honor was conferred on him by Williams College.

Gov. Lincoln was a man of rare executive ability and unbending integrity. He possessed that kindness of heart and urbanity of manner which characterize the true man. He was a splendid specimen of a gentleman of the old school. No man welcomed the coming or speed the parting guest more gracefully than he. His home was always fragrant with the flavor of hospitality, while true dignity and grace always seemed a part of his nature. As he walked the streets up to the time of his last sickness, with form erect and with eye undimmed, no stranger ever met him without feeling that he was a remarkable man.

Until the last year of his life he walked a mile to church in preference to riding in his carriage, and always did his part apparently with the vigor of a man of fifty. Visitors at our agricultural fair last fall remember with pleasure the cordial greeting of this erect octogenarian as he walked about the grounds and expressed his admiration at the unusually fine exhibition of stock. He possessed an eloquence of speech and a purity of diction rarely equalled and seldom surpassed, and whatever he undertook to perform we knew would be done gracefully and well. The truthfulness and honesty of his nature were peculiarly manifested during the last years of his life, when casting from him any feeling of jealousy towards men younger and less talented than himself, whose views had at times differed materially from his own, he stood up firm and fearless for the right, regardless alike of any anxiety as to whether he led or followed. No truer republican lived among us, and his devotion to the principles of the party upon which the salvation of the country seemed to depend, was alike honorable to his head and his heart.

A new generation has come upon the stage since his name was surrounded with a sort of halo of professional success; but this community, which loved and honored him, not only for his remarkable ability, but for the noble consistency of his daily life, will cherish his memory with respect and affection, and will long refer to him as the gentleman of ripe age and culture whose heart was always young, and who to the last day of his long and useful life, loved the home of his childhood and his friends and neighbors with a fidelity and earnestness of affection which sickness could not change, and which death cannot have terminated.

Free Lunch Counter

WORCESTER, MASS

WORCESTER:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, April 17, 1865.

To the People of the Commonwealth.

The following official announcement having been received from the Department of State at Washington:

STATE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 17

To the People of the United States:

The undersigned is directed to announce that the funeral ceremonies of our late lamented chief magistrate will take place at the executive mansion, in this city, at 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, the 19th inst. The various religious denominations throughout the country are invited to meet in their respective places of worship at that hour, for the purpose of solemnizing the occasion with appropriate ceremonies.

W. HUNTER,
Acting Secretary of State.

I do hereby request all our people, in obedience to this invitation, to abstain from the ordinary pursuits of business, to meet at the day and hour above indicated, in their respective places of worship, and there to join in solemn devotion and in appropriate recognition of the sad bereavement which in the providence of God has fallen upon our nation

By direction of His Excellency the Governor.

OLIVER WARNER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Funeral Solemnities in Worcester.

Wednesday was celebrated in this city, in a most appropriate manner, the funeral of our late lamented President, by a general suspension of business, and an almost universal display of the emblems of mourning. The stores were all closed at an early hour, and were not opened again during the day. The buildings on the business portion of Main street were all shrouded in black, and the artistic displays in many of the store windows were very tasteful and appropriate. The mourning colors were also quite general on the buildings and private residences on other streets, particularly Front, Elm, Pearl, Harvard, Chestnut, High, Summer, Green, and Portland streets. Main street presented a most strikingly impressive appearance from the Court Houses to New Worcester.

The bells of the city were tolled by order of the mayor, from 11½ to 12 o'clock M., and from 2 to 3 o'clock P. M., and minute guns were fired on the Common, by a detachment of the State Guard, from 2 to 3 P. M., during the passage of the funeral cortege from the White House through the streets of Washington.

The various churches of the city were most appropriately draped in mourning, and religious services were held in all of them, commencing at 12 o'clock.

At the church of the Unity and Rev. Dr. Sweetser's, the following hymn was sung:—

IN MEMORIAM.

We come, oh! Our Father, a sorrowing nation,
To thine altar this morning, in sadness and tears
With one burst of sorrow and sore lamentation,
We bring Thee hearts stricken with doubts and with fears.

For he whom we loved, and with reverence cherished,
The good and the true, lieth low on his bier;
Alas! for the hopes that in darkness have perished,
As our sun at bright noon-day went down from its sphere.

Sublime in his goodness—the simple adorning
Of truth and uprightness, his royal array;
He walked among us, as breaketh the morning
Through the vapors of night, hanging dark o'er the day.

And just as his feet touched the beautiful mountain,
Whence the sweet strains of peace floated far on the air,
As he tasted one draught from the life giving fountain,
Of hope for his country—upspringing and fair;

In the fullness of fame, with his ripe honors round him,
And freedom's pure flame glowing warm in his breast,
The red arm of hate and of violence found him,
And the patriot and martyr has gone to his rest.

He has gone to his rest, and with deep veneration,
The tears of a people bedew his cold clay,
As the cry of the orphan goes from a nation,
To Him who alone is its staff and its stay.

1869.

The President in Worcester.

POPULAR OVATION TO GEN. GRANT.

Reception by the City Government.

MILITARY AND CIVIC DISPLAY.

PARADE OF THE SCHOOLS.

A SUCCESSFUL IMPROMPTU DEMONSTRATION.

Yesterday, the ninety-fourth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, was a remarkable holiday in Worcester, on account of the visit of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States. Never since the days of George Washington have the people of Worcester had opportunity to extend a formal welcome to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. An event so unusual would of itself call for a great popular demonstration, and when, as yesterday, the reverence for official station was eclipsed by the personal greatness of the distinguished guest, and by the affection and respect with which he is regarded by the people at large, the manifestation of popular interest and enthusiasm was limited only by the opportunity of the occasion.

THE PREPARATIONS.

With the many demands for his presence in other cities, our people did not expect to be honored by a visit from the President, and when, on Wednesday noon, dispatches were received from Mayor Blake, announcing his intention to visit the city the next day, the only regret was that so brief a time was allowed for preparation, and that the visit was so brief. With commendable energy, however, our citizens set about their preparations, and the result was, if not an elaborate display, a generous welcome, and a hearty, enthusiastic, and successful reception, due in a great degree to Mayor Blake and his colleagues on the committee of the City Council, who had the affair in charge.

The day was bright, cool, and beautiful, and at an early hour the streets through which the President was to pass were putting on a holiday appearance. Flags were thrown to the breeze in great profusion; and bunting was liberally displayed from public and private buildings. Many were fortunate in possessing facilities for elaborate decoration, while others, with such facilities as were at hand, decked their houses and grounds; everything available was brought into requisition, and when all was completed, Main street was brilliant with flags, festoons and streamers of the national colors, and the other streets through which the President was to pass were liberally decorated in a similar manner. It was under the circumstances a remarkably brilliant and effective display. Soon after noon the streets were alive with people, watching the movements of the military, the schools and fire department, as the different organizations took their designated positions.

THE RECEPTION.

At 10 o'clock A. M. a committee of the City Council, composed of Aldermen Barton and Cleveland, and Councilmen Hammond and Palmer, with Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, Hon. J. D. Baldwin, F. H. Kinnicutt, Esq., and C. S. Turner, superintendent of the Worcester and Nashua railroad, took a special train for Groton, where the President had remained over night as the guest of Hon. G. S. Boutwell of his Cabinet. On their arrival there they proceeded to the residence of Mr. Boutwell and were introduced to the President, and at about one o'clock P. M. the party took their train for Worcester. The party, as it left Groton, included the President, Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, Gov. Claflin, Gen. Underwood of his staff, Hon. Daniel Needham, several ladies and gentlemen of Groton and the Worcester committee.

The train arrived at Lincoln square station promptly at two o'clock, and the City Government, the military escort, Post 10, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Worcester Fire Department, being in line, the President alighted from the train, and, escorted by the committee, was conducted to a carriage in waiting, where he was received by Mayor Blake. In welcoming him to the city and its hospitalities, the Mayor having in mind the dislike of the guest for long speeches, spoke but briefly, as follows:

Mr. President—Your life, your welfare, and your happiness are closely allied to the hearts of the people of Worcester; in their behalf, I would thank you for this personal presence in our midst, and in extending to you a cordial greeting, would invite you to partake of the hospitalities of the city.

The President bowed his acknowledgments, and at the invitation of the Mayor entered the open barouche with him. The police arrangements were complete, and almost the whole square was kept free of people, so that no crowding or pressure upon the party occurred. An immense crowd thronged outside the lines, and as the President appeared he was greeted by the multitude with prolonged and hearty cheering, while the section of light artillery, M. V. M., H. W. Reed commanding, fired a presidential salute from the elevated ground at the corner of Highland and Harvard streets.

THE PROCESSION

Was large and imposing, and, thanks to the efficiency of the Chief Marshal and his aides, moved promptly, in the following order:

City Marshal, mounted.
Platoon of Police, Capt. Comings.

FIRST DIVISION.

Worcester Cornet Band.
Chief Marshal, Brig. Gen. A. B. R. Sprague.

Aides:

Brig. Gen. G. H. Washburne, Brig. Gen. W. S. Lincoln,
Brig. Gen. J. Pickett, Brig. Gen. R. H. Chamberlin,
Brig. Gen. A. A. Goodell, Maj. E. P. Halsted,
Maj. O. L. Hatch, Maj. A. Wood, M. D.

Worcester City Guards, Capt. J. A. Titus.
Worcester Light Infantry, Capt. Geo. H. Conklin.
State Guard Battalion, Maj. D. M. Woodward.
Co. A, Lieut. S. V. Stone.
Co. B, Sergt. J. B. Willard.

SECOND DIVISION.

Grafton Cornet Band.
Post 10, G. A. R., Maj. A. M. Parker, Post Commander, with delegations of Comrades from Grafton, Whitinsville, Oxford and other places.
Carriage, with THE PRESIDENT and Mayor Blake.
The Highland Cadets as body guard, Maj. L. G. White.
Carriage, with Secretary Boutwell, Gov. Claflin, Hon. G. F. Hoar and Hon. J. D. Baldwin.
Carriage with Gen. Underwood, Hon. D. Needham, and Aldermen of the Reception Committee.
Ex-Mayors in carriages.
Aldermen in carriages.
Members of the Common Council in carriages.
The Press.

THIRD DIVISION.

Clinton Cornet Band.
Engineers of the Fire Department, mounted.

Steamer A. B. Lovell, 3.	Steamer Gov. Lincoln, 1.
Steamer Hose, 3.	City Hose, 1.
Yankee Hose, 5.	Ocean Hose, 2.
Hook and Ladder, 1.	Hook and Ladder, 2.
Eagle Hose, 3.	Niagara Hose, 4.
Rapid Engine, 2.	Steamer Col. Davis, 2.

Citizens in carriages.

The procession marched through the streets designated, which were crowded with people, and the President was everywhere received with prolonged applause and showers of bouquets, his carriage being literally filled with them during the entire march. A pleasant and interesting feature of the march was the array of 6000 children from the schools of the city, formed in lines in Main street, their hands filled with bouquets and flags; they were stationed just inside the curbstones, in front of the crowd of people on the sidewalks, with an unobstructed view of the procession, and marshaled and cared for by Mr. A. P. Marble, Superintendent of Schools, and their masters and teachers, assisted by Messrs. J. D. Daniels, Geo. W. Gale, J. S. Rogers, Thomas Earle, E. S. Pike, J. L. Murphy and D. S. Goddard. The pupils of the Technical School, the Oread Collegiate Institute, and the Dix Street Training School joined the public schools in this demonstration.

THE COLLATION.

On arriving at the Bay State House, THE PRESIDENT, the city officials, invited guests and marshals, alighted, and were conducted to the parlors. THE PRESIDENT retired for a few minutes to a private parlor, and when the company were assembled was escorted to the head of the parlors by Mayor Blake, and those present had an opportunity to shake hands with him. Among those present was the venerable Gen. Salem Towne of Charlton, 94 years of age, who highly enjoyed the opportunity of greeting the distinguished guest. This brief ceremony

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well known tone—

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her her lost youth back;
And flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there.

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

[For the Traveller.]

THE OLD MAN'S MAY.

Heigh-ho. sweet flowers!
Like morning hours,
The months have hastened round to bring
Once more the laughing loving May!
The almond tree is blossoming,
And shades my windows o'er with grey.

Another Spring,
Sweet flowers to bring!
My house—its keeper still is strong,
But fear is setting some supports:
A bird has twice began its song—
I can but know what this imports.

Let music flow—
I fain would show
I ... feel the May my own;
The old dry tree again is gay,
O'er which the aged vines have grown:
Once more I'll act my part of May!

Once old—once young!
And life's among
Those joys that do their shadows cast—
Ex...rded shades of happy days!
Our joys and pleasures come so fast,
We do not know they are the Mays.

Heigh-ho! life's hour
Is like the flower!
The ... , seen with hope's bright eye,
... our judgment and decoys;
The rainbow ... grasped, flies to the skies,
To lead us up to heavenly joys.

May Morning, 1861. H. D.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

My sister Blanche, her child, and I sat on the lawn that morning.
"Oh would a wife's strong love," she cried, "could shield a soldier's fate!"
Her voice a little trembled as if touched by some forewarning.
Then rode a soldier up the lane, and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's? I bring a letter to his sister."
I took it. Blanche, half murmuring, said, "What! none for me, his wife?"
The stranger dangled Madge's curls, and, bending over, kissed her:
"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved him as my life."

Then suddenly he galloped off, without a word more spoken.
I read the letter. Blanche exclaimed, "What makes you tremble so?"
—O God! how could I answer her? How should the news be broken?
For first they wrote to me, not her, that I should break the blow.

"Another battle fought!" I said. "Our troops were brave, but lost it."
Her quick eye saw the letter was not writ in Malcolm's hand.
I glanced a moment at her face—a sudden shadow crossed it:
"Read quick, dear May—read all, I pray—and let me understand."

I did not read but told the tale—and tempered so the phrases
That scarce at first she guessed the worst. I kept the fatal word
Till I had told her of his march, his charge, his comrades' praises,—
And then,—the end! . . . While she—a statue!—never spoke nor stirred!

Oh never yet a woman's heart was broken so completely!—
So unbaptized of helpful tears!—so passionless and dumb!
She stood there in her agony, till little Madge asked sweetly,—
"Dear mother, when the battle ends, then will my father come?"

I touched my finger to her lip, and led her to her playing.
Poor Blanche! the winter on her cheek grew snowy as her name!
What could she do but kneel, and pray,—and linger at her praying?
—O Christ! when other heroes die, moan other wives the same?

Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the Cause from failing?
—God pity our brave lovers when they face the battle's blaze!
And pity wives made widows!—Shall it all be unavailing?—
O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!—and to Thy Name the praise!

PARENTAL LOVE.

[A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them; and promised, if the parents would consent to the proposal, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again, what Robert said?"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:
"'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him, as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no;
I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away.
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

Self-Sacrifices.—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate whom we can make better, as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist, with which you are about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue, about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden, for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.—*Horace Mann.*

Things Requisite.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

SIGNS OF SPRING.—*Mr. Editor:* If the following record of the "signs of Spring" is of interest to you, it is at your service. We are always several days behind Worcester, but it seems to me that this year there is less difference than usual. E. H. F.

Leicester, May 1, 1865.

1859.

April 18th—Heard frogs.
May 1st—Early cherries in bloom.
May 14th—Early pears in bloom.
May 14th—Early potatoes up.
May 16th—Saw toad.
May 21st—Saw yellow bird.
May 27th—Peas in bloom, planted late in the fall.
July 5th—Frost on low lands; mer. 49 at 5 A M.
On the 4th of July we had the grate packed with burning coals, and could only keep comfortable near the fire; mercury 50.
July 30th—New potatoes dug.

1860

April 7th—Heard frogs.
April 10th—Saw first golden robin.
May 8th—Cut asparagus.
May 10th—Early cherries in bloom.
May 12th—Saw bob-o'links
May 13th—first yellow birds
May 26th—Corn up

1861.

April 13th—Heard first frogs.
May 7th—First dandelion in bloom.
May 12th—First toad and first yellow bird.
May 15th—First golden robin and bob-o'link.
May 18th—Cut asparagus.
May 25th—Potatoes up; early pears in bloom.

1862.

May 13th—Saw first bob-o'link.
May 14th—Early cherries in bloom.
May 17th—Saw first golden robin.
May 17th—Cut asparagus.
May 27th—Cucumber tree in bloom.

1863.

May 3d—Pears up.
May 11th—Early cherries in bloom; 1st humming bird and bob-o'link.
May 13th—Saw first golden robin.
May 14th—Cut asparagus.
May 28th—Cucumber tree in bloom.

1864.

April 14—Saw first swallow.
April 15—Saw first wren.
May 8—Saw first humming bird.
May 9—Saw first dandelion and cowslip in bloom.
May 11—Saw early cherries in bloom.
May 13—Cut asparagus.
May 17—First golden robin.

1865.

March 14—First blue birds.
March 15—First swallows.
March 16—First robins.
March 17—Wild geese went north.
March 20—First meadow lark and wrens.
April 14—First butterfly.
April 28—First dandelion in bloom.
April 29—Cut asparagus.
April 29—Shad-blow in bloom.
April 30—Early cherries in bloom.

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD. It is just sixteen years since Prof. Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of JAMES K. POLK for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail." No one at that day, probably not even the professor himself, dreamed how closely the Electric Wire would be interwoven with our daily life. Now, Railroad trains are run by electricity. Thieves are caught by electricity. Lost children are found by electricity. Fire bells are rung by electricity. Watches are set and clocks strike by electricity. Armies march and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are negotiated at its word. Two friends in remote towns, by its help, sit down and have a friendly game of chess. Two Emperors, a thousand miles apart, by its help, carry on the siege of a distant city.

By night it flies all over the world, gathering news to serve up to us at breakfast. By day it flies all over the world, here congratulating a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, there summoning help to a wreck, here buying pork by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the thousand bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stock bargains, for harmonies of a concert and the discords of a convention, for law-making and for law-breaking, the fall of Empires and the fall of thermometers, the candidates for the President and candidates for the Penitentiary. Truly the romance of the Arabian Nights is tame beside the reality of the Electric Wire.—*Albany Journal.* 1869

There have been only two total eclipses in any part of the Atlantic coast since the year 1800. The first occurred June 16th, 1806; the second, November 30th, 1834. That of to-day, Aug. 7th, 1869, is the third; and the fourth and last will occur May 28th, 1960.

THE first railroad in the United States—the Baltimore and Ohio road—was chartered in 1827, and sixty-two miles of it were opened, but worked by horse power, in 1831. New York opened in the same year the second railroad—the Albany and Schenectady. The third was the South Carolina railroad, which was opened in 1835, and was at that time the longest continuous line in the world.

OLD FASHIONED WINTERS.—In the year 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over, and the snow in some places rose fifty feet high In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elba, &c., were frozen so hard as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops entirely failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1237 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. In 1317 the crops wholly failed in Germany, and wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s the quarter, rose to £2. In 1368 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. The successive winters of 1422-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1633 it was excessively cold; most of the hollies were killed, and coaches drove across the river Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred what was long called "the cold winter," when the frost penetrated three yards into the earth. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

The religious sentiment which operated on the revolution would be, as has been well remarked, a theme of great interest. Without proposing to enter upon it, let us merely look at the journals of the old congress to see how strong spoken a piety is there recorded. The voice of prayer was the solemn preparative to the deliberations of that body of statesmen. How frequent from that assembly went forth the warning to remind the people to consecrate to God the nation's anguish and the nation's joy, may be seen from the quick recurrence of their recommendation of a general religious rite, either of prayer or praise, throughout the land. We shall give something more than our own statement to establish this. The journal of each day of the succeeding dates, records an invocation of religion.

June 12, 1775, for a day of public humiliation, fasting, and prayer.
March 16, 1776, for a similar service.
December 11, 1776, for the same.
November 1, 1777, for a day of thanksgiving.
March 7, 1778, for a day of fasting and prayer.
November 17, 1778, for a day of thanksgiving.
March 20, 1779, for a day of fasting and prayer.
October 20, 1779, for a day of thansgiving.
March 11, 1780, for a day of fasting and prayer.
October 18, 1780, for a day of thanksgiving.
March 26, 1781, for a day of fasting and prayer.
October 24, 1782, a thanksgiving by the members of Congress.
October 26, 1781, for a day of thanksgiving.
March 19, 1782, for a day of fasting and prayer.
October 11, 1782, for a day of thansgiving.
October 18, 1783, for the same.

It is not only by the frequency of such acts during a period of about 8 years, that the devotional feeling which then predominated is proved, but by the fervor with which it is expressed.

May 5.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY. It was thirty years ago yesterday that Mr. Alvin Adams first commenced running his express between this city and New York. The corporation now known as the Adams Express Company, which extends its business arms throughout the country and is entrusted with the conveyance of treasure and merchandise valued at millions of dollars daily, had a modest birth. The first way bill contained items which brought to the originator the insignificant sum of *three dollars and seventy-five cents.* Mr. Adams was his own messenger, and left that night for New York, returning the next day with valuables entrusted to his care. During the past thirty years thousands of men have been employed, while the stock of horses, wagons and other indispensable material may be set down at millions. 1869

---

the New York Gazette. The first in New Jersey was "The New Jersey Gazette," started at Burlington, December 3, 1777. Delaware had a newspaper at Wilmington, called the Wilmington Courant, which was first printed about 1761; it lived only six months. In Maryland, the first newspaper was printed at Annapolis, in 1728; the first in Virginia appeared at Williamsburg, in 1736, and lived fourteen years; in North Carolina, the first was printed at Newbern, in 1755; the first South Carolina newspaper was started at Charleston in 1732; and the first in Georgia appeared at Savannah, April 17, 1763.

NEW YORK, July 18.—At the auction sale of coal to-day, lump brought $6.50; broken and egg, $6.75; stove, $7; chestnut, $5.50.

Yesterday was the hottest day ever known in this city. Thermometer stood at 106 in the shade. There were 43 cases of sunstroke, 23 of which proved fatal. There were nine fatal cases out of 16 in Brooklyn.

BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.—The following table of the comparative losses of life sustained in the battles of the revolution is valuable also for the dates of the several battles:—

	British Loss.	*Amer'n Loss.*
Lexington, April 15, 1775,	273	84
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1,054	456
Flatbush, Aug. 12, 1776	400	200
White Plains, Aug. 26, 1776,	400	400
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776,	1,060	9
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	100
Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 1777,	800	800
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11 1777,	500	1,100
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350
Germantown, Oct. 5 1777,	600	1,250
Saratoga, Oct 17, 1777*,	5,752	—
Red Hook, Oct. 22 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 25, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, 1778,	260	214
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,	13	400
Stony Point, July 15, 1779,	600	100
Camden, Aug. 16, 1779,	375	610
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, 1780,	950	66
Cowpens, Jan 17, 1781,	800	72
Guilford, C. H., March 15, 1781,	532	400
Hobkirk Hills, April 25 1781,	400	460
Eutaw Springs, Sept. 1781,	1,000	550
Yorktown, Oct., 1781*,	7,072	—
Total,	25,481	7,913

*Surrendered.

1868. **Death of the Maestro Rossini.**

PARIS, Saturday, Nov. 14.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, the great Italian musical composer, died in this city to-day, in his 77th year.

Early American Newspapers.

The oldest newspaper in the United States is the New Hampshire Gazette, published at Portsmouth. It began existence in August, 1756, and was established by Daniel Fowle from Boston. It is a weekly. The next is the Newport Mercury, in Rhode Island, which was started in September, 1758, by James Franklin, son of James Franklin, and nephew of Benjamin Franklin. The Mercury, also, is a weekly. The third in age is the Connecticut Courant, which first appeared in December, 1764. The Courant is now printed both as a weekly and a daily, and was never better than at present. It was established by Thomas Green. The fourth is the Spy; and these four are the only papers in the country, which existed previous to the revolution.

Previous to 1775, seventy-six newspapers had appeared in the thirteen colonies that afterwards became the United States, and thirty-seven of them were still printed. The first in time was the Boston News-Letter, started, April 24, 1704, by John Campbell, a Scotchman, then a bookseller and postmaster, in Boston; the second was the Boston Gazette, started by William Brooker who had become postmaster, and first printed, December 21, 1719: the third was the American Weekly Mercury, first printed in Philadelphia, December 22, 1719; it was established by Andrew Bradford. In 1810, only nine of the newspapers published in 1775, were still in existence. Three of these were in Connecticut, two in Rhode Island, two in Pennsylvania, one in New Hampshire, and one (the Spy) in Massachusetts. More of the older Massachusetts papers would, doubtless, have remained in existence, if so many of them had not been brought to their death by the British occupation of Boston.

The first newspaper in Rhode Island, was started at Newport, September 27, 1732, by James Franklin, sen.; it existed only seven months, being discontinued in consequence of his death; it was called "The Rhode Island Gazette." Twenty-five years passed before another newspaper appeared in that state, and then the Newport Mercury was started by James Franklin, Jr. In Connecticut the first newspaper appeared in New Haven, January 1, 1755; it was called the Connecticut Gazette, and was discontinued in 1767. In New York, the first newspaper made its appearance, October 16, 1725; it was called

---

WASHINGTON died Dec. 14th, 1799.

1. Union of England and Scotland 1707.
3. Florida and Iowa admitted, 1845.
5. Bonaparte died, 1821.
6. Battle of Oswego, 1814.
7. Socrates died, 399, B. C.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Great fire in London, 1666.
3. Cromwell died, 1658; new style in calendar, 1754.
5. First Congress in Philadelphia, 1774; American Board first met, 1810.

DENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.—About 280 years B. C., Hero, of Alexander, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540. Antheminus, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldron, and the house was shaken with the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Brasco de Garay tried a steamboat of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present however was made to Garay.

In 1650 the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Invention," A. D. 1663.

In 1691 Newerman made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savory for the first application for the steam engine.

1764 James Watts made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1766 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Thomas first proposed the application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffray constructed a steamboat on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1789 John Fitch of Connecticut navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1784 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1788 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1810, from Charleston to Liverpool.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, &c., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 every thing was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1237 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state.

In 1317 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1368 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was excessively cold; most of the hollies were killed; coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

AUGUST.

1. Battle of Nile, 1798; the younger President Edwards died, 1801.
3. Arkwright died, 1792.
6. Ben Jonson died, 1637.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.—The Courant was the title of the first daily newspaper printed in the English language. This was the Daily Courant, which appeared in London on the 11th of March, 1702. It was a little half-sheet, printed on one side only, and thus consisting of but one page of two columns. Besides the salutatory address of its manager, which set forth that weeklies and semi-weeklies had got to be too slow for that fast age, and that the public demanded daily intelligence, it contained five brief paragraphs translated from the Dutch of the Haarlem Courant. Such was the petty beginning of that great engine of public opinion, the daily press of Great Britain. The Daily Courant lasted until 1735, maintaining a foremost place among the many imitations which speedily sprang into existence, and was styled, even in the days of the Tatler and the Spectator "the best critic" among the London dailies. Addison and Steele, and the other writers of Queen Anne's day, read it with their breakfasts, and probably not a few of them at different times contributed to its columns. In 1718 was established the Edinburgh Evening Courant, which is yet issued, being not only the oldest paper in Scotland, but also, we believe, the oldest existing daily printed in the English tongue. Before quitting the Courants of the Old World it is perhaps proper to mention another London Courant, which was brought out in the exciting period of the war between England and her American colonies, by that bitter but liberal publicist, John Almon, and in which appeared the lucubrations of Hugh Boyd, to whom has been ascribed by some the authorship of the Junius Letters.

In America this newspaper name was naturalized at a very early date. The third newspaper on the continent was the New England Courant, commenced by James Franklin at Boston, on the 17th of August, 1721, almost exactly one hundred years after the original English paper of the same title was founded in London—a coincidence as remarkable as any that we remember in the annals of journalism. It was the first really live newspaper of the country,—the first which exhibited any of those features which have since given a national character to our press. It was bold, aggressive, and spicy, and excited great attention in its day from a way it had of pitching into the old fogies of the New England metropolis, and especially into those venerable and respected specimens of New England old-fogyism—the Mathers. It was published for a time in the name of Benjamin Franklin—the first appearance of that celebrated name in print. In its office the tamer of lightning perfected himself in the typographical profession, and in its columns are to be found his earliest published compositions. Its title was undoubtedly suggested to the elder Franklin by the well-known daily, to which we have alluded, at that time issued in London, copies of which must have reached Boston with every vessel. It lasted until 1727. With another Courant, called The Constitutional Courant, of which only a single number was printed at Burlington, New Jersey, ostensibly in 1765, but really in 1768, originated that noted revolutionary device—a serpent separated into as many parts as there were colonies and bearing the motto, *Join or die.* In 1764, as our readers know, about two centuries after the name was first displayed at the head of a Dutch newspaper, a century and a half after it was first used in England, and half a century after it was employed to distinguish the first of the English dailies, appeared the initial number of our own Connecticut Courant. Its founder was probably led by the remembrance of Franklin's famous Courant to adopt that expressive title.—*Hartford Courant.*

FEBRUARY.

1. First Presidential election in United States 1789.
2. Lorenzo Dow died, 1834.
3. Slavery abolished in French colonies, 1794.
4. John Rogers burnt, 1555.
6. Earthquake in New England, 1736.
8. Mary Queen of Scots died, 1587.
9. Harrison born, 1773.
11. De Witt Clinton died, 1828.
12. Peace with Great Britain, 1815.

MARCH.

2. Wesley died, 1791.
4. First Congress, 1789.
5. Madison born, 1757.
6. Bellamy died, 1790.
7. Bible Society first commen
10. Benjamin West died, 1820
15. Jackson born, 1767.
16. Bowditch died, 1838.
17. St. Patrick's day.
18. Stamp Act repealed, 1766.

APRIL.

The Allies enter Paris, 1814.
Jefferson born, 1743.
Bonaparte dethroned, 1814.
Harrison died, 1841; Goldsmith
Plato died, 347, B. C.
Alexander the Great died, 323,
Ohio settled, 1788.
Bacon died, 1626.

INVENTIONS.—The following will be found useful by way of reference: Glass windows were first used in 1180; chimneys in houses, 1236; lead pipes for conveying water, 1252; tallow candles for lights, 1290; spectacles invented by an Italian, 1299; paper first made from linen, 1302; woollen cloth first made in England, 1331; art of painting in oil colors, 1410; printing invented, 1440; watches made in Germany, 1477; variation of compass first noticed, 1540; pins first used in England, 1543; circulation of human blood first discovered by Harvey, 1619; first newspaper published, 1630; first steam-engine invented, 1649; first fire-engine invented, 1663; first cotton planted in the United States, 1769; steam-engine improved by Watt, 1767; steam cotton-mill erected, 1783; stereotype printing invented in Scotland, 1785; animal magnetism discovered by Mesmer, 1788; Sabbath-school established in Yorkshire, England, 1789; electro-magnetic telegraph by Morse, invented 1832; daguerreotype process, invented 1839.

Henry Clay born, 1776.
Seneca died, 65; Summerfield born, 1770.
Handel died, 1759.
American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb open
ed, 1817.
Shakespere born, 1564.
Franklin died, 1790.
Battle of Lexington, 1775.
Nettleton born, 1783.
Shakespere died, 1616.
First paper printed in Massachusetts, 1704.

JANUARY.

1. Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801.
4. Battle of Princeton, 1777.
7. Jupiter's moons discovered, 1610.
8. Battle of New Orleans, 1815; Whitney died 1825.
11. President Dwight died, 1817.
13. G. Fox died, 1691.
14. Peace with Great Britain, 1784.
15. Queen Elizabeth crowned.
17. Franklin born, 1706.
19. Copernicus born, 1473.
20. Independence of the United States acknowledged, 1783; Howard died, 1790.
21. Louis XVI. beheaded, 1793.
22. Byron born, 1788.
25. Burns born, 1759.
26. Robert Boyle born, 1626.
28. Telegraph in practice in England, 1796.
31. Ben Jonson born, 1574.

Sept. 25, 1865.

THE GREAT GALE.—Last Saturday was the fiftieth anniversary of the great storm, to which according to the records of that time "neither the memory of man nor the annals of the country could furnish any parallel." Many houses in this town were unroofed or blown down, innumerable windows were shattered "by the seed balls of the buttonwood tree driven through them by the wind," and fruit, shade, and forest trees were uprooted in every direction. The Spy of the week following the tempest says "the ordinary consumption of ten years by the whole town will not exhaust the wood which is now prostrate."

The water which fell in Uxbridge, Grafton, Worcester, and Sterling, was *strongly impregnated with salt.* An incrustation on the windows was noticed by many; and the grapes in a garden in Worcester had a *perceptible taste of salt* on their surface. After the storm a flock of sea gulls was seen in a meadow near the street in Worcester; another flock was seen about the same time in Grafton. Toward evening they took wing in the direction of their own element. The Monday preceding the tempest a very large flock of hen hawks and white-headed eagles, consisting of not less than 5000, were seen by persons in Millbury and Shrewsbury, flying to the westward.

The hurricane raged throughout the greater part of New England, causing an incalculable loss of property, and destroying many lives. Ships were wrecked in the harbors, roads were made impassable by fallen trees, spires fell from churches, and chimneys flew abroad in the air, as if the laws of nature were suspended, and anarchy ruled the hour. The storm occurred on the 23d of September, 1815. The oldest persons then living had witnessed no similar event either in the violence of the tornado, or the destruction that accompanied its progress; and it is remembered and referred to as "the great gale" to this day.

Vice President Johnson takes the Oath of Office as President.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 12 M.—Andrew Johnson was sworn into office as President of the United States, by Chief Justice Chase, today, at 11 o'clock. He remarked.—"The duties are mine, I will perform them trusting in God." *1865.*

President Harrison was inaugurated March 4th 1841, and died April 4th of the same year, only month after his inauguration. President Taylo was inaugurated eight years later, March 4th, 1849 and died July 9th of the same year, about fou months after entering office. President Lincol was inaugurated for the second term March 4th 1865, and was killed April 14th.

The first thing printed in New England was the Freeman's Oath, the second an Almanac, and the third a version of the Psalms. This was in the year 1636. The first wind-mill erected in New England was located near Watertown, but was, in the year 1632, (200 years ago) removed to Boston.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

A Leaf from History.

To-day, September 22d, is memorable as the day on which, 178 years ago (1692), *eight* victims of the "Witchcraft Delusion," or, in the language of a divine of that day, "eight firebrands of hell," were together executed upon the gallows, in Essex county. Their names were, Samuel Wardwell of Andover, Wilmot Reed of Marblehead, Margaret Scott of Rowley, Mrs. Alice Parker of Salem, Mary Parker of Topsfield; Mrs. Ann Pudeator of Salem (70 years old), Mrs. Mary Easty, and Mrs. Martha Corey.

The last named was the wife of Giles Corey, who being also accused, and refusing to answer, had been six days previously (Sept. 16th) put to death by means of a heavy beam laid across his chest and loaded with stones. The ballad hath it:

"Giles Corey—he sade not a worde,
No single worde spake he;
'Giles Corey,' sayth the magistrate,
'We'll press it out of thee.'

"They got them then a heavie Beam;
They laid it on his breast;
They loaded it with heavie stones,
And hard upon him prest.

"'More weight,' now said this wretched man;
'More weight,' again he cryed;
And he did no confession make,
But wickedly he dyed.

"Dame Corey lived but six dayes more,
But six dayes more lived she,
For she was hanged on Gallows Hill
Upon the Locust Tree."

"THE CHILD WITH RADIANT EYES."

To the Editors of The Independent:

The accompanying exquisite poem is from the pen of Gerald Massey. I am sure that it will, with sadness not unpleasing, touch the hearts of not a few of your readers who still mourn the translation of their darlings "to the Land o' the Leal."

Brooklyn. William McKay.

[This poem, like most of Gerald Massey's, has some provoking blunders of rhythm; but, as with all his writings, for every flaw there is a beauty.—Eds. Independent.]

With seeking hearts we still grope on,
Where dropt our jewel in the dust;
The looking crowd have long since gone,
And still we seek with lonely trust;
O little child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening sod
The sweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in ae gift to God.
We stand outside the gate in tears!
O little child with radiant eyes!

In all our heartache we are drawn
Unweeting to your little grave;
There, on your heavenly shore of dawn,
Breaks gentlier sorrow's sobbing wave;
O little child with radiant eyes!

We think of you, our angel kith,
Till life grows light with starry leaven:
We never forget you, darling, with
The gold hair waving high in heaven!
Our little child with radiant eyes!

Your white wings grown, you conquer death,
You are coming through our dreams even now,
With two blue peeps of heaven beneath
The arching glory of your brow,
Our little child with radiant eyes!

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
You see us with looks of pitying balm;
A hint of heaven—a touch more soft
Than kisses—all the trouble is calm.
O little child with radiant eyes!

Think of us wearied in the strife;
And when we sit by sorrow's streams
Shake down upon our drooping life
The dew that brings immortal dreams.
O little child with radiant eyes!

A Hymn.

BY EFFNER BOND.

The following lines are by a correspondent of *The Independent*:

"Wilt not Thou, O God, go forth with our hosts?"—Ps. cviii. 11.

God of nations! Great Jehovah!
Strength and might are thine alone!
Wonderful is thy deep counsel,
Glorious Thy eternal throne.
Nations rise and fall before Thee—
They are nothing in Thy hand;
None without thy smile can flourish,
None without thy aid can stand.

Righteous are thy ways and judgments—
Lofty pride Thou layest low;
At thy frown the haughtiest kingdoms
Totter to their overthrow.
We adore thy wondrous working,
And to Thee, beseeching, cry!
Dark and woeful times thou sendest,
And thy judgments, Lord, are nigh!

With our hosts, O God of battles!
We beseech that Thou wilt go;
Arming them for every danger,
Strengthening them for every foe.
In the hour of conflict guard them,
Be their Hope, their Stay, their Shield;
Be their confidence when marching,
Or when on the tented field.

As with flame and cloudy pillar
Israel's hosts Thou ledst of old,
So, though now unseen, be present,
In Thy care our hosts enfold.
Let no Achan's secret sinning
Cause that they like cowards flee,
Let no flagrant violation
Of thy laws their ruin be.

Grant our leaders skill in planning;
Grant them wisdom's wondrous power;
Grant our serried hosts in battle
Coolest nerve in deadliest hour.
Guide and guard our hosts, O Father!
Lead their arms victorious forth!
Let Rebellion and Oppression
Faint and fall before the North!

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

Region of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore.

There without crook or sling,
Walks the good shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted, for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses glow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to blow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long sought Good,
And fountains of delight,
And where his feet have stood
Springs up along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wand'ring breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love, in thee.

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

—*Translated from the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.*

HYMN OF FORBEARANCE.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

Oh! living were a bitter thing,
A riddle without reasons,
If each sat lonely, gathering
Within his own heart's narrow ring
The hopes and fears encumbering
The flight of earthly seasons.

Thank God that in Life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away,
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting!

Thank God for other feet that be
By ours in life's wayfaring;
For blessed Christian Charity,
Believing good she cannot see,
Suffering her friend's infirmity—
Enduring and forbearing!

We all are travellers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but sore-foot, does me wrong—
I'll make excuse; the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought our triumph in the fray
With purchase of his sighing?

Most like our Lord are they who bear
Like him long with the sinning:
The music of long-suffering prayer
Brings angels down God's golden stair,
Like those through Olivet's darkened air,
Who saw our life beginning.

WHO'S READY!

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

God help us! Who's ready? There's danger before!
Who's armed and who's mounted? the foe's at the door!
The smoke of his cannon hangs black on the plain;
His shouts ring exultant while counting our slain;
And Northward and Northward he presses his line—
Who's ready? O forward!—for yours and for mine!

No halting, no discord, the moments are Fates;
To shame or to glory they open the gates!
There's all we hold dearest to lose or to win;
The web of the future to-day we must spin;
And bid the hours follow with knell or with chime—
Who's ready? O forward!—while yet there is time.

Lead armies or councils—be soldier a-field—
Alike, so your valor is liberty's shield!
Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes call
For country, for firesides, for Freedom to all!
The blows of the boldest will carry the day—
Who's ready? O forward!—there's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying at home and o'er sea,
"God keep the great nation united and free!"
Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life
If once we should falter or faint in the strife;
Our trust is unshaken, though legions assail—
Who's ready? O forward!—and Right shall prevail!

Who's ready? "*All* ready!" undaunted we cry;
"For Country, for Freedom, we'll fight till we die!
No traitor at noonnight shall pierce us in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abroast;
The God of our Fathers is guiding us still—
All forward! we're ready, and conquer we will!"

—*N. Y. Independent.*

[*From the Atlantic Monthly.*]

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan for awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

God bless thae bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*;
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

"THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM HIGHER UP."*

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

I.

Up! and be doing, boys! the wide world's before you;
Choose your true place with the earnest to-day!
Ease is alluring, but Wisdom doth implore you,
"Hide not your talent while Youth holds regal sway!"
Brave men are hewing out bright paths to glory;
Join in their ranks with purpose firm and high,
Lest in Life's battle your locks grow thin and hoary
Ere Honor cometh, old-age to dignify.
"There is *always* room higher," boys,
Room full of precious joys:
Brave hearts are ever strong!
Strive with the jostling throng!
Some will faint in the race;
Up! then, and seize the place!
"*Always* room higher," boys, higher, still higher!

II.

Life's sacred duties, boys, all now await you—
Genius is only the grasping of the Now!
Let not mere flashes of brilliant thought elate you
Greatness is achieved by the sweat of the brow!
Work with a ready will, whate'er your station;
Though to the few alone comes lasting fame,
Still, *hope* to live with 'the Great' of the nation,
Meriting and honoring an undying name.
Higher there is room, boys,
Room full of precious joys:
This is a golden age,
Noble is your heritage:
Seeds of Honor sow in youth,
Sow broadcast the seeds of Truth,
Thus climbing higher, boys, higher, still higher!

* Daniel Webster was once asked by a young man who was intending to practice law, "Is there *room* for me in the profession, Mr. Webster?" Webster is said to have replied, "There is *always* room higher up."

being over, an elegant collation was served, under the personal supervision of Mr. Thrall; THE PRESIDENT was seated at a small table and served generously, while the remainder of the party did full justice to the repast, standing. It was a nicely arranged and admirably conducted affair, and THE PRESIDENT was highly pleased with the manner of his entertainment. After the collation THE PRESIDENT retired to his private parlor, and soon after the procession, having counter-marched, and being in readiness, the party re-entered their carriages and were conducted through Main, Thomas, and Summer streets, to the Washington square station.

THE DEPARTURE.

The streets were lined with people, eager to get the last glimpse of the departing guest. At the State Lunatic Asylum the gateway was decorated with the national colors, and the inmates were on the green in front of the buildings, apparently as enthusiastic and interested as the rest of the public. At the station the whole line was brought to the front, and were passed in review by THE PRESIDENT as he moved to the train. He was saluted with hearty cheers by the various organizations as he passed, and the train being in waiting, he was conducted to the elegant drawing-room car prepared for his reception, and taking leave of Mayor Blake and the committee, was taken in charge by Mayor Winchester and a committee of the city council of Springfield, who joining the party at the Bay State House and conducted him to that city, when after the usual delay of twenty minutes, he proceeded to New York.

1869.

Carl's Tour in Main Street.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Editor:—It was the remark of my father that the old 'United States Arms' was a favorite resort of travellers; though many found accommodations at the other public houses. Previous to the year 1783, people travelled in their own private carriages; those who travelled at all; and consequently good inns, at short intervals on the great roads, were more numerous and more necessary than they now are. In twelve hours the traveller may now journey from New York to Philadelphia. My grandfather went once to Philadelphia, as I have heard my father say, in company with the mail carrier, and returned with him. It must have been a century ago, at least. They were three weeks on the road when going, and the same length of time when returning; so that it then took six weeks to make the out and in journey, which, in these days of steam, can be made in but little more than twenty-four hours. It was about twenty years afterwards that a regular stage was established between Boston and New York, by a Boston gentleman of the name of Brown. His running time from city to city was fixed at thirteen days, and the stages left each city once in two weeks. But it met with so little encouragement that it was soon discontinued; and the mails were carried, as before, in saddle-bags on horseback. Two of the post-riders, my father said he well remembered. I think their names were Hyde and Adams; their route was between Boston and Hartford; and when coming into town it was their custom to blow their post-horns, to notify the people of their coming. They stopped at the 'United States Arms,' and carried their saddle-bags to Isaiah Thomas's office, for him to change the mails.

POST OFFICE

Worcester, Mass.

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS.

Present Arrangement.

Northern Worcester County, Vermont and New Hampshire, closes at 6.00 a m; due at 7 p m.

Manchester, Concord and Nashua, N H; Lowell, Leominster, Lancaster, West Boylston, Oakdale and Clinton, closes at 6 a m and 3,30 p m; due at 9,15 a m and 7 p m.

Fitchburg closes at 6, 10,45 a m and 3,30 p m. Due at 2 and 7 p m.

Gardner and Vt. and Mass. R R, closes at 6,30, 10,45 a m and 4 p m. Due 9,15 a m and 2 and 6 p m.

Princeton, East Princeton and West Sterling, close at 3,30 p m. Due at 9,15 a m.

City of Boston, close at 6,30 and 9 a m, 1,15, 3 and 8 p m. Due at 6,30 and 10,30 a m, 3,30, 4,30, 6,30 and 10,30 p m.

Boston and Worcester Way Mail, close at 9 a m and 3 p m. Due at 9,15, 10,30 a m and 4,30 p m.

Maine, Eastern New Hampshire and Eastern Massachusetts, close at 6,30 and 9 a m, 1,15, 3 and 8 p m. Due at 6,30 a m, 4,30 and 10,30 p m.

Rhode Island, close at 6,30 and 11 a m, and 3,30 p m. Due at 9,45 a m, 2,15 and 6,30 p m.

Way Mail on the Providence and Worcester railroad, close at 3,30 p m. Due at 9,45 a m.

Millbury, Whitinsville, East Douglas, Blackstone, Sturbridge, Southbridge and Woonsocket, close at 6,30 a m and 3,30 p m. Due at 9,45 a m and 6,30 p m.

Springfield, Albany, Western New York and Western States, close at 5,45 and 9,45 a m, 3,45 and 8 p m. Due at 4,15 and 9,20 a m, 1,45 and 10 p m.

Worcester and Springfield Way Mail, close at 5,45 and 9,45 a m, and 3,45 p m. Due at 9,20 a m and 3,30 p m.

Way Mail between Springfield and Albany, close at 5,45 a m and 3,45 p m. Due at 1.45 and 10 p m.

New York City and Southern States, Hartford and New Haven, Conn, close at 9,45 a m, 3,45 and 8 p m. Due at 4,15 a m, 3,30 and 10 p m.

Norwich and New London, Conn, Webster and Oxford Mass, close at 9 a m and 4,30 p m. Due at 9 a m and 7 p m.

Way Mail on the Norwich and Worcester railroad closes at 9 a m. Due at 9 a m.

Grafton, close at 6,30 and 9 a m and 1,15 and 3 p m. Due at 9 a m and 3,30 p m.

Milford, Mendon, Hopedale and Framingham, close at 9 a m, 1,15, 3 and 8 p m. Due at 9,15, 10,30 a m, and 4,30 p m.

Southboro', close at 3 p m. Due at 10,30 a m.

Westboro', Cordaville, Hopkinton, Ashland and Holliston, close at 9 a m, 3 and 8 p m. Due at 10,30 a m and 4,30 p m.

Marlboro', close at 3 and 8 p m. Due at 10,30 a m and 10,30 p m.

Northboro', close at 1.15, 3 and 8 p.m. Due at 10,30 a m.

Barre and Smithville, close at 9,45 a m and 4 p m. Due at 9.15 a m and 3,45 p m.

Dana, North Dana, New Salem, North New Salem, close at 9.45 a m. Due at 3,30 p m.

Hubbardston, close at 6 and 10,45 a m and 4 p m. Due at 9,30 a m, 2,15 and 7 p m.

Princeton, Holden, Rutland, North Rutland, close at 4 p m. Due at 9,30 p m.

Leicester, close at 9,45 a m and 4 p m. Due at 9 a m and 3 p m.

Oakham and Shrewsbury, close at 9,45 a m and 3,30 p m. Due at 9.30 a m and 3 p m.

Mails for New York and Boston, and places beyond, close at this office on Sunday at 6 p m.

FOREIGN MAILS.—Mails for the European Steamers close daily, via New York, at 9,45 a m, 3,45 and 8 p m.

Money Sent without Danger of Loss.

MONEY ORDERS for any amount not exceeding $50 on one order, will be issued on deposit at this office and payment of the following fees:

On orders not exceeding $20	10 cents
Over $20 and not exceeding $30	15 "
Over $30 " " $40	20 "
Over $40 " " $50	25 "

Swiss International Postal Money Orders issued at this office at domestic rates.

☞United States Treasury Notes or National Bank Notes only received or paid.

VALUABLE LETTERS

should invariably be taken to the Post Office and Registered. The Registry fee to all parts of the United States is 15 cents; Canada, 5 cents; Great Britain and the German states, 8 cents.

OFFICE HOURS—From 6,45 a m to 8 p m, except Sundays. On Sundays, from 9,45 to 10,30 a m.

Money Order business closes on Saturday at 2 p m.

ja19 dtf J. PICKETT, Postmaster.

1872.

Fire Alarm Telegraph.

Alarm bells are located: Fire alarm tower bell, corner of Pleasant and Oxford streets; 1st Unitarian church on Court Hill; 1st Baptist church, Salem square; 3d Baptist church, corner Main and Hermon streets, and are sounded as follows:

For box 5, five strokes 1-1-1-1-1, with short intervals and repeating. For box 32, three strokes, 1-1-1, a pause, then two strokes, 1-1, a pause, and repeating. Alarms for other numbers are given in like manner. The number of the box is struck five times.

The whistles are blown sufficient to call attention of firemen and citizens.

Three strokes on the bells constitute a general alarm and all companies will report.

Two strokes on the bells after an alarm has been given is a recall and companies are dismissed.

LOCATION OF SIGNAL BOXES AND KEYS.

4. City Hall, on City Hall—Key at police office.
5. Trumbull Square—Key at McConville's drug store and at 7 and 8 Gates' Block.
6. Orange street opposite Plymouth—Key at S. V. Stone's, corner Orange and Plymouth.
7. Lamartine street at Cunningham's store—Key at Cunninghau's store.
12. Corner Main and Chandler streets—Keys at Alzirus Brown's, corner Main and Madison; J. W. Hall, 15½ Chandler street.
13. New Worcester—Key at Coe's counting room.
14. Corner School and Union streets—Key at Lombard's counting room.
15. Corner Lincoln and Catherine streets—Key at Geo. G. Burbank's, corner Lincoln street and Harrington avenue.
16. Sargent's Card Clothing Shop—Key at Sargent's counting room.
17. Corner Main and Foster streets—Key at W. H. Robinsou's.
21. Corner Main and Hammond streets—Key at C. Hill's, 7 Hammond street.
23. Corner Union and Manchester streets—Key at Rice, Barton & Co.'s office, and at Baker & Co's, Union street.
24. Southbridge street, Chandler's store—Keys at Chandler's store and Adriatic counting room.
25. Grove street, R. Ball & Co.'s shop—Key at R. Ball & Co.'s counting room.
26. Corner Portland and Madison streets—Keys at W. M. Reynold's market and Dr. Buxton's office.
27. Corner Pleasant and West streets—Key at Parker's store.
31. Corner Main and Richards streets—Key at E. T. Marble's, Beaver street.
32. Corner Union and Exchange streets—Key at L. W. Pond's counting room.
34. Green street, Fox's Mills—Keys at the counting room and Cromptou Loom Works.
35. Corner Winthrop and Vernon streets—Key at Thomas Doon's, corner Winthrop and Vernon streets.
36. Corner Front and Spriug streets—Keys at saloon corner Front and Spring streets, and Geo. Sessions' office, Trumbull street.
37. Corner North Ashland and Highland streets—Key at C. A. Keyes' house, No. 64 North Ashland street.
41. Corner Thomas and Summer streets—Key at store corner Prospect and Summer streets and Wheeler's foundry office.
42. Corner Cambridge and Southbridge streets, South Worcester—Keys at E. J. Forbush, 504 Southbridge street and Crompton's carpet mills.
43. Quinsigamond, Wire Works—Key at counting room.
45. Corner Shrewsbury and Cross streets—Key at Lawrence Henry's store.
46. Grafton street, T. K. Earl's Card Factory—Key at counting room and office at rolling mill.
47. Corner Belmont street and Oak avenue—Key at H. Rice's, corner Belmont and Liberty streets.
51. Lincoln Square, Salisbury Building—Key at Harrington & Allen's store and office at Court mills.
52. Prescott street, Richardson Manufacturing Company Shop—Key at counting room and Warren Thread company's office.
53. Corner Providence and Harrisou streets—Key at S. P. Hale's house, corner Providence and Harrison streets.
54. Corner Newbury and Austin streets—Key at S. N. Curtis' store, corner Newbury and Austin streets.
56. Corner William and Chestnut streets—Key at Benj. Walker's, corner William and Chestnut streets.
57. Corner Main and Central streets—Key at C. B. Fellman's store, corner Main and Central streets.
61. Gardner street, Tainter's Shop—Key at counting room and John Mahoney's, corner Canterbury and Gardner streets.
62. Corner Laurel and Edward streets—Key at L. W. Pond's, corner Laurel and Edward streets.
63. Washington Square, Wetherbee's Drug Store—Key at Wetherbee's drug store and baggage room of Western depot.
64. Connor Grafton and Barclay streets—Key at Baldwin's store, corner Grafton and Barclay streets.
65. Elm street, opposite Linden street—Keys at Joseph Mason's (Elm street), and P. C. Bacon's (Elm street).
67. Corner Pleasant and Mason streets—Key at Chace's store, corner Pleasant and Mason streets.

Keys are also in possession of the police and officers of the fire department.

Our Knowledge Box.

A FEW PARAGRAPHS WORTH REMEMBERING

A GREAT deal is said and written nowadays of the reasons why young men are afraid to marry. The most frequent of these is, that the girls of this generation are too extravagant.

Now I am a girl; and from my standpoint see some things which older and perhaps wiser heads have failed to notice. Dear brothers and friends, let me tell you how it seems to me.

That we are extravagant I admit. But who makes us so? Did it never occur to you that this outlay in dress is to please the gentlemen? And does it not please you? Is not the girl who makes a fine show most sought after? Of course, there are exceptions—girls who do not care most of all for dress, and men who in their admiration of ladies look at something beyond this. But, after all, is it not the most common remark—particularly with very young men—"Is she not stylish?" "What a fine appearance this girl makes." And so it pleases their vanity to be the escort of such attractive ones.

THE FAMILY RELATIONS ACCORDING TO THE TALMUD.—If your wife is of small stature bow down to her and hear her words in reference to domestic as well as worldly affairs.

The husband should ever be anxious that the proper respect be paid to his wife, because the house is blessed only for her sake.

Honor your wife, and you will be blessed with riches.

Good and bad luck, pleasure and grief, joy and sorrow are in the hands of the wife.

Who takes unto himself a wife brings luck to the house, or a yawning gulf.

Who lives without a wife knows no pleasure, no bliss, no blessing.

Who has to thank so much to his wife will not only treat her with the utmost regard and respect, but make her position in the house fully equal to his own.

A man without a wife is no man at all.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to a man: his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counselors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

DUTY OF WOMEN.—Every woman is bound to make the best of herself. The strong-minded women who hold themselves superior to the obligations of dress and manner, and all the pleasant little artificial graces belonging to an artificial civilization, and who think any sacrifice made to appearance just so much waste of power, are awful creatures, ignorant of the real meaning of their sex—social Graise wanting in every charm of womanhood, and to be diligently shunned by the wary. This making the best of themselves is a very different thing from making dress and personal vanity the first considerations of life. Where women in general fail is in the exaggerations into which they fall on this and almost every other question. They are apt to be either demoiips or devotees, frights or flirts, fashionable to an extent that lands them in illimitable folly and drags their husbands' names through the mire; or they are so dowdy that they disgrace a well ordered drawing room, and in an evening party among nicely-dressed women, stand out as living sermons on slovenliness. If they are clever, they are too commonly blue-stockings, and let the whole household go by the board for the sake of their fruitless studies; and if they are domestic and good managers they sink into mere servants, never open a book save their daily ledger, and never have a thought beyond the cheesemonger's bill and the butcher's prices. They want that fine balance, that accurate self-measurement, and knowledge of results, which goes by the name of common sense, and which is the best manifestation of brains they can give, and the one which men most prize. It is the most valuable working form of intellectual power, and has most endurance and vitality; and it is the form which helps a man on in life, when he has found it in his wife, quite as much as money or a good connection.—*Beauty vs. Brains.*

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

ABOVE all, let no man practice on woman, perpetually, the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she was not strong enough to maintain it against opposition, nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

'And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

'Why need we care to ask? who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

'For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.'

WIFE AND I.

We quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth—
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thonght us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness, her self-reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble, too,
And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing I acted an humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost fell in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest neck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with a warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh: and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain loud facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
And teach us a rough humility.

You see that we love one another so well,
That we can find more comfort than you can tell
In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear
That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great, fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like a brave strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great, fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
Were natnre less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter out
From the bosom the hearded-up darkness and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other!

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

WOMAN.

Not she with traitorous kiss the Savior stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave;
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave!

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

Alice, my youngest daughter
Wedded with Ralph to-day;
The morning air was balmy
With the breath of new-mown hay.

The sky was flooded with sunshine,
And blue—as blue as the deep—
Their white wings folded together,
The clouds were fallen asleep.

The air harps of the forest
Were tuned to the sound of a psalm,
And their distant music touched me
With a thrill of infinite calm.

She stood in her bridal whiteness,
A lily pure and pale,
The gold of her ringlets shining
Through the mist of her floating veil;

And her lover, strong and stately
In the pride of his gracious youth,
With a voice both deep and tender
Plighted his manhood's truth.

He put the ring on her finger—
A band of virgin gold,
Broad and heavy: it bound her
His to have and to hold.

May it never change to a fetter,
Breaking her heart to wear:
May it be as dear as her mother's,
Is her mother's earnest prayer.

They have gone their way together,
And I sit in the summer night
Alone, with the thoughts of beauty
That flit through the soft moonlight.

I am turning on my finger
My own dear wedding ring,
And the memories of a life-time
To the narrow circlet cling.

It is not so broad as my daughter's,
And the year's have worn it thin,
But it clasped two hearts together
Its blessed bond within—

Hearts that but knit the closer
Through life, in woe or weal—
That, present, were ever loving;
And, absent, were ever leal.

The years fall back like a curtain,
And my husband comes once more;
I see his form in the moonlight—
I hear his hand at the door.

And it's—"Oh, my darling, I'm weary,
You tarry so long above:
When will you come to take me,
Oh, my love, my love?"

I feel his touch on my forehead:
It falls like a seal of rest;
And my heart forgets it was tired
As I lean my head on his breast.

Yes, yes! I know he is lying
In the moon light on the hill;
But the thin, worn ring hath magic,
And it blnds my darling still.

And oft, when I'm very lonely,
I dream of the home above;
And it's—"Oh, my love, I'm coming
Coming, my love, my love!"

Alice and Ralph lamented
That the mother was called away,
Swiftly and suddenly, from them,
On the eve of their wedding day.

But they never knew how gladly,
At the beck of an angel hand,
She had left our waning moonbeams
For the light of the Better Land.

With the worn old ring on her finger,
And her pale hands crossed on her breast,
They bore her out to the hill-side,
And by him they laid her to rest.

HOME

King Baby.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon;
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, oh monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof, for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee;
And so, good-night to King Canute.

—*Longfellow.*

THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing net command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long?"—I knew the voice of Peace,
"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

"Oh Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll
Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

"Oh brother! if thine eye can see
Tell how and when the end shall be.
What hope remains for thee or me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
By open foes or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In that black forest, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead bell toll,
Starts, drops his ear against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself and whispers: "a lost soul!"*

"No, senor, not a bird. I know it well—
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hopes still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our holy mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat lamp; shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still,

"And Thou canst make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In Thy long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

* Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides call it "The cry of a lost soul!"

HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Great God! we feel thy presence here!
Thine awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear;
Thine eye hath heard the bondman's prayer.
Praise!—for the pride of man is low;
The counsels of the wise are nought;
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven;—
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore!

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall *we* scoff at Europe's kings
When Freedom's fire is dim with *us*,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the heathen's mirth,—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
The curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain,
Which not e'en Russia's monials wear?

Up, then! in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up! while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood,
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from Heaven.

OUR RIVER.

(For a Summer Festival at "The Laurels," on the Merrimack.)

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing,—
And bore its memory o'er the deep
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory:
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle Sun-God holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger:
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,—
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!",
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born!—no more
We ask the Wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sun-light upon Judea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee—
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!
Most freshly from the green wood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings;
And gaily quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come!
The sky is dark without a cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are bow'd.
A change is in the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him—
The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,
And blacken the beholding Sun!
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And Earthquake from his cavern'd bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubim,
The House of God, is cold and dim;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherublm,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.

Choice Scenes and Passages from the "New England Tragedies."

BOSTON TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

To-night we strive to read, as we may best,
This city, like an ancient palimpsest;
And bring to light, upon the blotted page,
The mournful record of an earlier age,
That, pale and half effaced, lies hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.
Rise, then, O buried city that has been;
Rise up, rebuilded in the painted scene,
And let our curious eyes behold once more
The pointed gable and the pent-house door,
The meeting-house with leaden-latticed panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked lanes!

JOHN ENDICOTT, AFTER DEATH.

How placid and how quiet is his face,
Now that the struggle and the strife are ended!
Only the acrid spirit of the times
Corroded this true steel. O, rest in peace,
Courageous heart! Forever rest in peace!

THE HORNET'S NEST.

There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's mischief brewing!
I feel like Master Josselyn when he found
The hornet's nest, and thought it some strange fruit,
Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it.

A BOSTON TAVERN, 1665.

COLE, THE INNKEEPER.

Pray, Master Kempthorn, where were you last night?

KEMPTHORN.

On board the Swallow, Simon Kempthorn, master,
Up for Barbadoes, and the Windward Islands.

COLE.

The town was in a tumult.

KEMPTHORN.

And for what?

COLE.

Your Quakers were arrested.

KEMPTHORN.

How my Quakers?

COLE.

Those you brought in your vessel from Barbadoes.
They made an uproar in the Meeting-house
Yesterday, and they're now in prison for it.
I owe you little thanks for bringing them
To the Three Mariners.

KEMPTHORN.

They have not harmed you.
I tell you, Goodman Cole, that Quaker girl
Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I tell you
It was a lucky day when first she set
Her little foot upon the Swallow's deck,
Bringing good luck, fair winds, and pleasant weather.

COLE.

I am a law-abiding citizen;
I have a seat in the new Meeting-house,
A cow-right on the Common; and, besides,
Am corporal in the Great Artillery.
I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

KEMPTHORN.

Why should you not have Quakers at your tavern
If you have fiddlers?

COLE.

Never! never! never!
If you want fiddling you must go elsewhere,
To the Green Dragon and the Admiral Vernon,
And other such disreputable places.
But the Three Mariners is an orderly house,
Most orderly, quiet and respectable.
Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet here
As at the Governor's. And have I not
King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, all framed and glazed,
Hanging in my best parlor?

THE BOSTON MARTYRS.

WHARTON THE QUAKER.

William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,
Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely
Can find place in the providence of God,
Where nothing comes too early or too late.
I saw their noble death. They to the scaffold
Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed men
And many horsemen guarded them, for fear
Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts were stirred.

EDITH.

O holy martyrs!

WHARTON.

When they tried to speak,
Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned.
When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,
The terror of death was not upon their faces.
Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek woman,
Has passed through martyrdom to her reward;
Exclaiming, as they led her to her death,
"These many days I've been in Paradise."
And, when she died, Priest Wilson threw the hangman
His handkerchief, to cover the pale face
He dared not look upon.

THE QUAKERESS IN THE FOREST.

How beautiful are these autumnal woods!
The wilderness doth blossom like the rose,
And change into a garden of the Lord!
How silent everywhere! Alone and lost
Here in the forest, there comes over me
An inward awfulness. I recall the words
Of the Apostle Paul: "In journeyings often,
Often in perils in the wilderness,
In weariness, in painfulness, in watchings,
In hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness;"
And I forget my weariness and pain,
My watchings, and my hunger and my thirst.
The Lord hath said that he will seek his flock
In cloudy and dark days, and they shall dwell
Securely in the wilderness, and sleep
Safe in the woods! Whichever way I turn,
I come back with my face towards the town.
Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond it.
O cruel town! I know what waits me there,
And yet I must go back; for ever louder
I hear the inward calling of the Spirit,
And must obey the voice. O woods, that wear
Your golden crown of martyrdom, blood-stained,
From you I learn a lesson of submission,
And am obedient even unto death,
If God so wills it.

THE SALEM WITCH-TRYERS.

(The ancestors of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Cotton Mather meet in Salem, 1792. Scene.—A room at Justice Hathorne's. A clock in the corner. Enter Hathorne and Mather.)

HATHORNE. (speaks.)

You are welcome, reverend sir, thrice welcome here
Beneath my humble roof.

MATHER.

I thank your Worship.

HATHORNE.

Pray you be seated. You must be fatigued
With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

(*They sit down.*)

MATHER.

You know the purport of my visit here.—
To be advised by you, and counsel with you,
And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,
Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict you;
And see with mine own eyes the wonders told
Of specters and the shadows of the dead,
That come back from their graves to speak with men.

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known such, who think
That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,
The world of matter and the world of spirit—
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point.
But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purposes of common speech.
They form one globe, in which the parted seas
All flow together and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go, and we perceive them not
Save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

HATHORNE.

You, who are always welcome here among us,
Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,
Your learning in these things, to be our guide.
The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,
And ravages the land with all his hosts.

GILES COREY'S DESOLATED HOUSE.

Here stands the house as I remember it,
The four tall poplar-trees before the door;
The house, the barn, the orchard, and the well,
With its moss-covered bucket and its trough;
The garden, with its hedge of currant-bushes;
The woods, the harvest fields; and, far beyond,
The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea.
But everything is silent and deserted!
No bleat of flocks, no bellowing herds,
No sound of flails, that should be beating now;
Nor man nor beast astir. What can this mean?

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho! Giles Corey!—
No answer but the echo from the barn,
And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,
That yonder wings his flight across the fields,
As if he scented carrion in the air.

PATIENCE.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

[Longfellow.

[From Longfellow's "New England Tragedies," in Press by Ticknor & Fields.]

A SUNDAY SCENE.

A street. On one side, Nicholas Upsall's house; on the other, Walter Merry's, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. Upsall seated in the porch of his house.

UPSALL.

O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!
Ah, why will man by his austerities
Shut out the blessed sunshine and the light,
And make of thee a dungeon of despair!

WALTER MERRY (*entering and looking round him.*)

All silent as a graveyard! No one stirring;
No footfall in the street, no sound of voices!
By righteous punishment and perseverance,
And perseverance in that punishment,
At last I've brought this contumacious town
To strict observance of the Sabbath day.
Those wanton gospellers, the pigeons yonder,
Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left.
I cannot put them down. As if to taunt me,
They gather every Sabbath afternoon
In noisy congregation on my roof,
Billing and cooing. Whir! take that, ye Quakers.

Throws a stone at the pigeons. Sees Upsall.

Ah! Master Nicholas!

UPSALL.

Good afternoon,
Dear neighbor Walter.

MERRY.

Master Nicholas,
You have today withdrawn yourself from meeting

UPSALL.

Yea, I have chosen rather to worship God
Sitting in silence here at my own door.

MERRY.

Worship the Devil! You this day have broken
Three of our strictest laws. First, by abstaining
From public worship. Secondly, by walking
Profanely on the Sabbath.

UPSALL.

Not one step.
I have been sitting still here, seeing the pigeons
Feed in the street and fly about the roofs.

MERRY.

You have been in the street with other intent
Than going to and from the Meeting-house.
And, thirdly, you are harboring Quakers here.
I am amazed!

UPSALL.

Men sometimes, it is said,
Entertain angels unawares.

MERRY.

Nice angels!
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet clo
The color of the Devil's nutting-bag! They cam
Into the Meeting-house this afternoon
More in the shape of devils than of angels.
The women screamed and fainted; and the boys
Made such an uproar in the gallery
I could not keep them quiet.

UPSALL.

Neighbor Walter,
Your persecution is of no avail.

MERRY.

'Tis prosecution, as the Governor says,
Not persecution.

UPSALL.

Well, your prosecution;
Your hangings do no good.

MERRY.

The reason is,
We do not hang enough. But, mark my words,
We'll scour them; yea, I warrant ye, we'll scou them!
And now go in and entertain your angels,
And don't be seen here in the street again
Till after sundown! There they are again!

Exit Upsall. Merry throws another stone at t pigeons, and then goes into his house.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away,—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear,—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere!

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders hold the sky

PEACE

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as sons of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise. LONGFELLOW.

MR LONGFELLOW IN FLORENCE. The Florence correspondent of the London *News*, describing the funeral service in that city in memory of Rossini, tells this story of a compliment to Henry W. Longfellow:

"The service finished at about one o'clock. As I left the church, and while standing on the flight of steps, before descending into the Santa Croce square, my attention was arrested by the singularly engaging and intellectual countenance of one who had likewise been present to hear the Requiem. A gentleman perhaps some sixty years of age, with silvery locks and beard, accompanied by a lady, a youth, and two young girls, was gazing from the topmost step on the crowd in the square as it flowed onwards past the statue of Dante. Whilst watching with curiosity the human stream before him, he was himself an object of keen, undisguised, yet respectful interest to a party of young Anglo-Italian girls only a few steps off. I could overhear one saying to the rest, 'I am sure it must be he, he is so like the prints.' At length one of the young girls drew near to the lady accompanying the silver-haired stranger, and said, 'Pray excuse the liberty, but is not that Mr Longfellow?' 'To be sure it is,' was the reply. 'Oh, I am so happy I have seen him!' was the instant and spontaneous exclamation; 'that really is a treat; that is worth a great deal more than the Requiem.' The young Anglo-Italian th[illegible]reated to rejoin her own party, but her ren[illegible]s had been communicated both to the Am[illegible]an poet and to the two girls whom he was [illegible]ding by the hand, and with a charming fra[illegible]ss they all came forward and spoke a few words of natural and simple courtesy; there was also a kind shake of the hand, facts which I hav[illegible]ittle doubt will, throughout the whole lives of those to whom they were addressed, lend sweeter perfume to the verse of Evangeline and Hiawatha."

From the Atlantic for December.

The Cumberland.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant, old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the sea
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

Lady Wentworth.

BY LONGFELLOW.

One hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows.
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four-in-hand,
Down the long lane and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare—
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;
A creature men would worship and adore.
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
The slender form, the delicate thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye.
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced;
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half dressed and looking so!"
At which the gypsy laughed and straight replied:
"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next upon that memorable day,
Drew his august attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lith and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank.
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease,
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea—
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad.
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air—
Pandæan pipes on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye—
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fire of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went—seven in all—
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed.
The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved;
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon,
The mirrors glistened and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May—
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet served on plate,
Such as became the governor of the state,
Who represented England and the king,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers—
The Pepperels, the Langdons and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows and the rest,
For why repeat the name of every guest?

But I must mention one in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'r knew.

When they had drunk the king, with many a cheer,
The governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed.
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Diana now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday, it shall likewise be
My wedding-day: and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom, I ask?"
The Governor answered: "To this lady here;"
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command,
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!
—*January Atlantic.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from its little throat such floods of delicious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness,
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.—*Longfellow.*

TO THE CHILDREN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the Eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared to your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

8. Brain Bother.

WHAT is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer? One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which will be to-morrow and was yesterday?
2. Why is a bad wife better than a good one?
3. What word in the English language, of one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from it, forms a word of two syllables?
4. Why is the letter T like the tales of Brobdignag?
5. What is the word of four syllables, each syllable of which is a word?
6. What part of a vessel is like a hen's nest?
7. What four letters will name an old woman's employment, a tailor's squeezes, and an article in use among women since the days of Anne of Bohemia?

CHARADES.

1.

My first is a measure by no means uncommon,
My second a weight that three letters express,
My whole an attendant on each man and woman,
Forming a requisite part of your dress.

2.

A part of my dress;
The wearer; its color, transposed,
Will name, you'll confess,
An entrance quite snug with doors closed.

RIDDLE.

What is the longest and shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is small, yet gives life to all that is great?

Why is the above like Niagara Falls?

FOR THE CHILDREN.—A logograph is a kind of charade, in which one word is made to undergo several transformations, and to be significant of several things by addition, subtraction, or substitution of letters. The following on the word *Cod*, by Lord Macaulay, is a good example of the logograph:

"Cut off my head, how singular I act;
Cut off my tail, a plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? a sounding sea!
What is my tail cut off? a flowing river!
Amid their foaming depts I fearless play,
Parent of softest sounds, though mute forever."

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day?—Dress up in front, and close up in the rear.

Why is a baby like wheat? Ans.—Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

'Joe, why were you out so late last night?' 'It wasn't so very late. Only a quarter of twelve.' 'How dare you sit there and tell me that? I was awake when you came in, and it was three o'clock.' 'Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?'

WHY is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

What is it that if you put its eye out will have nothing left but a nose? *Noise.*

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has columns, leaders and reviews.

ENIGMA.

I am found in riches, though not in wealth,
In illness and sickness, but not in health.
In a hint I lurk, but I'm never known
In a sarcasm or sally; I hold my own
In a skilful compliment; never give way
To scandal or quarrel, although I must say
In mischievous gossips and fights I am found,
For in evil, not good, doth my influence abound
I am not pretty, but shine in pleasing,
I'm given to loving, and hating and teasing.
I dwell in a mansion, a ship, or an inn,
Indeed in the latter I choose to begin.
I am known in your life, but not in your death,
Though I die in a sigh, yet not in a breath.
I am given in marriage, though single I live,
I am not generous, yet always give.
When you meet me double, you may rely
I am talking Latin undoubtedly.
When you discover me, I know
You will jealously guard me from friend or foe.
Though selfish I am, for I never shun
To take every care of number one,
As the Romans styled me; when I appear
As a personal pronoun, you hold me dear!

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin till late.)

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fiddle D. D

Why cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

WHY is a joke like a cocoanut? Answer—It is good for nothing until it is cracked.

WHAT relation does the soap-bubble bear to the boy who makes it? Answer—It is his heir.

WHEN a boy falls into the water what is the first thing he does? Answer—He gets wet.

☞What is that which gives a cold, cures cold, and pays the doctor's bill? A draught (draft.)

☞Why is the endorser of a note called a surety? Because he is almost sure to have to pay it.

☞If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

What did Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt? Took a fresh one, of course.

WHY was Pharaoh's daughter like the Cincinnati brokers? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

THE CONUNDRUM CONTEST. Prof. Anderson's entertainment of last evening did not terminate until midnight. Tremont Temple was crowded. The successful conundrums, for each of which a watch worth $100 was awarded, were as follows:

Q.—Why is it impossible for the Government to grant the request of our Southern brethren? *A.*—Because children in arms are never left alone.

Q.—Why is a water lily like a whale? *A.*—Because it comes to the surface to blow.

CONUNDRUMS.—Professor Anderson had a "conundrum night" at Tremont Temple, last Saturday. Five hundred conundrums were sent up to be read; but of those that are published this is the best:—"Why is a water lily like a whale? Because it comes to the surface to blow."

The following *jeu d'esprit* from another source is very good:—My first is a butter; my second a liquor (licker); my whole is a charger.—*Rumrod.* And this:—Who is it suggests a double barreled gun? *Tubal Cain.*

A TORTURED WORD.—There is probably not another word in the English language that can be worse "twisted" than that which composes the burden of the following lines:

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know 'tis not then written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right nor wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write—for so 'tis written right.

OUGH.—The contradictions of pronunciation in the termination of "ough" are amusingly displayed in the following lines:—

"Wife, make some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy and tough.
Now, I must be off to the plough,
And the boys, when they've had enough,
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

A malefactor, under sentence of death, petitioned Lord Chancellor Bacon for a reprieve, pretending that he was related to his lordship.

To this petition the answer was "that he could not possibly be *Bacon* until he had first been *hung*."

Why was Goliath astonished when David hit him with a stone? Because, such a thing never entered his head before.

"What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, eh, Sam?" "Dunno—jis it up."—"Because de ticking of the watch is on the inside, and de tickin of de fedder bed is on de outside."

A charity scholar under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied, "Please, sir, bed-bugs."

What trade would you recommend to a short man? *Grow, sir.* (groeer.)

I came to a field and couldn't get through it,
So I went to a school and learnt how to do it.
—Fence.

My first denotes a company,
My second shuns a company,
My third calls a company,
My whole amuses a company.
—Co-nun-drum.

Why is a kiss like a sermon?—It requires two heads and an application.

Why are teeth like verbs?—They are regular, irregular, and defective.

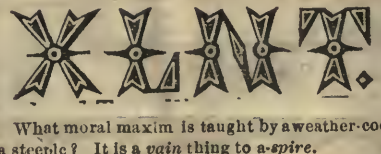
WHO is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

Items.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.

☞Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are liable to *see sickness*.

Among the numerous puns in Mathew's present entertainment, he is quite "at home" in the following: A person speaking to a very deaf man, and getting angry at not catching his meaning, says—"Why it is as plain as A. B. C." "Aye sir, but I am D. E. F.!"



What moral maxim is taught by a weather-cock on a steeple? It is a *vain* thing to a-*spire*.

WHAT kind of a cat may be found in every library? Catalogue.

Scraps.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

What sea makes a comfortable sleeping room? Ans.—Adriatic (a-dry-attic.)

Wit and Humor.

MUDDY.—"Pat, who lives in the house yonder, on the hill?" "Mister Ferguson, sure; but he's dead." "Ah! indeed. How long has he been dead?" "If he'd only lived till to-morrow, he'd been dead three weeks, yer honor." "Ah! and what did he die of?" "He died of a Tuesday, sir."

A REASON.—"Mother," said little Ned, one morning after having fallen out of bed; "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added,—"No, tha wasn't the reason, it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich, in 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people." "Oh! my lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged."

Doctor Jebb was once paid three guineas by a rich patient from whom he had a right to expect five. He dropped them on the floor, when a servant picked them up and restored them. The doctor, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet. "Are all the guineas found?" asked the rich man. "There must be two still on the floor," said the doctor, "for I have only three." The hint was taken, and the two immediately handed over.

A wooden legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier near him. The soldier "grinned and bore it" like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentations. Being rebuked by the wounded soldier, he replied, "Oh, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear it. Your leg didn't cost anything, and will heal up; but I paid $200, cash, for mine."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you will descend from that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," said the gentleman. "Come down." "I will not."—"Then stop till I tell you a second time." The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position until that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards are the same. "Name no one man."

"Dare are," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two road to dis world. One one am a broad and narrow road, dat leads to perdition: and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullered indiwidual takes to de woods."

PICKPOCKET'S TOAST.—The And that can feel for another's pocket handkerchief, and the Art that can prig it without detection.—*Punch.*

If the Doge of Venice were to lose his sight, what useful article would he be converted to. A Venitian Blind.

☞"I have passed through great hardships," said the schooner said, after sailing through a fleet of iron-clads.

O I C

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE GARDENER'S PRIVILEGES.—The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman, "*Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?*" The reply was as follows: Because no man has more business on *earth*, and he always chooses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*; he is master of the *mint*; and he fingers *pennyroyal*. He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him a *plum*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state. He makes more *beds* than the king of France, and has more genuine *roses* and *lilies* than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find; his wife, moreover, has enough of *heartsease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Disorders fatal to others never hurt him; he walks and bustles and thrives most in *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than you can, and has more *laurels* than the Duke of Wellington. But his greatest pride, and greatest envy of his companion is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.—*English Paper.*

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

"My dear Ellen," said Mr. Eastman to a young lady whose smiles he was seeking, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly. Your smiles would shed—would shed——". "Never mind the wood-shed," said Ellen; "go on with that pretty talk."

"Madam, your boy cannot pass at half fare, he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had been long detained on the road by the snow. "He may be too large now," replied the lady, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed for half fare.

CLEARING EMIGRANTS.—An Irish gentleman, residing in Canada, was desirous to persuade his sons to work as backwoodsmen, instead of drinking champagne at something more than a dollar a bottle. Whenever this old gentleman saw his sons so engaged he used to exclaim,—"Ah! my boys, there goes an acre of land, trees and all!"

A PROTEAN PUZZLE.

I am to be met with in many more shapes than one, and will tax your ingenuity by giving you a few to discover.

1. You will meet with me in water in a park or large landscape garden.
2. You will find me at sea, where I generally get very wet through, or am torn into strips.
3. I am to be met with in an oven, with plenty of cakes and biscuit on me.
4. I am composed of several metals, and am sometimes stout, sometimes attenuated.
5. I am a necessary part of your bed, and bear your signature very often.
6. I am to be met with in the water-butt during Jack Frost's reign.
7. I am a manufactured article, sometimes tinged with an infinite number of hues, more generally of none at all.
8. I am bound, and yet free, and have twenty-four pages in waiting.
9. I am transparent, colorless, and fragile.
10. I am one of the wax-flower maker's materials.
11. I am given to cotton, and addicted to quilts.

Lastly. I am the criminal's uniform, the ghost's sole garment, and the likeness of yourself when blanched with terror.

My first gave us early support;
My next a virtuous lass;
To the fields, if at eve you resort,
My whole you will probably pass.—Milk-maid.

Teeth are generally like verbs; regular, irregular, or defective.

A German usurer, who took 9 per cent. interest instead of 6, the legal rate, was asked if he ever thought of what God would say to his extortion. "Oh yes," "but when God looks down from heaven, the 9 will look like a 6."

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way he is."

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the disputants, he began, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you *do want*." The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and tumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth; "I've found it."

A little girl, five years old, was recently called as a witness in a police-court in England; and, in answer to a question as to what became of children who told lies, she innocently replied—"They are sent to bed."

A lady who wished some stuffing from a roast duck, which a gentleman was carving at a public table, requested him to transfer from the deceased fowl to her plate some of its artificial intestines.

In 1816, potatoes were purchased in Ireland for eight cents per bushel, and shipped to Baltimore, where they were sold for two dollars per bushel.

Lady L. Duncan was an heiress, and Sir W. Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry, and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bade him go home and open his Bible, giving him chapter and verse, and he would find it out. He did so, and read what Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man!"

A Cincinnatian at the Tremont House, Chicago, expatiating on the "vine-clad hills," etc., claimed that the Ohio was the Rhine of the New World. "Yes," ejaculated old X——, "the pork-Rhine."

A credulous man said to a wag who had a wooden leg, "How came you to have a wooden leg?" "Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of woman—that virture dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hands."

An Irish emigrant, hearing the sunset gun, asked, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

Even the snow-flake lets a shadow fall;
As to the earth it softly sinks to rest;
So may the whi est, sweetest souls of all
Seem sometimes wrong to those who know them best.

The bishop of Exeter, when some younger and more excitable prelate wished that there were preachers in the church of England as eloquent as Spurgeon, dryly remarked, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass."

"What sort of a sermon do you like?" said Dr Rush to Robert Morris, one day. "I like, sir," replied Mr Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

The Saturday Review says that, considering how many idiotic men there are in the world with whom good women have to live, it is a blessing to the good women that they should not be able to know an idiot when they see one.

There is no insignificance, says Henry Giles, which has not a lower that is nearer than itself to nothingness; Dogberry has Verges; Silence has Simple, and so the gradations of meanness are infinite, as well as the gradations of majesty.

"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole sack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

A stupid fellow tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

When Foote was at Salt Hill, he dined at the Castle Inn, and when Partridge, the host, produced his bill, which was rather exorbitant, the comedian asked him his name. "Partridge, sir," said he. "Partridge! It should have been Woodcock, by the length of your bill!"

Flowers, from the earliest ages, have been associated with the tender sentiments of the heart, and thus have often been the means of telling the tale which words dare not speak. They too have been a source of poetic inspiration, and poesy of all ages has found images of joy and beauty

"In the bright consummate flower."

Hence we offer no apology for inserting throughout this little book a few gems of song, which we have culled to please and instruct our readers.

"Flowers are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

By them the lover tells his tale;
They can his hopes, his fears express;
The maid, when looks or words would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess.

Then, lady, let the wreath we bring
For thee a wreath of beauty twine,
And as the blossoms deck the spring,
So every tender wish be thine."

Always Cheerful. *Coreopsis.*

I asked the flowers, in the soft spring time,
Wherefore they smiled in their youthful prime,
When the stormy days so soon would come
That would blight forever their beauty and bloom;
And the sweet flowers answered, "Each day renews
On our leaves the sunshine that dries the dews;
Why should we not smile? Till now we have thriven,
And the sunshine and dew are both from heaven."

Immortality. *Amaranth.*

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye,
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,—
These are all immortal charms. Burns.

Wreath of Wild Flowers.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
Sweet Blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
Their pristine fragrance flung—
That drank the dews of Paradise
Beneath the starlight clear,
Or caught from Eve's dejected eye
Her first repentant tear.

Wilt thou go with me? *Pea, Everlasting.*
Love. *Myrtle.*

Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale, and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle. Marlowe.

Violet, Blue. *Modesty.*

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. Gray.

Candor. *White Violet.*

Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odors, which you couched bear
Within your holy faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Remembrance. *Rosemary.*

O, only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows!—a dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure. Lee.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken. Shelley.

Hatred. *Basil.*

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
Poison can breathe that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed. Anon.

Confidence. *Polyanthus.*

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers.
Unfaith in aught, is want of faith in all,
Then trust me not at all, or all in all. Tennyson.

Flowers speak a language which we yet may learn,
A divination of mysterious might.
Swain.

By all the token flowers that tell
What words can ne'er express so well. Byron.

FLOWERS.

Bright messengers from God above,
To cheer our pathway drear,
They seem to whisper of His love,
And say "He placed us here
To gladden, soothe the weary heart,
To shed our sweet perfume,
When friends below are called to part,
To meet beyond the tomb.
We're scattered o'er God's lovely earth,
In forms of beauty rare.
Each day we sing a song of mirth,
We never know a care.
Our tiny voices praise our God,
With every passing breeze
That lifts us from the dewy sod,
As it waves the lofty trees.
We are the homes of beings bright,
That flit mid fairy bowers,
They come "with beams of soft moonlight,
To sport with the gentle flowers.
The queen has her throne in the heart of the rose,
Her sceptre, the lily fair.
And ere the first tint of morning glows,
They merely flit through the air,
And hie them away to their fairy land,
Where mortals can never gaze;
We hear the sweet strains of the fairy band
In the gentle summer days.
But not for homes of fairies bright,
Has our Maker placed us here,
But to whisper words of hope and light,
To the heart that is sad and drear.
We deck the dearly loved one's heads,
When cold and still they lie;
We cheer the sufferers' dying beds,
Ere they are called on high.
We whisper of that beauteous land,
Where flowers forever bloom,
Guarded and cared for by His hand:
There, is no fear, no gloom." R. S.

The Rhodora.

By R. W. Emerson.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a dark nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, oh rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought *me* there brought *you.*"

The Lily of the Valley.

I think my God, I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks His blessed sunshine glows,
And dews drop sweetness; even here, far down
In meads, a lily grows.

I am his work who made the evening star;
Wherefore I lift to Him my flowerets bright.
They die tomorrow, but today they are
Beautiful in His sight.

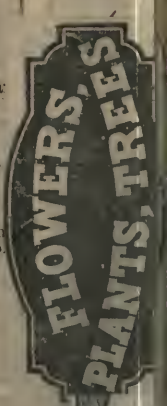
I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light;
And how serene, and strong, and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the heights are cold—it may be so;
That winds are keener there, and winters drear
I know not how it is; I only know
My God has placed me here—

Here in this little nook of earth—my own—
And sent a sunbeam—mine—to cheer my hear
He bids me bloom—perhaps for Him alone;
Is there a better part?

I bloom—stars shine—we bloom and shine for Hi
We give our best—grand world and humb
flower—
A light through ages never growing dim—
The fragrant of an hour.

So then he smiles, and takes with equal love
Our equal gifts, nor knows or great or small;
But in His infiniteness reigns above,
And comprehends us all.



HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

By Horace Smith.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! What instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! Angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

IN EASTERN LAND THEY TALK IN FLOWERS.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING IN PLYMOUTH COUNTY.

During the prevalence of the thunder shower on Saturday last, the lightning struck some twenty-five times at points between Boston and Plymouth, doing considerable damage. In Dorchester, near the railroad station, a barn and two houses were struck and entirely consumed. In Quincy a barn was struck, but no material damage was done. In South Quincy, a dwelling house, near the depot, was torn literally to pieces! There was no one in the house at the time. In East Weymouth, the lightning played funny freaks in the Iron Works, flying from one point to another, knocking the tools from workmen's hands, doing no injury, however, to workmen or building. In Braintree the fluid passed down the chimney of a house, occupied by Mr. Irish, near the Union store, instantly killing Mr. Irish, and ripping the walls of plastering. No other person was injured. In Randolph, near the railroad station, a coal shed was struck and the contents were scattered in all directions. In North Bridgewater, the shoe tool factory of Messrs. Snell & Atherton was visited in a similar manner as the Iron Works at East Weymouth, but no injury was done to persons or property. In Plymouth the lightning struck in several places. The dwelling house of Major S. H. Doten was struck, but the conductors carried the fluid safely away. In the afternoon a bolt struck the Universalist church, shattering the spire, and glancing from the house passed through the kitchen of a house near by, occupied by Judge Russell of Boston as a summer residence, but no damage was done. In Dedham at noon a house on High street was struck, severely injuring two persons and slightly damaging the building. A very large quantity of rain fell during the day in all the above mentioned places.

A SHOE FACTORY SET ON FIRE—NARROW ESCAPE.

The heavy showers of last Friday and Saturday were severely felt in Reading, Dedham, and Natick. The lightning struck a house on High street, Dedham, severely injuring two persons, and slightly damaging the dwelling. The house of Mr. R. F. Gray on Woburn street, in Reading, was struck by lightning on Friday. The bolt took effect on the northwest corner of the house, stove in the window, tore out the casing, passed down the ceiling to the front side of the house, and tore off the clapboards over and under all the windows, and moved the corner stone and the steps. It then passed under the piazza and entered the house again through a corner of the kitchen, passed down stairs and by the shed door shattering the casing. Mr. Gray's daughter was considerably shocked, as she was sitting by the window where it struck. She was covered with plaster and smoke. In Stoneham the electric fluid was active. The large shoe manufactory of Messrs. John and Luther Hill was struck by lightning and set on fire. Some two hundred workmen were in the building at the time, but none of them were seriously injured. The shoe factory of Charles C. Dike was also struck, and a part of the roof destroyed. A girl at work at a hence very narrowly escaped injury. The lightning struck the house of Mr. John Rowe and knocked Mrs. Rowe and her daughter off the sofa where they were sitting. Neither party were badly injured. Mr. James Green's barn was struck and badly damaged. Near the house of Mr. Rowe a tree was shattered, and the railroad track struck in several places. Several other trees were torn to pieces in a similar manner. The barn of Mr. S. Needham at Rockville, was set on fire by lightning and totally destroyed, with its contents. Loss about $1000. In the northerly part of the town the farm house of R. S. Rogers, Esq., was struck, but no great damage resulted. A valuable ox near the house was killed. At Natick the lightning killed a valuable horse belonging to Gwin Bailey of Bailey's Express. It was one of a matched pair. They were harnessed together and were just going into a building. The other one was not injured; the driver was knocked down. The house of Leonard A. Kingsbury was struck and the plastering and ceiling torn off in many places and the carpets were torn up, but no one was injured. The lightning passed down the rod of the Unitarian meeting house twice. In Needham, a barn belonging to Mr. Samuel B. Payson was struck and burned, with fifteen or twenty tons of hay and one calf.

HAILSTONES THE SIZE OF HEN'S EGGS—IMMENSE DAMAGE TO FARMERS NEAR SPRINGFIELD.

The damage by the thunder storms on the 27th and 28th of July was great in Agawam, Suffield and towns southwest of Springfield. The Republican says the hail followed in its course a strip from a mile and a half to two miles wide, and commenced near the Agawam church, extending south as far as Windsor Locks, Ct. The storm was also accompanied by a furious gale of wind and considerable thunder and lightning. The hailstones were of unusual amount and size, and the people in speaking of them speak of the largest as being fully equal to hens' eggs, and the bulk of them were as large as butternuts. They differ from ordinary hailstones in being angular and irregular in form, and with rough, jagged edges. Their appearance was as though several stones had become congealed and firmly frozen together. The fury of the hail storm spent itself in about a quarter of an hour, tho' a large quantity of rain continued to fall, which damaged the roads and bridges to some extent.

The crop which suffered most severely was the tobacco, and most of the fields in the track of the storm were totally ruined. The leaves of the plant were riddled and shattered, as though they had been struck on an anvil by a hammer, and in many cases the stalks were stripped entirely bare. It is too late at this time to re-set the damaged fields, and on Saturday some of the farmers had commenced plowing them, and will attempt to raise a crop of turnips. Probably not less than twenty-five acres of tobacco in Agawam will be an entirely loss, and fully as much more in Suffield. The heaviest loss is that of Harvey Porter, who estimates his at $4000 or $5000. He had eleven acres of good tobacco entirely destroyed, and fifteen acres of corn, from which only a small portion of a crop will be harvested.

The devastation commenced on the farm of Asahel Lord, near the church at Agawam, where an acre of tobacco was ruined, and the difference of a few hundred rods in this case was all that saved the more fortunate from a like destruction. The other Agawam farmers all share in the loss to the extent of from one to ten acres of tobacco each. A correct estimate of the amount of loss in this town is hardly possible, but the probable damage to the tobacco crop alone, with prices at last year's rates, would be from $12,000 to $15,000. The corn was prostrated in most cases level with the ground, and lying in a southerly direction. The stalks were bruised and crushed, and many of them entirely stripped of leaves. Many fields will recover considerably from the disaster, though the yield will be very materially diminished. The recent very rapid and tender growth of the corn rendered it more susceptible to injury. The grain had been mostly harvested except the oats before the unlucky visitant arrived. They were blown down by the wind, and in many of the fields where they were sufficiently ripe, were thrashed out in large quantities. The crop was an unusually large one, and was too far advanced to permit much recovery from the effects of the hail and wind. The fruit was blown and knocked from the trees in large quantities, and the fallen apples are bruised and battered as though pounded by a hammer. The gardens suffered severely, and the melon and other vines were cut and mangled past remedy. The hail fell with such force and in such shape as to puncture some of the young melons, and cucumbers were picked up completely cut in two by the force of their blows. A field of buckwheat on J. D. Gallup's farm at Agawam, which was a few inches high, had every stock cut off close to the ground as though it had been done by a scythe.

The amount of glass broken was considerable, and the houses that were protected with blinds were none too secure. In Suffield, James Merritt's house lost 154 lights, and several others in that place and Agawam from 60 to 100 each. Through Suffield and the Southwick course of the storm, the same appearances of ruin were everywhere visible.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE — EIGHT HAILSTONES WEIGH A POUND.

The Concord Monitor says a a very severe hail storm passed over a portion of the towns of Winchester, N. H., and Warwick, Mass., on the 25th of July. It began in the northeast corner of Winthester, and passed in a southeasterly direction nearly across Warwick. The storm does not seem to have gathered its full force till after it crossed the Ashuelot river; from thence its track is marked by the almost total destruction of crops. Oats and barley were cut down and beaten into the mire, utterly spoiled. Fields of rye that were just ready for the sickle, are completely threshed, and the straw cut off and broken down as though flocks of sheep had been driven through. The corn and tobacco are stripped of all their leaves. So much hail fell in some places in Warwick that the hills looked white for some hours afterwards. Eight hailstones were picked up that weighed a pound.

ON A STRIKE.

The Boston Journal states that early last Saturday morning, many of the residents of the South End were woke up by the rapid striking of the bell in the belfry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Tremont street. The bell struck 438 times and then stopped. Soon after it commenced striking again, and after 175 strokes it stopped again. Subsequently the bell struck 50, 25 and 48 times, with intervals between, occupying in all about one hour's time. The electrical condition of the atmosphere explains the lively condition of bell-striking. It could not be controlled at the Fire Alarm office.

HOW A RAILROAD BRIDGE WAS DESTROYED.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Havre-de-Grace, Md., thus describes the effects of the tornado on the 25th upon the magnificent railroad bridge building at that place:

There were three men on the bridge at the time it was destroyed, but fortunately they all escaped with their lives. One of them states that he felt a peculiar undulating motion of the bridge, but did not dream it would be carried away, when suddenly a bolt was heard to snap, and the entire structure was quickly precipitated into the water. The wind seemed to suddenly twist the bridge to pieces, as though it might be a rope of straw being twisted asunder between the hands of an individual. While going down with the bridge the three individuals mentioned thought they had "gone up," and had every reason to think so. The bridge consisted of seven spans of two hundred and fifty feet in length; on the east side a draw span of one hundred and ninety-two feet, and five spans of two hundred and fifty feet on the west side. These spans were of the Howe truss pattern, and composed entirely of timber.

The arches consisted of four ribs of timber laid together, 8 inches by 9 inches in thickness, making the arches 37½ inches in depth. These arches were so arranged that they butted against each other on the tops of the piers. There is a depth of water from 5 feet to 40 feet around the piers. It is thought about one-half of the lumber carried away by the tornado will be used again in the reconstruction of the bridge. The freaks of the tornado were singular. It is thought it first struck the bridge at the end of the drawbridge, and swept over towards the eastern end, and that another section or current of it took the span west of the drawbridge, and carried everything with it as far as the western buttress or main pier. One large stone, three feet in length, on pier seven, was lifted from its position by the carrying away of the spans, but although for a moment in mid-air, it was only turned over on its side.

A gentleman who left Harrisburg that day late in the afternoon, by the Pennsylvania Railroad, states that about seven o'clock a heavy hailstorm began which continued with great fury, for about half an hour. The hail, he said came down so thick that at a distance it had the appearance of snow. Trees were blown down, the cornfields were considerably injured and other things were damaged in proportion.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The Pittsburg Republican says at Rising Sun, Ind., on the Ohio river, on the 14th of July, while the sky was perfectly clear as far as the eye could reach, and the sun was shining brightly, a vivid flash of lightning appeared, followed by a long and sharp peal of thunder. The electric fluid struck a church and three dwelling houses. At the same instant a little girl was killed outright, and a little boy had his clothing completely stripped off his body, not excepting his shoes, all of which had the appearance of having been cut with a sharp knife. The boy was only stunned and slightly injured in one of his legs. Another boy in the same vicinity was also struck at the same time, but more seriously, although not fatally, injured than the boy who had his clothing torn off.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

The flag staff at Fort Independence, in Boston harbor, was struck and completely demolished by lightning during the shower of Saturday last.

During a heavy thunder shower Monday afternoon, while the 2.30 train for Dedham was running near Mt. Hope Station, lightning struck a tree within about 15 feet of the locomotive, and twisted off the trunk which was about 18 inches in diameter, and throwing the tree violently against the train and fell upon the track.

A terrific hail storm occurred at Alexandria, Va., last Wednesday. The storm raged for an hour, some of the hailstones measuring at least one inch in diameter, and being driven before a fearful blast, created immense damage to houses, trees, gardens and growing crops. Hundreds of window panes were destroyed, and limbs of trees of considerable size, were clipped off as if with a knife.

In Malden on Monday afternoon the lightning struck the house of Mr. Whitcomb on the gable end at the ridge pole, and passed down into the front entry, burning off the bell wire, and doing other slight damage to the house, a portion of the burning wire falling upon a child and slightly burning it.

A severe hail storm passed over the towns of Northfield, Warwick and Orange on Wednesday, doing great injury to the roads and crops, and on Friday, Gill had a similar visitation. The tobacco was totally ruined, and the fields of grain nearly ready to be cut were threshed, and the straw so cut up as to be of little value. The hailstones covered the hills like a snow storm, and were picked up at noon of the next day, unmelted. From Orange the storm passed southeasterly through Athol and Petersham.

In Durham, N. H., during the storm on Monday, the electric fluid struck the telegraph wires, passed down from nineteen different posts in a direct line to the earth, taking out a piece of wood from one to one and a half inches wide and one inch deep, as though a gouge or other cutting instrument had been used.

In Chicago, last week, a hack was shivered to fragments and one of the horses killed by lightning.

On Saturday lightning struck and shattered the house of Henry Hammond at Danielsonville, Ct.; played the mischief with the Baptist chapel and the house of E. L. Preston, in Brooklyn; killed four oxen belonging to Charles Kenyon, in Plainfield; and burnt the barn of Isaac Backus in Canterbury. In Brooklyn a son of Mr. Preston, whose house was struck, was playing on a flute at the time. Young Preston was knocked down insensible, and a splinter some two inches in length and half an inch wide was taken out of the flute near its upper end, and the joint was split in two or three places.

During the storm on Saturday the house of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, Jr., corner of Alexander avenue and 140th street, North New York, was struck by lightning. Mrs. Hamilton and a daughter being in a chamber, and a servant in the kitchen, were prostrated, and Mrs. H. lay for some time insensible, but all are now recovered.

The dwelling of Jacob S. Capron, in Attleboro', was struck Saturday afternoon. The fluid entered no less than seven rooms, doing some damage, but injuring none of the five persons in the house.

Louis XVI. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the Count, "when it is spoken in Irish."

A wit, on being asked what are the most common monosyllables in the language, answered: "I don't know; but the most common money-symbols are I. O. U."

What protection is virtue, after all? Are not pump logs and editors remarkable for uprightness? and yet both are destined to be bored.

11.

WILLIAM PENN'S FIRST TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

He was born in London in 1644 — Died in 1718 —

The engraving which we publish to-day represents one of the most remarkable and interesting events in the life of William Penn and in the history of the world. It is a copy from the late Benjamin West's picture of the meeting of Penn and the Indian chiefs, for the ratification of the sale of the territory of Pennsylvania by the latter to the former, and the conclusion of a treaty of peace and amity between the two parties.

Penn had received the property of the vast tract of land constituting the present State of Pennsylvania by patent from Charles II., in March, 1681; but he did not deem the royal grant to be his sufficient authority for taking possession of the country until he had obtained the consent of those by whom it was actually inhabited. Accordingly, very soon after his patent had been signed, he deputed commissioners to proceed to America, and to enter into a negociation with the Indians for the fair purchase of so much of the territory as they claimed a right to. The desired arrangement was made with little difficulty; and the following year, Penn having himself come over to view his acquisition, it was resolved that the compact which had been made should be solemnly confirmed.

The principles and regulations which Penn had laid down from the first for the treatment of the native inhabitants, and the management of the intercourse between them and European colonists, were characterised by a spirit of liberality exceedingly remarkable for that age. It was made part of the conditions on which grants of land were made to adventurers that all mercantile transactions with the Indians should take place in the public market; that any wrong done to an Indian should be punished in the same manner as if a white man had been the person injured; and that all differences between planters and Indians should be settled by the verdict of twelve men, six of the one class and six of the other. And in a letter addressed to the Indians themselves, after mentioning the existence of a Great God, or Power, the Creator of the World, who hath commanded us all to love, to help, and to do good to one another, he continued;—"I would have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised towards you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This, I hear, hath been a matter of trouble unto you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood, which hath made the Great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard towards you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if, in anything, any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them." By the Europeans who first landed on the new continent, and by almost all who had followed them till then, the unhappy natives had been treated as if they had possessed no more rights of any kind than the lower animals that occupied the wilderness along with them. Penn was the first who really recognized them as belonging to the family of man.

It had been agreed that the meeting for the ratification of the compact should take place at Coaquannoe, the name given by the Indians to the spot on which Philadelphia now stands. The parties, however, after assembling, proceeded a little higher up the Delaware, to a place then called Shackamaxon, on which the adjoining village of Kensington has been since built, and where there grew an immense elm, under the spreading branches of which the leaders on both sides took their station. Mr. Clarkson, in his 'life of Penn,' (2 vols. 8vo., Penn," he says, "appeared in his usual clothes. He had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, hal-

bert, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, which was made of silk network, and which was of no larger apparent dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it except in color. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson; after whom followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the Sachems, (or kings,) were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief, who had the right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs, in the form of a half moon upon the ground. The chief Sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him."

Penn's speech appears to have embraced nearly the same topics as his letter already quoted. After its delivery he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the interpreter, explained it article by article. The compact was based upon the principle that the land was to be common to the Indians and to the English; and that the natives were to have the same liberty to do what was necessary for the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families which the settlers had. "He then," continues Mr. Clarkson "paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem, who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it." The solemn pledges of the Indians to perform faithfully their part in the contract followed this harangue.

"When the purchase was agreed, great promises passed between us of kindness and good neighborhood, and that the Indians and English must live in love, as long as the sun gave light. Which done, another made a speech to the Indians, in the name of all the *sachamakers* or kings, first, to tell them what was done; next, to charge and command them to love the Christians, and particularly live in peace with me, and the people under my government; that many governors had been in the river, but that no governor had come himself to live and stay here before; and having now such an one that had treated them well, they should never do him or his any wrong. At every sentence of which they shouted, and said amen in their way."

Everything connected with this treaty,—the only one, as Voltaire has remarked, ever made between the native inhabitants of America and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken,—was long held in reverential remembrance by both the English and the Indians. The parchment roll was carefully preserved by the latter, and was exhibited by them in various conferences which they had with the English authorities, down nearly to the era of the independence of the colonies. The sash which Penn wore, Mr. Clarkson states, was, when he wrote, in the possession of Thomas Kett, Esq., Seething Hall, near Norwich. The elm, especially, which had shaded the assembled negociators, became celebrated from that day. With such general veneration and affection was it regarded, that even the British General Simcoe, when he was quartered in the neighborhood during the revolutionary war, placed a sentinel under it to protect it from being injured by his men when they went out to collect firewood. It was at last, however, blown down in 1811, when its trunk and branches were cut into various articles, to be preserved as memorials of the honored tree.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

WAIT not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while, in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase;
But, while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah! what are kisses on clay-cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress?
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that grows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hou
And fill young lives with sweetness.

PIOUS SMILES.

A poor little orphan had the good fortune to be adopted by a most excellent lady of Roxbury. Lillie h[a]d a very plain face and a very sweet disposition. The only thing she murmured about was her extreme plainness. One day, to her oft-repeated regret that she was not beautiful, her mamma replied that she ought to be thankful that God had made her so good that all who knew would love her, and would not think of her looks. "But I think," rejoined Lillie, "that I should love the Lord a little better if He had made me handsome."

Philadelphia uses 150,000 tons of ice annually, most of it obtained in New England. One Philadelphia company cuts a large quantity of ice in Maine, owning the land, ice houses, &c., required for its use.

CARPENTERS' HALL.—FOUNDED A. D. 1724.

THE POET LAUREATE.

Tennyson and His Family—His Mode of Work.

[London Cor. of the San Francisco Chronicle.]

If he had been fonder of and more familiar with drawing rooms, he would have looked trimmer, neater and younger than he does now. But I dare say that he is satisfied with Alfred Tennyson just as he is, for self-satisfaction is one of his conspicuous traits. He is a charming poet, but by no means a charming man unless to a very small circle of his intimates and admirers.

He belongs to a tuneful family. His father was George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman, more remarkable for size and physical energy than intellectual gifts; but several of his brothers—there were twelve children in all—were clever verse-makers at a very early age, and he seems, therefore, to have come honestly by his singing qualities. He is not, as many bards have been, a child of the people. He is of renowned lineage, and prides himself upon it, even if he does strike occasionally democratic strains, as in "Locksley Hall." He claims to be, and is, no doubt, descended from the ancient Norman family of D'Eyncourt, his uncle, Chas. Tennyson, having gone so far as to ask permission to add D'Eyncourt to his name, which he obtained, and was made snobbishly happy thereby.

The Tennyson children seem to have had very decided scribbling tendencies. It is asserted that the whole dozen wrote stories and rhymes in the parsonage at Somersly, where they were born, so that nothing better could be expected than that one of them should prove to be a celebrated poet. The three eldest sons were graduated at Cambridge. Frederic won the prize for a Greek poem. Alfred, in his 20th year, received the Chancellor's medal for "Timbucto," —a poem of some 300 blank verse lines; and about the same time the twain published for private circulation a small volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Charles, the other brother, assumed orders, was made Vicar of Grasby, and on inheriting a handsome estate through his paternal grandmother, took her family name, Turner. Ample means prevented him from inky continuance; but Frederic, when he was past 40, published a collection of poems, "Days and Hours."

Tennyson is, in his mode of composition, the very reverse of rapid or inspired. He wreaks himself on expression, spending hours sometimes on a single line. As an example, he is reported to have written "Come into the Garden, Maud," in his poem of "Maud," entirely over fifty times, and to have occupied three whole days on six of the lines. No poet has ever worked harder or more faithfully, and he never assumes to have done anything in a fine frenzy, which, indeed, he censures and ridicules as a pretense of mediocre minds.

He holds that genius can accomplish nothing without work; that every thing famous in literature is the result of great labor. His tastes are domestic. He is fond of home and family, though he is likewise fond of nature, taking many long, solitary rambles on the Isle of Wight, where he has lived ever since his marriage, making studies of earth and sky to be used in his poems.

He may be pronounced very professional. Nobody admires his poetry more than himself, and he is very much addicted to talk about it. He does not sink the shop when he has anybody to listen to him whom he imagines to be appreciative.

CHRISTMAS POETRY.

No anniversary has ever called forth such a wealth of poetical expression, festive, tender, hopeful and religious, as the one recurring to-day. The occasion is itself a poem, and one eminently adapted to our homes and hearts at this hour, for it betokens not joy alone but joy arising from sorrow, not triumph merely, but triumph when defeat was imminent. At this season nature seems dead, but beneath her icy slumber throbs an unquenchable life, which the sun, long chilled and powerless, is returning to kindle into beauty. We do not yet see even the beginning of the end, but we know that the silent process has commenced. The grasp of winter is not now or speedily to be relaxed, but the fiery sword that shall sever its strained sinews is already drawn and gleaming. Beneath the past beat the pulses of the future, as from the cerements of a dead Judaism came the living Babe whose kingdom is everlasting. This is eminently the festival of childhood, for the hope of the world is in its children at this moment as fully as in the hour when Herod sent out to destroy them because the hope of humanity involved his personal fear. And it is fit that we should commence our poetical selections with three verses of a simple, childish hymn:—

'Tis Christmas day! glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound;
And happy faces in our home
And loving looks abound.
Why do we greet this Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful hands,
We keep a festival
Why do we thus keep Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

And on this Christmas morning,
When the frost is at the door,
Dear child, in your warm, pleasant home,
Think of the sick and poor:
So shall you well keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour Christ was born.

FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1868.

The Christmas Observances.

Our British forefathers called Christmas "the Merry Yule tide;" and this designation is still current in many rural districts of the "three kingdoms." Yeul, or Yule, was a festival, celebrated on the day which we make the 25th of December, in Great Britain, and in all the countries from India to Norway, for a great many ages before Christianity appeared. It was the "Festival of the Unconquered Sun." The 25th of our December was the time when the sun, having reached its greatest distance from our hemisphere, began to return and lengthen the days. The observance of this day originated in planet worship, which made it one of the greatest and most joyous festivals of the year. The first preachers of Christianity, not being able to suppress this old institution of sun-worship, baptized it, and allowed it to be appropriated by their joyous reverence for Christmas day, nearly all the old ceremonies and methods of the celebration being retained.

After the time of the apostles, it seems to have been the policy of those who introduced Christianity into unchristian countries, to convert, not only the people, but, also, many of the customs, festive days, holy places, and ceremonies of the old religion. In Great Britain, the Druid circles or temples became places of Christian worship, and Christian meanings and uses were found for customs and rites of the form of worship it displaced. When Pope Gregory, towards the end of the sixth century, sent St. Austin to convert the Anglo-Saxons of Britain, he directed him to "accommodate the ceremonies of the Christian worship, as much as possible, to those of the heathen, that the people might not be too much startled by the change; and, in particular, he advised him to allow the converts, on certain occasions, to kill and eat as great a number of oxen to the glory of God as they had formerly done to the honor of the devil." Christianity had already pursued this policy with the Keltic people of Britain, who began to receive it five centuries earlier; and it had already converted the great yeul feast of the Kelts into a Christian festival.

Nearly all the old rites, festivities, pageants, and superstitious observances were appropriated The evergreen decorations, the soused boar's head, the Yule log, the wassail bowl, the disguisings, the wassail songs or carols, the twelve holidays called *Y. Gwylian* in the old British tongue, the Twelfth Night revels, the custom of Christmas gifts, and even the very name, Yule tide, itself,—all belonged to the old festival to the returning sun. Sometimes, the Christmas ceremonies differed very little from the old festivities, save in being more bacchanalian. This origin of the Christmas revels is admitted by all antiquaries. Of one custom, still very general, Polydore Vergil says:—"the custom of trimming temples and houses with hangings, flowers, boughs, and garlands, was taken from the heathen." And an English antiquary tells us, that, "wherever Druidism prevailed, the houses were decked with evergreen, in December."

In the course of time, additions were made to the old observances. At an early period, "plays and masques were introduced, with games at dice and dancing;" for these things were condemned in vain by councils in the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries. The addition of "miracle-plays," towards the end of the 11th century, was an improvement, although these plays were very homely, and, sometimes, very droll. At a later period came the "Moralities," consisting chiefly of allegorical personifications; and, in their train, came Punchinello or Punch, and Harlequin, imported from Italy. One old writer suggested that it may have been their business to serve as "the Vices of the Moralities." At all times, eating and drinking constituted a principal part of the Christmas festivities. From time immemorial, it had been settled by the old sun-worshippers of Britain, that the first dish, to be eaten at the beginning of the celebration, must be a soused boar's head; and so it was after the festival was christianized. A large use of the wassail bowl was indispensable; and the other provisions for feasting were innumerable. Frere, describing the dainties of King Arthur's Christmas, says:—

"They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

Pies of every variety, and in large quantities, were deemed essential. The old Yeul-feast seems to have created the mince-pie. At any rate, here is a recipe for making mince-pies for this festival, which, it is said, came down from druidical ages before the Christian Era, and was preserved by the old Britons of Cornwall:—A pound of beef suet chopped fine; a pound of raisins stoned and chopped fine; a pound of currants clean and dry; a pound of apples chopped fine; two or three eggs; allspice beat fine; sugar to your taste; a little salt; as much brandy and wine as you like; and add a piece of citron.

The Christmas pies, however, were not all of the minced variety. The New Castle (England) Chronicle of January 6, 1770, described as follows another sort of Christmas pie:—"Monday last, there was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof were as follows:—2 bushels of flour; 20 pounds of butter; 4 geese; 2 turkies; 2 rabbits; 4 wild ducks; 2 woodcocks; 6 snipes; 4 partridges; 2 neat's tongues; 2 curlews; 7 blackbirds; and 6 pigeons. It is supposed to be a great curiosity, and was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was nine feet in circumference *at bottom*, weighed 12 stone (168 lbs), and will take two men to present at table. It is neatly fitted with a case, and has four small wheels to facilitate its use by every guest at table."

This may have been the most notable Christmas pie ever described in a newspaper. It probably reached London in time for the Twelfth Night revels. We must suppose, however, that more remarkable pies than this were made and eaten, without record, during the great ages of the "Merry Yule tide." The Anglo-Saxons did not allow the eating and drinking ceremonies of the and in some districts of Scotland, where they were always more decent than they finally became under Anglo Saxon and Norman influence; and where there seems to have been retained a more implicit belief in all the popular superstitions of the old Yeul feast.

The Christmas observances encountered the stern hostility of the Puritans, because they had become almost as offensive to morality and decency, as the worst revels of the Roman Saturnalia. In a book on "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," is the following:—"One preaching against the Christmas observances, said:—'Ye will say, sirs, Youl Day; I tell you, Fool Day. Ye will say, it is a brave holiday; I tell you, it is a brave belly day.'" There was an inflexible crusade against the Christmas revels, while Cromwell and the Puritans were in power. An order of Parliament, datad Dec. 24, 1652, directed that "no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, nor any solemnity used in churches, upon that day, in respect thereof." And mourners for the suppressed jollity, said:—

"Gone are the golden days of yore,
When Christmas was a high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more;
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

Certainly, Christmas had become a very "high day." The Puritans may have been too emphatic and sweeping in their hostility; but, it cannot well be denied, that they have good reason for their condemnation of the wild revelings of the Christmas holidays. Their feeling was just; but their methods of reform were not always those best calculated to secure permanent success; nevertheless, the riotous jollity, gluttony, and drunkenness, that had dishonored Yule-tide, never recovered from the effects of the Puritan crusade. The subsequent attempts to revive the old "sports," were not very successful; and, since that age, they have steadily declined. It is noteworthy, that their existence was maintained with most tenacity, among the Keltic people of Great Britain, as in Cornwall,

The Christmas Decoration of Churches.

In all ages flowers and evergreens have been used as symbols of peace, joy and happiness, and the custom of decorating our churches with them at Christmas is so ancient and so universal as to need hardly any comment. The heathen nations were accustomed to use them at their religious ceremonies, and should not Christians be glad to decorate their sanctuaries with the emblems of joy and love? We remember when our Saviour entered Jerusalem, how the people cut down palm branches and strewed the way before him as a token of honor and respect, and so now does the church delight to decorate his house at the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of his only son.

We believe that a few suggestions from one who has had a great deal to do with the decoration of churches and other places may not come amiss at this time. One of the greatest faults in trimming churches is a desire to do too much, with the impression that the more greens used the better. The decorations should add to the beauty of the church and not make it look like a ball room. A few greens judiciously arranged look better than a host of branches and festoons stuck up in every available spot. Extremes are to be avoided. Many congregations are opposed to any elaborate display on the ground that the church is defaced and injured. A church that is too good to be decorated for their festival had better not have been built. Better to teach the young to love and venerate the holy seasons than to stand in awe of painted and varnished walls.

A custom is becoming general of having sentences of scripture and emblems of holy things upon the walls. These may be made of velvet paper, or of pasteboard covered with glue and sprinkled with the leaves of hemlock. The latter, however, require care and skill in execution. Some competent person should be selected to superintend the trimming, and all the young members of the congregation should join in helping. It is astonishing how much can be done in one evening when all take hold with a will. It is best that some place other than the church should be used in the preparation of the wreaths, etc.

Of the emblems used the I. H. S. is probably the most common. These letters are initials of the Latin Jesus Hominum Salvator, which translated mean "Jesus the Saviour of Men. The Alpha and Omega signify "the first and the last;" the Triangle signifies the Trinity, "three persons and one God;" a circle conveys the idea of eternity, without end. The two Greek letters resembling the English X and P are used together, representing the two first letters of the ers and Christos or Christ. An anchor typifies

A pure white dove with outspread wings may be suspended by a fine wire over the front representing the Holy Ghost. Crosses are al-

ways used, but should have a base. The Roman cross is the most common, but is frequently made out of proportion. The cross and headpiece should be of the same length, terminating in the trefoil. The Maltese cross is formed of four triangles meeting at the centre. The use of the star at Christmas is being gradually dispensed with, but it is added to the decorations on the feast of Epiphany.

A very pretty way of trimming the column is to wind them with a strong cord and then place branches of laurel hemlock between, almost concealing the pillar. When a little pains is taken this has the effect of vines covering the columns. Strips of lathing covered in the same way make a good substitute for wreaths for bending into arches. Great care should be taken in making wreaths to wind them on short cord or rope, tying the greens securely and turning it as it is made.

The altar cloth should be made of white, and may be trimmed with a delicate vine surrounding an inscription appropriate to the occasion. In the High church candles are placed upon the altar and lighted for evening service. Bouquets of flowers are also used with good effect.

The use of large trees in and around the chancel ought to be prohibited, as they interefere not only with the officiating clergyman, but are in the way of communicants. Of all the greens we prefer laurel, as its dark, glossy leaves keep good during the whole season they remain. Hemlock should not be used except in places where it is not disturbed, as after a few days its leaves drop off, leaving only the bare twigs. The font should be trimmed with leaves of "crowsfoot" or "princess pines," or holly berries, or when convenient with white roses or camelias. A cross of white flowers with green back-ground looks well upon the altar. The wreaths upon the pulpit and reading desk, and around the altar, should be made of pure evergreens, and care should be taken to guard against any branches sticking out. Where festoons are used in the body of the church the organist should be consulted, as they are often so placed as to interfere with the music. Monograms and inscriptions around the chancel look best in the old English or German text letter; those in the body of the church in plain English.

How Victor Hugo "Suffers Little Children."—The particulars of the French author Victor Hugo's Christmas entertainment, to some 40 poor children of all countries and religions, at his island home of Guernsey, are very charming. Food, clothing and toys having been distributed, the poet thus spoke:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—You are aware of the object of this little meeting. It is what, for want of a better term, I call the festival of poor little children. I desire to speak of it in the humblest terms, and with this feeling I would borrow the simplicity of one of these little ones who now hear me. To do good to poor children, as far as I am able, is the object that I have in view. Believe me, there is no merit in the act, and what I say I sincerely mean. There is no merit in doing for the poor what we can, for what we can do it is a duty to do. Do you know anything more sad than the sufferings of children? When we suffer—we who are men—we suffer justly, we endure nothing but what we deserve; but children are innocent, and suffering innocence is it not the saddest thing in nature? Here Providence entrusts us with a portion of its own functions. God says to man—I confide to thee the child. And he does not confide to us our own children alone—for it is simply natural that we should have care for them—and the brute obeys this law of nature, better sometimes than man himself. God entrusts us with all the children that suffer. To be the father—the mother of poor children—this is our highest mission. To have towards them the parental feeling is to have a fraternal feeling towards humanity."

M. Victor Hugo expressed a hope that the deplorable term of "ragged" would soon disappear from the beautiful and noble English language, and also that there would be no longer a ragged class. He then dwelt on the fact that cholera had not attacked one of the children thus fed in London. Nothing, he thought, could speak more forcibly in favor of the institution, and he left the result to the consideration of those who now heard him, concluding in the following terms:—"Here, ladies and gentlemen, here is my excuse for describing to you what takes place here. This is what justifies the publicity given to the dinner to the 40 children. It is that from this humble origin there arises a considerable amelioration in the condition of suffering innocence. To relieve children—to train them into men—such is our duty. I will add but one word more. There are two ways of building churches. They may be built of stones—they may be built of flesh and bone. The poor whom you have succored are a church that you have built from whence prayer and gratitude ascend to God."

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—*Shakspeare.*

Defile not your mouth with impu

Victor Hugo's Christmas.—Every fourteen days M. Hugo gives a dinner to 40 poor children, and on Christmas he gathers them altogether and gives them a *fete*. On the last occasion M. Hugo made a few remarks, from which we quote. He says;

Several English and foreign journals had honored him by inserting in their columns an account of this, his annual holiday, and described it as a most noble action and good conduct on his part. For himself he must most emphatically declare such was not the case—it was not even a good action, it was but the performance of a duty, the duty of those who possessed toward those who did not possess. *Silence was a primary law of good action.* A good action should be done secretly. *But it was different with duty. It was public property.* Its publication was occasionally calculated to be of the most infinite service to humanity.

To publish simply as the performance of a good action the fact of M. Hugo's bestowing every fourteen days a good healthy meal to forty poor children of the island, was erroneous and unnecessary, but as being the means of causing an infinite amount of benefit to accrue to thousands of other poor children whose claims to the sympathy and charity to the well-to-do and affluent were equally urgent as those of his own proteges. He desired the fact to be made known as much as possible, and that his conduct and example in this respect should everywhere be adopted by those who had the means of carrying it out. M. Hugo referred to the fact of his plan having been most successfully adopted in different parts of England and America, and alluded to two institutions in London where his plan had met with great success.

He continued:

"The original idea of this work is not mine, but a great and noble example of Jesus Christ. *Sinite parvulos venire ad me.* (Suffer little children to come unto me.) Let the children of the poor enter the houses of the rich. But according to my ideas there are no rich, for God gives man nothing, but only lends us the blessings we possess. God causes me to open my doors to the poor, and by His mercy am I enabled to be the humble instrument of His gracious and generous intentions."

He observed that he only adopted in his conduct the example of Jesus Christ, whose religion embraced the principles of equality, fraternity and benevolence. He further observed: "There are two kinds of wealth, external and internal. External wealth is money; internal wealth, health for the body, morality for the soul. External wealth fadeth and passeth away. Internal wealth never dies.

M. Hugo closes as follows:

"There is a faith common to all religions—God. There is a sympathy known to all men—Childhood. It is in this faith and with this sympathy we are here met to-day. Accident only has made these children poor. Hitherto the festivities of Christmas seem only to exist for the children of the rich—not for the poor. This should not be; if there be not joy and pleasure amid a child's life, that life becomes a blank. After the repast I have given these children, I present them with what is most useful to them, and then I cause them to receive toys which will make them happy, and bring joy, and mirth, and gladness to their dull and poor homes. I think now I have done my duty toward these poor innocents."

After this the doors were thrown open, and a Christmas tree loaded with useful presents was disclosed to the eager gaze of the children, who soon departed, well fed, well clothed and happy.

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of the continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head,
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

[H. W. Longfellow.

Every flower enjoys the air it breathes.—*Lontgomery.*

Christmas Gifts.—In the early ages the gifts were offered upon the altar, to the church, as representing Christ himself, and were distributed by the almoners of the church to its needy members. Afterwards the exchanging of gifts between relatives and friends came to be the general custom, while at the same time all united in contributions for those who were too poor to give gifts. So from the first ages of Christianity has come down to us this pleasant custom, and wherever Christ is known as the Saviour of the world, the day of his birth is celebrated by the giving of presents.

In this country we are likely to bring the custom into disrepute by the extravagant use of it. The idea is getting quite too prevalent that only costly and elegant gifts are appropriate to the day, and the expectation of such gifts creates a sort of necessity for their purchase and distribution, which becomes in many instances a real tax and burden. They manage those things better in the old countries. Among our German and English cousins there is more of a mutual interchange of presents. The children give to the parents and to each other, as well as the parents to the children; nephews and nieces to uncles and aunts, as well as the reverse; and ladies to lovers as well as the boys to their sweethearts. And the gifts are generally simple and inexpensive. Their value is not estimated by their cost in money, but by their appropriateness and the affection that prompts them. Everybody gives gifts to everybody within their circle, and the youngest enjoy the satisfaction of giving as well as of receiving. If the gift is but a bon-bon or a sweetmeat it is none the less acceptable and pleasant.

Those who find it inconvenient to spend much money in mere toys and perishable articles of fancy, will find it good policy to eke out the day's gifts with articles of substantial value that will come into use in the economies of the season. They will be just as acceptable as mere toys. Good books are always valuable and money invested in them gives the best returns. Of course the younger members of the family must have their toys and confectionery, and a few coppers to buy their little presents to give to others. There is one sort of giving that is not sufficiently attended to, and yet is most like the custom of the primitive christians—not gifts of charity, but of christian good will to the poor. There are very many families where there are children's books that have been read and cast aside, and toys that the little ones have grown weary of, that are just as good as new, and would give unbounded delight to the children of poorer families. Let the children who have all the toys and books they want, be allowed to distribute them on Christmas day among the poor children in their neighborhoods. It is a good time, too, for those comfortable bachelors, who having no children of their own to provide for, to distribute their gifts among the needy, to surprise some poor widow in the neighborhood with a miraculous barrel of flour or ton of coal, and so get out of the family holiday some of the satisfaction, from the full enjoyment of which celibacy has excluded him. It is a good time for everybody to give gifts to the poor—surprise gifts to those whose honest pride will take offence at what seems an act of charity—and necessary and useful things to the poor and unfortunate. So shall the true significance of the Christmas holidays be experienced, and their benefits be perpetuated. The festivities of Yule are pleasant and profitable in themselves, even if we forget their significance. If we wisely combine their great spiritual ideas with the joyful observance of all their pleasant customs, we realize the whole of the Christian scheme, which provides for the happiness of the present as well as the future, and neither despises nor neglects anything that contributes to human welfare and enjoyment.

At midnight on Christmas eve it is the custom throughout England and the continent to ring all the bells. The churches in France and Italy are magnificently adorned, and a collation provided for the assembled multitude. In the Protestant districts of Germany and Northern Europe, Christmas is called the "children's festival." The Christmas tree, which has become an institution among us, is of German origin, and Christmas eve is devoted to giving presents, especially between parents and children—brothers and sisters—by means of the so-called Christmas tree. A large yew bough is erected in one of the parlors, lighted with tapers and hung with manifold gifts, each marked with the name of the person for whom it is intended, but not with the name of the donor. The family party being assembled, the *caduex* are distributed amid joyful congratulations and happy romping. But a more sober scene ensues: for the mother takes this occasion to point out to the daughters and the fathers to the sons their errors and shortcomings.

New Year and Christmas.—Why "merry Christmas" and "happy New Year;" and why not the conditions transposed? When little folks ask you this question, tell them that merriment is only proper as a temporary condition, and hence is only desirable for a day—Christmas day. But happiness is for a longer period, and therefore is appropriate as applied to a period—a New Year.

Never lose your self-respect; if that is lost, all is lost.

Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.

There's nothing true but heaven.—*Moore.*

Lazy folks take the most pains.

Do good whenever you can, and forget it.

The simple flowers are social and benevolent.—*Sigourney.*

Drive thy business, or thy business will drive thee.

Better be alone than in bad company.

Christmas Carols.

The children sung a song this Christmas morn
Mellow and clear, outside my chamber door,
Waking me softly from my pleasant dreaming
Of unforgotten Christmas days of yore.

Sweetly they sung, my neighbor's happy children,
Two merry girls and one glad-hearted boy,
Repeating oft their song's rejoicing burden,—
"On Christmas morn the angels sing for joy!"

Sweetly they sung; but ah! their cheerful voices
Broke up my soul's deep founts of hidden woe,
And pressing down my face against the pillow,
I let the bitter torrent overflow.

Missing the little child that warbled softly
Two years ago to-day a song like this,
And when the joyful melody was ended,
Held up her sweet mouth for a Christmas kiss.

Only one Christmas eve my fair-eyed darling
Lisped of dear Santa Claus her dreams among,
Only one Christmas morn, white-robed, and joyful—
Lifted her clear voice in a Christmas song.

I see her little figure standing tiptoe,
To hang her dainty stocking on the wall;—
O, sinless heart! O, perfect faith of childhood,
Believing everything, and trusting all.

Peace, aching heart! O, let me trust entirely,
With faith and strength that nothing can destroy,
That my sweet baby is among the angels
Who, on this Christmas morning, sing for joy!

[Mrs. Akers.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

[For the Traveller.]

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Tired and worn out with the noise and confusion,
We retired to sleep; oh, what a delusion! [house,"
"'Twas the night after Christmas, and all thro' the
There were noises that didn't sound much like a mouse.
The creatures were stirring, and the children up stairs
Made such singular sound after saying their prayers,
We felt that they certainly must be distressed;
So we jumped out of bed,—and I'll tell you the rest:
We called to the servants for hot cloths and water,
For sage tea, for hop tea, and pepper that's hotter;
We stumbled o'er toys, and we tumbled o'er chairs,
We flew through the halls and ran down the stairs,
Cursing St. Nick., who brought candies and toys,
With sorrow and sickness for our girls and boys.
Off for a doctor I ran in a fright,
In the smallest and darkest hours of the night.
He came, and we watched o'er the children till morn;
There was never a night since the day I was born
That I suffered so much, both in body and mind,
As the night which left the last Christmas behind.
Our children recovered after many a day,
But the Doctor died, I am quite sorry to say;
His surname was Bacon, his life was insured,
They tried hard to save him, but he couldn't be cured.

Newton Corner. NEAL.

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The feasting of Christmas is over and past,
The turkey, and pudding, and cake,
And pies, and confections, are eaten at last,
By the children who shovelled them in so fast;
And many a child has stayed awake
At night with a certain familiar ache,
Which follows on eating more than enough
Of pudding and turkey, and all such stuff.

That funny old humbug Kriss Kringell,
Whom the boys and girls love so well,
Has had the sense to go and clear out,
And he's up the chimney or up the spout;
And the boys and girls are beginning to count;
And trying to reckon the whole amount
Of the jolly old lot
Of the presents they got,
And we'll help to reckon them on the spot

Betsie and Susie and Maria declare
That their elegant dolls have lost their hair,
And marked their faces, and bruised their eyes,
And suffered mishaps on this wise.
Jimmy's horse has lost its tail,
And his woolly dog, so curly and frail,
Has shed about a teacup full
Of his principal ornament, namely, his wool;
And Johnny's drum
To grief has come,
And is mute and dumb,
And no better than dead—
For Johnny's punched in the back of its head,
In order that he
The better might see
The inside of the drum,
And so find out where the sound came from.

A HOLIDAY GIFT.—The Christmas bells will soon be chiming. Already the streets are brilliant with the holiday throngs. The windows sparkle in the happy sunshine, and admiring eyes look in with answering joy. Beautiful gifts! Everything so handsome and gay—so bright and cheery. But how many hearts there are in all the multitude that would rather have one hour of a husband's love and sympathy than all the glitter of the palatial shops. How many that would rather have one hour of husband's love—one sweet kiss of affection—one gentle word of trust and admiration—than everything that money could buy. Alas! for the homes forsaken! Alas! for the hearts that are breaking! Shall we not all make love and kindness our holiday gifts?

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY OLIVE RAYMOND.

"MOTHER, do you believe Santa Claus will come down our chimney to-night? Billy Ware says he's coming down theirs, and that he comes down all the chimneys, and brings presents to all the children on Christmas night. I don't see how he can get through that fire-board, though. Mother, won't you please take it out, just to-night, so that he can get through easy? I'm afraid he'll go up chimney again, and take all our presents back, if you don't take it away. Do, please. Say, will you, Mother?"

Mrs. Hall did not reply immediately, but looked very sad.

"Mother, why don't you speak? Won't Santa Claus come to-night?

"I'm afraid not, my dear Johnny."

"Why not? He is going to other houses; why won't he come to ours? He used to come when father was here."

"Yes, my son, we all had Christmas gifts then; but things are not as they were then. We were not poor then, as we are now."

"But doesn't Santa Claus give presents to poor children?"

"Not always. I fear you will be disappointed, Johnny. I think you will have no presents to-morrow; but I hope you will bear the disappointment like a little man."

"What! no presents?—nor Lizzie, nor Tommy neither? Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do!"

Something very like tears appeared on Johnny's cheeks; but he wished to be a little man, so he brushed them away, and did not let any more come, though his voice sounded a little bit like a sob as he said, "If only Lizzie, and Annie, and Tommy could have some pretty presents, I shouldn't care. Oh, mother, how nice it would be if Santa Claus would bring Lizzie a beautiful great wax doll, with red cheeks and blue eyes, and real curly hair. I saw one to-day in a window. It was almost as big as Lizzie. I wish he'd bring Annie a bird in a cage, and oh, lots of things! And I wish he'd bring Tommy a sled, and skates, and a ball, and a top, and a knife, and oh, dear! ever and ever so many things! I wonder if Annie will have any presents. She lives with rich people. Perhaps, when Santa Claus comes to their house, he'll give her something too."

"She lived with rich people *last* Christmas; but she had no presents. We may have no pretty gifts to-morrow, Johnny; but we will try to have a pleasant Christmas without them," said Mrs. Hall, in a cheerful tone. "We will try to remember the good things we receive *every* day and *every* night."

"Why, mother, *I* don't get presents *every* day and *every* night. I haven't had a present for ever so long."

"Let us think, Johnny, and see if you have not. Every day you have food; have you not?"

Mrs. Hall was careful not to say *breakfast, dinner*, and *supper;* for some days they had but one meal, and not an abundance even for that.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"And clothing?"

"Yes, mother; but my coat is all darned and patched, and so are my pants. And my boots are ugly old things."

"But you are warm?"

"Yes."

"You are not often sick?"

"No, mother."

"Then you have health; you have mother, sisters, and little brother, and a home."

"Our room is cold, though, when you have only a little coal, and are afraid you can't get any more."

"But many poor children in this great city have not even a house to cover them, and have to sleep out of doors, even the coldest winter nights; while you have a warm bed to sleep in. Don't you think, after all, that you have a great many good things?"

"But I'd like some *pretty* things."

"I dare say you would, my son; and I would like to be able to give you some. But, because we cannot have all that we wish, we must not forget how many good things we have, and that our good Heavenly Father gives them all to us."

Johnny was silent awhile. Then he said, "Our Sabbath-school teacher says that, if we want anything, we must ask God to give it to us; and that he will. I mean to ask him to make Santa Claus bring us some presents to-morrow. Oh, I'm so glad I thought of it! I mean to ask him now. Then I'll get right into bed, and go to sleep, so that Santa Claus can come. He *will* come, mother; now you see if he don't!"

Johnny kissed his mother good-night, and went into their sleeping-room. Before undressing, he knelt by the side of his little bed, and his mother heard him commence his evening prayer in this way:

"Dear God, *won't you please* send Santa Claus to bring us some presents?"

After he was in bed, he called to his mother, "Mother, I've asked God for some presents; and I *know* we'll have some."

The other children had been asleep for some time. Mrs. Hall seated herself in her neat but poor little room, to finish a garment she was making for "the shop." She wished to take it home in the morning, and get the money due for it to buy food for the next day; but she could not sew. Sorrow was in her heart, and blinding tears in her eyes. She thought of the comfortable and happy home she and her children had had until her husband had left his business to go to the war. She thought of his untimely and cruel death on the battle-field; of the necessity that compelled her to put her oldest child, Annie, a bright and good girl, out to service; of her desire to educate her children; of her own feeble health, and her fears that she should not live to rear her little ones until they could take care of themselves. These thoughts made her weep. She was a tender mother, and loved to make her children happy. She thought of what she would like to do; how she would love to surprise them on the morrow with a Christmas Tree, hung with all kinds of beautiful things. Johnny should have his wish for his brothers and sisters, and for himself everything that she knew he would like. She pictured to herself their surprise, and her own joy at seeing their happiness, and for a moment was tempted to murmur at what seemed their hard lot; but better thoughts soon came to her mind. She remembered that all the beautiful things in the world are at the disposal of a good God, who distributes them according to his wisdom and love; and she was comforted by the thought that, if her children

were denied these things, it was for their good. She resolved to make the day as happy as she could by telling them stories of the beautiful Christ Child whose birth the day commemorates, and thus increase their love for him, and cause the day to bring them higher and more lasting happiness than it would bring to those children who had only their splendid presents, and who were not taught anything of the meaning and associations of the day.

Just as she was preparing to go to her bedroom, she heard a gentle tap on the door; and, on opening it, to her surprise, saw Annie and another girl, with large baskets on their arms.

"Why, girls, what brought you here at this late hour?"

"Speak low, mother," said Anna, in a whisper, "so as not to wake the children. Oh, mother, I'm so happy! Just look in these baskets," as she set them on the table, "and see what Mrs. Sprague and her children have sent you." As she spoke, she took off the cover; and there on the top was a doll—not wax, like the one Johnny wished for, but a lovely one, with red cheeks, and blue eyes, and real flaxen curls, dressed in white and blue. She was as pretty a doll as could be. Then came a ball, and a top, and a knife, and books with beautiful pictures in them, and nice warm mittens, and comforters, and stockings for each of the children. Mrs. Hall was not forgotten. For her there were a dress, gloves, collars, etc. Indeed, I can't enumerate all the pretty and useful things those two baskets contained. There were paper cornucopias, too, filled with candies, and nuts, and raisins, and cakes.

Mrs. Hall could hardly speak, so great were her gratitude and joy at being able, after all her regret, to see her children made happy, as she knew they would be.

"How kind, how very good!" was all she could say.

"But wait, mother; something else is coming. This is not all. There he is," said Anna, as she opened the door wide to admit Patrick, with a large market-basket in one hand and in the other a Christmas Tree, fastened into a board which was covered with green moss. "Is it not beautiful? Oh, how happy you will all be when the children wake in the morning," said Annie.

Patrick placed the tree on the table, and uncovered the basket, which contained a fine turkey, vegetables, pies, apples—everything, indeed, necessary for a nice dinner. It seemed as if that basket, too, held more than any basket Mrs. Hall had ever seen, so nicely was everything packed into it. Then Patrick took from his pocket an envelope, and handed it to Mrs. Hall. She opened it, and there was a "greenback," and these words, "For Mrs. Hall, with a Merry Christmas from Santa Claus."

Now a month's rent, that had caused so much anxiety, could be paid. Johnny could have new boots; and many little comforts for them all could be obtained.

"Now let us fix up the tree, and hang the small things on it," said Annie.

They cleared the table, covered it with a nice white cloth, and stood the tree in the middle. Then they hung strings of popped corn in festoons from branch to branch: and put on little colored [illegible] tapers, and balls—red, white, blue, and gilded—all of which Mrs. Sprague in her thoughtfulness had put in the baskets; and in front, in the most conspicuous place, they hung the doll; and from other branches the cornucopias, etc. The larger articles were placed around the tree on the table; also dishes filled with the oranges, apples, nuts, and raisins. Such a beautiful sight as it was! Certainly more beautiful than had ever been seen in that humble room before.

After all was arranged, Annie, Susan, and Patrick left Mrs. Hall alone to admire the tree, and to think of the kindness of the friends who had given so much pleasure, and of the goodness of God in prompting them to do it. She remembered Johnny's prayer, and the certainty with which he had expected an answer; and she resolved in future to try to exercise the same simple and earnest faith herself.

The next morning, when the little ones saw the tree—but I need not tell you, dear children, what they said and did; how Johnny danced and capered for joy, and said he knew "for certain sure," when he asked God to send Santa Claus with presents, that he would come; nor how little Lizzie toddled about all day, nursing and singing to her "doll baby," as she called it; nor how she said it was the "very prettiest doll baby that ever was"; nor how many questions they asked about everything; nor what they said about the good Christmas dinner; nor how Tommy made his top spin, and blew his horn, and whittled with his knife, and looked at the picture-books. You can imagine what *you* would have done and said; and how you would have felt if you had been poor like them, and if kind friends had sent you such nice presents. You would all have been overjoyed, I know. You would have danced, and capered, and sung too; and when dinner-time came, and you sat down to a table spread with such good things, with enough and more than enough of them—why, your faces would have looked, if possible, more bright and beaming than they will on Christmas morning, when you open your eyes, and see the beautiful things prepared for you by loving friends. It was truly a joyful day in Mrs. Hall's house.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Backward we turn our eager eyes
Upon this glorious Christmas morn,
And in the distant, purple dawn,
We see the form of Christ arise:

The Christ with tender human heart,
And subtle vision to discern
The wants and griefs which thrill and burn
In all who tread life's busy mart:

The Christ who dared assail with might
The social wrongs that then were rife,
And in the work gave up his life
On Calvary's lonely mountain height.

And through the lengthening centuries rings
His voice, as calm, as firm, as clear,
As when it rose in far Judea;
And strength and comfort still it brings.

"Brothers," he cries, "the way is hard,
Yet fear not if your hearts are true;
But bravely strive your work to do,
And God will aye his faithful guard.

Faint not when darkly falls the night,
But clasp me firmly by the hand;
And thus we'll form a magic band
To crush the wrong, and guard the right:

To herald in glad Freedom's birth,
To strike the chains from Truth's swift feet,
To cheer the hearts that sadly beat,
And bring God's Heaven upon the earth."

A Christmas Sketch.

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," says the proverb.

What a pity it is that wishes are not horses!—that at seasons when almost every tongue drops the words, "A merry Christmas!" "A happy New Year!" the will should not rise and breathe the breath of life into those words; make them move; make them work; put bit and bridle on them, and direct them to go where they are most needed. Wishes might then be made into very excellent horses, and beggars might ride at least once a year; might be lifted for a day out of the mire of care and suffering that dulls the light of heaven to their eyes, and stops out the voices of heaven from their ears; lifted into a belief in the humanity of man and the mercy of God; might be given a little restful journey into that easy land where the rich dwell every day.

In the "Fortunes of a Newsboy," we read that little Josie and Mary look out, on Christmas Day, for a newsboy—from whom they may get a paper for papa—and have the following chat with one:

"Ain't you glad it's Christmas?" Josie asked, as questions seemed the fashion.

"I kinder am," replied the newsboy.

"Did you have many presents?" questioned Mary.

"Me? Bless you, who'd give 'em to me, Miss?"

"Didn't you hang up your stocking last night?" Fred asked.

The newsboy seemed much amused at the question, for it was plain that he could hardly keep from laughing right out.

"Well, no, I didn't," he answered. "Don't think things would stick in one long, if I was!"

"Do you put your money in a savings' bank? By and by you'd have enough to build a house, may be, if you were careful," said Josie.

"Jim and me likes takin' it ont in eatin' best," answered Dick.

"Why don't you bring me that paper?" cried their father's voice. And the two boys ran hastily into the house.

"You may have my candy," said Mary, in a stately way. "I can have plenty more." And she put her store of dainty French candy into the boy's hand, and, while he was still looking at her in amazement, followed her brothers into the house and shut the door.

"Just you pinch me, Jim," Dick said, joining his companion. "Drive in hearty now. Ain't I asleep?"

"Well, I dunno; what yer got there?"

"She give it to me."

"Who's that?"

"Her on the steps; didn't you see her?"

"You tell that to the marines! Guess you took it?"

"No, I didn't," Dick said, indignantly, "I never took nothin' as warn't mine, yet."

"Let's have a look," said Jem, reaching out his hand for the package; but Dick would not let him touch it. "I'm going to keep it always to remember her," he said.

"Guess you want ter eat it yerself," Jim said. "I wouldn't be so mean."

"I an't gen'rally called mean," Dick answered, with great dignity.

"Don't you wonder, Jim," said Dick, as they made friends and passed on—"don't it seem curious how some folks is rich and purty like them there, and others is poor and ugly like me and you, Jim?"

"George! speak for yourself, if ye like. Guess I'd pass in a crowd, if I'd the fine fixins!"

VICTOR HUGO'S CHRISTMAS FETE.

French liberalists are greatly pleased with the accounts just received of Victor Hugo's party to the poor children of his exile home at Guernsey, England, on the afternoon before Christmas. The gleesome objects of the poet's bounty were assembled in his dining-room, in which was spread a handsome and bountiful collation of cakes, sandwiches, fruit, wine, &c., with which the children were plentifully regaled, as were also the crowd of visitors who were present. The repast having been disposed of, the whole party proceeded to an adjoining room, in which was a long table covered with useful clothing and shoes for boys and girls, which were distributed among the children. The generous host then made an address, in which he alluded to the widespread imitation of his example of caring for the children at Christmas time, claiming that over 120,000 were thus provided for in 1867 in England alone, and that Switzerland and America were not behindhand in thoughtfulness and benefactions. He said among other good things:—

I shall never be weary of saying, Care for children. Human society is always more or less culpable. In that great offense in which we are all implicated—an offense which is at one time called law, at another custom—we know but one kind of innocence, the innocence of children. Well, then, let us love that innocence, let us nourish it, let us venerate it, let us clothe it, let us give it bread and shoes, let us care for it, let us enlighten it.

13.

WAS IT A DREAM?

I had been listening intently to a discussion upon Metaphysics by a number of the learned men of "our time and generation." After they got through I retired to the balcony and seated myself in a large easy-chair that stood there.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening; the honeysuckle and sweet-brier shed a delicious fragrance upon the air as they twined themselves so lovingly around the pillars of the balcony. As the moonbeams shimmered through the green leaves, they cast fantastic shadows around. It was just the wierd-like kind of night to imagine the brownies and gnomes abroad.

I sat there, revolving in my mind what each sect had said in favor of their own doctrine. That they had all been egotistical in their theory was too true. The Orthodox had said, "My way is the true way; the worship of God the Father, the Son and the Spirit, three in One."

"Ah!" said the Universalist, "an ancestor in your faith has said that 'hell was paved with infants' skulls.' Now that is too horrible an item in your creed to have me adopt it."

The Orthodox answered that that idea was becoming softened down, dying out, obsolete; that he must not judge them by old-time traditions.

The Episcopalian averred that his way was *the way* to approach the All-wise,—on bended knee and head reverently bowed. The responses made in the dim cathedrals would surely arise as sweet incense to "Our Father."

The Unitarian said that he must be allowed to differ from his Orthodox friend as regarded the Deity; that he considered the Father and Son two distinct persons; the Son subservient to the Father; for had he not said, "O, my Father, thy will, not mine, be done?" and that one clause was enough to settle the question.

The Universalist said he didn't see the use of disputing the question; he thought all men would be saved; they would "all be changed in the twinkling of an eye."

I was deeply thoughtful. How could I tell which theory to adopt? each advocate had thought his own the true one; how could I decide?

As I was thus debating in my mind what to do, an old man, with silvery hair and a long, snow-white beard, approached, and addressed me thus:—

"Why sittest thou there, vexing thy brain, when by going to the court of Prince Allah you can decide for yourself the way you ought to go?"

"But who is Prince Allah, and where does he hold his court?" I asked.

He answered, "I am on my way there, even now. If you will go with me I will tell you all about it before we arrive there."

I arose to accompany the white-haired old man. As I walked by his side he told me this,—that Prince Allah was a very good and wise prince, who lived in a beautiful country where all was peace and harmony. That years ago he had sent many of his subjects—men, women and children,—into a far country to sojourn for awhile. As they went, he had given each of them a book, with certain commands written therein, which they must obey, or he should punish them when he recalled them from the land of their sojourn.

"Now," said my guide, "though these commands were written as simply and distinctly as possible, that 'those who ran might read,' yet, strange as it may appear to you, those foolish people turned, twisted and wrangled over them, till they each made it a criterion to suit themselves.

"As Prince Allah recalls them, he judges them, not by the criterion they have assumed, but by the simple commands he gave them. We are now going to the Court of Judgment. Listen and judge for yourself. One thing more I would say ere we enter. However much they have been enabled to deceive themselves, or others, they cannot deceive the Prince. To him they are compelled to speak the plain, unvarnished truth."

As the old man ceased speaking we entered what seemed to me a vast and beautiful country. Nearly opposite where we entered stood the Prince, listening to confessions and passing judgment. At his right hand—the heart of man cannot conceive of the beauties that were there portrayed; at his left was impenetrable mist.

The Prince was just listening to the confession of a woman dressed in magnificent style, a Mrs. Miser. The first words I caught were:—

"O, Allah, I was a good Christian; I attended church regularly; I paid my tithes willingly, and I lived in the belief that you and your father were one. O, Allah, what more could I have done?"

"You could have given bread to your starving sister when she begged it at your door; but you never gave a penny to a beggar in all your life. Go to my left; through much tribulation and poverty shall you learn the sorrows of the miser's doom."

Then there stepped forward an arrogant, haughty-looking man, dressed in clerical robes. He said:—

"Prince Allah, I was bishop of a diocese, a wealthy one. I was ever pointing the way to the 'land of promise,' and by the 'laying-on of hands' I consecrated many to the good work."

Said Allah,—"Did you visit the widow and the fatherless, and minister to the poor and sick?"

"Well, no, I didn't have time to do everything, and left that for the laymen to do."

Then said Allah, "The height of your ambition was, that 'your works might be seen of men.' Now go back to the land of probation, and by gentle, kindly deeds, try to win a title to the 'land of the blest.'"

Next, there stepped forward an old man. The frosts of many winters had silvered his hair, and he said:—

"O, Allah! I was a millionaire. I gave freely; I endowed colleges; I built hospitals, and lavished money upon public institutions."

"Yes, Mr. Moneybags; but did you give of your immense wealth to those placed in circumstances of want and destitution? did you enter the humble abodes of poverty and cause the hearts of its inmates to sing for joy?"

"No, Allah, I did not. I was willing they should have the money, but I could not do all."

Then said Allah, "It would have been better for you had you ameliorated the wants of individuals, at least, in part, rather than give all to institutions; but pass on to my right as far as you can see; under the shade of those tall trees, the seeds of which you planted yourself, you can rest; but there will be no sweet flowers springing up to bless you with their fragrance, for you have scattered none."

Next came a woman, clad in the habiliments of poverty. She approached with trembling steps and down-cast eyes, and Allah said:—

"Well, Mrs. Merciful, what have you to say?"

Mrs. Merciful answered:—"O, Allah! I am not worthy to stand in your presence. I have done nothing to recommend me to mercy; I have always been poor, therefore I could not give much; and I ——"

"But," said Allah, "when the beggar came to your door for bread, did you turn him away empty-handed?"

"O, no, no! if I had but a crust I always divided it with those that needed, and I always tried to do what I could; but it was so little, so little."

"But to what church did you belong?" questioned Allah.

"To my sorrow be it spoken, I joined no church; I feared that I might bring reproach upon Allah's great name. I know I have done wrong, but O, forgive, forgive!"

Then said Allah:—"This woman says truly, 'she hath done what she could;'" and turning to Mrs. Merciful, he said, "Take a seat on my right, near by me, under the shade of the Balm of Gilead tree. There rest from your labors; thou wilt be surrounded by plenty of Heart's-Ease, Heliotrope, Mignonette, &c. They will yield a delicious perfume, and they all sprang from seeds of your own planting."

Then Allah said, "O, my subjects, when will you learn wisdom? I do not judge you by your theory, but by your practice. Not every one that says unto me 'Allah! Allah!' shall enter my kingdom, but he that knoweth my will *and doeth it*. Once more I will reiterate the great commands: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy strength and all thy might; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Do this and you are safe."

Then my guide, turning to me, said:—

"Ponder well what thou hast heard; let not the lesson be lost upon thee. Now we will go."

I said, "O, sir, will you not tell me your name ere we leave?"

He answered, "My name is Wisdom," and he was gone.

I still sat in my chair, looking abroad upon the moonlight scene. Was it a dream? what did it mean? To me it seemed like a revelation from the living and true God, the Father of our Savior, and "Our Father."

ANNIE PHILLIPS.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speeches and exhilarating laughter. Be jovial always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health—if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by the hopeful visions of better fortune—if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought they are only gone before, to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

The greatest reputation is often only an embarrassment.—*Art. into Proverb.*

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, and no pleasure so lasting.—*Lady Montagu.*

THE SATCHEL AND THE WEDDING-DRESS;

OR,

A LITTLE TALK WITH MINORS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

Having recently met with an admirable and discriminating extract from an article entitled "A Model Woman," we copy a portion of it for the benefit of those who have not been so fortunate as to see it. It is prefaced by the remarks of another, as follows:—

"Women do not excel in any trade, because their ambition is not in their work. Work, to them, is only an expedient to bridge over an interval that lies between them and marriage. Whereas, man looks forward to work as the main incident of his life, and prepares himself for work as a career, not as a temporary expedient.

"This lack of ambition goes farther than to merely unfit women as general workers. It also makes them incompetent housewives,—unequal partners for the men of their choice."

The following extract, in this regard, is sharp, but just in its strictures:—

"But why does not her employer direct her? you ask; why does she not correct the faults of her erring hand-maiden and show her how to manage a house? Because, my dear sir, she does not know how herself. Her brothers prepared themselves, one for a profession, the other for business. For this preparation they counted no time, no labor too great. Even when not compelled to depend upon their own labor for subsistence, they feel a pride in doing something themselves, standing high in a profession or on 'change. Their sister expects to be married, to be the mother of a family, to preside over a household. What effort does she make to master the future situation? What years, what days, what hours does she devote to learning how to preside over a house, to rule her servants, to be independent of them, and, in case of need, to do without them? How does she prepare herself to exercise judgment, economy, thrift, to dispense hospitality elegantly, yet unwastefully? What lesson does she take in the art of making a small income do the work of a large one, or in that frugality which is the condition of the means of benevolence."

I know of one lady (I use the singular number, not unadvisedly), and she not compelled by her circumstances, who makes house-keeping an art, who studies chemistry and physiology, that she may adapt her table to the health and comfort of her family; who is the mistress of her servants, not their unpaid dependent; who knows when the work for the house is done; is able to show the servants the reason of their failure. And with all this she is not a drudge, with a soul confined to pots and pans, but a sensible, pleasing and truly religious woman who, while enhancing the happiness of her family and doubling the income of her husband, alike by reducing his expenses and freeing his mind from vexing cares, yet is also reading the best books, is serving God and dispensing charity to man. One such woman I know; say, how many do you know?

This, indeed, is the beginning of a movement in the right direction; it touched a chord that responded in our hearts; and, as if by magic, the lid of our casket flew open, and revealed many a thought and feeling that lie hidden there, awaiting "the troubling of the waters for the healing of our people."

For O! what a sin lies at our doors when we think of the desecration of marriage from countless causes, and the men and women of our country crowding the court-rooms and pleading for divorce, or daily resorting to separation. "Why is it?" is the earnest question, and many times answered. One great cause is immature marriage, entered into lightly and unadvisedly. The mother is eager or consents to bring to market, the crude and unripe fruit, and sometimes the daughter hangs up the satchel with one hand and takes down the wedding-dress with the other, forgetting or ignoring that the blackboard does not solve the problem of life, nor fit her to be the companion of man.

Do not defraud her, O! mother, of the periods of life that come slowly, gently, surely, in the unerring intentions and ministrations of Nature and Providence.

Freed from the necessarily gregarious life of the public school, she is now to share the labors of her mother, who has sacrificed herself for her child's improvement, and to train herself for the duties of domestic life, and to begin an individual existence, or, in one word, to begin to find herself; and by a patient course of reading and study, learn to think and to feel aright, and to gather nourishment for the mental, moral and spiritual nature; to prepare herself, in some small measure, for the next stage, the entrance into society at the age of eighteen; then comes the dawning of womanhood; and in a few years more, if she has drank freely and earnestly at the fountain of life, she can be the companion, the helper of one whom it is her glad office to sustain, to influence and to refine, for the only true home is in the heart of those we love, "for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Can we wonder that the wedding-garment is so rudely torn off? for if it fitted the girl it will not fit the woman. And the wedding-ring should be a constantly-enlarging circle, enclosing the responsibilities and the charms of life; but the golden circle may become so small as to lose all its true significance. How few women can receive, how few men can pay, the following beautiful tribute:—

Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed;
So sixteen years ago I said.
Behold another ring—for what?
To wed thee o'er again? Why not?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all, my Mary, then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead the double merit now,
To justify a double row.
Here, then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure
As when, amid the rites divine,
I took thy hand and plighted mine,)
To thee, my love, my second ring,
A token and a pledge, I bring.
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake as well as love's;
For why? they show me, hour-by-hour,
Heaven's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

In the perversion of the laws of Nature and Providence, the girl-bride loses three periods of life, never to be regained. There are mines never to be worked, depths of her being never to be sounded; ignorant of herself, old before her prime, oppressed by the inevitable and unprepared for cares of life, she can evade nothing and can never regain the lost period of preparation.

The highest gift of God is love in marriage. It is born of sorrow as well as joy. The true wife has an atmosphere about her which her husband and all that come within her presence feel. The human character, so sacred a trust, is the slowest in its growth, and we might take a lesson from the natural kingdom so beautiful in its operations.

The lights and shadows of life must fall upon woman before she knows, before she *can* know, of the riches of love and marriage. Love is the infant's instinct, the child's shelter, the maiden's protection; but the highest, holiest love is born of tears as well as smiles, and is consecrated by both. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," should apply as sacredly to the true union of hearts as in the presence of the sacred rites.

But we have not looked yet at the saddest side of the picture. What is to become of the next generation? The "child-wife" may become the child-mother (uneducated, except primarily, herself,) before she is even capable of performing the physical duties, and before she has suspected, even, the depths of her own being and its responsibilities in this life and the life to come. This young immortal is to be trained carefully and thoughtfully and joyously, for time and eternity. Almost with the infant's first tear and smile come the first impressions, so carefully to be watched, that are the germ of its future life. Guard it against falsehood as you would from a pestilential vapor; but let it ever see truth in all her fair proportions. How the little lip will curl, the eye flash, and the tear start, at the smallest deceptions. How discriminately, courageously and delicately should first impressions be watched; for upon them, with God's blessing, depends the future of the child and the man.

A mother who has thought earnestly and deeply, often feels that the full fountain of a mother's love cannot avail, but she must plead for angel ministry to guard the fair young creature.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' LESSON.

We read in our Scripture lesson for the day, my dear pupils, that Jesus spake many things to his disciples in parables and metaphors. Fearing that you may not quite understand what this speaking in parables means, I will endeavor to make it clear to your minds, for I can recollect that when very young, I attached no meaning at all to it, and of course, could not understand many of our Saviour's most beautiful teachings. The exact meaning of the word parable is a tale, or relation under which something is figured; and is too, a comparison of things that differ, and yet in which we can trace some resemblance, as, for instance, a fair girl is often called a lily, a person who allows his bad passions to predominate is like a garden whose weeds choke the flowers. This was the Hebrew style of composition, and I could recall to you, in the Old Testament, hundreds of instances in which a great moral was conveyed by some touching tale. Our Saviour adapted himself to the customs and understandings of those about him, and presented his great truths to their minds in the way he thought they would best comprehend them. Had he lived in our day and spoken to us, whose language is so simple, he would probably have delivered his teachings as our clergymen do theirs—the plain, unadorned truth. Instead of the tale of the sower who went forth to sow, he would have told us of the difficulties which we have to encounter in the formation of religious feeling, and the necessity

for keeping strict watch over ourselves; of resisting temptation; and we should perhaps have understood him better than we do now, in the language of the parables; and yet they can be perfectly clear to us if we but strive to understand them. As a parting lesson, I have tried to sketch a parable for you to remember, to make you realize yet more what parables are, and how the moral can be conveyed. I will endeavor to carry out one for you.

It was a beautiful summer morn. Nature never looked more lovely; the birds were singing gaily, and the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers; every thing seemed to smile upon two little boats which had just been launched on a river which, beginning its course quietly and in narrow bounds, soon gained strength and grew larger and more rapid, dashing over rocks and rushing on in an impetuous current. All along its length might be traced a [illegible] narrow channel, which was quiet and calm and wound around the rocks, and seemed not to be disturbed by the boiling of the waters around it. At times it was almost invisible, and seemed lost. This little space was the only one by which boats could safely navigate the river. If they once left it, it was almost impossible to regain it; and they were in hourly danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, or engulphed in the quicksands which were all about it. On the morning of which I speak, two little boats had left the quiet harbor at the entrance of the river, and were to descend the stream. No oars were required, for the rapidity of the waters carried the little boats on; at the helm of each was seated a happy-looking youth, whose task it was to guide the vessel down the river; a venerable man, their minister, it seemed, stood on the shore, giving them good advice, and gazing anxiously after them; he held in his hand a venerable looking book, from which he occasionally read, while they were in hearing. He had placed in their hands, also, a small volume, which he had told them was their chart. If they followed its directions implicitly they would reach in safety the port of happiness which was at the mouth of the river. If they neglected to obey it they would be wrecked. On they went, gaily turning round every now and then to kiss their hands to the kind friend whom they were fast leaving behind. All went on so smoothly that they began to think that what they had been told about the difficulties of the voyage was untrue. One had opened his chart and placed it where his eye could be ever upon it, but the other waited till he could see the need of it before he prepared to use it; he laid it down near him, to be sure, where he thought he could reach it, and, looking down into the pure water he saw the bright gold and silver fish sporting in its clear depths. He had intended to enjoy the day, and had thrown into his tiny boat his fishing apparatus. He left the helm for one moment, to arrange the hook; this took him longer than he anticipated; when he again took the helm in his hand it was just in time to turn it from a quicksand which lay just outside their little channel—the first one they had encountered, but which might have been their ruin; for the little boat, unguided, was at the mercy of the waves, and the rapid suction about the quicksands and rocks would have immediately drawn it in. The poor youth was at first alarmed, and resolved that he would give up all thought for his amusement, and keep strict watch over his vessel; but there was so many things to attract him; now a water lily which looked so fair he must get it to give his kind friend on his return; then a verdant isle with bright flowers rose up from the edge of the channel, and he must pick a few of those, they were so tempting. Many a time would he have been lost had not his companion in the other boat seen his danger and called to him just in time to save him. He had gone on, and was now far ahead. The gay fish had not tempted him, for he was steadily perusing his chart, and marking down from it the necessary directions to guide his course. Only once had he forgotten his helm, and that was when a tuft of beautiful lilies were floating just before his boat. They were so pure and lovely that there could be no danger in plucking them, but they were almost fatal to him, for their roots were deep, and long sedgy grass was about them which entangled his little boat. Seeing his danger, he caught up his chart, and the first words that met his eye were, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Raising his eyes heavenward, he repeated the words, "Father, deliver us from evil," and, strengthened by the act of imploring his Heavenly Father's assistance, he soon extricated his boat, and passed on, though more slowly than at first, for the pathway in the waters was so narrow that it was only by constant watchfulness he could keep the little vessel in it. He thought often and anxiously of his companion; he had lost sight of him, for the twistings of the channel had placed rocks and isles between them. It was now noon, and the sun was warm; he felt wearied, and longed for rest. Again the words on the chart, "Come to me all ye that are weary and I will give you rest," comforted him. He drank of the waters of the pure stream and they refreshed and gave him strength. On he passed, and, as the sun began to decline, the channel of the river widened, the waters became placid and calm as when he first left the harbor of his early home. He saw before him his destined port, and guided by the rays of the setting sun, he longed to reach it; but the current was more sluggish, and he moved but slowly on. Yet content and peace were about him. He was happy. The chart, the blessed chart, had been his safeguard, and he hugged it to his bosom with a prayer of thankfulness. Ever and anon he cast a backward look in hopes to see his young companion; but he came not. Where was he? In attempting to catch a glittering starfish, he tipped his boat, and the chart, which he had laid carelessly down, fell into the water. He tried to get it, but it was too late, it had gone. And now, the little boat dashed on over the breakers, almost covered by the water; then it struggled through, and its unhappy occupant breathed once again and took hope; but in vain. How changed was his appearance; youth seemed to have gone; he looked pallid and wearied. He had not yet come to the worst. He could not keep his little boat any longer in the narrow channel. It was soon dashed to pieces on the rocks, and he went down, in his early youth, to that resting place from which no one ever returns.

This, my dear pupils, is a parable; and now for its explanation—which, however, I hope you do not need; for even the youngest of you I think can understand it.

The river represents life; the narrow channel is Christian faith and truth, which can alone carry us happily and safely through life; the goldfish, the lilies and flowers, are the temptations which beset us—the inducements to being untrue, or negligent of our duties; the rocks and quicksands are the troubles which will surely await those who disobey the precepts of our Saviour; the port of happiness is the heavenly home which we shall be welcomed to if we do our duty faithfully in this world; the harbor which the two young men sailed from, is our early home, our birthplace. The kind instructor, will represent our parents, our teachers, who give us the words of eternal life and strengthen us for our voyage down the stream of life by the precepts of the Bible; the two youths fairly represent the two great classes of people, the one yielding to every temptation, blown about by the winds of passion, and finally wrecked, because they yield to ungoverned impulse and throw aside every principle of right and truth. The other, taking the teachings of Christ for his guide—finding in them support in temptation, strength in hours of weakness, consolation in sorrow—may waver sometimes, may be tempted often, but with a heart bent upon doing present duty, will not wander far from the channels of the river of Life. ‡

THE SENSIBLE PARTS OF TWO PROFESSORS.—At the Dartmouth alumni meeting the other day, the Rev. Thomas Adams, of the class of 1814, told a funny little anecdote, and, being himself rather a funny man, told it very neatly.

It related to two of the old professors, Adams and Shurtleff, very dissimilar but both most admirable men. Professor Adams was a very precise man, as became a professor of mathematics to be. Shurtleff was more free and easy, a nervous, excitable man, as full of wit as of sense, and remarkably quick at repartee.

It had become a sort of standing joke among the students, that Prof. Adams took more care of his feet than of his head; while Prof. Shurtleff, of course, was quite the opposite, and cared more for his head than his feet. And it was said, that if you called these men suddenly out doors, one would be sure, first, to pull on his boots and go out bareheaded; while the other would be quite as sure to clap on his hat and go out barefooted. Professor Adams heard of this college jest, and one day said to Shurtleff: "So it seems brother Shurtleff, that in the judgment of the students, your head and my legs are respectively our weakest parts." "No," retorted Shurtleff, "but our most *sensible* parts you mean!"

This reminded an old alumnus of a couple of little incidents in which both the venerable and excellent professors came off rather second best.

Prof. Shurtleff at one time had the care of a monomaniac, by the name of Increase Kimball, a very shrewd, troublesome, but entirely harmless old man, who took snuff pretty freely, which Shurtleff occasionally took sparingly. On a certain Sunday, Increase called on the Professor to lay before him his great want of clothing, or something of the kind. The Professor was just going to church, and could not be bothered with the poor man just then; and so he told him he could not attend to his worldly affairs on Sunday. This did not satisfy Increase; but nevertheless he rose to go, and as he did so, took out his snuff-box for a pinch of comfort. Noticing the act the Prof. reached his thumb and finger towards the box, saying: "I'll take a pinch, Increase." "No," rejoined Increase, "you don't do worldly business on Sunday;" clapped his box into his pocket and was off.

On a certain public examination which Professor Adams was conducting, a Boston boy was a little bothered for an answer; when one of his friends behind reached forward to prompt him. The quick eye and ear of the Professor detected the action; and he immediately called out in his quick, incisive way—"No Telling!" and the bothered boy as quickly retorted—"I know, sir, but I can't tell," which immediately brought down the house, and the good old Professor with it.

THE JOURNEY OF TRUTH.

[TRUTH IN A PET!]

Accursed be the hour I ventured to roam
From the cool recess of my moss-clad home:
I will back to my mouldering well, and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride.

I sought the enchantress Fashion's hall—
The many were bound in her iron thrall;
They turned from my simple prayer away
As I told them how vain and capricious her sway.

A Bard I met, with glorious eye,
And song, whose thrilling melody
Won its unchecked way to the human breast;
A flattering throng around him pressed.
I told him how fickle and fleeting the loud
Unmeaning praise of the worthless crowd.
Of the aching brow, the hollow eye,
The wearing fears, the despondency,
The sleepless night, the vigil late,
The uncertain fame, and the certain hate;
But the poet frowned, and, turning to me
"Begone from my sight, stern Truth," said he;
"Can you hush the proud and lofty tone
Of my earnest hope? Begone! begone!
Expect from woman unchanging smiles,
Or win the bird from the serpent's wiles,
Or lure yon moth from that glittering flame,
Sooner than banish my dream of fame!"

Wherever I went I spread dismay;
Friendship and Feeling I frightened away;
And Love shook his saucy finger at me,
And declared me his mortal enemy!

I entered the cell of the plodding Sage,
And threw a gleam o'er his mystic page;
But he closed his pained eye-balls, and said that I
Could never have seen his new Theory!
But it grieved me more than all, to see
The very children afraid of me.
The innocent creatures were at their play,
And if I came near them they'd scamper away.
Good Heavens! to see those urchins run
You'd have thought I'd been the Unholy One!

I knocked at the dying man's desolate gate,
Death looked from the window and begged me to wait,
For a doctor had entered a moment before
And seeing me coming, had bolted the door.
I entered his study to wait for him there,
And sat down to read in his easy chair;
But his books *fell to pieces*, and during my stay,
Nine-tenths of his physic had *melted away!*

I dared not visit the Statesman's den
For I knew I should never return again,
The rarest sport 'twould be for him
To murder, and tear me limb from limb!
But I gave nine cheers to the True and Tried,
A faithful few—who stood outside,
And bared their breasts to the Hydra fight

For Freedom, and me, and Eternal Right!
I entered the church—poor wearied one,
Hoping my journey was well nigh done,—
But the Priests turned paler than marble—and I
Could not win to my shrine *one* votary!
And the hypocrites withered beneath my gaze
Like wisps of tow in the fiery blaze;
But over the "Pure in Heart" I threw
A mantle of light, and away I flew—
And I'll back to my moss-clad home and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride.

If I were a Voice.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true—
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the poor for bleak winds are blowing,
And brightly the frost-pearls are glist'ning around,
The streamlets have ceased all their musical flowing,
And snow drifts lie scattered all over the ground.
Remember the poor in their comfortless dwellings,
Ill clad and ill-fed and o'er burdened with care,
Oh, turn not away with a look so repelling—
Thy kindness may save them perhaps from despair.

Remember the poor when the hearth-stone is cheerful,
And happy hearts gather around its bright blaze;
There are hearts that are sad and eyes that are tearful,
As bright as thine own in their sunnier days.
Misfortunes may scatter thy present possessions,
And plenty, to poverty, leave thee a prey;
How bitterly then wilt thou think of the blessings
That Charity asks from thy riches to-day.

Remember the poor as they thankfully gather
Each round his rich table with luxury spread;
Thou too art a pensioner on a rich Father,
For health and for friendship, for raiment and bread.
If He hath been bountiful, with a like spirit,
Dispense of that bounty what Charity claims;
Far greater the treasure thy soul shall inherit
When thy bread on the waters returneth again.

Remember the poor—this thou art commanded—
Thy Saviour thus kindly remembered the poor;
"The destitute thou shall not send empty-handed,
Unclad and unwarmed, and unfed from thy door."
Thy peace in this life shall be like the deep river,
And dying, thy welcome to heaven shall be—
"Ye faithful and blest of my Father—come hither;
Ye did it to others—ye did it to me.'

AT THE WINDOW.

BY MRS MULOCK-CRAIG.

Only to listen—listen and wait
For his slow, firm step down the gravel walk;
To hear the click-click of his hand at the gate,
And feel every heart beating through careless talk
Ah, love is sweet when life is young,
And life and love are both so long.

Only to watch him about the room,
Lighting it up with his quiet smile,
That seems to lift the world out of gloom
And bring heaven nearer me—for awhile,
A little while—since love is young,
And life is beautiful as long.

Only to love him—nothing more;
Never a thought of his loving me;
Proud of him, glad in him, though he bore
My heart to shipwreck on the smooth sea.
Love's faith sees only grief, not wrong,
And life is daring when 'tis young.

Ah, me! what matter? The world goes round,
And bliss and bale are but outside things;
I never can lose what in him I found,
Though love be sorrow with half-grown wings;
And if love flies when we are young,
Why life is still not long—not long.

And heaven is kind to the faithful heart;
And if we are patient and brave and calm,
Our fruits will last, though our flowers depart;
Some day, when I sleep with folded palm,
No longer fair, no longer young,
Life may not seem so bitter long.

"See a pin and pick it up,
And all the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Ill luck you'll have the livelong day."

Selections.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream
Was a ladder of Song in the wilderness rest,
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China" and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and God!
Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden road—
O, it is not the hymns that in harmony flowed—
But those sweet-humored psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girls that sang alto—the girls that sang air!

"Let us sing in his praise," the minister said.
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York";
Sunned their dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked out the key-note, with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme;
Where the streams of the years flowed up noiseless and narrow,
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a sprig of green carroway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir.

When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the song they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down;
And the dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
O, be lifted, ye Gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever, amen!

Our Dead at Andersonville.

Not in the fierce and frenzied shock of war,
Amid the raging battle's heated breath,
And clash of arms, and deafening roar of guns,
Met they the Angel, Death.

But in foul prison-pens, with stealthy tread,
He came, and took them slowly, one by one;
And they that lingered saw their comrades' eyes
Close sadly on the sun—

Saw their pale eyelids close, and felt the hour
Draw nearer to themselves, till Death became
As one of them, and with each suffering day
Familiar grew his name.

Sometimes the sentry's gun, with sharp report
Would send some poor soul on its heavenw'd flight,
Who, weary of his prison's gloom, stepp'd forth
Boldly into the light.

Great God, within that book Thy Angel keeps
Are such things written—such unhallowed deeds?
O blot them from our memories, and heal
Each sorrowing heart that bleeds!

Our land is one vast sepulchre—see rise
The swelling mounds; the dust which in them lies
Is the rich price which cherished Freedom claims,
Our Nation's sacrifice.

These shall not now be nameless; he shall read
Who views them hence, traced by a woman's hand
Each hero's name; in future years untold
Mute records they shall stand—

Mute records, they, of valor, courage, love,
Of stern endurance amid sufferings ended;
And with each name upon those patriot graves

The Death of Slavery.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And look with stony eye on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.
Fields, where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of Heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
And they who filled its judgment-seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.
Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay,
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingled with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
The once strong arms hang nerveless evermore,
And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer:
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by,
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Molder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

—*Atlantic for July.*

The Miner.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Down 'mid the tangled roots of things
That coil about the central fire,
I seek for that which giveth wings,
To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
The sea's deep yearning far above.
"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
In darkness, all alone and weak;
Such loss were gain if He were won,
For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

The earth, they murmur, is the tomb
That vainly sought his life to prison;
Why grovel longer in its gloom?
He is not here; He hath arisen.

More life for me where He hath lain
Hidden, while ye believed him dead,
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
Built on loose sands of "It is said."

My search is for the living gold,
Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not his image, worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.

If Him I find not, yet I find
The ancient joy of cell and church,
The glimpse, the surety undefined,
The unquenched ardor of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal,
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the soul,
Than to be lord of what remains.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Gray Swan.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise—
"The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on"
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan?" "And did she stand,
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written a line,
Nor sent you word nor made you sign
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" "Miscrable man,
You're mad as the sea—you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

After the Burial.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yes, Faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart
In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

And when, over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With is grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me,
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among seaweed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find, in the deeps of darkness,
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its beauty of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she!
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me!

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in its race;
But to me and my thoughts it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true,
But the earth that stops my darling's ears
Makes mine insensate too.

Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'Tis a well meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For her rose-leaf-palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,—
Its motionless hollow confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

Song in Praise of Water.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

[Rev. John Pierpont, at the Spiritualists' convention, held in Providence, made the following poetic contribution. He said that the old Greek poet Anacreon lived to the age of eighty years and more, and made songs in praise of wine. The speaker, too, was over eighty years of age, and he would make a song in praise of water.]

When the bright morning star the new daylight is briuging,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
And away to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and gratitude singing,
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

When a shower in a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,
And the honey bee, busy as plundering rover,
Is tumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean and sweet, are the fields do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Do you see that stout oak on the windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that stout warship its ocean way going
Against trade-winds and head-winds like hurricanes blowing!
Why so strong are oaks, clouds and war-ships do you think?
Because they have had nothing but water to drink.

Now if we have to work in the shop, field or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all "bunged up" and our noses all bloody,
How shall we make and keep ourselves so do you think?
Why you must have nothing but water to drink.

[From the New York Ledger.]

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O country, marvel of the earth!
O realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, land of hope and blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear—
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest;
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, proud Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou like us brought low?"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave
This victory in our fathers' day,
Strong as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty arm which none can stay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes in men's sight, the answer, No!

BAD THOUGHTS.

"We cannot keep the crows from flying over our heads; but we *can* keep them from building their nests in our hair," said Martin Luther.

We can't always prevent bad thoughts from coming to us; but, when they *do* come, we *can* at once easily frighten them away.

The God who formed the planets bright,
Makes every child his care;
Then daily raise your infant heart
To Him in grateful prayer.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

A Day with Shakspere.

Correspondence of The Republican.

Red Horse Inn,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON, June, 1862.

It is not to be wondered at that our gentle Washington Irving lingered here for three weeks. Although it was not his sad lot to find "his warmest welcome at an inn," yet his experience as a traveler must have enabled him to appreciate the warm hospitality of this one, and incline him to prolong his stay here. I envied him the leisure that allured him to tarry in such a homelike place, in the midst of such a charming country. The kind and ladylike hostess, probably the successor men with a genuine pride the room which he octo her of Irving's visit, now shows to his countrycupied, and the poker with which he stirred the fire. And it is to her credit that she no longer permits the latter to be used in its humble vocation, but keeps it sacred as a memento of her distinguished guest. But it is to the lovely country and its rich associations that Irving's long visit, in which he wrote one of his most delightful sketches, must be attributed, rather than to the hospitality of mine hostess of the Red Horse. To one who loves the "green stillness of the country" this is a most attractive spot. Here he can walk over the soft, velvety grass, under the grand old trees, into sylvan solitudes, or he can stroll through the green lanes, lined by the hedges, now so fragrant with sweet-briar and the pink and milk May-bloom, into the quiet hamlets which are thickly scattered over the land. Or, more likely, he is attracted to the river, if this clear running brook may be called a river, to wander along its banks, for

"How sweet are the banks of the clear winding Avon,
Its green waving bushes and flowers blooming fair."

He may turn his walk into the broad park of some lord's demesnes, where, in the dark shade of the old oaks, the deer are grazing, or explore the ivy-clad ruin of some old abbey or castle, in which this region abounds. And in whatever direction his steps may lead, or whatever he may see, its association with Shakspere threw a powerful charm over it all. He is the genius of the place, and his name hallows even the humblest object with the highest interest. In yonder little cottage he was born, the neighboring park is the scene of his boyish adventures, and in the next street he went to school. By this path across the fields, he went to woo Ann Hathaway, who had a way which pleased him then according to his own testimony, though the critics disagree as to her gentleness afterwards. In this garden near by, he sat, thinking and writing his immortal verse, and in the sweet seclusion of yonder church, he reposes. Everything is linked with his great name. You see his bust or his effigy at every turn, and the little boy who shows you the way, says his name is William Shakspere.

So great is the change made by the Shakspere society in the appearance of the birthplace, since I saw it last, that I scarcely recognized it. The venerable sign board with its dim inscription, "In this house the immortal Shakspere was born," no longer hangs over the street, and the disfiguring butcher's stall is replaced by a pretty latticed window. All the adjacent buildings on both sides and in the rear, have been removed, and the house itself has been completely restored. Although this restoration has been thoroughly done, so that the foundation and frame work of the entire building are renewed, all the outward features of the house have been most strictly preserved. Such substantial work was doubtless necessary to keep it standing, especially after the removal of the adjoining houses. The interior of the chamber in which he was born remains wholly untouched by the restoration, wearing its familiar appearance. Its walls have long since been covered with the names of visitors, and the ceiling is being rapidly darkened with the same process. No pious Mahomedan ever wrote the name of Allah so thickly on the walls of his temple as the pilgrims to this shrine of the great poet have covered the walls of this little room. Those of several distinguished visitors are pointed out, among them that of Walter Scott, written on the window pane with a diamond. Its sturdy characters may be traced, under those of a score of inglorious names, which are written over it, but cannot hide it. The better custom which now prevails of asking visitors to inscribe their names in a book was introduced by one of our countrymen, and as such books soon became of great value for the autographs of distinguished persons they contained, every person who has anything of interest to show now asks you to write your name in his book, and in some cases in two. The space obtained by the removal of the houses adjacent to the birth-place is devoted to a pretty garden, surrounded with a neat rustic fence. In this garden is planted only those trees and flowers and shrubs which are mentioned in the writings of Shakspere; a very pretty idea, which, if carried out strictly, will make one of the most interesting and precious gardens in the world. The selection is large of course, and would embrace some plants that are not natives to this climate, but it is hoped that the funds of the society may sometime enable it to collect here exotics as well as natives, and have means to preserve them. It is all young as yet, but I noticed the pansy, the daisy, the cowslip, the laurel and the yew among many others.

This restoration and preservation of the birthplace of the "sweet swan of Avon" has been done by the Shakspere society, formed a few years since for the purpose, and the money was raised by voluntary subscriptions, in which our countrymen joined to some extent. Indeed, the whole enterprise owes its origin to a "big prickly scare" which seized the English people upon the discovery that a Yankee showman was trying to buy up the house, bricks, mortar and all, to remove it, and exhibit it as an "extraordinary attraction." The British public started up in horror at such a bold scheme of vandalism, and for the first time bestirred itself to rescue the birth-place of the great idol of mankind from the ravages of both time and speculators. The Yankee should be regarded as a benefactor for bringing about such a praiseworthy reform. The society contemplates the purchase of the "New Place" also, and at present has it under its control. This is the ground of the house which Shakspere owned and occupied on his return from London, and where he probably wrote most of his plays. The old mulberry tree, which stood in the middle of his garden, under which he loved to sit, was cut down by an ugly scoundrel into whose possession the property unhappily fell, because, as he said, he could not be annoyed by the numerous visitors who came to the interesting spot. It would have been too good a fate for him if Gen Dix's sentence upon the man who would pull down the stars and stripes, had been executed upon him.

It is the generally accepted belief that the well known epitaph which Shakspere wrote for himself was inspired by horror of a custom which prevailed in his day, that of throwing out the bones of old occupants of the grave yard to make room for new comers. But I think the theory might be plausibly maintained that he did not wish his remains removed to a more ambitious tomb. If there is a more fitting resting place for the great poet of human passion than this, I know not where it is. Under the altar steps of the church, within a few feet of where he was baptized, he reposes. The anthem of praise is daily sung in the old gothic church, whose beautiful tapering spire points like a finger towards heaven, a prominent object in the landscape far and near. Without the church yard is quiet and secluded. Its green turf is broken with the graves of hundreds who sleep under it, and the old trees throw a deep gloom around the place. The Avon flows past silently as the stream of Time, which bears down to all ages the fame of him who sleeps upon its banks, and as it did the ashes of the martyr, scatters his noble works "as wide as waters be." A most sweet and charming spot is this old church yard in Stratford, and I spent an hour in its grateful seclusion, trying to decipher some of the quaint inscriptions of the old tombstones, which stagger this way and that. One of them, remarkable for its good sentiment and bad spelling, I here transcribe:—

"Death creeps Abought onHard,
And steals Abroad onSeen,
Hur darts are Suding and her arows Keen.
Hur Stroaks are deadly, come they soon or late,
When being Strock Repentance is to late.
Death is A minute ful of Suden sorrow,
Then Live to-day, as thou myest dy to morrow."

Another, but on a stone of later date, which marks the grave of a young man, a printer, who possessed, as the inscription states, rare qualities as a poet and botanist, which he modestly concealed while living, struck me as being very appropriate to the place and subject. It is from Shakspere's 94th sonnet:—

"The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though only to itself it live and die."

One of the most delightful walks in the neighborhood is that to Ann Hathaway's cottage. Leaving the village street, you enter the fields by a turnpike, and keep the well trodden path over the grass and through the grain. This is the same path which Shakspere took for his evening courtship, and now, if it be the long twilight hour when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

we may hear the "old, old story" in the shape of a rustic courtship going on over the stile, which is the chosen trysting place. Ann's cottage presents the same charming rustic picture, with its low thatched roof and pretty garden in front. The garden is smiling with well-tended flower beds, and in the turn of the road, just beyond, under the tall trees, the flock of sheep is coming home. While you stand at the little wicket gate, admiring the scene, the good housewife comes to the door, and bids you "come in, if you please." She shows you with an honest pride, for she is a descendant of the house, and whose maiden name was Hathaway, the wide chimney corner in which the lovers sat. I fancied I saw the big, round-faced boy, sitting there and watching Ann as she swept the stone floor, or set the dishes by on the well arranged dresser. Your guide then takes you up stairs to show the "second best bedstead" which the great William left by his will to his wife. It is a quaint and richly carved old four-poster, by which one is led to form a magnificent idea of Shakspere's housekeeping arrangements, taking this to be the "second best." The heavy and richly embroidered bed linen is not claimed to have been a part of the legacy, but is known to have been in the Hathaway family from time immemorial. There is no good reason to disbelieve the genuineness of the bedstead, and if we felt inclined to a doubt, the hearty confidence which this simple-hearted woman, the inheritor of the family name, places in it, would dispel it all. You are invited to sign your name in two books, "one for the proprietor and one for herself," and allowed to cull a posy from the garden as a memento.

Many pleasant excursions may be made from here to places of note, which are in the immediate neighborhood. Nearest is Charlecote House and its noble parks, from which Shakspere stole the deer in one of his boyish pranks, which he had the misfortune to be caught in. At least, it seemed so to himself and his fond parents, doubtless, when he was arraigned as a culprit before Sir Thomas Lucy, the proprietor; but as it was the means of driving him out into the great world of London, it was a lucky circumstance for the rest of us. The family seem not to have taken unkindly the notoriety which the scribbler gave them in his caricature of their ancestor in the Justice Shallow of the play, for they have made a specialty of deer for many years. In the noble park I saw hundreds of these beautiful creatures. A short drive, or a pleasant walk, brings you to Warwick, a notable old town, with ancient gateways and its famous castle, the proudest relic of the olden time in England. Two or three of the late earls of this ancient family have had a passion for collecting curiosities and rare objects of art, of all kinds, consequently the castle, which is freely shown to visitors, is a large museum. It is highly amusing to hear the old porteress relate the wonderful history of the objects in her charge at the gate, especially of the old iron porridge-pot of the doughty Guy of Warwick, who was the "head of the family." It is now used as a punch bowl on high days, and the gusto with which she tells of the "100 gallons of rum, 100 gallons of brandy, 150 gallons of water, 100 pounds of loaf sugar and lemons and oranges in proportion," of which mild beverage she "saw it twice emptied on the coming of age of the present earl," makes it evident that she recalls the interesting occasion with satisfaction. It is said that the income of the present earl is so slender that he is obliged to live on the continent in order to make both ends meet. It is certain that he spends little time on this, his family estate. The park is five miles broad, and contains among other noble trees several giant cedars, brought many years ago from Mount Lebanon.

B. F. B.

THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL.

How it was Spent at Deacon Gray's.

BY MAGGIE BIRD.

'I don't want any of that nonsense going on in my house, to-morrow,' said Deacon Gray to his assembled household on the evening of the last day of March, as he laid aside the Boston Recorder and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead. The remark was caused by hearing some conversation between his children with regard to the old custom of 'April fooling.' Esther and Dan both looked up in surprise at the tone and words of their father.

'It is positively sinful, that is just my opinion of it,' said he, 'and it is high time that church members should cut loose from these foolish practices of the world's people. Everybody that enters into it should remember what the Bible says: 'He that sayeth thou fool, shall be cast into hell-fire.''

'On fool,' lisped little Willie, who was just beginning to talk, and whose quick ears had caught the words so strongly emphasized by his father. It was not in human nature to restrain a smile at the little fellow's words, under the circumstances, and even the deacon's face grew perceptibly shorter while the rest were decidedly demonstrative in their merriment.

'I think myself,' said Mrs Gray at length in her usual mild tone, 'that the custom of April fooling is often carried to excess and so becomes disgustingly silly. A really good practical joke, on that day, I do not object to, provided it does violence to no one's feelings.'

'Come out from among them and be ye separate,' responded the deacon, who always went armed with scriptural weapons. A silence ensued, broken at length by Mrs Gray, who had walked to the window and was looking out into the still night. 'It is beautiful starlight, and so clear. It will freeze to-night, and the sap will run well to-morrow, I guess. Why can't we go and see old Mr Matthews to-morrow morning while it is frozen?' said she to her husband.

'The very thing,' was his quick response. 'Dr Bentley says he may drop away at any moment, and now the sleighing is so nearly gone, we had better improve the first chance. We can get up there and back very comfortably if we don't wait till it thaws out. I'm glad you spoke of it, for I know we ought to go and see him. He has been one of the pillars of the church for a great while.'

So that matter was settled, and with the earliest dawn of the morning the household were astir. Mrs Gray and Esther busied themselves in preparing breakfast as expeditiously as possible, so as to favor the projected sleigh-ride. Esther was making milk toast, a favorite article of food with her father, and had just taken the heavy-covered dish from the cupboard and placed it upon the kitchen table to receive the toast, when little Willie called out from his crib in the bedroom. Her mother was skimming milk, so Esther set the spider containing the toast into the oven to keep warm, and went for Willie. By the time his toilet was made, everything was ready and they sat down to breakfast, Mrs Gray having innocently set the covered dish on the table empty; for taking it for granted that Esther had put in the toast, in her haste she did not take the trouble to lift the cover to see, and the dish being a very heavy one of itself, she never suspected its emptiness.

But they all saw it when the good deacon, after a brisk skirmish with the baked potatoes and sausage, lifted the cover from the toast dish with an air of eager expectancy. The frown on his brow showed that he felt the joke as much as though some one had shouted for him, 'April fool!' and he evidently considered his words of the previous evening to be trifled with, but Mrs Gray quickly explained.

'I supposed you put in the toast, Esther, and did not take the trouble to look, in my haste.' Esther sped away with alacrity for the missing food, and soon returned with as bountiful a supply of the rich creamy preparation as any one could desire. It was not impossible, however, that three of the family felt amused at the incident, although too respectful to show it.

Breakfast and prayers over, the deacon went out to harness up, and Mrs Gray made herself ready. 'Esther,' said she, as she came out putting on her things, 'if you make our bed you may take off that flannel sheet. Now the weather is so mild your father complains of its irritating him, and it fretted him so last night that I determined to take it off this morning without fail.' Up came the sleigh and she hurried out. 'Oh, Esther, if you have time, I'd like to have you fry some doughnuts this forenoon,' and then the door closed.

Esther went about her duties with cheerful readiness, for she was one of those good, wholesome farmer's daughters who consider work no disgrace. The morning's round of bed-making, sweeping and dusting, brought her at length to her parents' room, and mindful of the injunction concerning the obnoxious upper sheet, she removed it at once and put it in the clothes basket in the closet. But one of those fits of musing in which the most practical of young ladies are prone to indulge at times, came over her just then, and she went through the process of the bed-making in a mechanical fashion, failing to note the absence of the upper sheet until the whole was smoothly spread up. It seemed too bad to tear it all to pieces again, and forgetting for the moment that she had taken off the missing sheet, she concluded it must be still hidden at the foot of the bed. Carefully reaching down she seized hold of a hem, which was in fact the hem of the lower sheet, but jumping at conclusions she was sure she had found the lost upper one, so she deftly drew it up clear across, and folded it over smoothly at the top as her mother had carefully taught her years ago, little thinking what a capital April fool trap she had set for her staid parents.

Returning to the kitchen she found Daniel just bringing from the cellar a basket of potatoes for the pig and carrying in one hand a long tapering radish. Taking his jack-knife he proceeded to whittle this latter article into the shape of a candle, little Willie leaving his box of blocks to stand by and watch with wondering eyes. Daniel had quite an imitative faculty and soon produced a very fair likeness of a partially burnt candle, it being squared off at the top except an imitation wick in the center which he smeared with lamp-black.

'There,' was his triumphant ejaculation as he placed his handiwork in an old-fashioned iron candlestick and stood back to survey it, 'that'll do very well. I'll put it into my lantern to-night and go to some of the neighbors and see if I don't have some fun. I s'pose father won't care if I don't have the fun here.'

'I presume not,' said Esther, and Dan set away his prize on a shelf in the corner of the buttery, above the one where candles were usually kept, thinking it would not attract attention. Esther was just twisting her doughnuts preparatory to frying them.

'I say, Esther,' said Dan, 'I wish you'd make some round ones and stuff them with cotton.'

'I'm afraid father would not like it,' was the dutiful reply.

'He need never know it,' persisted Dan, 'or if he did I guess he wouldn't mind if we only carried them all off. I'd like to stuff my pockets with them for Mr Lamson's children; you know I often carry them such things.'

Esther felt herself overruled, and possibly thought she might have a little innocent sport with them herself, so she fried a platefull of the desired round ones with their deceitful hearts, and put them away in an out-of-sight corner of the cupboard where she was sure no one would find them.

Meanwhile the good deacon and his wife were having a prolonged talk with old Mr Matthews; for though his death was hourly expected, the ruling passion was still strong within, and he was garrulous as ever and determined to converse with his visitors on all subjects, mental and moral, social, political and religious, which he could think of. By the time they could get away from him the roads were pretty well thawed out, and sleighing dubious as well as slow, and thus it came to pass that it was nearly one o'clock when they reached home, and dinner had long been waiting. They brought with them a message for Esther and Dan, which a neighbor's daughter ran out and gave them as they passed by, an invitation for them to join all the young people around in a sugar party in Mr Torrey's woods, about a mile from the deacon's, the place of rendezvous preparatory to starting, being Mr Arnold's, the neighbor's aforesaid, and the time, one o'clock. It was so near that time already that the young people made a mere pretense of eating dinner, arrayed themselves, and set out with all speed. So hasty indeed that the choice plate of doughnuts in the cupboard was quite forgotten, a fact which Dan remembered, just as they reached Mr Arnold's and lamented aloud to his sister, and he would have run back after them had they not found the whole company just ready for a start. But both of them regretted exceedingly having lost so capital a chance for fun with the cotton-stuffed doughnuts.

The quiet which settled down over the house after their departure was broken about four o'clock by the advent of the new minister, Mr Kennett. He had only come to town a few weeks previous, and this was his first call, so of course Deacon Gray and his wife vied with each other in showing attention to their guest. An hour passed away in pleasant conversation, for Mr Kennett was one of those cheerful Christians whom it is a real pleasure to meet. A young man, just entering on the ministry, his heart was warmly engaged in the holy cause, but at the same time he did not regard a smiling countenance, or even a hearty laugh when occasion required, as positive proofs of total depravity.

The clock striking five aroused Mrs Gray to thoughts of tea, and her husband and guest having become deeply absorbed in the deacon's favorite topic, foreordination, she excused herself and went into the kitchen. On hospitable thoughts intent she stepped about in her brisk way determined to have Mr Kennett's first impressions of her tea-table pleasant ones. 'How glad I am,' was her inward exclamation, 'that Esther fried doughnuts this forenoon,' remembering how his boarding-mistress, Mrs Wells, had said one day when she went in there and found her frying doughnuts, that there was nothing Mr Kennett liked so well. 'It seems she fried two sorts,' was the good lady's next thought as peering into the dark corners of the cupboard she dragged to light the plate of round ones. 'Well, I guess I'll put on these round ones instead of the twisted, as they are probably the richest,' a very natural conclusion, as every housekeeper knows.

'Foreordination' lasted till tea was ready, and even after, for the deacon was obliged to interrupt himself in one of his best arguments to say, 'Won't you have a doughnut, Mr Kennett?'

'Thank you,' replied the young man as he took one, 'there is nothing I love any better, and it was so from my earliest remembrance. Indeed my fondness for doughnuts has always been a standing joke in our family. And there is no recollection of my dear mother, now in her grave, which is more touching, than the thought of the kind, loving way in which she always used to go and fry doughnuts for me, whenever I returned to visit her after I had gone away from home to commence my studies.'

There were tears standing in Mrs Gray's mild eyes in answer to those in the sparkling black ones of Mr Kennett, as he thus tenderly alluded to his mother, and even the deacon's eyes were suspiciously moist. 'There is no love like a mother's,' said he, in a sympathizing way, and he took a huge bite at his doughnut. 'Time in the primer!' was his startled exclamation as he took it from his mouth. 'What does it all mean?'

The others looked on in astonishment as he broke open the doughnut and revealed the cotton. An examination of theirs then revealed the same, and there was a puzzled look on all their faces, till Mr Kennett exclaimed, 'The first day of April,' and burst into a hearty laugh, in which Mrs Gray joined in spite of herself, and no doubt the deacon would have followed, but for dignity as head of the family and his words of the previous evening.

'I think it is strange,' said he at length, 'that Esther should have done so, after what I said last night.'

'Now, father,' said his wife, gently, 'I don't think she meant to be undutiful, for that is not like her. I presume Dan put her up to it, and she is fond of sport, too; but she did not intend we should ever be annoyed with them. They only meant them to amuse the young folks with, but I chanced to find them and put them on the table innocently enough.' And Mrs Gray arose and carried them away and brought on some of the twisted ones, not however till Mr Kennett had begged one to carry home to Mrs Wells.

'You see,' he explained as he put it in his pocket, 'Mrs Wells is always joking me because I do not marry, and I told her only yesterday that I was waiting to find a young lady who could fry doughnuts to suit me. So if I carry this to her and tell her I have found the right one at last she will naturally be very eager to try it,' and Mr Kennett laughed now in anticipation of the scene.

'But don't you think,' said his host, 'that such things are unbecoming in Christians—that we ought to leave joking and April fooling to the world's people?'

'In a measure, yes,' was the quiet reply. 'Yet I think we may err as much in going to one extreme as the other. Religion should not be made gloomy and full of terrors, if we would induce young people to embrace it, and I think many old people are quite too forgetful of their own youth. We should remember that those things for which we have outgrown a relish are still sweet to young people as they once were to us, and not by seeking to deny them all pleasures except such as are suited to older people, disgust them with both religion and its professors. A really good practical joke, like the present one, will harm nobody.'

The deacon was mollified, that was evident. 'Perhaps I'm too straight with my children sometimes, for I'll allow I do forget occasionally that I was a boy once, and a pretty wild one too,' said he, thoughtfully. 'They are dutiful children, I cannot deny that, but they will show out their youth.'

'They *are* good children,' interposed his wife, decidedly. 'Daniel is as kind-hearted a boy as I ever saw, and Esther, especially since she experienced religion, has always been as good a daughter as I could desire.'

'She is a member of the church, is she not?' inquired Mr Kennett.

'Yes, sir,' replied the deacon, 'she joined it two years ago, and I think she tries to lead a Christian life. And I don't despair of Daniel yet.'

'That's right,' replied his guest as they rose from the table; 'hope on, and work as well as pray and you will be blessed.'

Mrs Gray busied herself in clearing away the tea-things while the gentlemen returned to the sitting-room and their conversation. But just at dusk Mr Kennett arose to depart.

'Stay with us this evening, can't you, said the deacon, 'the children will be home soon.'

'Thank you,' was the pleasant reply, 'but I have been out of my study all day, so I must improve the evening. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to remain were it expedient.'

'Wal, anyway, hold on and have some apples before you go.' And the deacon went for a candle but found nothing in the candlesticks save exceedingly short pieces. Just then he caught sight of Daniel's chef-d'œuvre on the shelf above, and unsuspectingly took it, although the very fact of its being out of place might have warned him of mischief, for Mrs Gray was a famous woman for adhering to the good old maxim—'a place for everything and everything in its place.' With his usual lack of ceremony he took it into the sitting-room that he might converse with the minister as he lighted it, the more naturally as the cellar door opened from that room. Taking a match from the box on the mantel he essayed to light the candle but in vain. Again and again

Spice Box.

At the marriage of an elderly maiden in church, the choir struck up the hymn

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Why are women extravagant in clothes? — Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bare (bear).

What would a spider in a hurry do?—Take a fly and spin away.

A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.

The man who was always behindhand has recently purchased several bottles of ketchup.

SOMETHING LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.—Wesley says, "When I was you[ng] I was sure of every thing; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before; at present, I am hardly sure of any thing but what God has revealed to man."

he tried with no better success, holding each match until it burned his fingers in his persevering attempts. The small, close room was getting to smell unpleasantly suggestive of a place which we will not name, when Mrs Gray entered with the table lamp ready lighted, and Esther and Daniel simultaneously appeared on the scene.

'Why, father,' cried the latter, when greetings were exchanged with Mr Kennett and he saw his parent trying to study out by the light of the lamp the cause of his failure to light the candle, 'I didn't expect you were going to get hold of that thing.'

'What is it anyway?' said the deacon, and Daniel explained, giving his hearers occasion for another hearty laugh, while Esther slipped out, lighted a candle and went for the apples.

Mr Kennett soon departed, and Daniel, after seeing to the chores, made his projected visit to the Lampsons, carrying the sham candle in his lantern and not forgetting the doughnuts, this time.

Esther was considerably amused when her mother told her of the scene at the tea-table, but she begged her father not to think she intended that *he* should be deceived by her stuffed doughnuts. She explained the reason of her making them, and was glad to see that both parents entirely exonerated her. The probability is, that if her father could have unsaid his words of the previous evening he would have been glad to.

One more joke was yet destined to be in his experience of the day. No one had thought of retiring save little Willie, already in his crib, when he laid aside his paper and drew off his boots, for he always went to bed early. His wife and daughter conversing busily as they sewed, hardly noticed his absence till an unmistakable expression of astonishment from his lips called their attention to the adjoining bedroom.

'Good hemlock and dumplings!' (and when Deacon Gray said that you might be sure he was astonished more than ordinary) 'what does this mean?'

'What is the matter?' inquired his wife.

'That's just what I'd like to know,' was the response, 'but this bed is too short even for little Willie. I can't begin to get into it.'

'Did you take off that flannel sheet this morning?' said Mrs Gray to Esther as she lighted a candle to go and investigate the trouble.

'Yes, mother,' was the ready reply, but then the whole of the mischief flashed upon her and she hasteued to explain. It was ludicrous enough in its results, and the deacon was fairly uproarious in his merriment, strange as it might seem. But matters were quickly put to rights by the addition of another sheet to the bed, and the good man was soon sleeping, none the less sweetly, we venture to say, that he had yielded up some of his stiff prejudices.

Mr Kennett carried home the doughnut and had as merry a time over it as he anticipated. But all of Mrs Wells' quizzing failed to extract from him the name of the young lady who manufactured it. Why he would not tell we do not pretend to say, but the fact was certain that he did not.

Some years have passed since that memorable day, and there is now a rumor (and not without foundation) in his parish, that he intends shortly to marry. And the present name of the future Mrs Kennett is universally conceded to be Esther Gray.

The Republican.

WAITING.

A Tale of Chicago.

The good steamer Empire lay swinging uneasily at her moorings in the Chicago river on a bright August morning in 1848. Railways had not then wrested travel from the lakes, and the best route from the Northwest to New York was the round-about way by Mackinaw and Buffalo. The old block-house of Fort Dearborn was still standing. The streets of the embryo city were innocent of macadam or Nicholson; indeed the streets of to-day were not at all, for the Chicago of that day has been buried six feet out of sight. The old Lake House was a prince among hotels. A glaring white two-story frame rejoiced in the Bostonian name of Tremont, on the same corner where its namesake now rears its colossal proportions, while where the Sherman now stands, a blowsy red-brick flaunted the same name in pretentious gilt letters on its staring sides. McVicker's and the 'Crosby's' were in the undreamed-of future, but the since mayor was then proprietor of a Thespian temple where Charles Dibdin Pitt and Mrs Jones, and other histrionic celebrities of that day and generation delighted the unambitious denizens of what has since become one of the most wonderful cities of the world.

A busy throng hurried to and fro on the wharf where the steamer lay, ready to start on her long run around the lakes. There was a summer pleasure-party, full of merry jest, and merrier laughter—self-absorbed—heedless of all the hurry and anxiety and care about them. The merchant from some interior town, journeying to New York to purchase merchandise, clutched his valise closely, and, outwardly calm, but inwardly perturbed and anxious lest some abandoned wretch should steal his trunk or pick his pockets, walked solemnly into the 'grand saloon.' All social grades seemed to be represented, from the self-possessed, traveled man of the world to the wide-eyed bumpkin from the remote farm-house.

Threading his way daintily through the throng, came a gentleman with strongly-marked and not altogether pleasant, though handsome and smiling features, with faultless outfit and air of most imperturbable *aplomb*. A plainly-dressed and quite pretty woman leaned nervously on his arm, and half accompanied, half followed him. Her eyes bore traces of recent weeping, and her face wore the half-puzzled, half-penitent expression of one in strong doubt whether the present action be criminal or innocent. Stepping from the wharf to the boat, she seemed to hesitate a moment; but her companion ignored any such suspicion, if he entertained it, and, moving rapidly and confidently forward, led her into the saloon. Here he seated her with ceremonious politeness, and, telling her that she need do nothing but wait until he attended to the disposition of her baggage and secured her state-room, he turned away, but, after a step or two, returned, and, with an appearance of respectful concern, said:—

'It would be well, Mrs Barnes, if you would drop your vail. It would save you from impertinent staring, and perhaps from annoying questions.'

She glanced toward his face with a slightly surprised look; but he had turned again, and was walking away, with the air of jaunty assurance that sat so naturally on him. She half rose, as if to follow him, but immediately resumed her seat, and muttering, 'Perhaps he's right—perhaps he's right,' she drew her vail closely over her face, and settled herself back into the luxurious sofa with an uneasy sigh.

Her companion hurried out to the street, and glanced up and down. Presently a baggage-wagon drove up, from which the driver lifted two large trunks, conspicuously lettered, 'Mrs M. E. Barnes,' and carried them on board the steamer. Then, approaching the gentleman we have remarked, he said, with a knowing grin:—

'There, Mr Jeremy, I've brought them 'ere trunks in good time, and I shall have to have two dollars, for I've had to drive fast, I tell you.'

'Certainly, my man,' replied he who was addressed as Mr Jeremy; 'three of them, if you like.' Then, handing the man a bank-note for five dollars, and also a folded and sealed paper, he added,—

'Here,—I shall give you five; but you must promise to take this letter to some one of the newspaper offices, and hand it to the local editor; but don't, under any circumstances, tell from whom you received it. Will you take the five, and do this, or must I give the three to some other messenger?'

'Oh, I'll take the letter, of course. But'—with another grin—'do you think they'll print it?'

Mr Jeremy betrayed a little surprise at the man's manner, but answered, with a pleasant smile:—

'I guess so. Items are scarce.'

Softly whistling a popular air, Mr Jeremy stepped aboard the Empire. The baggage-man looked after him, admiringly, and muttered to himself, 'You're a sharp 'un. It don't make no difference to you whether Cass or Taylor's elected, so you gits the petticoats on your side, I know,' he jumped on his wagon, and drove away, well content with his afternoon's earnings.

The steamer's bell rang out the last note of warning; the lines were cast loose, the gleaming engine slid away with a cat-like tread, the ponderous wheels shook off the flashing spray, and the good steamer Empire, freighted with inanimate value and pulsing life, bearing the buoyancy of youthful years and pleasurable intent, and the uneasy imaginings of unscrupulous and plotting guilt, moved out on the bosom of the lake.

The afternoon of the succeeding day was far advanced. The westering sun pierced his level lances through the veil of grimy smoke that settled along the busy river, and far out across the green bosom of the lake their golden points were dimmed and blunted against the purple cast. The clatter, rather than roar, which was the business voice of the Chicago of that day, was dying into quiet, and over vast regions where one now hears the rumble of the horse-cars, and the many-toned voice of traffic, the air trembled only to the faint bell-note from grazing kine, or their mellowed lowing, as they lazily wandered homeward.

The steamer Baltic, from Buffalo direct, had just arrived. The bustle of landing was almost over, and the knot of idlers which such an event at that day always drew, was moving gradually away. A gentleman of thirty-to-thirty-five years stepped briskly ashore, leading by the hand a little boy of not more than five years. Both were well but plainly clad, indicating a middle social rank; and the face of the gentleman wore that expression of pleasurable anticipation, not, indeed, entirely unmixed with apprehension, which one always feels upon a return home after a long absence.

'We'll soon be home now, Harry, my boy, and I shouldn't wonder if mamma half choked you with kisses.'

'Oh, I'm so glad to come home!' returned the boy. 'I am tired of boats and water. And we've got such lots of nice things for mamma, too; haven't we!'

'Yes, pet; and only think how lonesome mamma must have been all these weeks, without her little boy.'

He caught the little fellow up in his arms, and moved onward at a more rapid pace. Along Lake street he greeted two or three acquaintances with a brief nod to each; while they, unnoted by him, looked after him with troubled eyes and a compassionate shake of the head.

Threading his way rapidly and confidently he turned up Clark street, passed under the shadow of the old court-house to Lasalle, and up that street to a point not many hundred feet away from the spot where the great new buildings of the Young Men's Christian association have recently been burned. Here he turned off diagonally, and, crossing some vacant lots, approached a low, white cottage. He saw, as he came up, that the blinds were all closed, and the house looked deserted and silent. But it was a hot day, he said to himself, and behind the blinds must be the fluttering curtains and cool shade of pleasant home. 'Besides, he thought,' she is not expecting me; I am more than a week ahead of time.'

He stepped on the little stoop and turned the knob, but the door was locked. Bidding the boy wait for him there, he went to the rear door. That, too, was closed and locked. He returned to the front with surprise and anxiety, and the shadow of gathering fear written on his face. But he plucked up heart again when he came back to the front, and his little boy asked,—

'Papa, where is mamma? Why don't we go in?'

'Mamma did not expect us to-day,' he replied, with a dreary cheerfulness, 'and she has gone out to see some neighbors, or shopping, may be. But she'll be back presently, and we'll sit down on the step here, and wait for her.'

But he rang the bell loudly, and listened intently as its echoes sounded through the deserted rooms, before he sat down, and tried, with a trouble heart, to think where his wife could be. Presently the clicking of the gate-latch roused him from his unquiet thought, and he looked up with an eager smile. But it was a neighbor, who advanced gravely, and replied to his hurried questions only by wringing his hand and holding out to him a copy of a morning newspaper, folded down to an indicated paragraph. He took it eagerly, and the neighbor, walking quickly away, leaned on the gate. Let us look over his shoulder as he reads:—

ELOPEMENT!—Last evening, soon after the departure of one of our magnificent lake steamers, it transpired that the wife of a quite well-known citizen had taken passage for Buffalo and the East in guilty company with a young man who has contrived to attract the admiration of our business men by the boldness and success of his commercial operations, quite as much as that of their daughters and wives by his personal graces. The run-away seems to have been conducted in the most deliberate manner. The gentleman, within a few days, has closed up all his outstanding business, announcing his purpose to remove from the city; and the lady, up to within a few hours of her departure, having continued the apparent course of her life with the utmost sang froid, making engagements with friends and neighbors for days still in the future, and ostentatiously bewailing the absence of her husband, whom pressing business called to New York several weeks ago. On the whole, we have rarely heard of a case exhibiting cooler depravity. The parties' names we suppress for obvious reasons.

LATER.—Since the above was in type, we have learned that Mr B-rn-s is accompanied in New York by his only child, a bright little boy of five years or thereabouts. Mr J-re-y has, therefore secured his frail inamorata free from any incumbrance of that nature.

His face grew white and rigid, as, first rapidly, then with marvelous deliberation, he read the damning paragraph, and he clutched the paper till the letters thereon left their impression in the damp moisture that stood on his fingers. His little boy had leaned his head upon his lap, and, wearied with the long summer afternoon, had fallen quietly asleep. By and by the paper dropped from his relaxing fingers, and, lifting his child in his arms, he turned his steps once more to the rear of his deserted house. One or two vigorous pushes forced open the door, and father and son, not in the anticipated joy and brightness of happy home, not with the glad smiles and warm kisses of a beautiful wife and mother, but in silence and the bitterness of desertion, with a heart-sickness and a sense of utter loneliness past expression, trod again the familiar rooms. Let us imitate the example of the pitying neighbor, and leave him with his grief.

Twenty-four hours after, looking almost as if twenty four years had left their traces on his kindly features, he called to Mr Gage, the neighbor who brought him the paper on the preceding evening, asking if he could give him an hour. Mr Gage entered his house expecting to be asked for all his knowledge with respect to the disappearance of Mrs Barnes, and felt a vague sense of relief, mingled with surprise, when Mr Barnes, with a gravity deep and settled, but composed, entered at once upon quite different matters; and throughout their whole conference there was no allusion made to the erring wife.

'I am about to leave the city, Mr Gage, for a period which may extend over several years, and wish to leave this property in such shape that it may be cared for properly, and ultimately returned to me, or to my boy. I do not wish to sell, because my faith in the future of Chicago is strong; and if anything should happen to me, I want Harry to profit by the growth of this place. To this end, I have drawn up a lease, at a merely nominal rent, of the whole property (which, you are aware, includes three lots,) to run absolutely ten years, and terminable after that period by giving six months' notice to the lessee. This paper needs only my signature and the filling in of the name of the lessee to complete it. If you will examine it, you will find it in due form. Will you accept the trust (for so I regard it), and suffer me to insert your name as lessee?'

'I will, Mr Barnes. I do not desire to examine it,' as the other offered him the paper. 'Insert my name at once, if it be your wish.'

'Thank you. There are no instructions that I wish to give, except that, as the rent falls due, you will forward it, subject to my order, to the Bank of the State of Missouri, at St Louis; but

under no circumstances either seek yourself, or, so far as you may be able to prevent, suffer any one else to seek to discover my whereabouts. In good time I will make it known to you. Have I your promise?'

'You have.'

'Let us, then, execute this paper at once. I had forgotten to say, that I would be glad if you would dispose of all my household goods, by auction or otherwise, as you may elect, remitting the proceeds as before. My business affairs I have already placed in process of adjustment. I shall start to-morrow morning.'

'And your son?'

'Goes with me.'

The Chicago of 1848 had given place to the Chicago of 1867. Nineteen years had wrought changes as radical and marvelous as those of the kaleidoscope. Instead of a provincial town, there was a considerable city, and a city more full of energy and vitality, as well as of 'brag,' than any city in the world. Planking had given way to the pervasive 'Nicholson;' long rows of wooden 'shanties' had yielded up their standing-room to costly stone and iron; bridge after bridge had spanned the sluggish river; the stream itself from a mere muddy prairie creek had become a reeking sewer, to get rid of whose fetid breath was the subject of anxious consideration to more than 200,000 people.

The shadows of a September evening were slowly closing in, yet the roar of the busy city did not seem to lull. At intervals the horse cars went rumbling by, packed full and running over with tired men seeking their comfortable homes far out in what had been commons and corn-fields nineteen years before, and the tide of hurrying pedestrians which flowed along the broad sidewalks seemed to know no ebb.

Near one of the busiest points of the city, a little 'fancy store' in a modest wooden house, nestled shyly between two pretentious marble fronts. It bore on its face the traces of a former era, and it was evident that its successor would be of signally different style. Inside, a young girl was daintily putting in order some laces tumbled by a just-departed visitor, and slowly and tenderly manipulating the soft meshes with all the feminine fondness for the delicate web. Drawing a piece of the foamy fabric about her white neck, she turned to a little mirror behind the narrow counter, and stood dreamily contemplating its effect. She was startled by a quick tread, and a rough but manly and pleasant voice:—

'Pardon me, miss, but can you tell me if these streets bear the same names they did twenty years ago?'

'I'm sure I don't know, sir,' she replied with a little pout and blush, as she busily folded up the lace, with a half-glance at the amused face of her questioner. 'Aunt Mary can tell you all about it, though; and if you'll wait a moment, I'll call her.'

She flitted away through a door in the rear of the shop, but returned almost immediately, followed by a much older lady clothed in sober black, with a grave but pleasant face, on which were drawn the unmistakable lines of sorrow and tears, but whose expression plainly showed that these had not harrowed the heart nor embittered the spirit.

The young man repeated his question.

'Yes, sir; the names are the same, but their features have changed in that time. But surely you are too young to have known them so long ago?'

Aunt Mary slowly drew nearer the young stranger, her eyes fixed almost wistfully on the fresh, ruddy face, while the color which yet lingered in her rounded cheek came and went fitfully, and an unwonted light moistened and trembled in the habitually pensive eye.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I know them, but my recollection of them is very dim and faint. I am asking for my father, who was very familiar with them then, and is now looking about just outside there to see if he can identify some property he once owned in this vicinity.'

'Please ask him to step inside. Perhaps I can give him some information. I have been familiar with this part of the city for many years.'

A paleness crept over the kindly face as she watched the young man's elastic, swinging tread, as he passed out to the street. 'How like his walk!' came through her lips, more like the ghost of a forgotten whisper than articulate sounds. A book, which she had been reading, and was still holding, was laid noiselessly down, and, with hands clasped closely against her bosom, she stood fixedly watching the door.

Presently father and son entered together. Californian suns and Coloradan winds had browned the once thin and colorless cheek; the dark locks had changed to iron-gray, and the wild, free life of the remote West, the healthful toil and exposure of the mine and the camp, the cheery companionship of forest and river and mountain, while keeping the spirit fresh and free from moody repining, had, even at that period of life, broadened and strengthened the frame. But all these changes could not conceal the individuality, and Robert Barnes was unmistakable in this hale and deliberate mountaineer, as in the hurrying denizen of the city of nineteen years before.

'This is my father, ma'am—Robert Barnes.'

'Yes, ma'am; Harry tells me you are quite—'

He stopped abruptly, and gazed at the woman before him, who, with streaming eyes and parted lips, leaned eagerly toward him, and murmured in tones choked and low,—

'Answered! O infinite Father! answered! Robert—husband—at last—Oh, at last!' and tottering forward, she seized his unresisting hand, and, clasping it closely in both her own, looked eagerly into the bronzed face, where surprise, and joy, and love, and the smouldering fires of half-forgotten anger and distrust, seemed struggling for supremacy.

He would have signed to the young people to leave them alone; but she led him still unresisting into her little sitting room at the rear of the shop, then, softly closing the door, she released his hand, and still looking into his face said,—

'Not one kiss for your wife, Robert, after so long—so long,' and the low voice choked and the clasped fingers grew white under each other's pressure.

'How is it possible, Mary?'

She laid her finger on his lips.

'Hush!' she said. 'I can guess all you would say.' Hastily throwing open a writing desk she took from it an old, yellow, folded paper, and giving it to him, continued, 'Read that before you judge me.'

The writing was irregular and scrawling, as if done by one in great haste or with shattered nerves. Mr Barnes read the few lines three or four times through, before he seemed to take in their full significance. They ran:—

NEW YORK, August 7, 1848.

My dear wife: Come to me at once. Harry is very ill, and worn out with care and watching, my own health is giving way. I send this by private hand, to Mr Jeremy, who will arrange for your departure, and possibly may accompany you a part of the way. ROBERT.'

There was a brief silence. Then he laid the faded letter softly down, and whispering with bated breath, 'I see it all—I see it all,' held toward her his trembling hands. A smile like the memory of childhood's sunny mornings flushed through her lingering tears, and the weary burden of twenty years seemed to be lifted from her life like the mist of the night, as the strong arms closed around her again, and she heard the familiar voice, speaking to his own heart rather than to her,—

'How can I ever atone for these twenty years of wrong?'

Oblivious of the young people waiting and wondering in the next room—oblivious of all the world but themselves, they looked in each other's eyes, and talked fitfully for more than an hour; but the reply to his first question discloses all that we care to know.

'Who gave you that letter!'

'Mr Jeremy. I did not know what to do. It seemed so unlike you to send to him, and not to me direct, that I felt inclined to doubt. But you were not quite well when you left home, and Mr Jeremy was your most trusted friend. So trusted, you remember, Robert, that you laughed at me, as both vain and foolish, when I told you, some months before, that he seemed to be seeking opportunity and encouragement for culpable advances, and in very shame I tried to persuade myself that you must be right. And then, the thought that you and Harry might be dying, among strangers, a thousand miles away from me, wrung my heart; and, following my first impulse, I started to go to you on the same day he gave me the letter. It was the second day out before he threw off the mask. At first I affected not to understand him, and tried to laugh; but that only encouraged him. Then I repulsed him, and threatened to appeal to the captain of the boat for protection. But he taunted me with my helpless and equivocal position; and finally, in his anger and chagrin, he threw off all disguise, and told me that the letter he gave me was written by himself, and that he spared no pains to consult me irrevocably to his fortunes; and, with devilish malignity, he even showed me a copy, a true one, as I found afterward, of an article which he had sent to the press, and which he assured me had then been circulated throughout the city. I was crushed, but not conquered. I did appeal to the captain, who placed me on the first westward-bound steamer we met, and, within five days after I started away, I was at home again. But it was home no longer. I saw Mr Gage, and he told me of all you had done, but was slow to believe what I had to tell. We have tried to learn your whereabouts; but beyond the cold courtesy of the bank-officers at St Louis we could never penetrate. You guarded your secret well. With the little money you left me, added to what Mr Gage generously advanced me, I opened this little shop. God prospered me abundantly; and here I have remained ever since. In my inmost heart I knew you would come back again sometime, and I never closed my eyes in sleep without praying God to spare me to see that day. And now that day has come. Oh, husband—dear husband! the past is buried out of sight, and we are young again!'

'Is Mr Gage still living?'

'No; he died two years ago; but his sons have succeeded to his business. Several years ago the lots where we lived were covered by huge business houses, built by Mr Gage. The rents paid for them long ago, and, since then, neither father nor sons would take a dollar of their proceeds, but have regularly deposited them in a savings bank, to the credit of 'little Harry,' as they would always call him. Of course I would not touch them without your consent. Twelve years ago my cousin Helen died, and left me her five-year-old girl. You saw her in the front room.'

'Where is Jeremy?'

'Dead ten years ago. Mrs Gage has a letter written by him a few days before his death, to her husband. I have never seen it, but they told me that these facts are there stated, amid much penitent protestation, substantially as I have just told them to you. God forgive me, but it was bewildering work, sometimes, to think of him with anything but malediction.'

There was a long pause, broken only by the scarce audible sob that marked the ebb of the storm of emotion which had so lately swept through that quiet house. One by one the street-lamps threw their struggling beams into the settling darkness, and the roar of the day subsided gradually into the city's multitudinous 'voices of the night.' Then she rose softly, and said: 'Let us call in the children; and when we shall have satisfied their wonder, you shall tell me all your history through all these many years.'

In all Chicago's quarter of a million souls this day, there are none more serenely happy and devotedly content than these 'tried and true.'

ife Among our Ancestors.

The customs, manners, literature, architecture, history, everything in fine pertaining to England previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century, may be regarded as the common ancestral property of all John Bull's progeny, wherever scattered over the world. To a large majority of our readers, therefore, whatever throws light upon the olden times of Great Britain, can never cease to be of interest. The October New England Farmer, noticing a recent publication, "Our English Homes," extracts and comments as follows:

"The whale was eaten by the Saxons; and when men were lucky enough to get it, it appeared at table late in the 15th century. In 1246 Henry III. directed the sheriffs of London to purchase one hundred pieces of whale for his table. Whales found on the coast were the perquisites of royalty; they were cut up and sent to the king's kitchen in carts. Edward II. gave a reward of twenty shillings to three mariners who had caught a whale near London bridge. Those found on the banks of the Thames were claimed by the lord mayor, and added to the civic feast. Pieces of whale were often purchased in the thirteenth century for the table of the Countess of Leicester. England was supplied with this choice dainty by the fishermen of Normandy, who made it an article of commerce. The Normans had various ways of cooking it; sometimes it was roasted, and brought to the table on a spit; but the usual way was to boil it and serve it up with peas; epicures looked out for a slice from the tongue or the tail. The grampus, or sea-wolf, was also highly esteemed; but of all the blubber dainties the porpoise was deemed the most savory. The Saxons called it sea-swine, and the ecclesiastics of the middle ages *porco marino*. Porpoises were purchased for the table of Henry III. in 1246."

The questions will naturally arise, why was society in so rude and unsettled a condition, and why were the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life so few? The land was not poor, but capable of sustaining a much larger population than it had, and yet the people were scarcely out of a semi barbarous condition. No! it was not poor land, or bad seasons, nor even the indisposition of the people to labor on the land, but a "general round of oppression, resulting from ignorance of the proper interests of the productive classes, and a constant contest between capital and labor, each plundering the other, and both plundered by arbitrary power!"

In the reign of Henry III the whole stock of a carpenter's tools was valued at one shilling, and consisted of a broad axe, an adze, a square and spoke-shave! "There were very few chimneys; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window, and the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Even as late as the time of Elizabeth, 1558, it is stated that apologies were made to visitors if they could not be accommodated in rooms provided with chimneys. They had few glass windows, and when glass was introduced it was for a long time so scarce, that when the people went away they would order the windows taken out and laid up in safety! In the 14th century, none but the clergy wore linen. The household furniture, among the wealthy, consisted of an occasional bed, a brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, and a rug or two, and perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing. Even the nobility sat upon the chests in which they kept their clothes. If a man in seven years after marriage could purchase a flock bed and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town!

In addition to this poverty of what seems to us absolute necessities, the houses and the people were exceedingly dirty. Erasmus, a celebrated scholar of Holland, who visited England, complains that "the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues that destroyed them;" and he says their floors are commonly of

The average duration of human life was, at that period, not one half as long as at the present day. The constant use of salted meat, and few or no vegetables, contributed to the shortening of life, to say nothing of the large numbers swept away by pestilence and famine.

NEWSPAPER NOMENCLATURE.

A Chapter on Curious Titles.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

As the history of nations may be traced by their coins, which bear the imprint of successive rulers and the dates of important events, so may their progress be noted by the names bestowed upon their newspapers at different periods. While this is true of every country, in no case is it so strikingly exemplified as in the United States, where the growth of the press has been more rapid, and general intelligence more widely disseminated than in any other. We shall, therefore, choose this country as the most interesting field for investigation.

In the ancient time, before the age of steam and electricity, when post-roads were few, and not even the lumbering mail-coach was seen at all except upon the grand highways of communication, people were satisfied to know that great events had actually occurred, although their dates might have been full months anterior to the receipt of such intelligence. Newspapers then were simply Recorders, Chronicles, Registers, Gazettes and Observers. Some, claiming to be more enterprising or more discerning than others, bestowed upon themselves the titles of Argus, Oracle, &c., while others were simply Echoes, Mirrors and the like. But as the spirit of enterprise began to extend, and the horn of the post-rider was more frequently heard, as facilities for intercourse were increased, and men received enlarged ideas, their desire for speedy information increased, and newspapers accordingly became Heralds, Couriers, Postboys, Mercuries and Messengers. Then, with the advent of steam and the electric wires, came the names Express, Telegraph and Locomotive. Some editors, however, did not aspire to be foremost in furnishing the latest news, but were content to give simply a synopsis of current events and sayings, and modestly christened their bantlings the Clipper, Rough Notes, Budget, All Sorts, or Expositor. They were an economical or indolent class of the fraternity, and depended more upon paste and scissors than upon their purse and individual exertions.

With the development of new territory and the march of emigration came the Pioneer, Emigrant, Pathfinder, Border State and Western World. There were more journals whose aspirations reached beyond the narrow limit of their native land, even to the gathering in of information from all parts of the habitable globe; hence, The Globe, The World, All Round the World, The Universe, and the Universal Herald.

"Isms" took root at an early day, and each had its Advocate, Vindicator, Champion, Banner, and Standard. As these were rapidly developed into openly avowed creeds and professions they adopted the names most expressive of their respective tenets, The Spiritualist, Swedenborgian, The Higher Law, and Equalizationist. Religious sects also had their peculiar organs, in general bearing the names of the denominations that published them. As these sects broke into factions from time to time, printed exponents of the new doctrines and dogmas were issued under appropriate titles. They were always short-lived and ephemeral. The name of any one of them, coupled with ith its date, will show at a glance at what period these "isms" flourished.

Discoveries and inventions are also duly noted and fostered into popular favor by special eminations from the press, such as the Ambrotype, Pantagraph, Kaleidoscope, &c. So, also, the arts and sciences, the trades and all branches of industry have their Farmer, Crayon, Scalpel, Engineer, Miner, Insurance Monitor, Dental Register, Druggists' Circular and Vulcanite Journal. Even the ladies have their Gazette of Fashion, the wags their Phunny Phellow and Budget of Fun, and the blind and insane their appropriate paper. Even the sportsmen have their Turf Register, Chess Monthly and Billiard Cue.

The history of American politics can be easily traced by newspaper names. In the the early days, when there were few disturbing questions, the political complexion of a newspaper was designated by the general name of Federalist, Whig, Democrat and Independent. Then followed the American, Native American and Irish American, (these in the days of Knownothingism); next, the Republican, and close upon these, the offspring of the slavery agitation, the Liberator, Slaveholder, Cotton Plant, Banner of Freedom, Agitator and Freedom's Champion. As side issues were developed there appeared the Irrepressible Conflict, Thirty-fifth Parallel, Squatter Sovereignty, Southern Rights, State Rights and the True Issue.

The antagonism of sections or of races was well sustained by the White Man on one side, and the Anglo-African on the other. At different periods which seemed fraught with danger or affairs of unusual moment, sagacious alarmists thought the oft-predicted crisis had arrived, and forthwith launched upon the newspaper tide The Epoch, The Era, The Crisis, The Times, and The Age. At such critical periods have always been found numberless Monitors, Censors, Tocsins, and Beacons—friendly guides, prophets and advisers.

Finally, when absolute danger actually threatened the integrity of the Union, and the South began to array itself against the government, openly advocating secession, there at once arose an array of Unions and Republics, with the Union Ark, the Flag of the Union, the Star Spangled Banner, and the National on one side, and the Confederate, the Southern Confederacy, Spirit of the South, and Southern Rights on the other. War then speedily broke out, and with it came the Palmetto Flag, the True Flag, the Yancey Blade, the Patriot, the Rebel, the Volunteer, and the National Vidette. When our men were maimed and suffering there appeared the Soldiers' Friend, and out of the convulsion sprang the New Regime, the Loyalist, the New Nation, and New Era. We have now a New Issue, and perhaps shall soon have a Dictator, Consolidationist, Centralizationist, and Monarchist.

Of newspaper idiosyncrasies there are many; but what's in a name, after all? Among others are the Alligator, Screech Owl, Wolverine, Sucker, Rising Tide, Itinerant, Mountain Torrent, Broad Axe of Freedom, Quid Nunc, Blade, Valley Tan, and Cataract. Then there is the Plymouth Rock, (the editor having tried words and grass, thought he would see what virtue there was in stones;) Pleasure Boat (the editor paddles his own canoe, no doubt); Avalanche (laboring under a press of matter, probably); Wizard (published in Massachusetts, where they used to hang witches, but this appears to be a survivor); and the Furnace (which stands a poor chance for renewal of subscriptions, on the principle that "a singed cat dreads the fire"). Some editors seem to imagine that, as light emanates from the solar system, so intelligence must proceed from the newspaper firmament; hence they have styled papers the Sun, Star, Comet, Planet, Sunbeam, Aurora, Galaxy, and Northern Light. One, more modest than these, calls his the Torchlight.

We might extend the investigation further, with much profit and interest, but the curiosities collected will suffice to fill any ordinary Museum, Repository, or Budget.

ART IN THE CAPITOL.—The recent appropriation by Congress of $2,500 for a bust of Pulaski, and the appropriation last year of $10,000 for a statue of Mr. Lincoln, have excited earnest discussion in our art community, which will we hope result in preventing a waste of the public funds, and save our national Capitol from becoming a place of deposit for statuary and pictures which cannot properly be called works of art.

The Capitol is a noble and beautiful building, not perfect, but incomparably the finest public building we have in this country. It ought to be adorned with examples of the works of our best artists, for such works symbolize and illustrate the thought and history of the nation. But the nation does not want to hang in its Capitol imperfect works, of tyros or unknown artists. If in these days a painter or sculptor has merit it is not probable that he will be without fame. The Capitol is not the place for the works of beginners; if we are to have works of art there, they should be the best products of matured skill and developed genius.

We are not poor in artists. In sculpture Americans now lead the world. Crawford more nearly approached the antique than any man since Michael Angelo. Story and Powers are to-day acknowledged by Europeans as the greatest living sculptors. The statute of Washington, in Union square, by Brown, is not equalled by any modern creation in England or on the European continent. Rogers's bronze doors in the capitol are compared only to the famous gates which are the glory of Florence and the admiration of the world. Ward's Indian Hunter will make its mark at the Paris Exposition. Palmer's marbles are justly admired, as well in Europe as here. Ball Hughes, Launt Thompson, John Rogers, T. Ball and others, have won deserved fame in their profession. We might in a similar way name American painters.

GOD'S PROTECTION TO THE YOUNG DEER.—An old Canadian hunter, declares that the reason why the wild deer were not all killed when young, (as they only breed once a year, and are always surrounded by other animals which prey upon them, as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, &c.) is, that "*no dog or other animal can smell the track* of a doe or fawn, while the latter is too young to take care of itself!" He stated that he had often seen it demonstrated. He had taken his dogs over the ground when he had just before seen them pass, and they would take no notice of the track, and could not be induced to follow when taken to the spot, while they would instantly discover the track of any deer not having young ones. This is but one proof of the adaptation of the natural laws to preserve life when it most needs protection.

Temperance and Intemperance in New England in the Olden Times—The Times of Cotton Mather.

The following extract is from a sermon to the General Assembly of the Massachusetts Province of New England, preached by the celebrated Cotton Mather in 1709.

It will be seen from this sermon the state of things under an old license system one hundred and sixty years ago, a hundred years or more before any kind of a temperance society was organized, and before any one hardly thought of prohibition. I send it to you in the style in which it was then printed. EDWIN THOMPSON.

You are not at a loss, *What is the Matter*, about which I make such a Cry: Such a Repeated Cry; and will not give over doing so. I am with all possible Solemnity to tell you; such Prodigious Quantities of RUM, to be consumed among a People of our Engagements to be the most *Sober People* in the World, I must say, *'Tis an horrible Thing!* I request some capable Person, to compute the *Quantities*, and then make the most Proper and Obvious Inferences. I am sure, they must all say, *'Tis an Horrible Thing!*

In my importunities for a STREET of *Pure* GOLD, if I am asked, When I will have done with my *Blows* upon the *Bottel!* My Answer is, *When I see it broken;* When I see 'tis universally counted a *Shameful* thing to be too *free* with it: When I see People take it, only *When*, and *As*, it may be useful to them.

I don't move to have the *Use* of it Banished; but the *Abuse* and *Excess* of it. And, I most importunately move, That all *Sober People* throughout the Land, would set themselves to think, *What may be done to have* RUM *used with more of Moderation?*

The *French* and the *Indians* have sorely Scourged us; but let it not be thought a Paradox, That one of the *Sorest Punishments* which ever did or ever can befall this poor Country, is the *Great Esteem which this Liquor has among us.* It makes us *Poor;* It keeps us *Poor;* whole *Families* may curse the Day, that ever the *Bottle* came into them. It will soon make us a *Despicable Country.* All our *Strength* will be departed from us. Ah, NEW ENGLAND, Thy STREET will not be *Pure* GOLD; No, 'twill be a filthy *Puddle;* a nasty *Kennel.* Yea, the *Wild beasts of the Desert* will dwell here; thy *Houses* will be *full of doleful Creatures.*

Instead of Prepounding LAWS to retrench a mischief, not easy to come at, my Proposal is: That this One OBSERVATION may be Spred thro' the Country, and awfully considered of. Tho' this Liquor may be *Useful*, at some time, and in some things, yet NO MAN THAT USES IT CONSTANTLY WILL EVER BE GOOD FOR VERY MUCH. It will infallibly *Stunt* his Abilities; he will discharge no *Office*, as he ought to do. It will *Besot* him, or, at least, very much *Flatten* him, and make him very little better than a meer GOOD FOR NOTHING. Take him from the *Bottel*, for the STATE, or for the CHURCH, or for the FIELD, he'll be a *Poor Tool.* God will do little by him; he'll never be Excellent. When a man stands as a *Candidate* for any *Preferment*, I move, *That it may be known whether he be a Friend of the Bottel, or no?*

Could I make my Voice heard beyond the *Herald* of the *Temple*, I would say: Sirs, Why should you be willing to have your *Estates Evaporated*, you *Bodies* Carbonado'd, your Families wretchedly Educated. Ah, *Foolish* NEW ENGLANDERS, Has the BOTTEL so *bewitched* you? Why, why should you EXPOSE your *Souls*, to the hazard of that *Lake*, from whence the *Smoke of the Torment* shall *ascend for ever and ever?* All for a BOTTEL! A *Good'ly Price* are they valued at!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From Heaven, what fancy stole
The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,
The seraph whispering to the exiled soul
Tales of its native land?

Who to the cradle gave
The unseen Watcher by the Mother's side,
Born with the birth and journeying to the grave,
The holy Angel-guide?

Is it a Fable?—No!
I heard Love answer from the sunlit air,
"Still where my presence lights the darkness, know
Life's Angel-guide is there!"—

Is it a Fable?—Hark!
Faith answers, from the blue vault's farthest star,
"I am the Pilot of thy wandering bark,
Thy guide to shores afar!"

Is it a Fable?—Sweet,
From wave, from air, from every forest-tree,
The murmur spoke—"Each thing thine eyes can greet,
An Angel-guide can be!

"From myriads take thy choice,
In all that lives a guide to God is given;
Ever thou hear'st some Angel-guardian's voice
When Nature speaks of Heaven!"

RELICS OF THE LOST.

A large boat; within her were two human skeletons, ... a small Bible, interlined in many places with numerous references written in the margin.—*Capt. M'Clintock's Journal.*

Our stout hearts brave the ice-winds bleak,
Our keen eyes scan the endless snow;
All sign or trace of those we seek
Has passed and perished long ago.

O, flash of hope! O, joyous thrill!
Onward with throbbing hearts we haste,
For looming through the ice-fog chill,
A lonely boat is on the waste.

Sad recompense of all our toil,
Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
A mournful but a precious spoil—
A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
Dank with the storms of winters ten,
And by their unexhausted store
The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn;
Whether, in feebleness and pain,
Heart-sick, they watched for the return
Of those who never came again;

Or if, amid the stillness drear,
They felt the drowsy death-chill creep,
Then stretched them on their downy bier,
And slumbered to their last long sleep.

He only knows, whose Word of Hope
Was with them in the closing strife,
And taught their spirits how to cope
With agony that wins to life—

He only knows, whose Word of Might
Watched by them in their slow decay—
Sure pledge that Death's long, polar night
Should brighten into endless day:

And when the sun with face unveiled
Was circling through the summer sky,
With silent words of promise hailed
The symbol of Eternity.

Welcome, dear relics! witness rare!
Faithful as if an angel wrote:
Though Death has set his signet there,
The Lord of Life was in the boat.

THE RETURN.

BY P. J. BAILEY.

They come from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;
From the East where first they dwelt,
From the North, and the South, and the West.
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come—
Where the palm triumphant grows,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the hills,
And the gold orbed orange glows;
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of ill
Bows down its fragrant head.

From the lands where the gems are born—
Opal and emerald bright;
From shores where the ruddy corals grow,
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble white as the still moonlight
Is quarried, and jetty coal;

They come—with a gladdening shout;
They come—with a tear of joy;
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.
A thousand dwellings they leave,
Dwellings—but not a home;
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.

And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore;
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore:
Prayers to the throne of Heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice.

THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

BY ERWIN MURDOCK.

Thought is greater than all speech;
Spirit, speech doth overreach;
Speech expresses, spirit teaches:
Speech cannot tell what spirit reaches.
Words are atoms, thoughts are mountains;
Words are drops, and thoughts are fountains;
Speech a brook, and thought an ocean,
Speech is rest, thought is everlasting motion.
Speech is the action of an hour,
And thought a never-ending power.
Thought is the soul's own voice,
'T is wisdom's wisest choice;
Speech in vain essays to show
What thought doth ever know.

"The flowers that bloomed the brightest,
Are soonest doomed to fade;
The forms that move the lightest,
In earth are soonest laid."

"Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow."

MY CHURCH IN TOWN.

My church in town! It fronts our square,
With Gothic portals—Scott designer—
Tall spire, and painted windows rare.
There's nothing in all London finer.
A church that's counted "very high,"
A ritualistic rector owning,
Who makes a claim to Heaven rely
On crosses, candles, and intoning.

And crowds of worshippers come there,
Who give one morning of the seven
To treading with exceeding care
A fashionable road to Heaven—
Fine ladies who low bending pray,
And sigh for services in Latin,
And mortify the flesh each day
In gleaming robes of silk and satin.

The curate, "such a dear," you know,
Turns a white hand to turn his pages;
I think Paul did so,
Preach to Athenian sages.
His doctrine, if it has a fault,
Stands much in need of force and flavor.
And makes me think the gospel salt
Has very nearly lost its savor.

Where Dives sits, I look in vain
For Lazarus, even at the portal,
I wonder, does their creed maintain
The rich man only is immortal?
And yet my mind is somewhat eased:
So vain and vapid is the preaching,
That Lazarus hardly would be pleased
To gather fragments of such teaching.

It would be worthier of the times,
And talk of charitable graces,
If we took care the Sunday chimes
Should sometimes sound in silent places.
The broider'd altar-cloth might tell
Of pious hands, and yet be plainer:
A simpler, homelier rite were well,
So should the poor man be a gainer.

—*All the Year Round.*

LOVE ON.

Another year is past and gone,
A wider streak of gleaming gray
Waves down my hair, and yet I say,
"Have patience, weary heart! Love on."

Love on through sorrow-cankered years,
And count each hour of joy a gain
Snatched from a dreary lapse of pain,
Through hours of pleasure, nights of tears.

Love on through hope and through despair,
That changeful o'er our being pass,
As sunlight on a woodland's grass,
And never let love die of care.

Love on, unless an anchorite
Thou wouldst live for thyself alone,
Encinctured with a cynic zone
That darkens every noon with night.

And when another year is gone,
Though still thy hope be unfulfilled,
The wisdom from the past instilled
Will bid thee of thyself—"Love on." W.R.H.

THAT SHOWER.

Oh, wasn't it gay
To wake last night at the sound of rain?
And didn't it say
Hope again! hope again!
The katy-dids hushed their plaintive rhyme,
To the dancing drops they couldn't keep time;
But the crickets kept up their whirr of glee
And joined in the mirthful jubilee.

Oh, wasn't it bright,
The thought of earth so thirsty and sad,
All through the night
Made merry and glad?
Each flower held up its cup, to fill
All brimming with joy its heart;—on, still,—
It spangled each leaf, and, with power benign,
Hung a diamond on every clustering vine!

Oh, wasn't it full
Of ceaseless patter and ringing trills,
So musical?
It filled all the rills,
Whose bosoms bounded with joy anew,
And off to the hills their echoes threw.
The corn in the meadows did laugh and sing
And shook their tall forms in the merry ring.

Oh, wasn't it dear,
A gift so precious so cheering indeed?
Shall we ever fear
He forgetteth our need?
No! waiting in patience His time, who still keeps
A watch o'er our wants, and ne'er slumbers nor sleeps,
With trustful rejoicing and hearts full of love,
Give thanks to our Maker and Father above.

Frithiof's Lesson.

Boast not thy father's fame—'tis his alone;
A bow thou canst not bend is not thine own.
What can a buried glory be to thee?
By its own force the river gains the sea.

Thy confidence to many shun to give;
Full barns we lock; the empty open leave;
Choose one to trust—more seek not thou;
The world, O Halfdan, knows what three men know.

Praise not the day before the night arrive;
Mead till 'tis drunk, nor counsel till it thrive;
Youth trusteth soon to many an idle word;
Need proves a friend, as battle proves a sword.

Trust not to one night's ice, to spring-day snow,
To serpent's slumber, or to maiden's vow;
For heart of woman turneth like a wheel,
And 'neath the snowy breast doth falsehood dwell.

Thyself must perish, all thou hast must fade;
One thing alone on earth is deathless made—
That is, the dead man's glory; therefore thou
Will what is right, and what is noble, do.

Frithiof's Saga.

PATIENCE.

BY OREL.

Ah, simple husbandmen! who hope to feed
On fruit, to-day, from yester's scattered seed!

Who look, ere yet the latent germ appears,
For stately stalk, and richly ripened ears!

Call ye to mind, the heat, the clouds, the rain,
The care and toil, which must precede the grain.

Fail not to comprehend th' eternal plan,
Which nature opens to the mind of man.

"Let patience have its perfect work," and when
The blossoms ripen, look for harvests, then.

For, though a nation with reforming hand
May sow the seeds of truth throughout the land;

And though that land's so dry and weed-choked soil,
May be enriched by pain, and blood and toil;

Not e'en for this, will God reverse the law
Whose workings, man in earliest ages saw.

The final good shall not at once arise,
Stately and fair, before our longing eyes.

In God's own time, will the upspringing germ,
Through sure gradations, stand erect and firm.

TO THE SEA.

Thou sea,—thou blue unfathomed sea:
I love thy billows wild and free,
Thy vast unstudied lore;
And when the stars of evening rest,
Like jewels on thy tranquil breast,
I seek thy lonely shore.

Roll back thy billows, mighty sea,
Unveil thine awful depths to me,—
Thy deep mysterious caves,
Where mermaids dwell in coral bowers,
And gems lie strown like summer flowers,
Beneath the sounding waves.

Thou hast the spoils of many lands,
Concealed amid thy weltering sands,
And many a form lies there,
Whose heart once thrilled with love and fear—
For whom was poured the scalding tear,
And fervent midnight prayer.

Thou givest thy slain a glorious rest,—
A couch with gold and diamonds drest,—
A more than kingly grave;
And there the young and fair lie down,
The hero with his proud renown,
And there the fettered slave

And naught to thee is human pride;
The rich and poor lie side by side,
In thine o'ershadowing gloom;
There the outcast wanderer sleeps,
And princely treasures, heaps on heaps,
Adorn his coral tomb.

Thou hast a mournful voice to me,
O restless, ever murmuring sea!
A sad funebrial wail;
As if thy strange, repentant waves,
Were sighing o'er the hidden graves,
Of those, whom they have slain.

Roll on,—roll on, thou mighty deep!
I hear the wrathful tempest sweep,—
I hear thy billows moan!
And if perchance my grave may be
Within thy bosom,—sing o'er me
That mournful dirge-like tone. V. G. R.

RECEIPT FOR DRESSING SALAD.

BY REV. SIDNEY SMITH.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen stove,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give,
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two well boiled eggs:
Let onions' atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole:
And lastly, in the flavored compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh! great and glorious, Oh! herbaceous treat,
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl.

SOMEBODY.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night.
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes;
Or, fast as their feet or their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil away;"
"'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks;"
"'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds and runs off with their skates,
And turns on the water and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
"'Somebody's'" pushing me out of the tent!"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,
We must summon in the detective police;
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
How queer it would look if we saw them all go,
Marched off to the station-house, six in a row!

The Button man has come to town,
With Buttons of all kinds;
And shortly he will come around,
To trade and suit your minds.

He's got good Pearl, for trimming shirts,
Some for Ladies' dresses;
Black whalebone Buttons; he asserts,
Do well suit the misses.

They're much in fashion, I will state,
Just buy them while you can,
For they've been getting scarce of late
All with the Button Man.

I've now on hand a good supply,
Which I am pleased to know,
That when I come, if you will buy,
You'll get them very low.

I'll sell at half the retail price
My Pearl and Black Whalebone;
Those Buttons now are made so nice,
They look like Silk you'll own.

And when one dress they shall out-wear,
You'll trim with them again,
For they've well made you'll all declare,
All by the Button Man.

The Button Man you can't mistake,
With his black moustache,
And basket too of his own make,
With Buttons cheap for cash.

My Minde To Me A Kingdom Is.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assignde:
Though much I want, that most would have
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft.
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

William Byrd.

Miscellaneous.

The Invitation.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

O cast that dull, prosaic book away,
And read the poem of this Summer day,
Unfolded by a heaven of living blue,
With here and there a cloudlet wand'ring through
The spaces of our leafy orchard trees,
Swayed by a gentle, soft, delicious breeze,
To shadow dances on the grassy ground,
Mixed with bird-music, and the soothing sound
Of humming bees, of murm'ring gnats and flies,
And all the manifold and chirping cries,
From aged trunks and half-embowered walls,
O'er which the graceful, unpruned creeper falls,
Wreathing these granite rocks with soft festoons,
To hide the velvet moss beneath their blooms.

See how against the porch the roses climb
To meet and clasp that honey-suckle vine;
With what a manly, tender sort of grace
It woos the coy one to its soft embrace,
And, lifting up its fragile burden sweet,
Twines gently round our fav'rite window seat.
The bold wisteria, with a higher stride,
Fastens upon the topmost chimney side,
And decks the swallows' humble home with screen
Of purple blossom and enchanting green.

Philosophy is sweetest out of doors!
God meant that we should take it through the pores.
Trust no conclusion, friend, till you have tried
Its worth with rocks and streams and trees beside.
Your indoor thoughts smell musty, and look pale;
They need the breath of woodlands to grow hale.
Aristotelian logic put away,
And choose a text from grass or budding spray;
Show how the little cells grow into form,
And with the vivid soul of color warm.
Here, stretched full length beneath your fav'rite tree,
Explain the sunbeam's mystic alchemy;
Else turn aside from learning's tangled maze,
And dream away this loveliest of days.

We'll spend our thanks in wishing all men good,
The off'ring to our common brotherhood.
'Tis easier to love the whole world round,
When stretched upon this daisy-sprinkled ground;
'Tis easier to own the gen'ral tie,
Beneath God's sacred, overarching sky.
The fair republics of the woods are ours;
Free institutions live amid the flowers;
No heresy can gurgling brooklet teach,
No dang'rous doctrine can the pansy preach;
"The Word" is written on each clover head;
New "Gospels" blossom out in white and red.

Well, preach, my friend, if preach indeed you must,
But call us not poor, wretched worms of dust;
Fashion an oaten pipe, a poet's reed,
And in harmonious numbers chant your creed.
If curse there be upon the earth to-day,
'Tis like some ancient ruin, grim and gray,
By nature's kindness fairly over-grown,
And wreath'd in green, from base to capping stone.
But, no, the earth is consecrate to God,
And holy is the dark and teeming clod;
His own right hand has poured the sacremental wine,
And pressed the chalice to your lips and mine,
Inspired with rapture, ev'ry living thing;
So, friend, come forth, rejoice, be glad, and sing.

Our best critics seem to agree that "The Spanish Gipsy," by George Eliot, is a poem of remarkable merit and power. We have a promise of a notice of it from one of our most accomplished contributors. It is full of gems, such as this:

—— No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good;
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air,
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero.

and this:

'Tis a vile life that like a garden pool
Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves;
That has no ear save for the ticking lute
Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
Of that large music rolling o'er the world:
A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through naught save light or dark in its own cabin.

The Bachelor's Dilemma.

"By all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depth of spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds;
With a black, regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds.

But since I *must* fix on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;
Prithee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose."

Thus murmured a Bard, predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So trusting that Fortune would favor the brave,
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay.

Dressing for Church.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have!—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do:
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe,
Please, Luie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Tho', to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day,
"And cross myself," pray, did you say;
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now Lucie, pray feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give.
My Rats and Mice, do they set straight?
Please, hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie!" as I live.

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, dump this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my hat—for he abhors
This thing—its big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar scoup!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too;
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten his horrid hoop).

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Luce, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail)?
It's all the fashion, now, you know,
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my loose vail)?

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

A Song from the Suds.

BY LOUIS M. ALCOTT.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the summer sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away;
And let water and air, by their magic, make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day!

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day,
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head, you may think, Heart, you may feel,
But Hand you shall work alway!"

THE INNER CHAMBER.

There is in every human heart,
A chamber made for privacy;
And some have rooms which subtile art
Has formed, with rules that cannot be
E'er squared at Sinai's Mount: yet God knows all
Within; He coming through the doorless wall.

Walls built with thought, like stones, have writ
On them commandments graven deep;
The master-mind has thought it fit,
That these the tenant well should keep;
And that He may all things all times descry,
He places there his ever-seeing eye.

The soul dwells here, asleep, awake;
Has here its peace and here its haunt;
Acts done—designed t' obey, or break
Command, with welcome, or avaunt,—
Do here illume, or do in darkness trace
Their flick'ring shades o'er windows of the face.

There is like new discovered cave,
Now ope'd to us a chambered heart,
In which there lies upon its pave
A skeleton with Satan's dart!
Beneath appearance bland, with care concealed,
There is the oirk and arson—torch revealed.

But now the light of truth is let in,
And mingles with the caverned night,
Deep shadowed are those forms of sin
That troop like specters to the light!
Guilt, of itself, and unaccused, against the door
Will knock, and haunt the heart's most happy hour.

What was this one's paternal home,
When playing round his father's knee?
That in the man results should come
Of deep and dark malignity!
The things he learned, O could the world be told,
That one so young, in crime should be so old!

Did he think man, or God supreme?
Or was he taught now to deceive—
That wrong is right if right it seems,
And best of all to make believe?
For this is Satan's school, where taught are lies;
And he so soon has won the deathly prize.

Where kept he heinous guilt apart,
When fondest wife was in his mind?
Within dark chambers of his heart,
Were secret cells she must not find,—
She did not dream he'd thoughts he would not tell,
And down so deep, they lay next things to hell!

The deed is done. God with his eye—
Who looks in hidden hearts of men—
Was there; and saw young Converse die!
Awake, or in his sleep, since then,
That single eye has pierced him throug and through;
To own his guilt is all that he can do. H. D.

The Sowers.

They are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night:
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of pleasant thought;
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell:
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
Of the gentle word and the kindly deed,
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need:
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of late remorse, and a maddened brain;
And the stars shall fail, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again:
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seed of care,
Which their soil hath borne, and still must bear:
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go:
Rich will the harvest be

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path,—
Sure will the harvest be.

—*From Hymns for Mothers and Children.*

SILENT SORROW.

Speak not a word to break the spell
That binds a heart in silent sorrow,
No one can know of grief so well
As he who hears a funeral knell
And thinks of many a lonely morrow.

No one can share the weight of grief
That bows the form of all who bear it;
No sighs or tears can give relief,
No smiles bring joy, however brief,
Or linger on the lips that wear it.

No comfort can a friend impart
In words, however kindly spoken;
No hand can dry the tears that start,
From the chilled fountains of that heart,
When once the crystal bowl is broken.

But from each calmer, holier thought
Can we alone our comfort borrow.
We find it soonest when untaught;
Joy comes to us again unsought,
And we forget our silent sorrow.

Diamonds of Thought.

Let us fit ourselves for the hour, and though we keep in the warm precints of our homes till the victory is won, and we walk undisputed through the paths opened before us, let no cutting sarcasm or unkind word pass from us upon those who are to sow the seed that others may reap the harvest.

"New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be—
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the poet's blood rusted key."

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by.
There are weary souls to nourish,
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow.
While the days are going by.

"Ah, madam, *you* know, then, that sometimes in *this* world of ours it requires more courage to live than to die." *Mrs. Southworth.*

To die, O! is it not to cease
From sorrow dark, and fold in peace
The weary hands, and lay the head
Down with the quiet, dreamless dead?

O, is it not to say farewell
To griefs the tongue might never tell,
To falsehood's smile, to envy's sneer,
And all the future dark with fear?

To welcome rest, that blessed calm
That folds us safe from earthly harm
If this is death, how blest to be
Forever free from misery.

To live, when all that made life dear
Has passed away, nor sigh nor tear
Can give the poor heart back its spring,
Or hopes that made its blossoming;—

To live or die, which is the test
Of courage true, when at the breast
The thorns of fate press sharp and keen,
And no kind heart on which to lean?

To live, doth not the mariner
When wrecked seize e'en a broken spar,
And, clinging to it mid the waves,
Seek gladly thus his life to save?

And haply then, a *broken spar*
Some struggling one, more wretched far,
May grasp, and by thy helping hand
Be aided to the better land. ATHERTON.

One Hundred Years to Come.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street!
A hundred years to come!
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come!
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor on land and sea;
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come!

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

CLOUDS.

From "Stray Leaves," a volume of sweet, natural poetry, by Mrs. J. P. Grant, just published in Montreal.

"Tell me, dear mother, what are clouds,
So wondrous strange they seem,
Floating across the summer sky
As noiseless as a dream?

"I watched one rising slowly up,
Of thick and inky hue,
That over all the landscape fair
A gloomy shadow threw.

"But as I mourned the sudden change,
And brightness passed away—
A breeze sprung up, and o'er the cloud
There glanced a single ray.

"And lo! what seemed so dull before,
No longer shadow flings,
But, touched with light and glory, turns
To angel's snowy wings."

"My child," the gentle mother said,
With a quick starting tear,
"Clouds, both to young and old alike,
Dark mysteries appear.

"But O, beloved one! mayst thou still,
With pure undoubting eyes,
Through earth's dark storms, however wild,
God's angels recognize."

HOME EVANGELIZATION.

At the recent meeting of the State Conference of Congregational Churches in Fitchburg, the Hon. William B. Washburn gave a very able and practical address on Home Evangelization. This was followed by a vigorous and earnest discussion by pastors and laymen, during which the large audience united in singing the following hymn, written for the occasion by Hon. Alfred Hitchcock:—

Go where sorrow finds a dwelling,
Work of mercy—heavenly gem;
Hands upholding—fear dispelling,
Help to touch his garments hem;
Fear dispelling,
Touch his sacred garments hem.

Haste to clothe the poor and needy,
Feed the hungry, shield from cold;
Jesus taught us, He is ready
To receive them to his fold.
He is ready
To receive them to his fold.

Softly watch the sick and weary,
Gently soothing every pain,
Teaching thus the heavenly story—
"Bear the cross the crown to gain:"
Heavenly story—
"Bear the cross the crown to gain."

Dress their wounds—they'll know this language,
Gently cheer them—bathe their brow;
Erring ones will know Christ's image—
Christ who calleth sinners now,
Know Christ's image—
Christ who calleth sinners now.

Upward raise from sad condition
Those who need a Savior's love.
Thus began his blessed mission,
True evangel from above;
Blessed mission,
True evangel from above.

WISE WORDS OF THE CHINESE.—The Chinese are very fond of pasting scraps from authors upon their houses, shops, and temples. Enter the poorest house in the most miserable village, and, though you will find a want of the commonest necessaries of life, you will be sure to see some beautiful maxims written upon scrolls of red paper. These maxims are often finely worded, and full of sense. Here are a few specimens, selected almost at random:

One day is worth three to him who does every thing in order.

Great minds have purposes, others only have wishes.

Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most of himself.

We can do without the world, but we need a friend.

My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears.

TRIFLES.

THINK naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.—The phenomenon of death is thus painted by Dr. Holmes in one of his monthly papers:

By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blankness of the tearless eye, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brow, by the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing up its windows and putting out its fires.

Judge Chapin's Poem.

The real poet, when he strikes the lyre,
Lights up the gloam of ever burning fire,
Clothes with sweet music every rippling rill,
With magic grandeur every mount and hill;
While the mere rhymer, playing with his pen,
Makes jingling nonsense every now and then,
Looks round in vain, the poet's field to gleam,
Then settles back, and starts the old machine.

* * * * * * *

Be startled not, for musing on the past,
A pleasing radience o'er the scene is cast;
It hinteth thus, and giveth sweet relief,
The rhyming fits, though violent, were brief;
As little streamlets, gathered in a pond,
Stopped by a dam, and not one spring beyond,
May froth and foam, upon some warm March day:
Just raise the gate, and quick they rush away.

It chanced of late, when stars their vigils kept,
And tired with toil, I laid me down and slept,
Strange forms in dreams came dancing round my bed,
And queer wrought fancies flitted through my head.
The years rolled backward, on each vale and hill,
The forest stretched, in quiet silence still,
And dusky forms, all in their strange attires,
Roamed o'er the lands, since peopled by our sires.

No teeming fields, with crops of living green,
No cultured homes of happiness were seen,
No busy mills, to grind the gathered grain,
Or cut the monarch of the grove in twain;
No traveled way, no nicely graded street,
No wayside inn, the weary guest to greet,
Look where you would, you saw no culture there,
The forest reigned unbroken everywhere.

The rivers flowed unhindered to the sea,
Beast, fish and fowl were radiant and free,
They saw the rising and the setting sun,
But saw no Yankee with his hook and gun:
The Nipmuc hunter roamed the forest wide,
The lord and master of his dusky bride;
And dark-hued children, in a motley throng,
Learned the first lessons of their young war song.

I looked again. The Anglo Saxon came,
Scheming and wise, and always just the same,
I saw him, as with solemn steps and slow,
He trod this soil two hundred years ago;
And looked about him with a conscious pride
That he had landed, thanks to wind and tide,
Where free to worship, and as free to trade,
He'd pitched his tent where money could be made.

I saw the Indian stern and stately stand,
To fix the price of this his own fair land,
And coolly sell his birthright then and there,
For fifteen pounds, at least full eight miles square;
While Squimshapauge, so musical in name,
Is blotted out, to meet some English claim,
The wild, sweet music 'mong the hills and trees,
Is heard no longer on the summer breeze.

The mighty red men, from that fatal day,
Like morning snowflakes seemed to melt away,
Jealous and cruel through the waning years,
The dreaded phantoms of our childish fears;
Till at this hour, the remnant of the race,
With quiet step, and sad and dreamy face,
Are poor and humble, where they reigned before,
And wander lazily from door to door.

The sturdy veterans of the olden time,
Of stern resolve, and purposes sincere,
Whose names were never made to sing in rhyme,
Whom children's children honor and revere,
Come in my dreams as Puritan as when,
Building their cabins on the forest plains,
They worked and prayed among the sons of men,
In summer sunshine, or in wintry rains.

* * * * * * *

They fought wild beasts, subdued the soil,
And found the treasures in it,
They learned the blest results of toil,
And hardly lost a minute;
No eight hour doctor beat the drum,
To set the world half crazy,
Preaching a kind of kingdom come,
A premium to the lazy.

They cleared the forest, ploughed the field,
They built the church for meeting,
And when Job Tyler wouldn't yield,
They sent the rebel greeting;
While Job defied official noise,
And scorned the fearful warning,
As impudent as singing boys,
Who won't go home till morning.

Till he who dared to speak so plain,
Of meeting house and preaching,
Found that he struggled all in vain,
'Gainst puritanic teaching;
Denounced in proper terms at last,
The way he had conducted,
Obtained forgiveness for the past,
And thus was reconstructed.

The fathers thought they understood
The way to deal with sinners,
And always did the best they could,
In taming the beginners;
They trusted in the living God,
And had large faith in preaching,
But never wholly spared the rod,
Nor its benignant teaching.

They took fast hold of the decrees,
And battled stout and hearty,
They never trembled in the knees,
Whate'er their sect or party;
They scaled the mountain tops of thought,
And faced the rolling thunder,
Men who were never sold nor bought,
Who wouldn't stand from under.

What cheered those hardy pioneers,
That band of friends and brothers,
In the dark forest calmed the fears
Of sisters and of mothers,
Who self-devoted and sincere,
All calmly did their duty,
To help to found a township here,
In freedom, thrift and beauty?

In faith and hope, the cherished few,
Just struggled on together,
And builded better than they knew,
In spite of wind and weather;
They float along the stream of time,
The banks all gray and hoary,
And need no word of prose or rhyme
To tell their simple story.

* * * * * *

I dreamed again, or seemed to dream,
Of which I sometimes doubt,
That by the light of the moon's beam,
Few honest folks about;
I met hard by an aged man,
Of sturdy look and form,
Who never hid himself nor ran
In danger or in storm.

He stopped, and leaning on his cane,
With white and flowing hair,
And coat which in King Charles's reign
The fathers used to wear;
He seemed a man of days gone by,
Beneath the British yoke,
He looked me squarely in the eye,
And these the words he spoke:

* * * * * *

"How queerly ladies dress to-day,
The bonnets all are going,
How noiselessly they fade away,
While waterfalls are growing;
And hoop skirts sort of stay and go,
'Twill do to wear no others,
Oh, if our girls had *figured* so,
How 'twould have shocked their mothers.

"The boys seem old, whom I have seen,
Considering their knowledge
To see them, one would think they'd been
In Congress or in College;
Their coats, and boots, and shoes, and hats,
More costly than adorning,
Their fathers must be blind as bats,
Not to observe the warning.

"I hear of oil and fancy stocks,
And second sight physicians,
Who look one through from hat to socks,
And tell his whole conditions;
They order pills and powders too,
All ready, just in season,
To guarantee a cure for you,
With neither sense or reason.

"I ask you as piece of news,
Whence comes this smell of leather,
Which makes one dream of boots and shoes,
At least in sultry weather?
What means that thick and motley throng
Of every name and nation,
I noticed as I passed along
Down near that boot shop station?

"Why is there but a few miles north
Such monstrous piles of bonnets,
Where bright-eyed damsels sally forth,
To tempt a lover's sonnets?
'Tis fearful as the rebel raids,
Takes courage to go by it,
Yet lose those bonnets and those maids,
Still worse would be the quiet.

"Pray tell me how that little stream,
Which wasn't worth the naming,
Now glitters with so bright a gleam,
From sundry forges flaming;
What mean those lights among the hills,
Like stars each night illuming,
Why run by steam those cotton mills,
The wood and coal consuming?

"Explain to me the mystery,
Which marks the southern quarter,
The mills and cars and tracks I see,
Where once was only water.
Where once the birds among the trees
In solitude were singing,
Are heard the bells on every breeze,
Their busy orders ringing.

"What means that low and rumbling sound,
Just over by the river,
Which seems to shake the solid ground,
And put one in a quiver?
I saw a train a half mile strong,
Which filled my soul with wonder,
An iron horse dragged it along,
And puffing smoke like thunder.

* * * * * *

"You call it Milford over there?
And Upton over yonder?
Northbridge and Uxbridge? I declare,
Old Mendon's rent asunder;
For Blackstone growing discontent,
Began the same old story,
Last of the wayward sisters went,
And left her in her glory.

"Shorn of her strength at every turn,
First one side then another,
'Tis time the parricides should learn,
They've helped to slay their mother;
She's learned to drink the bitter cup,
All flavored with desertion,
She's had an awful cutting up,
The victim of coercion.

"Let Milford boast of boots and shoes,
Of choicest kinds of leather,
And Upton girls grow rich as Jews,
On bonnet, band and feather;
Northbridge and Uxbridge thrive and grow,
On cotton, steam and water,
While Blackstone spreads her branches so,
Though she's the youngest daughter.

"Old Mendon yet shall raise her head,
She is not dead but sleepeth,
She yet remains the old homestead,
The fathers' dust she keepeth;
She hath her share of home made joys,
The choicest soil she tilleth,
This day she welcomes home her boys,
The fatted calf she killeth.

"The waters murmur in the brooks,
The fields are sweet with clover,
How bright this loving mother looks,
As this day's work is over?
Around us earthly angels here,
Their choicest gifts are bringing,
Above us sweet and soft and clear,
The spirit choirs are singing.

"The voices of the buried past
There chant their sweetest members,
Their loving echoes here shall last,
To soothe our quiet slumbers;
And life, with all its hopes and fears,
Shall brighter be, and clearer,
As on the rolling tide of years,
Heaven comes to all the nearer."

He ceased his strain, no more he sang,
But after he had started,
This farewell, like a trumpet rang,
And thrilled as he departed:
"Toil on for honor, power or pelf,
There's need enough of growing,
But make your other rhymes yourself,
'Tis time that I was going.
If on the fifteenth day of May,
I'm at the celebration,
I'll tell you on that festal day
My name and age and station;
But if, perchance, I am not there,
Whate'er the wind or weather,
Just read these lines, and we will share
The praise or blame together."

* * * * * *

One simple thought, which comes not now of dreaming,
Fills every heart,
One simple word, this festival beseeming,
Before we part.
The men, who met us with their kindly greeting,
In days of yore,
Are gone, and at our friendly meetings
Are seen no more.

We'll read their history, name and station,
In words that burn,
As filled with heartfelt admiration,
Each page we turn.
We'll fancy as we read that nobler mortals
Than one now meets,
Once passed benignly though these earthly portals,
And walked these streets.

The friends and neighbors we have loved so dearly
In later days,
On whom the light of memory sheds so clearly
Its kindling rays,
Seem with us now, as on these honored places
We look with pride,
While they, with their familiar forms and faces,
Seem by our side.

Prince, Russell, Rawson, Wood and Cook and others,
Hayward and Green,
Hastings and Davenport, like friends and brothers,
So often seen.
Taft, Gaskell, Allen, Stone, and George, and Mowry,
Aldrich and Thayer,
Bates, Adams, Thurber in his honest glory,
With fame so fair.

That noble brother of our friend the speaker,
Whose spirit burned
With brighter lustre, as his frame grew weaker,
And home he turned.
His body in the quiet churchyard sleeping,
His soul so clear,
While we this happy festival are keeping,
Seems listening here.

Men of the days gone by, the starry token
Adorns each name,
The worthy tribute, all too long unspoken,
Ye well may claim.
Immortal now, for on the glowing pages
Of this bright day,
Shall shine your memories, for future ages,
With purest ray.

It stirs the blood, it sets the pulses leaping,
Say what we will,
To feel that friends, for whom we yet are weeping,
Are with us still;
To feel their warm and loving presence ever,
In scenes like this,
To know that they forget the feeling never,
Of social bliss.

We hear their human voices here no longer,
Their forms are gone;
But ah, the feeling in our hearts grows stronger,
As time rolls on.
The hour may come, when other souls may listen,
And think us true,
When tears in other eyes may glisten,
Like morning dew.
Enough for us, if children's children reading
Names we call ours,
Shall strew our tombs, our faults and sins unheeding,
With sweetest flowers.

Worcester Daily Spy.

The Mendon Centennial.

(Written by one of the sons of Mendon, for the Second Centennial Anniversary, in that town, May 15th, 1867.

Sweet May has come with blossoming buds,
And the rippling silvery notes
Are heard, high up in the leafy boughs,
From the song birds' tufted throats;
The robin's come back, from wandering far
In the sunny southland fair,
And the blue-bird pipes in merry glee
As he breathes his mountain air.

So, we've turned, with joy, our roving feet,
From the varied walks of earth,
To join in this gathering, household band,
At the place that gave us birth.
We answered with joy, your call, "Come Home,"
For our feet were tired and sore;
The road has been hard since last we left
The path that leads to your door.

There are joy gleams, bright, in every eye
As we pledge, with solemn truth,
The purest love, that our hearts can know,
To the dear home of our youth;
No blush of shame need mantle the brow
Of the man of high renown
As he turns aside, from worldly strife,
To his quiet, native town.

I look abroad, o'er the green crowned hills
And the valleys, spreading wide,
And the stern old woods, that many years
Have the storm king's power defied;
The fruitful orchards, clustering stand,
And the cherry blossoms, white,
Are sprinkling the earth with snowy leaves,
As they fall so pure and ligh.

And, scattered about, embowered with trees,
All over the goodly land,
Crowned with contentment's sweetest joys,
The homes of the farmers stand.
And my grateful heart responds with joy
To the sentiment just read,
We'll wreathe, with laurels of well earned fame,
The names of the honored dead.

We stand erect in our manhood's prime,
And our hearts, with pleasure glow,
As our thoughts turn back to days long past,
When, "two hundred" years ago,
Where our goodly town now prosperous stands
Was a forest far and wide,
And the Indian warrior roamed at will,
And the white man's power defied.

But there came, from 'cross the foaming deep,
A firm and stalwart band,
Who sought a home 'mid the dreary wilds
Of a distant, stranger land;
They fled, from tyranny's iron rule,
To the drear New England's shore
Where the white waves dashed against the rocks
With a constant sullen roar.

While the snow king wove a mantle white,
And covered the frozen ground,
The bleak winds whistled through brauches bare
With a wailing mournful sound:
And the hungry wolf roamed through the woods
With a fierce and fearful cry,
The war whoop shrill of the Indian brave
Rung out through the winter sky.

But *their* hearts changed not from their stern resolve,
Though their cheeks turned white with fear,
When the reaper Death, with cruel hand,
Gathered their loved one's dear;
In the dim old woods and meadows sweet,
Where *our* childish feet have trod,
The pilgrims found what long they had sought,
The freedom to worship God.

While the changing years passed one by one,
In their never-ceasing fight,
They brought success to the pilgrim band,
For God is with the right;
The sunlight ripened their corn and grain,
In the golden Autumn time
They gathered from off their wide spread fields
A beautiful harvest fine.

The people learned, on the Sabbath day,
The golden rule of love,
At the little church with the spire upraised
Towards the arching blue above;
They built the school house down by the hill,
Though the winds blew cold and drear,
The children came, with willing feet,
From the homesteads far and near.

And the village grew and prospered too,
Was a place of great renown,
And they sought a name worthy the fame
Of their busy, thriving town;
When the fathers gazed, with conscious pride,
On each brave and stalwart son,
They gave it a name which suited well,
The one it still bears—Men don(e).

With pleasure to-day we've turned aside
From the vexing cares and strife,
From the troubles which shadow every path
'Long the weary march of life;
Our youth days come *back* with magic power,
As we see each well-known face,
And hearts grow *light* as we gaze upon
Each well remembered place.

There are the woods, which in summer time,
Bent low o'er the rippling pond,
Where we sailed at eve for the lilies pure
To the further side beyond;
There is the hill where we coasted oft,
When the snow, so pure and white,
Covered the top and sloping sides
With a fleecy mantle light.
In those good old days, strong common sense
Was taught in the country schools,
And the young folks then knew not the power
Of dame fashion's iron rule.
The boys rose up with the morning sun,
And whistled a merry lay.
They ate their breakfast with right good will,
And off to the fields away.

They plowed and sowed, reaped and mowed,
Though rough and rocky the soil,
But the harvest fine in Autumn's time
Well paid for their hardy toil.
When Winter came with chilling blast,
And the farm work all was done,
With a willing heart and busy brain
They studied till set of sun.
Then, Dabolls' Arithmetic they conned,
Learned Murray's grammar too,
The American Preceptor read,
And Morse's geography through.

But young *America* rules to-day;
'Tis sad indeed but true,
Their wisdom exceeds, when ten years old,
Whatever their fathers knew.
They roam all night and sleep all day,
And labor, to them, is disgrace;
Their hair is curled by barbers' hand
And powdered their simple face,
With dainty gloves and their feet well pinched
To a small and high heeled boot;
Their little forms are padded and stuffed,
To fill out a fashionable suit;
They carry a cane with graceful air,
Or handle a lady's fan,
No wonder people ask as they pass
If that *thing* is called a man.

The girls were taught, in their youthful days,
To make butter and cheese;
To spin the yarn and to knit and sew
And cook a dinner with ease.
They spun and wove the flannels so soft,
And the linen pure and white,
The bedquilts warm, all quilted so firm,
Indeed were a goodly sight.

But *now* a little Latin and French
Goes into each feeble brain,
With all the "Isms" and Ologies,
And they soon fly out again.

But the ladies fair can promenade
Or join in the mazy dance,
They can gossip and simper and smile
With the ease and grace of France.

Like lilies, they neither toil nor spin,
Their hands are folded in ease,
While Solomon in his glory bright
Was never arrayed like these.

They have many a dress and robe so gay,
But weep in bitter despair,
Like "Flora McFlimsey," renowned in song,
Because they have nothing to wear.

Oh! sad are the changes time has made,
For everything now is fast,
And we pray with anxious, waiting hearts,
For the good old times that's past.

I wandered along the well known road
With an aching heart this morn,
And passed, all shaded with ancient trees,
The homestead where I was born.
The robin sang clear its notes of joy
As it sang in by-gone Mays,
But I gazed in vain for the loved ones dear
Who gladdened my boyhood's days.

The voice is hushed that tenderly soothed
Each childish trouble and pain,
And the *cradle* song with its magic power
Will never be heard again.
In sorrow's hour I have sadly felt
The loss of that mother love,
But I know the spirit, robed in white,
Roams the better land above.

I sought for the landmarks known in youth,
For each old familiar spot,
Where I often strayed in childish hours,
But alas! I found them not.
The blacksmith shop of old "Uncle Sim,"
Where I often stopped to play,
And watch the sparks from the heated iron,
Has long since passed away.
How well I remember the patient John,
His good natured face aglow,
As he stood with strong and steady arm,
Ready to strike or blow.

A little farther just around the corner
Nestled a cosy hatter's shop,
Where Mr. Stone, with a skilful craft,
Made coverings for the head.
I've watched him bowing the rabbit fur,
And making the lofty crown,
With a generous brim he formed each hat
For the staid men of the town.
Genuine hats, not shoddy or sham,
Were made in the days of yore.
For *best* they were worn full fifteen years,
For common some ten years more.
Up under the elms was the bake-house old,
Where Mr. Brackett baked our bread,
And the crackers light and buns so sweet,
With which the hungry were fed.

We are proud to-day of our noble sires,
And high on the roll of fame
Is writ, in letters of blazing light,
Many an honored name.
That of "Aldrich" stands first on the list.
George and Nathan, soldiers bold,
At Crown Point and old Ticonderoga
They fought in days of old.
Peleg the surveyor, and Jabez the postmaster,
Anson, Scammel and Quissett Luke,
And that other Luke at the turnpike gate,
Who is here to-day with a smiling face,
All free from the world's contending strife,
To welcome the children home.
Methinks the angel of health came down
And granted a new lease of life.

There was Eben and William and Major Rufus,
Who anxiously watched the fray
At the bloody battle of Bunker Hill,
When the Patriots won the day.
He saw the flames of the city rage,
And heard the pealing bell
Toll, e'er it fell, with a crashing sound,
The oppressor's funeral knell.

A numerous race were the well known Thayers,—
Allen, the merchant, Alexander, the doctor,
Over the river was Aaron, Nahum and Uncle Ben,
And Alex. and Capt. Amos;
And down by the tavern, near the Five Corners,
Were many more of the name,
Henry, Joseph, Ichabod and Nicholas
At Wat "Waterbug" Hill Uncle Robert,
At "Chestnut," Capt. Caleb and Esq. Elijah,
All eminently useful men.

In the green and shady Quissett vale
Lived the blacksmith Mr. P.,
Who toiled from morn till the set of sun
For his little family;
In those old days each man was taxed,
The minister to pay;
Whether he heard the preaching flue,
Or whether he staid away.

The blacksmith refused to pay the tax,
And they started him for jail,
He turned away with an anxious heart,
From his peaceful, quiet vale,
Before he reached his journey's end.
He met good Parson D.
The blacksmith said in sorrowing voice—
'Tis very hard for me,
To be sent to jail because I have
No money the tax to pay,
When I never came inside your church,
And never heard you pray.

But Ah! the parson blandly said,
My doors were open wide,
'Tis your own fault, nobody's to blame
That you never came inside.

But for fear your family might want,
This time the tax I'll pay,
The blacksmith thanked the generous man,
And homeward took his way.

While musing, he roamed along the road,
In the weary march he paused;
He had found a way the parson to pay,
For the trouble he had caused.
So the blacksmith made and sent a bill
Right over to Parson D.,
For shoeing his horse at sundry times,
And a good round sum charged he.

In indignation the parson came
A galloping down the hill,
And asked the blacksmith what right had he
To send to him such a bill;
For I have not been inside your door,
In your shop I never trod,
I don't undrstand the meaning of this,
For my horse you never shod.

My tools were ready, the blacksmith said,
And my doors are open wide,
'Tis no one's fault but your own, dear sir,
That you never came inside,
The parson left with a knowing air,
Nor went that way for days,
The blacksmith sung, 'tis a very poor rule
That "does not work both ways."

Our hearts are grieved as we close our lay,
And the sad tears dim our sight,
As we sing the changes time has wrought
In his onward rapid flight;
And *our* lives are drawing to a close,
And soon we shall bid farewell
To the homes made dear by memories sweet,
Where the loved and loving dwell.
Let us strive with earnest, faithful hearts,
Stern duty's call to obey,
And walk with a firm and steady tread
In the straight and narrow way.
Let us imitate with purpose firm
Our fathers' virtues of olden time,
And defy oppression's cruel power
With a courage firm and bold.
We will nobly stand for freedom and right
Till the setting of life's sun,
Till our ears shall hear the Master's voice,
Servants of God well done.

My muse is sad as I gently breathe
That sweet old word good-bye,
But we hope to meet in union sweet
In the better world on high.
At the river side, for the boatman pale,
We stand and tremblingly wait,
Loved ones will welcome who've gone before,
When we reach the pearly gate.
No sorrow or parting can sadden
In those mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Of epitaphs, serious and filled with poetry, there is none in the language more beautiful than the following, written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge a few months before his death:

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!"

Hon. James Draper of Spencer, celebrated his 90th birthday, Wednesday evening, Feb. 26th, by receiving at his family mansion a goodly number of his neighbors and friends. His descendants, though few in number considering his advanced years, were well represented.

The following lines written by Mr. Draper two days previous to his ninetieth birthday, were finely read by one of the guests. An original piece of music was sung, and all joined in "Auld Lang Syne":

EXPERIENCE OF OLD AGE.

When young and unthinking, and idle and vain,
And glowing with health void of sickness or pain;
My days glided swiftly, my heart leaped with joy,
A life filled with pleasure with nought to alloy.

But the scene was soon changed, with time's rapid flight;
When the youth's simple pleasures no longer delight;
As the world passed along, I from manhood to age,
With various employments was called to engage.

When stern duty called I was prompt to comply,
And the claims of misfortune did never deny!
Though weak and imperfect while seeking more light;
Sometimes in the wrong, while intent to be right.

Though passion might rage and at times take the rein,
Yet reason and candor soon triumphed again;
While following charity, and conquering pride,
Honor and justice were ever my guide.

Now, the world and all nature seem changed to my view,
Old scenes disappearing, and all things seem new;
As I pass through the street, or wherever I roam,
My thoughts oft revert to my once happy home.*

Sweet days of my youth! they have all passed away,
Like a fleeting bright cloud in a fair summer's day;
Old friends all departing, thus lonely my state,
May I patiently wait and submit to my fate.

*Alluding to the loss of my wife, and three of my four daughters, the youngest still living with her family in the city of New York, having no son.

FROM A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

" Love strong as death can conquer death
Through struggle made more glorious:
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
Renouncing, yet victorious.

" Arms empty of her child she lifts,
With spirit unbereaven:
' God will not take back all his gifts,
My Lily 's mine in heaven.

" ' Still mine maternal rights serene,
Not given to another!'
The crystal bars shine faint between
The souls of child and mother.

" ' Meanwhile,' the mother cries, ' content!
Our love was well divided;
Its sweetness following where she went,
Its anguish stayed where I did.

" ' Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness;
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the heaven's completeness.

" ' To us the grave, to her the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To us the silence in the house,
To her the choral singing!

" ' For her to gladden in God's view;
For us to hope and hear on;—
Grow, Lily, in thy garden new,
Beside the Rose of Sharon!

" ' Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily, clipped,
In love more calm than this is;
And may the angels, dewy-lipped,
Remind thee of our kisses!

" ' While none shall tell thee of our tears,
These human tears now falling,
Till, after a few patient years,
Our home shall take us all in:

" ' Child, father, mother, — who left out?
Not mother and not father!
And when, their dying couch about,
The natural mists shall gather,

" ' Some smiling angel close shall stand
In old Correggio's fashion,
Bringing a Lily in his hand
For death's annunciation.' "

E. B. Browning.

IN AN ATTIC.

BY MISS ELIZABETH A. C. AKERS.

This is my attic room. Sit down, my friend;
My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
The stairs are long and steep, but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood;—
Society's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and sand and windowed walls;
But here, above the dust and smoky glooms,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
Along the roofs the eldest sunbeam peep—
I live in daylight, limitless and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple leaves,
I see the breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlors with their garrulous crowds
I dwell alone, with little need of words;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep-ways, in grief and night,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height
It has not been in vain:

Since they have left behind the noise and heat—
And though their eyes drop tears, their sight is clea
The air is purer and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

LOVED ONCE.

A remarkable composition, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I class'd, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds; the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobb'd farewell, the welcome mournfuller;—
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love through eternity!
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-name,—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The Great God, changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever the "Loved once"
Dost thou say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend!
The cross and curse may rend;
But, having loved, thou lovest to the end!
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word, Love,
With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"
Say calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light?
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colors fade,
And all that is not love in me, decay'd?
Such words—Ye loved me once!

Could ye "We loved her once"
Say cold of me when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
Not so? not then—*least* then! when life is shriven,
And Death's full joy is given;—
Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!
God is too near above, the grave below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls, for saying so!
The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved once!

And yet that word of "once"
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
"We ruled once;"—idiot tongues, "we once bested;"
Cripples once danced i' the vines;—and bards approved
Were once by scornings moved!
But love strikes one hour—Love. Those *never* loved
Who dream that they loved once.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Rest.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."
Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,
And have no power to chase away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dreams again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His clouds above it saileth still
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends—dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep;
Let one most loving of you all
Say "Not a tear for her must fall,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

—*Mrs Browning.*

A Woman's Conclusion.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

"I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth.

"Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

"If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

"Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

"And if this had been, and I stood to-night
But my children, living asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

"Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

"I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, or either side.

"My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please—
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances;

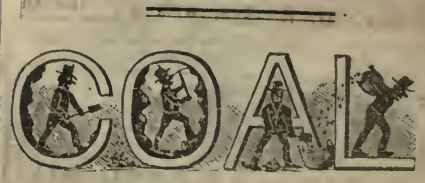
"If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

"It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

"Who knows its strength by trial will know
What strength may be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last will show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

"So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold."



The Little Doves.

[From "Carols, Hymns, and Songs," by Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.]

High on the top of an old pine tree,
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three;
Warm over them is her soft downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest;
"Coo" says the little ones, "Coo" says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one cover'd and tuck'd in tight:
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might—
"Coo" says the little ones "Coo" says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree,

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for her dinner has flown,
Quiet and gently they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again;
Then "Coo" says the little ones "Coo" says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another;
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits and gets his fill:
Then "Coo" says the little ones, "Coo" says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Wisely the mother begins, by and by,
To make her young ones learn to fly;
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink;
And "Coo" says the little ones, "Coo" says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at last draws nigh
The time when they all must say good bye!
Then "Coo" says the little ones, "Coo" says she,
And away they fly from the old pine tree.

THE SILENT BEGGAR.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. BAXTER.

Each day upon my window sill,
A little beggar sits;
'Till I, his hungry stomach fill,
And then away he flits.

I know not that he ever weeps,
And yet his eyes are red;
For I have seen him as he peeps
At me, and bows his head.

He never asks me for a crumb,
Nor says that he is cold;
And yet through wind and rain he'll come,
For hunger makes him bold.

His little feet are always bare,
And they are cold I know;
If I, some stockings had to spare,
I'd screen them from the snow.

One day a nice warm toast I made,
'Gainst Libby came from school;
And closely in a dish 'twas laid,
Well covered, lest it cool.

'Twas bitter cold, but soon appeared,
The beggar on the spot
I knew as he the window neared,
He wanted what I'd got.

I told him this was *dainty* fare,
He bowed and kept his seat;
So from the dish I took his share,
And laughed to see him eat.

When Libby came, I told her soon,
I knew her generous heart;
She said, "poor pigeon, let him come,
I'll gladly give him part."

New York, 1853

The Robins Have Come Back Again.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain,
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain;
And through my heart, at sound of these,
There comes a nameless thrill,
As sweet as odor to the rose,
Or verdure to the hill;
And all these joyous mornings
My heart pours forth this strain—
"God bless the dear old robins,
Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of Summer, of dreamy, luscious days,
Of king-cups in the meadows, making a golden haze—
A longing for the clover blooms,
For roses all aglow,
For fragrant orchards, where the bees
With droning murmurs go.
I dream of all the beauties
Of Summer's golden reign.
And sing—"God keep the robins,
Who have come back again."

TO MY BIRD IN THE SOUTH.

Come back to me, Robin; the days are so long,
The nights are so silent and drear;
There is never a note like your rapturous song
In all the wide heavens to hear.

Oh, the rare sunny mornings, the warm dewy eves,
The perfumes from gardens of bloom;
And high from his bower of tremulous leaves
My bird's last good-night through the gloom.

Now blows the dry snow from the drift's wavy peak,
And fields glitter cold to the moon,
In gusts of the night wind the icy boughs creak
And moan out a dolorous tune.

But when the red clovers grow thick in the grass,
And rosebuds are bursting again,
When musical flocks over meadow lands pass,
Oh, where will my robin be then?

Pouring wildly at casements where strangers look through,
The notes that once ravished mine ear,
And eagerly wooing, as all robins do,
New lovers for every new year.

So sing, pretty warbler, and praise whom you may;
Only haste with the spring to my tree,
And trill me a measure, for long is the day
Since Robin came singing to me.

These skies must grow warm ere your greeting be heard,
These winds flutter soft to your breast;
But a heart throbs for you in the north, little bird,
While tempests are rocking your nest.

Boston Transcript.

[From Merry's Museum for December.]

Yellow-Bird.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Yellow-bird, where did you learn that song,
Perched on the trellis where grape vines clamber
In and out, fluttering all day long,
With your golden breast bedropped with amber?

Where do you hide such a store of delight,
Oh delicate creature, tiny and slender,
Like a mellow morning sunbeam bright,
And overflowing with music tender?

You never learned it at all! The song
Springs from your heart in rich completeness:
Beautiful, blissful, clear, and strong,
Steeped in the summer's ripest sweetnes.

To think we are neighbors of yours! How fine!
Oh, what a pleasure to watch you together,
Bringing your fern-down and floss to re-line
The nest worn thin by the winter weather.

Send up your full notes, like worshipful prayers;
Yellow-bird, sing, while the summer's before you.
Little you dream, that, in spite of their cares,
Here's a whole family, proud to adore you.

MAY MORNING VISITOR.

WHEN light, in the orient breaking,
The tears of the night drives away
From the cheeks of the woodbine and rose,
And lilies their eyelids unclose
To behold the new day,
When men should be waking
And bending the knee,
I hear at my lattice "Pe-we—Pe-we!"

The singer is dressed like a Quaker,
His music is Quakerish too,
But I will not complain of his coat—
He looks well in drab—and his throat
Does the best it can do;
He is loved by his Maker
And shall be by me,
Though he only can say "Pe-we—Pe-we!"

The oriole, proud of adorning,
Makes plumage the theme of his song,
And he works at adjusting his dyes,
To please his fastidious eyes,
Nearly all the day long;
But oh! in the morning,
While he sleeps in the tree,
I hear at my lattice "Pe-we—Pe-we!"

The mocking-bird tries to be merry
About my monotonous pet;
Well, I grant he has only one tune,
But, he surely has never been known
To plagiarize yet;
Than steal songs to vary
My music, let me
Far rather sing ever "Pe-we—Pe-we!"

For the lesson that he has been teaching
I welcome my little drab friend;
He has barely one talent, but then
He is happy as though he had ten—
And this seems the end
Of his singular preaching
So early to me:
"*I praise God with all he has given*—Pe-we!"

—*Rev. Jas. Stephenson*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry,
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

—[Exchange.

The Synagogue of Swallows.

Lo, on the roofs the swallows congregate,
What time the raindrops of October patter,
And each one talks about his future fate;
And bless my soul, how merrily they chatter!

"I'm off to Memphis," are the words of one;
"A nest by azure Nile was the suggestion
Of rare old lyrical Anacreou,
Ere earth was plagued with an Egyptian question."

"Well, I'm for Athens," quoth another bird:
"Extremely pleasant is the Greek metropolis;
Dear Procne's wailings long ago it heard;
And I've a cosey nest in the Acropolis."

"I'm for Stamboul," thus twittered Number Three;
"I like the Turks, who desperately tore an
Enormous slice from Europe. Then, you see,
I'm rather heterodox, and love the Koran."

Another said, "Afar in Eastern land
Tartars would snatch old England's gold tiara;
I mean to fly straight off to Samarcand,
And watch the Russian armies through Bokhara."

"Away! away! and at your swiftest pace!
Come back, and tell what's done and who is undone,
So spake the sages of the swallow race;
"I'm tired of travel, and shall stay in London."

[*Echoes from the Clubs.*

What the Birds Said.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The birds, against the April Wind,
Flew northward, singing as they flew;
They sang: "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
We saw your march-worn children die;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs;
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sang, "the Freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new uprising States
The Treason-nurslings schlef spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long estranged and lost returned,

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening Heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed songs of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

"Accept God's gifts with resignation,
Content to lack what thou hast not:
In every lot there's consolation:
There's trouble, too, in *every* lot"

"THE STORMY PETREL."

Where the gray crag beats back the northern main,
And all around, the ever restless waves,
Like white sea-wolves, howl on the lonely sands,
Clings a low roof, close by the sounding surge.
If, in your summer rambles by the shore,
His spray-tossed cottage you may chance espy,
Enter and greet the blind old mariner.

Full sixty winters he has watched beside
The turbulent ocean, with one purpose warmed:
To rescue drowning men. And round the coast—
For so his comrades named him in his youth—
They know him as "The Stormy Petrel" still.

Once he was lightning-swift and strong; his eyes
Peered through the dark, and far discovered the wreck
Plunged on the reef. Then with bold speed he flew,
The life-boat launched, and dared the smiting rocks.

'Tis said by those long dwelling near his door,
That hundreds have been storm saved by his arm;
That never was he known to sleep, or lag
In-doors, when dangor swept the seas. His life
Was given to toil, his strength to perilous blasts.
In freezing floods when tempests hurled the deep,
And battling winds clashed in their icy caves,
Scared housewives, waking, thought of him, and said,
"'The Stormy Petrel' is abroad to-night,
And watches from the cliffs."

He could not rest
When shipwrecked forms might gasp amid the waves,
And not a cry be answered from the shore.

Now Heaven has quenched his sight; but when he hears
By his lone hearth the sullen sea-winds clang,
Or listens, in the mad, wild, drowning night,
As younger footsteps hurry o'er the beach
To pluck the sailor from his sharp-fanged death—
The old man starts, with generous impulse thrilled,
And with the natural habit of his heart,
Calls to his neighbors in a cheery tone,
Tells them he'll pilot toward the signal guns,
And then, remembering all his weight of years,
Sinks on his couch, and weeps that he is blind.

Truth, though it always lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle.—[Niebuhr.

Many of our readers will recognize in the following pathetic lines the genius of a favorite poet, (Sprague) and none can withhold their sympathy from feelings so unaffectedly delineated.

M. S. C.

I knew that we must part—day after day,
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way;
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;
Feeble and slow thy once light footstep grew,
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung;
Each sweet "Good night" fell fainter from thy tongue;
I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;—
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart,
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Mary—thou art gone!
Gone in thine innocence, meek-suffering one.
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,
In those fond watchers who around the stood,
And felt, even then, that God, even then, was good.
Like stars that struggle through the cloud of night,
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 'twere given
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven;
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,
And touched each feature with a newborn grace;
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,
And told that life's poor cares had passed away.
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, Mary—thou art dead!
On its last resting-place I laid thy head,
Then by thy coffin-side knelt down, and took
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look;
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned;
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;
Ah! then I felt that thou hadst passed away,
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay;
And then came Memory, with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long;
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee, heard thee, as in days of old;
Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,
I turned away—and felt that we had parted.

But not forever—in the silent tomb,
Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;
A little while, a few short years of pain,
And, one by one, we'll come to thee again;
The kind old father shall seek out the place,
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race;
The dear, dear mother, bent with age and grief,
Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;
Sister and brother, and that faithful friend,
True from the first and tender to the end,
All, all, in His good time, who placed us here,
To live, to love, to die and disappear,
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree;
With thee to sleep, through death's long dreamless night,
With thee rise up, and bless the morning light.

Gently Check a Child.—A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever—
Better teach it where to go.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Never put off.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done;
Begin *at once*, and *do it*.

Wishes.

Look around the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.
[Dryden, from Juvenal.

A contemporary speaks of a fashionable tailor as being one of the old war horses of the trade. A heavy charger, probably.

Boston Hymn.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the west,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and plowmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
Hireling and him that hires.

And here in a pine state house
They shall choose the men to rule
In every needful faculty,—
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun—
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
So much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim!
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him!

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races, as snow flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home in the dark.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebb'd away:
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,
Nor swayings amidst sea-weed false that mocks
The hues of garden gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's clear brow:
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry,
That not a tide might ever have swept by,
Stirring it with rude moan;
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea
Calling—'Come thou where all we glad souls be.'

O life, O silent shore,
Where we sit patient: O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more;
But little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-wing'd sea-birds in the Infinite Deep:
Till then, Thou, Father, wilt our spirits keep.

—*Miss Muloch.*

I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I can fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.
I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower—
For I am the family cat.

From the gooseberry bush,
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing,
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a choice morsel
For dinner or tea,—
And no one to blame me,
Berate me or shame me—
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeams' pale quiver,
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse
And play Jacky Horner
In the coseyest corner,
Breaking nobody's laws,
With my chin on my paws,
p with one eye and awake with the other,
ats from the children, kind words from the mother,—
For I am the family cat.

To Tommy Truant.

If you would not be a fool,
Go to school;
Learning helps to make the man;
Get instruction while you can;
Life is short—'t is but a span;
Go to school.

If you would not be a dunce,
Go at once;
There is danger in delay,
Do not stay at home to play,
Take your satchel and away;
Go at once.

If you wish to speak, take care—
Do not swear;
Swearing makes one seem so mean;
Always keep the conscience clean;
Let good morals reign supreme;
Do not swear.

If you would be happy here,
Persevere;
Straight and pleasant is the road
That leads to happiness and God;
Choose the path that Jesus trod;
Persevere.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while!

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

THE HOLY SUPPER.

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need.—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who bestows himself with h alms feeds three,—
Himself, his h ungering neighbor, and me.

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.—

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great;" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive. Two brothers were on one occasion walking together when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind. The holy St. Augustine, having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him. Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years of age, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman just entered the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately delivered him. When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue. At the siege of Leicester a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress. Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world. John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded. John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table, with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of the candlestick on the table. Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved, to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous adventures. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late to go; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he must have perished with the rest on board.

If I want to be a man and succeed in life,—do my stroke of work in this working world,—there can be no shilly-shally about beginning. I must take right hold of what is before me, no matter how humble and low the place, rather than lose time and purpose waiting for something better. I must see that no infernal idea of going nicely through the motions of work without working ever enters my heart. If I want the best I must give the best. The Master of us all, who said "My reward is with me, to give unto every man according as his work shall be," never gave any man a dollar's worth of work for ninety cents' worth of work, and he never will while the world stands. So says one who has tried him in many ways for a good bargain;—seven years in the factory, twenty-one years in the forge, and now eleven more in the most sacred work a man can ever do—the overlight of human souls.—*Robert Collyer.*

Authors and their Writings.

Mr. Saunders, the author of "Mosaics," names the following illustrations of the striking contrast that often exists between the disposition of authors and the general tone of their productions:

Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in company; and the most ascetic poet of our own day, Lord Byron, was one of the most brilliant and humorous of associates when he mingled with the world.

That singular writer, Robert Burton, is said, by Anthony Wood, to have composed his "Anatomy" in order to divert his "melancholy." So great was the demand for this book, when first published, that the bookseller is said to have acquired an estate by it. In the intervals of his labors, he was the most facetious companion in the university. When he felt a depression coming upon him, he used to relieve his melancholy by going to the foot of the bridge, and listening to the coarse ribaldry of the bargemen, which seldom failed to throw him into a fit of laughter.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by all the good things of this world. A striking contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being usually the most jocular and lively in society, and humorists in theory the most lugubrious of animals in practice.

A man of letters is often a man with two natures; one a book nature, the other a human nature. These two often clash sadly.

Homer had such an instinctive aversion to music, that it is reported he could not be prevailed upon even to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; yet tradition also asserts that he sung his own ballads.

Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

Sterne was a very selfish man; yet, as a writer, excelled in pathos and charity. At one time beating his wife, at another, wasting his sympathies over a dead donkey.

Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused in the senate of public and habitual debaucheries.

Steele wrote excellently on temperance, when he was sober.

Johnson's essays on politeness were admirable; yet his "You lie, sir!" and "You don't understand the question, sir!" were the common characteristics of his colloquies.

Young, whose gloomy fancy cast such sombre tinges on life, was in society a brisk, lively man, continually pelting his hearers with puerile puns. Mrs. Carter, fresh from the stern, dark grandeur of the "Night Thoughts," expressed her amazement at his flippancy. "Madame," said he, "there is much difference between writing and talking."

The same poet's favorite theme was the nothingness of worldly things; his favorite pursuit was rank and riches. Had Mrs. Carter noticed this incongruity, he might have added "Madame, there is much difference between writing didactic poems, and living didactic poems."

Bacon, the most comprehensive and forward-looking of modern intellects, and in feeling one of the most benevolent, was meanly and contemptibly ambitious of place; and while teaching morals, we find him taking bribes.

More, in his "Utophia," declares that no man ought to be punished for his religious belief, yet he is found to be among the active persecutors of the opponents of his own.

Rosseau with the same pen we find giving versions of the Psalms, and the most infamous of epigrams.

Another figure constructed by Vaucanson played on the Provençal shepherd's pipe, held in its left hand; and with the right beat upon a tambourine, executing the music for some 20 minutes and contra dances.

In a letter to a friend, Vaucanson thus describes an artificial duck of his own construction. In this duck will be noticed the mechanism of the viscera intended to perform the functions of eating, drinking, and digestion. The bird puts out its head, takes up the seed, and swallows it. It stands on its legs, dives, swims, drinks, dabbles with its bill, quacks and appears like a living duck in almost every respect.

These three pieces were exhibited at Paris where his receipts were enormous.

Attacked by a long and painful sickness he retained all his activity to the last moment of his life. While dangerously ill he devoted himself to his machine for making his endless chain. "Do not lose a minute," he said to his workmen; "I fear I may not live long enough to explain my idea thoroughly." Eight days later, on the 21st of November, 1782, he died at the age of 73; but before leaving this world he had the consolation of seeing his machine at work.

He kept his bed during the last 18 months of his life on account of a complication of severe diseases, and his friends desired that he should give some token of a return to religion. It was, however, with much difficulty that he was persuaded to confess. A collection of machines, a kind of conservatory of arts and trades which he had established at Paris, was placed after his death under the direction of Vandarmonde.

His eulogy as a member of the Academy of Sciences was composed by Condorcet.

VAUCANSON'S AUTOMATIC MACHINES.

Prof. Watson, in one of his interesting lectures on machinery, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after speaking of the ancient machines and of the contributions of Archimedes, Galileo, &c., gave an account of the life and extrordinary automatic machines of Vaucanson, some of which he had lately examined in Paris:

Jaques de Vaucanson was born at Grenoble, 24 Feb. 1709, of a noble family; and his taste for mechanism was developed at a very early age. His mother, a very pious lady, did not allow him any other amusement than to accompany her to the houses of ladies equally religious with herself. During their conversations, the young Vaucanson amused himself by looking through the openings in a partition at the clock placed in the adjoining room; he studied the motions and endeavored to draw the structure and understand the working of the parts, most of which were concealed; finally he seized the escapement, which he had been trying to understand for several months. From this moment all his ideas turned toward mechanics. He made a wooden clock, which kept approximately the time. He invented a child's chapel, containing little angels, which moved their wings, and automatic priests, who imitated some of the ecclesiastical gestures. At Paris he devoted himself for several years to the study of anatomy. The flute-player at the Tuileries suggested to him the idea of a statue which should play airs, and imitate the gestures of a flute-player. Vaucanson occupied himself with it during a long fit of illness, and he succeeded to such a point that he had only to put together without correction or trial the pieces which had been made by several different workmen. Terminated in 1738 this master-piece was presented to the Academy of Sciences, and excited general admiration.

This figure represents a flute-player, which was capable of performing twelve different airs on a German flute, the holes of which it opened and shut with its fingers. The figure was about 5½ feet high, placed upon a square pedestal, 4½ feet high and 3½ broad; the air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pairs of bellows, which expanded and contracted in regular succession by means of an axis of steel turned by clock-work. These bellows performed their functions without any noise, which might have discovered the manner by which the air was conveyed to the machine. The three tubes which received the air from the bellows passed into three small reservoirs in the trunk of the figure; here they united, and ascending toward the throat, formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips, adapted in some measure to perform their proper functions. Within this cavity was a small movable tongue, which by its motion at proper intervals admitted the air, or intercepted it in its passage to the flute. The fingers, lips, and tongue, derived their proper movements from a steel cylinder turned by clock work.

This was divided into 15 equal parts, which by means of pegs upon the ends of 15 different levers caused the other extremities to ascend. Seven of these levers directed the fingers, having wires and chains fixed to their ascending extremities, which being attached to the fingers made them ascend in proportion as the other extremity was pressed down by the motion of the cylinder, and vice versa; then the ascent or descent of one end of a lever produced a similar ascent or descent in the corresponding fingers, by which one of the holes of the flute was occasionally opened or stopped, as it might have been by a living performer.

Three of these levers served to regulate the ingress of the air, being so contrived as to open and shut by means of valves the three reservoirs above mentioned, so that more or less strength might be given, and a louder or softer note be produced as occasion required.

The lips were by a similar mechanism directed by four levers, one of which opened them, to give the air a freer passage, a second contracted them, a third drew them backward, and a fourth pushed them forward. The lips were projected upon that part of the flute which receives the air, and by the different motions already mentioned modified the tune in a proper manner.

The remaining lever was employed in the direction of the tongue, which it easily moved so as to shut or open the mouth of the flute. The just succession of the several motions performed by the various parts of this machine was regulated by the following simple contrivance: The extremity of the axis of the cylinder terminated on the right side by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads, each placed at a distance of a line and one half from the other. Above this screw was fixed a piece of copper, and in it a steel pivot, which falling between the threads of the screw, obliged the cylinder to follow the threads, and instead of turning directly round, it was continually pushed to one side. Hence if a lever was moved by a peg placed on the cylinder, in any one revolution, it could not be moved by the same peg in the succeeding revolution, because the peg would be moved a line and a half beyond it by the lateral motion of the cylinder. Thus by an artificial disposition of these pegs in different parts of the cylinder, the statue was made by the successive elevation of the proper levers, to exhibit all the different motions of a flute-player, to the admiration of every one who saw it.

An Art Anomaly.

The recent publication of Marshall's Portrait of Abraham Lincoln has attracted public attention to the artist of this splendid work, and an inquiry into his history, on the part of many to whom his name was unknown. Mr. Marshall is, in the highest and best sense, a self-made man, and has developed a genius so rare and peculiar, and achieved successes so unprecedented in the history of American art, that a sketch of his professional career cannot fail to be of general interest.

Mr. William Edgar Marshall is a native of New York city, and is now thirty years of age. From his seventeenth to his twentieth year he worked in a watch case manufactory, engraving the backs of watches, where he attracted the attention of Mr. Cyrus Durand, (well known in the bank-note business,) by the dexterity and neatness of his work. He was advised to try his hand at plate engraving, and Mr. Durand applied to one of the New York bank-note companies to take him and teach him the business of engraving. Mr. Durand's application failed, but so thoroughly was he convinced of young Marshall's talent that he told him to procure a photograph of Buchanan, (it was in the heat of the presidential campaign of 1856,) to take it home and engrave it on steel the best way he could. The embryo artist went at his novel work with determined energy, and with such success that in three weeks he placed the plate of his first engraving in Mr. Durand's hands.

This plate was taken to a bank-note company, and the manager, without knowing the engraver, was requested to purchase it. He demanded the price, and was told $40, which he immediately paid and accepted the plate. Encouraged by this first success, Marshall executed a similar head of Fremont, and his friend repeated the experiment upon the bank-note engravers, but advanced the price to $30, which was again promptly paid. The bank-note engravers, where Mr. Durand made his first application, were then informed, to their great amazement, that the two heads were the work of the young man whom they had declined to receive into their employ as an apprentice. They at once offered to receive him and give him a permanent situation, with a salary of $500 per annum. But it was now the young man's turn to make terms, and he declined their offers until they increased his compensation to such a sum as he considered his services to be worth. He at once took a leading position in the establishment, and found himself, without instruction, the master of a difficult and delicate, but very lucrative, profession.

But real genius is always born with wings; and Marshall soon began to aspire to higher flights. Stimulated with success and the encouragement of friends, he resolved to essay a larger and more difficult style of engraving. He selected the famous head of Washington by Stuart as his first subject. He procured a photograph of the original, and commenced his work. But as he progressed, he became dissatisfied with the results, and resolved to go to Boston and see the original painting. No sooner had he seen it, than he exclaimed, "I see I am all wrong. I have been working from light and shade. There was no color in my photograph, and I must have color to work from." Arrangements were soon made at the Boston Athnæum to transfer Mr. Marshall's atelier to that gallery; and there he engraved that magnificent plate, which is the finest copy of the great original picture which has yet been made.

His success as an engraver seemed just permanently established, when to the dismay of his friends, he suddenly announced his resolve that he would paint as well as engrave! Despite all persuasions to the contrary, he left for a time his engraver, and took up the palette and easel. How he mastered the rudimentary mysteries of the grand art no human being can explain. He took lessons from no one, but, doubtless, like the famous German artist, "evolved his camel from the depths of his own consciousness." He produced, among other pictures, a full length portrait of his friend, James Field, the celebrated publisher, which as a portrait and a work of art challenges the admiration and wonder of all who have been privileged to see it.

And now this strange genius determined to go abroad and place himself for a short time under Couture. Arriving in Paris, and finding that M. Couture did not take pupils, he studied art in the great galleries, and worked diligently at his new profession. During the winter of 1864–5, he astonished the Parisians in two ways. He painted a head of the well-known old janitor of the Louvre, and offered the portrait and his engraving of Washington to the French annual exposition of art for 1865. The merits of both works were so clearly recognized that they were accepted; and, for the first time in the history of American art, an American artist who had never been taught either to engrave or paint, was permitted to display two works, one in each department, simultaneously, in that select and exclusive exhibition.

But Marshall has a trick of excelling in everything he undertakes, and while he was enjoying his distinction as an artist, he took the Parisians by storm as the best skater in France. He attracted the Imperial notice by the extraordinary grace and skill of his performance on the ice, and was honored with an invitation to skate on the Imperial Park, in the presence of the Emperor and the Court; and there he sported with the fair Eugenie herself.

In the midst of his art-labor in Paris came the sudden news of the death of Mr. Lincoln. It fell like a thunderbolt upon the young American who had learned, long before, to revere and love that great man with all the ardent enthusiasm of his nature. His first impulse was to return to his native land for the purpose of engraving a portrait of the martyr-President. On arriving in America he at once addressed himself to this labor of love. He had seen Mr. Lincoln but once or twice; but he had studied his character, and fully appreciated the great qualities of the man. When asked by his friends what portrait he would take for his model, he promptly answered, "none! I will paint my own portrait and engrave from that." He did so. He showed his work to no one, and consulted no one until it was finished. In the year and a half that has elapsed since Mr. Lincoln's death he has painted his portrait, and engraved it upon a scale never before attempted in this style of art.

Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and other intimate associates of Mr. Lincoln, are unanimous in their declaration that this is in very truth the face of their old familiar friend. The great charm of the work is that the artist has produced a "pure line" engraving upon a most unusual scale. By this style of art there is given not only the effect of light and shade, as in an ordinary engraving, but the effect of color also. The original painting is now on exhibition at New York and is valued at $5000. Will not some of our art loving millionaires secure this gem for a Philadelphia gallery?

We have gone into a somewhat minute sketch of Mr. Marshall's career, because he may well be regarded as one of the greatest artists that America has yet produced, and because each step of his progress has been marked with all the true signs of a genius as rare as it is genuine. For a young American, without instruction, almost without models or practice, to seize with such a masterful hand those two great sister branches of art, and make himself, almost by an act of volition, famous in them both, is an anomaly hard to be accounted for. With such achievements in his yet early life, who shall venture to say what future may not be before this young American Genius?—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Nathan Read and his Inventions.

Nathan Read was born in Warren (formerly Western), Mass., in 1759, and was the son of Major Reuben Read, a revolutionary officer. He entered Harvard College in 1777, and had the valedictory at his graduation, in 1781. He taught school in Beverly and in Salem until 1783, when he was appointed tutor at Harvard. In 1787 he resigned his tutorship and began the study of medicine with Dr. Holyoke, in Salem. After a year or so, he relinquished the study of medicine and opened an apothecary's shop in Salem. And this business he relinquished in 1795, and removed to Danvers and became associated with a company for manufacturing chain cables, anchors, &c. He was afterwards a member of Congress and Judge of the Common Pleas Court, and had other honors conferred on him. He removed to Belfast, Me., in 1807, and there lived on his farm to the time of his death, in 1849, at the advanced age of nearly 90 years.

While living in Salem and Danvers Mr. Read was much occupied with inventions of various kinds, and particularly with inventions designed to make steam engines applicable to boats and locomotives; and it is claimed—and, so far as we know, proved—that he preceded all others in the invention of tubular (or multi-tubular) steam boilers and high pressure engines, which made the steam engine applicable to roads; and also applied and adapted side-wheel paddles for purposes of navigation. As early as 1788–91 Read invented and patented a tubular boiler, in everything that is essential like that which Stephenson adopted in the Rocket locomotive, in 1829, which took the Liverpool and Manchester prize of £500; and about the same time Mr. Reed applied the float-wheels to project boats and vessels, which, as applied, resembled very closely the applications of Fulton to steam navigation twelve years later, in 1801. And what is more, his models and plans and explanations were made to Stevens and others in New York, who were interested in steam navigation, as early as 1789–90, and gave stimulus and direction to their subsequent movements.

Thus it would seem, that to Nathan Read, more than to any other man, belongs the credit of having invented and applied to the steam engine what was essential to make it useful as a propelling power on railways.

An Extraordinary Invention—A Steam Man.

Mr. Zadock Deddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a man; one that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The history of this curious invention is as follows:—Six years ago Mr. Deddrick, the inventor, who is as present but 22 years of age, conceived the novel idea of constructing a man that should receive its vitality from a perpetual motion machine. The idea was based on the well-known mechanical principle that if a heavy weight be placed at the top of an upright slightly inclined from a vertical, gravitation will tend to produce a horizontal as well as vertical motion. The project was not successful. However, by observing carefully the cause of the failure, preserving and perfecting the man-form, and by substituting steam in place of the perpetual motion machine the present success was attained.

The man stands seven feet and nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body being correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workmen. He weighs five hundred pounds. Steam is generated in the body or trunk which is nothing but a three-horse power engine, like those used in our steam-fire engines. The legs which support it are complicated and wonderful. The steps are taken very naturally and quite easily. As the body is thrown forward upon the advanced foot the other is lifted from the ground by a spring and thrown forward by the steam. Each step or pace advances the body two feet and every revolution of the engine produces four paces. As the engine is capable of making more than a thousand revolutions a minute it would get over the ground, on this calculation, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. As this would be working the legs faster than would be safe on uneven ground or on Broad street cobble stones it is proposed to run the engine at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, which would walk the man at the modest speed of half a mile a minute.

The fellow is attached to a common Rockaway carriage, the shafts of which serve to support him in a vertical position. These shafts are two bars of iron, fastened in the usual manner to the front of the carriage, and are curved so as to be joined to a circular sustaining bar, which passes around the waist, like a girth, and in which the man moves so as to face in any direction. Besides these motions machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward from a vertical nearly forty-five degrees. This is done in order to enable it to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed which effectually prevent slipping. The whole affair is so firmly sustained by the shafts and has so excellent a foothold, that two men are unable to push it over, or in any way throw it down. In order to prevent the "giant" from frightening horses by its wonderful appearance, Mr. Deddrick intends to clothe it and give it as nearly as possible a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler and such parts as are unnecessarily heated will be encased in felt or woolen undergarments. Pantaloons, coat and vest, of the latest styles, are provided. Whenever the fires need coaling, which is every two or three hours, the driver stops the machine, descends from his seat, unbuttons "Daniel's" vest, opens a door, shovels in the fuel, buttons up the vest and drives on. On the back between the shoulders the steam cocks and gauges are placed. As these would cause the coat to set awkwardly, a knapsack has been provided that completely covers them. A blanket neatly rolled up and placed on top of the knapsack perfects the delusion. The face is moulded into a cheerful countenance of white enamel, which contrasts well with the dark hair and monstache. A sheet iron hat with a gauge top acts as a smoke stack.

"The cost of this "first man" is $2000, though the makers, Messrs. Deddrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without repairs, for $800. The same parties expect to contract, on the same principle, horses which will do the duty of ten or twelve ordinary animals of the same species. These, it is confidently believed, can be used alike before carriages, street cars and plows. The man now constructed can make his way without difficulty over any irregular surface whose ruts and stones are not more than nine inches below or above the level of the road.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

THE ICHNEUMON.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ICHNEUMON.

THE little animal portrayed in our engraving has sadly fallen from the rank it held of old, for in the days of the Pharaohs it was one of the sacred animals of the old Egyptians, and was served every day with bread soaked in milk, and bits of fish, fresh from the River Nile, cut in small pieces, and prepared daintily for the consecrated ichneumon. It is a pretty little creature, with fur in which are nicely blended dark chestnut brown and yellow tints, but the feet and muzzle are of a deep black. It feeds on rats, mice, plants, fowls and eggs, and is often called "Pharaoh's Rat" in Eastern countries.

Pliny relates that the crocodile, when asleep, with open jaws, is frequently assailed by the nimble little ichneumon, which darts, like a weapon, immediately down its throat, and gnaws its way out through the entrails of the prostrate creature. This ridiculous fable was very solemnly believed, and still obtains credence among the unlettered.

The ichneumon is swift, fierce and crafty in its motions; it scratches up the sand along the shores of the Nile with remarkable agility, to find the buried eggs of the crocodile, which it devours with eager appetite, and if it can surprise its enemy the crocodile in an unprotected position, it is not slow to spring at its throat, and suck out the life-blood in a moment.

Yet this stealthy little creature can be easily tamed, and will become very gentle. A friend of ours had one which she highly prized; it followed her around the house like a cat, rubbing its head against her hand, and testifying the greatest delight when caressed. It was extremely playful, and seemed to enjoy a hearty game at romps no less than the little ones of the household. Rats and mice were its mortal aversion, and not one was to be seen on the premises, so thoroughly did Master Ichneumon perform his duty. But its natural *penchant* for sucking eggs was impossible to be eradicated, and a visit to the farm-yard was sure to be followed by disastrous consequences! It was a great favorite with every one of the family until its death.

It is credibly affirmed that one of these animals, kept in the Tower of London, killed twelve full-grown rats in a single room, sixteen feet square, n less than one moment and a half. Such is their antipathy to reptiles and vermin that one of them will keep a whole neighborhood free from all such nuisances, and in the markets of the East may be seen numbers of young ichneumons, brought by the peasantry and exposed for sale for such purposes.

OUT WEST.

Mrs. Partington was on one of the up trains from Hartford, Wednesday. "Where-horse-points?" said she, in response to the shout of the conductor as the train hauled up, after crossing the river from Windsor Locks—"how should I know where the horse points? I guess you spend too much time in that 'ere new fangled eating house brake." And the old lady sunk back in the plush, with the placid consciousness of triumph.

"ANN ARBOR!" cried the conductor, looking in at the door. Mrs. Partington looked round, and seeing nobody move, she resumed her knitting. "Ann Arbor," said another voice, at the door of the rear end of the car. "Well, I declare," said the old lady, "I hope he will find her. — Can you tell me, sir," said she, reaching over the back of the seat, and speaking to a gentleman with a plush cap on, and a ticket sticking in the front of it, "who Miss Ann Arbor is? "Nein ferstan," replied he. — "Well," she continued, "I did n't mean nothing contemptible, and it would n't have cost you anything to have given a civ answer." The man looked persistently out of the window, and the cars moved on, Mrs. Partington consoling herself with the reflection that Ann Arbor must b in the other car.

THE TOMB OF THE ROTHSCHILDS, AT THE JEWISH CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE, PARIS.

The Tomb of the Rothschilds.

The tomb of the Rothschild family, at the Cemetery of Père-La-Chaise, in Paris, is adjoining that of the celebrated tragedienne Rachel. It represents a monument in the form of a chapel, of lofty proportions denoting the opulence of those for whom it is intended. On the stone that covers the vault is placed a basket of rare flowers; in a corner a low chair invites the visitor who comes to reflect in that abode of death. The tomb has been prepared to receive the last of the five sons of Meyer, of Frankfort, of whom the eldest, Nathan, died in 1836; Charles, of Naples, in 1855; Solomon, of Vienna, in the same year, during a voyage to Paris; Anselm, chief of the house at Frankfort, also died at Paris, on the 6th of December, 1855, and the Baron James de Rothschild has recently been gathered to his fathers.

Wus and Wus.

AN HONEST COUNTRYMAN'S EXPERIENCE AT THE MAIN STREET RAILROAD CROSSING.

MR. TELEGRAM—DEAR EDITOR, SUR:—I yow I don't know what to say, hut I must speek. I am two ful. I want to kno if I hev enny redres? who will pay fur my waggon, and the los of my medisen? Who is risponseble fur dangers seen, but o. to late to be avoyded? But, that you may no the hole truth, I will relait the fax as they wus on the fust day of aprel just passed.

My name is Abraham Smith. origenelly a french naim, and my wife, her name is Patience. We have lived at our present hoam for forty years, and had hoped soon to breathe our last on our native fig tre, as the poet ses,—but at present the prospeckt is doubful.

My profeshun is that of a tiller of the soil. I sell my preduce in Springfield, and to git to my custemers, I am obliged to cross the ralerode track at Mane streat, and thents I remark, that there are Strong hopes that I may not expire at my native hearth.

I was to town last week, and such was my missfortune, that I am now deprived of the propper use of my walking utensils. I was about to leeve the Citty for hoam with the following named groceries, Mrs Smith whose maden naim is Patience, two quarts of kerosene, one gallon of whiskey, (for a naber) and an Evening Telegram. As I neered the ralerode crossing, a frate trane was acros the rode, taking on a load of something, and their wus several teems wating to cross, and I at onts preceded to wate. Where uppon my coalt took frite, he backed and he forewarded, and at larst he kickt, and he kickt awful. He ruened my nabers goods, he spild my ile, he hurt my wife of now more than 41 years standing, lamed me like a very seveer attact of the rumatiz, and my waggon, is no mower the vehekle that it wus. The only thing that came out of the affra unharmed was The Telegram, and to you mister Editor, do I take my pen it hand to write these few lines, to ask what shall I doo? My reletives and friends sa it aint no use bucking aginst the boston and albany ralerode Company, and I want to no who pays for repares to my nabers goods, to the kerosene, to the waggon, to me and to her who answer to my christion name? Will it always be thuss? Is there no hoap for the fewture? Uthers there was who suffered with me, I backt into a man's teme, and ruind it. has he no resenable hoap of the future punishment in this world for the rode which caused me to back onto him? I do not ask for myself aloan, uthers wish to know. Uthers who have suffered and expect to suffer mower. I have disappointed my custermers who expect my butter, and my hens are all laing, the price of egsis faling, and here I am. Stock ackcumilating, and myself lade up, no waggon to use, no lite in the house and my naber is very thursty. I am sad at hart, I am well ni used up. Can you tell me the allternative?

If so do so. If not, let silents be your answer.

ABRAHAM SMITH.

—A Chicago lover went to visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, possibly that the fire had materially changed his condition in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor a few moments, but finally made a movement toward the door, remarking that "he guessed he'd go." "Oh!" said she, starting from a beautiful condition of semi-unconsciousness, "won't you take a chair?" "Well, I don't care if I do," was his reply, and he took the chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing, and green cover—just what he wanted.

Scientific Discourse.

BY PROFESSOR JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL.

MORAL DISCOURSE.

You will find de words o' my text in de lass claws ob de ninety-furst chapter of de Pilgrim's Progress, whar it says—

An' Simon said unto Peter, Let not dy conseience be made ob injin rubber lest it strutch dy sole into dat lake which burns wid fier an' brimstone, kian pepper an' assefedity.

You must not spose, in de fust place, dat de Simon an' Peter 'luded to in de text was de Simon an' Peter wat libed in de time when Jerusa-lam was a little willage, an' when de 'possle Noah wore swaddlin' clothes, kase it wasn't he at all. It was Simon Smock talking to he son Peter, when he lebe he fadder's manshun, in Tater-pelin alley, one mornin' on a carryin' wood speckilation. Now Pete was a bad feller, an' would lie, and take tings 'casionally wich didn't b'long to him, and de same wich my 'ply to you all; derefor, I warn you, get de tex by hart.

Dere am a grate many men in dis community dat hab injin rubber consciences, an' de most prominent ob de class am considered de lawyer—next de showman, and den de doctorman. De lawyer's concience will 'low him to strech it furder dan de rest, an' some ob dem hab nearly broke it in, too, by continnal stretchin. One ob dese days, snap it will *go*, and den good Mr. Lawyerman, 'way he go to de lake dat burn wid all dem 'grediances 'splained in de text. Dis lake, my fritened hearers, must be a mighty big one to hold all de lawyers, if no body else in de world but lawyers go dere, kase dere am seberal lawyers to ebery inhabitant throughout de State. Whar dis lake am sitewated am a puzzler to me, an' all succeeding 'stronimers dat hab libed afore my time. But I find, by what I can glean, arter burnin' seberal quantities of midnight oil, in deep and laborus research, dat it must be nie de gulf whar de walcanoes mountains am, else whar de debil do de walcanoes get up such a fire from? Why, de cat-a-kise sez dat de 'ruptions ob Mount Wociferous can be heard fur seberal days, fur seberal miles off, previus before de fire fly, an' previously arterwards. Now, do you wish to noe, you poor tremblin' sinners, wat noise dat am dats heard 'seeding from de mount? Well, I'll tell yer. It am de grones, de lamontashuns, and de smashing ob teeth ob de wicked peoples who hab let their conscience struch like injin rubber.

Dis lake, my friends, am seberal hundred miles in sarcumference, an' 'bout half dat distance round de edges. It am a hundred miles perpendicularly measured, an' no bottom hab been found to it yet dat we nose on. De Rochester knockin' spirits didn't come from dis place, else we find out all 'bout it. Dere was some wicked sailors got so nie to de top of de mountain where de 'ruption comes from once, dat next day de found demselfs broke out wid a 'ruption all ober dere bodies, which de dockter struch him consience 'fishently to pronounce de measels, and he condemd the whole proceedings as bein' *rash*. Dis dreful place am for bad colored man, as well as bad wite man, an' no matter how much you 'spize de moon-struck tribe on dis eart, you got to mix up wid dem in dat warm climate, an' no donbt many in dis extremely southern climate will be found to hab *northern* principles. An' ole Simon, noin' dis fact, he spake out to de boy Pete to warn him from de greezy road ob sin, and pint him out de rite paff to kingdom cum.

An' now, let me tell you dat a man who possesses an injin rubber conscience, and libs only to skin him brudder out ob him eye teeth, can neber be happy in dis world nor in enny oder country; his sinful follies will fall on him own head, like a slege hammer on a capet tack, and sooner or later he get smashed like egg in egg now time. De more you tuist and turn dis fac, de bigger it git, gis like snow-ball.

While Brudder Charles Weetch passes round de hat, de congregashun will please sing de useal Dncsholiday to de same good ole tune.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Mrs. Chariton's accounts were not coming out right; there was a deficit of five dollars in the treasury, and nothing to show for it; the very five dollars she was depending on to make all square with the market man, whose little bill was sure to come in next morning.

"And, of course, to-morrow's dinner will be charged in it, because I ordered it to day," said Mrs. Chariton, knitting her pretty brows; "if it wasn't for that I should have enough. O dear! Georgie, do you suppose I could have spent five dollars and not remember anything about it? When I am so particular, too! If I could only find that memorandum I made in John's office—an old envelope it was, an old yellow envelope that he handed me, and I wrote everything down upon it. I declare, Georgie, I don't believe you bear one word I say!"

A young lady was sitting in the bay window, her profile outlined against the dark pane like a head in a cameo. There was a Clytie-like droop and sadness about her there, alone and still, which all vanished as she rose in answer to Laura Chariton's appeal, and came forward to the little centre table under the chandelier.

"What a becoming dress that is, Georgie," said Mrs Chariton, dropping her pencil, "such a real old fashioned apple-green shade, cut pompadour, and trimmed with mechlin. Wear it to-morrow, dear, at dinner. But there, you make me forget my trouble. Isn't it provoking when I have tried so hard all this year to keep my accounts nicely. now just at the very end to make a blunder of five dollars? And John will laugh at my bookkeeping."

"Perhaps you spent it on the pudding," suggested her sister.

"Never, Georgie. Not when I paid for the raisins and currants the moment I got them, and all the other things are down in my list. If I could find that memorandum. I brought it home in my muff. Tuesday is the only day I am uncertain about, for I remember I went into several stores looking for the shoes for baby, and ever so many little things."

"Did you?" asked Georgie, rather absently, and toying with the silks in her sister's work-box.

"Yes, why Georgia, what a far-away look there is in your eyes. O, what a selfish sister I am to sit here worrying over my miserable accounts, and not asking you a word about yourself. Mr. Hart was here this afternoon, I know. Georgie, tell me quick, *has* anything happened?"

"Only that he asked me to marry him," said Georgie quietly meeting the wondering blue eyes that rose to hers.

"What did you tell him? O, Georgie!"

"Told him I would take a day to consider it, and he might come for his answer to morrow evening."

"A day to consider? Then it must end in your refusing him, Georgie, for if you loved him you would have answered at once. Imagine me making John wait for his answer, when he first told me he loved me!"

"You and I are different, dear, you know," said Georgie briefly, and drawing out her little gold watch, she added, "In twenty-four hours more it will all be settled one way or the other."

"But you used to be so different," remarked Mrs. Chariton. "Only last summer you felt just as I do, and what nice little talks we used to have! You liked to go out marketing with me, so you would know how to manage if you should marry a poor man, you said."

"That seems a long, long time ago," replied her sister, detaching as she spoke a tiny charm from her guard, "and as it turns out, I am not going to marry a poor man. That is, if I decide to take Mr. Hart."

"Don't for worlds accept him unless you love him!" urged Mrs. Chariton, whose own marriage had been a decided love match, and a happy one.

"But Georgiana, who had now taken a lowly seat before the fire, and was gazing into the coals, had had a very different experience. She too had loved once with all her soul, and the man she loved after paying her every attention all summer, had suddenly departed without a word, jilted her, she bitterly told herself, and now love seemed like the cruelest of mockeries. The sting was not gone yet, and in her reckless, defiant mood she had almost determined to marry Mr. Hart and be worldly. Only because that love had once been sweet, she would let it have the whole year to itself, she thought, unshared, and not till the new year finally began would she enter upon her new cold life. These were the thoughts in her heart, as she sat before the fire in rather a dreary attitude, her little hands lying listlessly on her lap, and the unshed tears gathering in her beautiful eyes.

There was the turning of a key in the front door. Mr. Chariton had come home.

"O, there's John," said the little wife hurriedly, "pray don't, Georgia, say anything about that missing five dollars."

And she began to hide her papers away in her desk, but John caught her at it.

"Cyphering as usual, little stewardess?" he said gaily. "I may see all those wonderful accounts to-morrow, mayn't I? It will be just a year since you began to be so famously systematical, Pet."

Mrs. Chariton, with crimson cheeks, shut down the desk lid, and flew about for John's dressing-gown and slippers, and thus for that evening effectually diverted his mind from the dangerous subject of accounts. Georgie, too, came brilliantly to the rescue, and commenced her usual sparring and joking with her good natured brother in law.

"O, bye the bye, Georgie," he said suddenly, "whom shall I invite to sit opposite you at table to-morrow? We ought to have some one here to eat New Year's dinner with us, and not leave a whole side of the table empty. Shall I ask Mr. Hart?"

"No, I thank you," said Georgie, making a stately bow, "I shall invite Baby to be my vis-a-vis, and fasten her up in her little high chair to eat plum pudding."

"How different it was last year," said Laura thoughtfully, "mamma was here then, and John's Uncle Gray with his two boys, and Cousin Phil."

"I wish they were here now," exclaimed John, hospitably, for he loved many friends and good cheer, especially at holiday time.

"How queer it is that Phil don't write to us! I wish we knew how he is getting along," remarked Laura. And then she got out a little frock she was embroidering, and seated herself contentedly by John, while he cut the leaves of a new magazine, and Georgiana, crossing the room to the piano, began playing a stormy bravura.

The shutters were closed, the curtains drawn, and as the New Year's eve passed softly away, the Charitons did not know how the snow clouds were filling all the sky, and how fast and thick the flakes were falling on the whitened streets and roofs.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year! The salutations went round next morning, and even Baby ecstatically shouted: "Appy Noo ceer!"

"But O, John, just *see* how it snows!" exclaimed Mrs. Chariton, as she lifted up the curtain; "it is almost up to the horses' knees, and ever so much deeper where it has drifted. Come here, Baby, and see the pretty white snow!"

When they descended to the breakfast room, there was Georgiana with a scarlet shawl hugged tightly round her shoulders, her face close to the window pane, looking out disconsolately at the falling, whirling, dancing flakes.

"Now do you suppose that postman is such a coward as to let a storm like this keep him from his rounds this morning?" was her first question as her sister entered.

"Why, what's the matter now, Georgie?" exclaimed Mr. Chariton, laughing. "One would think your whole face depended on getting a letter this morning."

"Perhaps it does," said Georgiana, turning away from the window; "It is a curious study in life how often the great things are determined by the little ones."

The breakfast hour passed away eventless. Mr Chariton mourned over the lateness of his morning paper, and Mrs. Chariton silently wondered whether the snow would keep the market-man from sending in his bill that day. It it could only be postponed till John gave her her next quarter's allowance, then her mistakes in reckoning might be so easily managed. Or if she could only find the lost memorandum! Meanwhile her sister, feeling low-spirited and utterly at odds with life, tried nevertheless to sip her coffee with an air, and to wear a brave holiday smile.

"I hope, Laura, you have made all your arrangements for dinner," said John, glancing out at the still thickening storm; "for there will be no going out of the house to-day, and I pity all wayfarers!"

"Yes, everything was sent round yesterday," replied Laura, cheerfully; "we can make believe we are a besieged city, and I think there are provisions enough to hold out as long as the storm does."

Suddenly there was the grand excitement of the postman's well known ring. "Two hours late," said Mr. Chariton, looking at his watch, and then hastened to the door for a little news from the outside world. Two letters, and the newspaper, too, for a wonder. The post-man said he had found the news-boy up to his elbows in a drift at the top of the hill, so he had offered to help him by taking all the papers for this street. The man looked like a polar bear with his shaggy coat, and hat, and beard, all white with the thick cold snow. There would be no more letters for that day, he said, for the trains were all detained, and there was no knowing when any of them would get in. The horse-cars had not run since midnight, and there were only two or three omnibuses out, on runners. Mr. Chariton come back and reported.

"Is there a letter for me?" asked Georgiana, looking at his hand.

"No, miss! but two for Laura; perhaps she will divide."

"O," exclaimed Laura, delightedly, seizing them; "a letter from mamma, and one from brother Fred! How splendid, isn't it, Georgie?"

If Georgie had hoped to find any straw to cling to in the post-man's coming, it had been in vain. *Had* she hoped for anything? She hardly knew herself; anyway, it was all over now, and she started rather aimlessly to leave the room. Laura called after her.

"Georgie, dear, would you mind staying with Baby a little while for me? Nurse is half sick, and I want to go down in the kitchen to help about dinner. She won't be much trouble, will she? If you will only keep an eye on her, and see that she is happy with her playthings. Nurse will be in the next room, and you can take your work or your reading."

"Just what I should like," said Georgie brightening. "I'll take care of her the whole morning, Laura, and you needn't be disturbed about her at all!" So away she ran up stairs to find the little blue-eyed niece who always shouted with delight at any attention from her pretty aunt Georgie.

"Deordie, Deordie!" cried the little one gleefully, springing into her arms, as soon as she entered the room, and then nurse was sent off to try and get well of her headache, and Baby and her grave young aunt began a series of glorious romps that ended only when both were thoroughly tired out.

"Tired, Tot, are you? So am I; let's have a rest!" and drawing a great rocking chair up in front of the fire, she seated herself with Baby in her lap, the big blue eyes looking dreamy and quite ready for sleep. Georgie looked steadfastly down at the innocent baby-face, while the round dimpled fingers held hers in a tight warm clasp. She had been told that the child resembled her.

"*Are* you like me, little Tot?" she said, softly, "Are you going to be like me always? Well, up as far as twenty years old, for I believe I was a happy little girl, with ever so many to love me, and I had beautiful times. Never mind when it comes to going to school, either, Tot, for Aunt Georgie loved to study and loved her teachers, and found dear, dear friends at school. Life is so splendid when you are a school-girl, Tot, so you needn't mind that. And then if you're like Aunt Georgie you'll read romances and poems, and dream of heroes. That won't hurt you, either, you darling, if you try to live a noble, womanly life with it all. But dont be like Aunt Georgie after you're twenty; no, not for worlds, Tot, for that would spoil everything!"

Baby looked up at her and smiled—a brief, uncomprehending, baby smile—and Aunt Georgie bent over her and cried a little, softly, to herself, and then went on.

"Don't be like me after you're twenty, baby, because you'll be a woman then, and some one splendid and noble will come and make you love him. But if you are like me he will go away and never care for you, and that will break your heart, little Tot, so you never can love anybody again, and then maybe you will grow reckless and wicked, and marry some one you don't care for, if you are like Aunt Georgie."

And there she fairly broke down and began to weep passionately. Her poor aching, erring heart was trying to fight its way out to peace, and she did not know how near the victory was. It was baby who helped her to conquer at last; and when, for by-and-bye, she grew calmer, and looked down at the child, now peacefully asleep, she went on with her old train of thought, mingling all sorts of fancies with it about what she thought Tot would do if she should indeed be like her Aunt Georgie. Suppose it were really so, that her own life would decide what Tot's life should be. Of course there was no truth in the fancy, but suppose it were true, and that her own hand had the power to decide Tot's future, then would she be willing to let her darling baby niece grow up to blight her woman hood by a loveless marriage? She gazed at the sweet little innocent face and shuddered at the thought. No! a thousand times no! It would be better for baby to life alone all the days of her life, without any love, and keep her soul white and pure. And if better for baby, why not better for Aunt Georgie herself? She sat there a long time, thinking earnestly, and then kissing the fair little brow, whispered softly:

"Never mind, dear, you may be like Aunt Georgia all you want to, for she means to save both of us. Life is going to be pretty hard, little Tot; but you must be brave and true, and not let any false thought stain your soul. And then, if you are very lonely you may come and live with Aunt Georgie, and whatever else we miss of, we will at least be honorable women. I will not accept Mr. Hart—I *will not* accept him, and may Heaven help me always to be a true woman!"

So she made her resolution, and won her victory; and sitting there in her quiet room, with baby asleep in her arms, many calm, peaceful thoughts came to her and refreshed her soul. She had indeed begun a new life with a new year.

Meanwhile, down stairs the others had been busy in their own ways. Mr. Chariton, after reading his paper, had betaken himself to the library to do some necessary writing, and his wife had gone down into the kitchen to help Jane in the mysteries of the New Year's dinner. The turkey was baking finely in the oven, the vegetables were all on, the jellies set, and the pudding just beginning to boil, when there was another ring at the door-bell, and Jane had to run up in the hall to answer it.

Beauty is the woman you love, whatever she may seem to others.

In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, draw them.

We must take others as we find them, not as we would have them: our identity may be as odd in their sight as theirs is to us.

A high authority says, that it is the proper thing for a gentleman, on marrying a widow before the expiration of her mourning, to put on weeds for his lamented predecessor.

Learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith.*

CANZON. *White Violet.*

Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odors, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
That plays amidst the plain.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"Thou hast prepared the light and the sun...... Thou hast made summer."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.

"Who can it be?" thought Mrs. Charlton, looking out at the unabated storm; "O, I *hope* it is not that cruel market man with his bill!"

In a moment more, Jane came back and reported that it was a gentleman all covered with snow, and muffled up, so she could not see his face, and he wished to see her master on business, so she had spoken to Mr. Charlton, and then come away directly.

"I wish you had waited to hear his name," said Mrs. Charlton; "if dinner was all ready I would go right up there."

When Mr. Charlton was called out into the hall, he would not have known his cousin Phil from the great Mogul if it had not been for the honest gray eyes, and, a moment after, the familiar voice.

"Got snowed up on the railroad," said Phil; "I have business to transact two hundred miles beyond here, but the train can't get an inch farther to-day, they say, so I thought I'd come up and make you a New Year's call, old boy!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Charlton; "we were talking about you only last night, and wishing you were here. Here! let me help you off with that overcoat—why, you're made of nothing but snow, man! Laura will be very glad—no one here but our own family, and it's lonesome to eat a big dinner by ourselves. Well, you *are* a figure! Come right into this room and get warm!"

The new comer was a stalwart young fellow, with a fine, noble face, not without its few lines of care, perhaps pain. He glanced hurriedly around the library as he entered, then seated himself comfortably before the glowing grate and began to answer John's questions about the weather and his business prospects.

"And why haven't you let us hear from you?" asked John, "I have been anxious enough to hear how you were getting along, I can tell you!"

"I supposed you had had enough of me," said the other, with an odd little laugh; "but I'm the inevitable bad penny, you see!"

An hour passed by, and it was almost dinner time. Mrs. Charlton looked proudly at her successful achievements, and then glanced at the kitchen clock.

"Now you may go set the table for dinner, Jane," she said, "while I run up stairs and change my dress. That gentleman is still in the library, isn't he? Of course John will ask him to dinner, so you may put on an extra plate."

She hastened up stairs, cast a curious glance at the heavy overcoat in the hall, and then sped on up to her own room. There was Georgie, to all appearance perfectly happy and contented, playing bo peep with Tot, who had just waked up.

"Oh, you two darlings!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton. "Now let me call nurse to take baby, and you hurry off and get dressed, dear, for dinner is almost ready, and we are going to have company after all!"

"Who?" asked Georgia in surprise.

"I don't know. Some one who came to see John, and he has been here an hour, so of course he will stay to dinner now. Isn't it exciting? Now put on your green silk, Georgie, and look beautiful, for may be it is some one perfectly splendid, a hero for you!"

In her present mood of mind, Georgie would rather have worn the dress she then had on, which was simple as possible, but "Laura would not like that," she thought, "and one must not begin by being selfish," so she compromised matters by arraying herself in black silk, with her plainest ornaments. Then, meeting Laura on the stairway, they went down together, when suddenly John Charlton threw the library door open, and there stood Cousin Phil!

Mrs. Charlton, with a little shout of delight, rushed forward to welcome him, and when he had replied to her eager greeting he looked past her at Georgie. It was as if eye met eye, and thought leaped up to answer thought, but they only bowed gravely to each other, and uttered the few words that politeness demanded, and then, half bewildered by the surprise and the sudden tumult in her heart, Georgie silently preceded him into the dining room.

"Now, Phil, what *have* you been doing?" said Laura, as soon as her husband was fairly launched in the carving of the turkey. "Has business been going wrong, or what is it makes you look ten years older than you did last summer? And why haven't you written? I think it was really unkind not to let us hear from you, even once!"

"Even once may be once too often!" said Phil, sarcastically, and then as if to atone for his disagreeable remark, he plunged into a glowing accounts of the business trips he had been making, talked of politics, the times, anything, everything except last summer and the reason he had not written. Georgia, sitting opposite to him, tried to eat her dinner in stately indifference, but succeeded only in looking very dreamy and demure as she trifled with the morsels on her plate.

Phil asked for Tot finally, and when the dessert came, she was brought down in all the glory of a new white dress and crimson sash. She was shy of him at first, but soon seemed to recognize him as an old friend, and gambolled about him like a little playful kitten.

"What a darling she is," he said admiringly, and began to search in his pockets for something to please her, finding nothing but an old carte de visite of his own; but that was joy for Tot, who doted on pictures. She seized it with a gurgle of baby delight, and made as if she would eat it up at once.

"O, don't tear it, Tot, don't tear it!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, "bring it to mamma and let her keep it for you."

"But that was not Tot's idea, and she raced up and down the room with her treasure, stopping at last on the floor in the corner by an ottoman. A home-made ottoman it was, one Mrs. Charlton had contrived herself, by nailing bright bits of carpet on an old box. Tot tipped it over and began tugging away at the carpet with great energy.

"How comical children are," said Mr. Charlton, looking after her. "Now that old ottoman is as good to her as a new country to explore would be to Dr. Livingstone. What is she doing, Laura? Hiding that picture away, upon my word!" And he hastened to stop her.

"Why, there are more things in here," he exclaimed; "it's a regular treasure house. Here's an old yellow envelope to begin with!" And with thumb and finger he drew it out from between the ottoman cover and the wood.

"O, my memorandum," cried Mrs. Charlton, running across the room to get it. "It's a list of all I bought last Tuesday, and O, I declare, if here isn't the five dollar bill I thought I had lost, tucked into the envelope. How careless in me!"

"Here's half a cookey," said Mr. Charlton, making further explorations, "and a leaf out of the primer; and what's this? A letter for you, Georgie—you must have dropped it somewhere, and Tot has hidden it away here."

"A letter for me!" exclaimed Georgie, coming forward.

"Yes, and on my word the seal isn't broken! Well, Miss Tot, this is very fine. That letter may have lain there six months, ever since the child first learned to walk. I only hope it wasn't an invitation to a party."

Georgie was reading it with dilating eyes, and a wonderful blush in her cheeks. Philip approached and glanced curiously at the envelope, postmarked four months before.

"So you never got it?" he whispered, "what would your answer have been if you had?"

For all answer she turned and clasped his hand. True love never runs smooth, and that is doubtless why unconscious little Tot, following some hidden guidance of nature, had seized the waiting letter of appeal and put it safely away, till months of delay and doubt had tried poor Georgie's heart, and proved it pure gold at last.

"Well!" said Mr. Charlton, after a brief comprehending look at the radiant pair, "this is what you call a Happy New Year, I suppose?"

And wasn't it?

Dickens on Thackeray.

A GRACEFUL AND TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the memory of William Makepeace Thackeray, by Charles Dickens, opens the February number of the *Cornhill Magazine*:

"It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother-in-arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that after these attacks he was troubled with cold shiverings 'which quite took the power of work out of him' —and that he has it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistably extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, 'because he couldn't help it,' and must talk some passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I, of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to 'come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.' He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest boy then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign. I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he had laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petitions for forgiveness, long before:

> The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
> 'I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.'

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weakness of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he never was to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in pernsing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print were, 'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christain hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:

> "'And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And, as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea;
> I thought, as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.'"

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow workers in the arts, were bowed around the tomb."

Henry Ward Beecher,

I never like to hear a man dispraise the vocation to which he is called. It is not a good and wholesome sign. Men are perpetually making mistakes in regard to their pursuits in life, and a man may perceive that if he had had an opportunity, and could have followed this or that occupation he would, as he is organized, have been more in harmony with his work; but a man might as well repine because he is not a Frenchman or an Italian, and is an Anglo-Saxon, as mourn over his lot in life. When a man is born, it is done with, and he cannot help it. You have got to be what you are. And as a man has been educated, so he must pursue life. And to murmur at his occupation, and look wistfully at something else, and spend his time thinking what he would like to do, and to cover that other pursuit with his imagination, and make fancied flowers grow upon it, and see abundant and varied fruit hanging from its boughs, while making his own business as barren and hateful as possible by associating it with dust and wet, and inexorable necessity, and, rising in the morning to say, "Must I go to work again today?" and, going home at night, to curse the day's work—that is unmanly and mean for a man that God has endowed with the many faculties of his mind on purpose that he may clothe his tasks with fancy, and plan them with variety, and fill them with blessings. I love to see some sturdy smith, or laborious mason, or carpenter, or delver in the soil, who, although he perceives that there are occupations that would have given him a larger sphere, and more agreeable results, yet honors and dignifies his vocation, and makes every man that comes after him a better man, because he has left with his pursuit an honorable name. Since the days of Benjamin Franklin, it has been easier for a man to go into the office and be a compositor than it was before. He left almost a professional element in that mechanical business. And out of type-setting have sprung more great public men, I suppose, than have sprang from any manual employment. Since the days of Roger Sherman it has been easier to be a shoemaker. Shoemakers are almost always metaphysicians. It would seem as though it had come to be a prescriptive right for them to be thoughtful men. And there have been sturdy men at the anvil who have made blacksmithing an occupation that no man need be ashamed of.

There be many persons who say, "I try to live according to the light I have; but then I do not seem to myself to be such a Christian as many who are around about me are. I do not have that generous glow of feeling that they have." It may be that you have not had so good training as they have. It may be that you are not adapted to secrete feeling as they are.

A sparrow came and sat in a tree by my window last summer, and bemoaned its fate, and I heard what it said. It said, "I have been listening to that canary bird on your porch, and I cannot sing half as well as he sings; and as I listened I felt that I was good for nothing. I have been trying to sing like him all day, and I cannot, and I do not feel as though I was anything as a songbird." I could not help laughing at the sparrow; and I said to it, "When God made you a sparrow, he wanted you to sing like a sparrow. If he had not, he would not have made your throat as he did." And my canary sings as God wanted it to sing. When God made bluebirds, he gave them one or two notes, and said, "Do the best you can with those." And when he made robins, he gave them organs adapted to the style of singing which he wanted them to do. And all living things in nature, for the most part, except my discontented sparrow, are contented with what they have.

The Discipline of Suffering.

The secret of more than half our trouble in life is, that we are attempting to shape our life for the world; and God, who loves us, is attempting to overrule that bad enginery, and to shape our life for the glory of the eternal world. When an organ is at concert-pitch, everything else has got to come up to it—and the instrument is generally at concert-pitch. Some note by and by falls away; and then, when the stop is drawn, and the scale is played, every time that note comes in it wails. Why? Because all the other notes are against it, you would think. So they are when a note is out of tune. Once have a string of a violin below pitch, and all the three other strings are fighting it. Let one note of a piano be out of tune, all the rest of the piano is at enmity with it. If one pipe of an organ is out of tune, all the rest of the organ is against it. That note wails and wails, and all the other notes are sweet-sounding. By and by, the hand of the tuner begins to bring it up; and up and up it goes, crying and whining; but the moment it touches the concert-pitch it falls in, and there is no longer any conflict of one note with the other. The moment it comes into harmony, there is no longer any "wolfing" of vibrations, no longer any turmoil. It is in tune. And the sorrows and troubles of this world are but discordant wails that men make when God takes them and attempts to bring them up into harmony by bringing them to concert-pitch.

Now and then, when I am tired, when I have worked long and wearily, and have had some experience of the attritions of man with man, and have gained some new light respecting the moral condition of imperfect and unsanctified men, I say to myself: "Well, you have worked more than the ordinary allotted period of man's life, and would it not be better for you now to withdraw and give place to younger men, and spend in an elegant leisure the declining period of your life?" It is a temptation of the devil. And when I get rested, when I get one sound night's sleep, and my nervous energy is restored again, and my system is reinvigorated, I am amazed at myself; and in the morning I flagellate the man that I knew last night.

Retire from life? I observe that trees keep all their beauty to the closing periods. How beautiful is the tree when it comes out of winter, and puts on all its delicate tints and shades of green! We then look upon the tree as though it was a new creation, and we say: "Surely, God never made anything so beautiful as these trees;" and yet when summer deepens their hues, and they have become more robust, and we see what vigor and freshness and succulency there is in them, we say: "After all, give me the summer tints. They are far better than the spring delicacies." And yet, when the October days have come, and the last part of the tree life for the year is enacted, and we see the gorgeous yellows, the rich browns, and the magnificent scarlets, we say: "There, the last is the best." And might we not take pattern from the trees? Might we not follow up our youth and manhood with fair colors and delicate tints to the end of life?

I do not think a man ought to want to rest in this world. He may desire to achieve the means of setting himself free from physical taxation. He may say: "I will relinquish, in a measure, this, that I may transfer my activity to other spheres." That, it is proper for a man to do. But for a man to retire from life and society after he has been an active force therein, and filled his sphere with usefulness, and seen the fruits of his labor multiplied at his hand, and known the satisfaction of well-spent years—nature itself rebukes it. But many a man, at the age of forty-five or fifty years, says to himself: "I am worth five hundred thousand dollars, and what a fool I am to work any longer! I am going to buy me an estate in the country, and be a gentleman." He buys him an estate, and undertakes to be a gentleman; but a man who has nothing to do is no gentleman. He goes into the country, and learns how to gape, and learns how to wish he knew what to do. He goes into the country in order to take the cars every morning and come to the city every day to see what is going on. And he soon discovers that he has made a mistake, and says: "What a fool I was! I thought I was unhappy, but I see that I was not." And he becomes discontented, and before two years have gone he sells his country place for fifty per cent less than he gave, and goes back to the city and enters into a new partnership, and says, "I have learned that a man had better not give up business so long as he is able to attend to it." He could, I think, have learned it without going through that practice. A man ought not to be obliged to stumble upon every evil of life in order to find it out. Something ought to be learned from other people's blunders. There are enough of them.

The same is true in regard to aged persons. No mistake, I think, can be greater than that which unclasps the harness and takes off the occupations of men when they come to be old. Do not ever sell your home and go to live with your children. Take my advice. Do not suffer yourself, if you have been in a primary situation, to go into a secondary one. Of all things in this world, do not, when you get to be sixty years of age, give up a regular occupation. Do not permit yourself to be cheated out of it. Hold to your business. That has a definite aim, and will tax your hope and fear, and will lay responsibilities on you, and you will be better off for it. If any part of life needs labor, it is the latest. Nothing wears out a man who has been active sixty years like nothing to do. It scours like emery. It may polish, but it takes off the substance, and will wear through soon. It is no good fortune to be set free from industry in the later years of life. No man should abandon his position and throw off his responsibility, and seek happiness in release from activity and industry. And no one should believe one word of that poetry which talks about the rosy bowers of retirement, about elegant leisure, and about a man standing in a serene old age, as the sun on the horizon casting back his great round golden beams in his declining movements. The sun does not stand still. It keeps travelling, though it does not seem to move. And a man should never stand still. No man should ever seek happiness except through proper, systematic, well-directed activity in life.

When two souls come together, and unite with each other, no one has a right to meddle with them, to know their most blessed intercourse, or to interpret their thoughts to each other. They are to be let alone. And when a soul goes up in the enthusiasm of its affianced love to unite to Jesus Christ, shall its trust be respected? Shall anything separate it from him? No, nothing. It is God that surrounds us; it is the eternal Father that rejoices in us; and at no time does he rejoice in us more than when we are giving our life and our being to Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Now, when Pharaoh is said to have been hardened, I do not understand that God hardened him in any other sense than that in which he makes drunkards. He hardened Pharaoh only in the sense in which he makes liars. He created every man so that he might become a liar or a drunkard. He gave him the power to do so. And in the Hebrew phraseology they were accustomed to say that every thing that happened from natural law happened from God. God is said to make the grass grow; but he only made the fundamental laws of nature according to which grass grows. God is said to thunder; but he only made the conditions out of which thunder proceeds. And when it is said that he hardened a man, it is only meant that he created such laws that under certain circumstances the man should harden himself. He gave him power to do it. And when it is said that he hardened Pharaoh's heart, the only interpretation that can be fairly given of it is this: that, when Pharaoh was made, he was made like you, or me, or any other person, with power to go right or wrong.

Well, how would God glorify himself in his going right or wrong? In that whenever a man that occupies an eminent position violates a known command, and suffers for it, God vindicates natural law and vindicates moral law by making the suffering stand out as a warning against transgression. He punished Pharaoh because he violated his laws; and so, and only so, does God glorify himself when he punishes sin and crime. A man in a few years wastes the spring and fountain of his whole life; and when he is thirty years old he is eighty, and he walks about decrepit, inane, almost idiotic; and men say, "See the witness of God against draining, wasting, rotting vices." Law is justified, law is honored when a man suffers for vice and crime. No man feels that there is any wrong in this. And only in that sense is it true that God glorified himself in Pharaoh—namely, in the sense of putting him in a situation where, if he had pleased, he might have been gentle, humane, just; but where, instead of that, he made himself proud, unjust, haughty. And penalty for wrong-doing is a token of the wisdom of God's administration as much as the giving of rewards for right-doing.

God stands central among all his creatures, and holds them in platoons, and companies, and regiments, by the laws that he has established. Not only is he in vital and everlasting sympathy with, but he is in absolute and perpetual control of, everything that he has created. He says to all things, "Go," and they go; and "Come," and they come. There is not a season with its bounty that he has not something to do with, as you have something to do with the food, the dress, and the education of your child, and with attending to whatever he needs to have done. Do not you take care of your child? Suppose the cook should say, "I prepare the child's victuals, and I take care of him;" and the tailor should say, "I make his clothes, and I take care of him;" and the servant should say, "I wash him and comb him, and I take care of him;" and the schoolmaster should say, "I teach him, and I take care of him;" and the neighbors should say, "We whip him, and administer discipline to him when he steals our fruit, and we take care of him." It would appear from such claims as these that the parent was nothing, and that the cooks, and tailors, and servants, and schoolmasters, and meddlesome neighbors, were everything in the taking care of the child. But who gave the cook the chance to prepare the child's victuals? Who appointed the tailor to make his clothes? Who directed the servant to wash and comb him? Who sent him to the schoolmaster to be taught? The parent not only takes care of the child, but suffers all these persons to become auxiliary to him in the work. He multiplies himself by as many agents as he can control, and centres them on the child's welfare.

And so it is in respect to the mighty forces of nature. God says to light, "Go forth and illumine the universe." He says to electricity. "Be thou a power through nature." He commands each one of the agencies that he has called into being to aid in carrying out his purposes. And with one accord they obey. Mountains, and fields, and rivers, and clouds, and dews, and rains, are God's servants and messengers; and they take his will and perform it.

☞ We were much struck with the love of flowers manifested by the English laboring classes. In no other places did we see finer plants of geranium, finer fuschias, than in the windows of laborers' cottages. We often stopped to admire the vigor, cleanliness, and brilliancy of bloom of the half-dozen plants standing on the windowledge of poor, shattered houses, without another attraction apparent within or without. These glorious flowers were the only visible links which connected these rude children of toil with refinement and beauty. It is well known to horticulturists that the finest prize flowers at the shows in England often are those sent by the workingmen in manufacturing districts. A small allotment of land gives them opportunity. It is not food for the mouth that they most eagerly seek. There is a higher appetite. At the expense, if need be, of bodily comfort, they rear flowers in earnest rivalry with one another, and are redeemed from many of the curses of toil by being ordained humble priests of the garden.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Henry Ward Beech returns the handsome sum of $88,248 as his personal income for 1867. The profits of Norwood are included no doubt.

INSECT SHREWDNESS.—Last week I mentioned some instances of the shrewdness of animals of the larger kind. But I have noticed in the most insignificant insects a like cunning. If there is one creature that seems simple, aimless, thoughtless, it is a fly—the common house-fly. That it is a vexation and a pest in hot days in July and August all know. But its life seems to consist in tasting everything within its reach, in whirling about in the air in a kind of loose dancing, and in tickling people's faces and hands. But, more attentively watched, one will find traces of mind-qualities even in house-flies.

Curiosity is a very strong feeling with flies. A strange person coming into the room is at once an object of notice. It is probable that in a quarter of an hour every fly in the room has approached the new-comer, and crept over his clothes. Let any new object be brought into the room, and placed conspicuously—a box, a new dress, or any shining object—and in a moment it will be found that a stream of flies begins to set in toward it, until its novelty is worn off.

Flies are very cunning in eluding attempts to to drive them from the room. If a door be set wide open, and two persons with towels, or newspapers, or better yet, large fly-whisks made of paper like a cat o'-nine-tails, begin at the back part of the room and drive in concert, the fly can be managed like a flock of sheep. Once or twice gone over, and the room will be measurably free from their annoyance. But some will always be left. A dozen or two will duck under or shoot over your whisks, and defy your driving. I have so often undertaken to clear a bed-room so that not a single fly should remain, that I have had much observation of the shrewdness of this insect. One fly is as bad as a hundred when a man wants a quiet nap after dinner. If you exile ninety-nine, and leave the one hundredth, just so sure as you are on the very point of dropping asleep, in that most delectable moment, when the rapture of the disembodied state is more keenly felt than in any other state this side of actual dying, the very fly that had reserved himself for the occasion, issues from behind the head-board, and alights with a congratulatory hum upon your cheek, and turns your paradise into a vexation.

How often have I raised up in wrath bent upon vengeance! But, the fly has disappeared. I search vainly. I sit perfectly still, thinking that he will re-appear in the stillness to explore. Not he! As well as I do, he knows that I am watching. If at length I find him on the looking-glass up in the very corner, I dare not strike very hard with my towel for fear of breaking the glass. He had calculated that. Away he goes, in a rejoicing whirl, now before me, now behind, overhead, on the floor, with enough buzzing to furnish a whole band of flies with music! Then, suddenly, all is still. He cannot be found. I look everywhere. The room is small. Practice has made me acquainted with his hiding-places. In none of them can he be found. At length I lie down, hoping that he has darted out through the slats of the blinds,—I am quiet. My thoughts recall the pleasant scenes of life. A soft mist is rising, and I seem undulating upon its airy billows. Just then, with a delighted whack, as of a familiar friend long absent and sure of his welcome, comes back my fly!

This time I trace him. The clothes-press door is ajar. He steals in there and lies hidden. On another occasion one has crept behind a picture-frame. As good luck would have it, a spider had arranged a pretty little surprise for him, and I had the wicked satisfaction of hearing the sinner buzz out a dying confession of his sins. Not half were told, I'll warrant. Blessings on spiders!

But while, against particular flies, on special occasions, I entertain a spite, I am bound to confess that I place this creature much higher in the scale of intelligence than most people seem to do, or than I did myself before I measured my shrewdness against its, and found myself so often outwitted.

If we had the means of closely watching the small fry of creation we should discover in them not simply blind instinct, but traces of reason as well. From the brain of a man a silver thread runs down through the animal kingdom to a very low point, uniting all creatures by their common bond. Whether in the upward scale, the same line rises through superior intelligences and connects the animal creation with the great Head of All Things, no one can doubt who reads and believes in the words of the Psalmist, who, everywhere and often, unites together the whole creation around its common life in the Creator.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

HOW PEOPLE GIVE. Some men will give a dollar and put so much heart into it that it will be worth more than a thousand dollars from another. Some men will give, but it is as when miners blast out gold-bearing quartz—you have to drill and drill till you can effect a lodgment, and then put in good motives like powder, and then off at last goes the explosion, and you are almost covered by rocks which they fire at you. This giving is not what the Bible requires. It is not enough for our Father in Heaven that we are generous in giving. We must wreath our charities about with beauty. [H. W. Beecher.

Good and Bad Luck.

"I may here as well as any where impart the secret of *good* and *bad luck*. There are men, who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others. One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults, of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck,—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

It is trite, that "Men do not know how to value health till they lose it." It is also the same with wealth. No man that has it appreciates it half so much as when he has lost it. And it might be well for those that are blessed with comfort, if once in a while they were brought to a violent shock, and looked over into the *crevasse* of bankruptcy. It is well for men's very enjoyment of wealth that it shall seem to take to itself wings and fly away, for then riches are very rich, and treasure is very treasurable when you seem about to lose it. So long as we are getting it, so long as we have it, so long as we are increasing it, we undervalue it. It is not what we have got—it is the more that we mean to have, that we set our heart upon. It is not so much wealth, as it is the avarice of wealth that is corroding the soul. Ah, if God would but make our bag with holes, that our wealth might be distributed along the road and that we might not discover it until the half was gone, the half would be above the whole in the power of producing pleasure.

LIFE BY DEATH. An oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall; it holds fast and grows, seemingly alone. What is the use of all this sturdiness, this strength, to itself? Why am I to stand here, of no use? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks. No herds can lie down under my shadow. I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves. I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak—good for nothing. While he yet spake, the axe was hewing its base. It died in sadness, saying, as it fell—"Many ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By-and-by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world; other parts form keel and rib of merchantmen; and having defied mountain storms, it now equally resists the thunder of the waves, and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of age. Thus the tree in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning, of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to posts of temples and dwellings.

It held upon its surface the soft feet of children, and tottering, frail patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle, and swayed the crippled limbs of age by the chimney-corner, and heard secure within the roar of those old unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally useful, and did by its death what it could never do by its life. For so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless. But when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began! [Henry Ward Beecher.

SELF EXAMINATION.

There are a great many persons who examine themselves for motives—which is right; but how many persons examine themselves in the matter of speech? Do you know what your habits are about talking? Do you talk a great deal too much? Do you say a great many things heedlessly? Do you indulge a great deal in outswelling words of pride? Are your words like sparks of fire, or are they like drops of oil? Do you make life sweet with your tongue wherever you go, or is your tongue like the tongue of a serpent, carrying terror whenever your mouth opens and it comes forth? How often do you think of your speech? Do you know anything about it? I venture to say that every person in your neighborhood knows more about it than you do. If you were to sit down and write your opinion as to what you do with your tongue, and carry it to people that know you, they would be respectful to you while you were present, but the moment you were gone, and the door was shut, they would say to each other, "See here; that is what he thinks he does with his tongue!" and they would laugh at your expense. Your wife knows you; your brothers and sisters know you; your servants, that you think you are so superior to, know you, and take you to pieces, and talk about you every day; people above you and beneath you know you; and you are the only fool that does not know anything about you.

When we set about examining ourselves, we say, "It is necessary that I should examine my motives." So we push our head into what is called metaphysics. We look into our soul; and it is as though we put our head into a dark closet, where there is nothing. It seems very dark there, and it is very dark there; and yet we persist in looking there. But these things that we might know something about: these things that are all the time orbing themselves into facts; these speeches that we make, morning and noon and night—how many of us ever take any notice of them? Did you ever think what a volume your talk would make if it were printed? If everything that some persons say in a single day were printed, what a volume it would make! and if all they say in a year were printed, what a library it would make! I pity the man that should have to read the one or the other. And yet, all their sayings, from day to day, and from year to year, are flying in every direction, producing their effects upon those on whom they fall. The exaggerations, the overcolorings, the misrepresentations, the lies (for we all lie continually) which escape us when we are speaking about ourselves, about our children, about our families, about our property, about our neighbors, about everything that we have to do with—what must be their influence upon the world? Still, how few there are that know anything about the use of their tongue, which is for ever on the move? A man might as well undertake to keep an account of what goes out of his chimney of smoke and gas and cinders, as to keep an account of what goes out of his mouth of wondrous influences for life or for death. How important it is then that we should examine ourselves in the matter of speech.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Oh! to hear men talk! "Sir, I have not always been as you see me now. I have been in better circumstances." Perhaps so; but I don't consider, madam, that you were in better circumstances because you once wore silk, and now you wear calico. I don't consider that you were in better circumstances, necessarily, because once you lived in a fine house, and now you live in rooms that are let. Good circumstances I always interpret from the inside, and not from the outside. I do not disregard, my friend—I would not undervalue these material forces, but I say that a man that is rich and does not understand how to use riches, is not blessed by them. Pride and vanity, dressed in silk, is not half so prosperous as neatness and gentleness dressed in the plainest—yea, in sack-cloth. I have many persons that tell me—"Once I was in better circumstances." No you were not in better circumstances. Gay you were and giddy, but not self-helping. Life was all to you as a flight of butterflies. Life meant nothing—neither was it deep, nor high, nor wide, nor noble, nor pure. And God took from you the sight of your eyes, and the desire of your heart, and the world grew wide, and the heaven grew higher to your trouble that never was high to your joy, and when wealth left you grace came. Then you began not only to know what was the worth of self, but what was the worth of life itself.

Ode for the Burial of Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

Abraham Lincoln

ASSASSINATED GOOD FRIDAY, 1865.

"*Forgive them, for they know not what they do!*"
He said, and so went shriven to his fate—
Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.
Even while he spoke the slayer lay in wait,
And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.
Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
Have murdered MERCY. Now alone shall stand
Blind JUSTICE, with the sword unsheathed she wore.
Hark, from the eastern to the western strand
The swelling thunder of the people's roar:
What words they murmur—FETTER NOT HER HAND!
SO LET IT SMITE, SUCH DEEDS SHALL BE NO MORE!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

April 15, 1865.—*Tribune.*

No man should ever be elected Vice President who is not in all respects worthy and qualified to discharge the duties of the higher office. And no man should ever be nominated for that office by the republican party because it is hoped that he may bring to it some new element or influence which does not legitimately belong to it Had we adhered to this rule in the Baltimore convention, Abraham Lincoln would to day be living or Hannibal Hamlin would be President of the United States.

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

While celebrating the fall of Richmond and the capture of Lee and his army, we did not believe greater news possible; but greater news,—or, at any rate, news that more profoundly moved the whole nation,—came last Friday night. We believed that the slave power and its malignant horde of barbarians had exhibited the whole extent of their capacity for crime; but, though already a loathing to civilization and an astonishment to devils, they have added a still more horrible illustration of their depravity. The only event in history that can even be thought of as a parallel to the assassination of President Lincoln is the assassination of William Prince of Orange, who was shot July 10, 1584, by a creature of the most cruel and horrible barbarism of that day.

No purer or truer man than Abraham Lincoln has ever lived. In all the land there was not a more earnest, devoted, and incorruptible patriot; and it has been well said that a tenderer and nobler spirit never put down a rebellion. He had earned the love and reverence of all true friends of this republic; and they were given to him in the largest measure. No president of the United States was ever called to a work so great, trying, and responsible, as that which he has done so nobly during the last four years. He lived to see the power of the rebellion broken, and to hail the dawn of peace. His work is now finished; his fame is secure; and not only the people of this nation, but good and true men everywhere will keep his memory green through all coming time. His character and his administration of the presidential office will be among the most attractive themes of the historian, and brighten with a pure and steady light some of the noblest and most exciting pages in our history.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

WAR DEPARTMENT, April 15—1.30 A. M.

Major General Dix:

This evening at about 9.30 P. M., at Ford's Theatre, the President while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln Mrs. Harris and Major Rathbone, was shot by an assassin, who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President.

The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger, or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theatre.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head, and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal.

Death of the President.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 11 o'clock.—The Star extra, says at twenty minutes past seven o'clock the president breathed his last closing his eyes as of falling to sleep, and his countenance assuming an expression of perfect serenity. There were no indications of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether. Rev. Dr. Gurley immediately on ite being ascertained, that life was extinct, knelt at the bedside and offered an impressive prayer which was responded to by all present. Dr. Gurley then proceeded to the front parlor where Mrs Lincoln, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Ers- John Hay, the private secretary and others were waiting, where he again offered a prayer for the consolation of the family. The following minutes taken by Dr. Abbott, show the condition of the late presidsnt throughout the night—12 o'clock pulse, 11-05, 45 and growing weaker, 11 15 42. 11-20 pulse 45, respiration 27 to 20. 11-25 pulse 42. 21-30 48 and full, 11 40 45, 11-45 45 respiration 22, 12 pulse 48, respiration 22, 12-15 48 respiration 21. Echmos of both eyes 12 30 45, 12 32 60, 12-35 66, 12 40 69, right rpe much swollea and echmos, 12-45 70, e2-55 80, and a struggling motion of the arms, 1 o'clock 86 respiration 30, 1-30 95 and appearing easier, 1-45 95 very quiet, respiration irregular, Mrs Lincoln present. Seven o'clock symptons of immediat dissolution 7 22 death.

Surrounding the death bed of the president, were Sec'ys Stanton, Welles, Usher, Att'y Gen. Speed, Post master general Dennison, M B Field, Ass't Sec'y of the Treasury, Judge Otto, Ase't Sec'y of the Interior.

Gen. Halleck, Gen. Meigs, Senator Sumner, R. F. Andrews of New York, Gen. Todd of Decotah, John Hays, private secretary, Gov. Oglesby of Illinois, Gen. Farnsworth, Mrs. and Miss Kenney, Mrs. Harris, Capt Robert Lincoln, son of the President, and Doctors E. W. Abbott, R. K. Stone, B. D Gatch, Neal Hall and Mr. Lieberman. Secretary McCulloch remained with the President until about 5 o'clock and Chief Justice Chase after several hours attendance during the night, returned early this morning.

MOURNING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. Dispatches from every part of the Union indicate that the shocking news of the assassination of the president created the most profoud indignation and grief. In every city business was totally suspended on Saturday, and never was mourning so general or more heartfelt. We have received a host of dispatches from cities and villages all the way from Maine to San Francisco, and everywhere the buildings were hung with black, the bells were tolled, and the flags hung in distress. In several instances well known secessionists were roughly handled.

1865.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The most exciting week ever known in this country is now closed, and we may be said to enter upon a new era from this time. President Lincoln's death took place on the morning of the 15th, 7h. 48m., Boston time, which is the same as 7h. 22m., Washington time. We held to the hope to the last moment that his wound was not mortal, for we had seen so many Washington despatches turn out the grossest of exaggerations, that we supposed those that appeared on the morning of the 15th might be of the number, but the assassin had done his wicked work too thoroughly, and the President was the same as dead from the moment that the ball entered his brain. A more wicked, foolish case of assassination than this is not to be found in history,—and history is full of acts of assassination, some of which the world has agreed to praise, tyrant-killing and regicide being very laudable pursuits in the estimation of many persons. It is to be feared that the common way of looking at the action of Harmodius and Aristogiton, Brutus and Cassius, and other immortal tyrannicides, has had much to do with bringing about that state of opinion which has made President-killing possible. If young men are constantly told how noble it was to kill such men as were considered tyrants by parties or individuals, the danger is that they will come to the conclusion that it is their duty to kill public men whom they hold to be tyrants, no matter how free from tyrannical action the lives of such men may be. "The tyrant Lincoln" is what our departed President was almost universally called by the secessionists, and copperhead journals in the North have daily charged him with the destruction of the Constitution, with disregarding all human rights, and, generally, with such conduct as marked the lives of those Hellenic tyrants, who held positions so striking in that classical literature on which the youth of most Christian nations are nursed. Can it be matter of surprise that some of the Southern hot-heads should have brooded over these charges against the late Chief of the land, until they came to the conclusion that they would immortalize themselves by taking that life which was so valuable to us, and which had been so ordered as to bring destruction to the cause of the rebellion? Yet there never lived a man who had given less cause to be regarded as a tyrant than President Lincoln. His only fault was that he was too kind-hearted, too mild and sweet-tempered to deal with a perverse and rebellious generation. Had he had, in his disposition, the least taint of the tyrannical element, he would have been alive at this moment, and would have lived to place his feet on the neck of all his enemies, who are likewise the enemies of the country. But he had a most rare aversion to the giving of pain. There was no gall in his composition. If even a chance word disconcerted the person with whom he was conversing, he was prompt with apologies, and sought to restore good feeling. We do not believe his equal in kindness is to be found historically mentioned; and his desire to effect the restoration of the rebels without punishing any of them stands in striking contrast with the conduct of all monarchs who have been assailed by powerful rebels. He entertained not a particle of personal malice toward the rebel chiefs, though they had abused him in the most odious manner. What renders his readiness to award forgiveness all the more remarkable is the circumstance that they rebelled wantonly, and made of his constitutional election to the Presidency a pretence for rebellion, though he had given them no cause for such action, and never meant to give them any. No,—Abraham Lincoln was no tyrant; he was as much unlike a tyrant as it is possible for a man to be; and it was because he was conscious of his own good intentions, and of his labors to carry them out, and therefore could not believe he had personal enemies even among the worst of the rebels, that he fell in the noon of his career, at the very moment when he had every reason for supposing that his great object was about to be realized, and that he should close his public life in peace, the beloved chief-magistrate of a united people. Had he been a hard, selfish man, he would have been more thoughtful of himself, and we never should have been forced to add his name to the list of rulers who have fallen by the hand of the assassin.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

THE FUNERAL DAY OF LINCOLN.

Yesterday was the most solemn day Washington ever saw. I have seen and conversed with many citizens who were here and witnessed the funeral of Harrison, Tyler, Clay, and Calhoun, and they say that there was never anything like the solemnity of feeling and the depth of sorrow felt here yesterday in all circles. It has been like a personal sorrow. Hundreds of families have mourned as if they had lost one of their own number. The sorrow has been (and still is) all absorbing and bordering on frenzy. During the funeral services yesterday rugged men—men of iron mould and temperament—wept like children.

BUSINESS AT THE CAPITAL.

To-day thousands of people who were unable on Monday to see the remains of the late President have crowded to the rotunda of the Capitol where they rest. Since last Friday no business has been publicly transacted in this city. The shutters of business places have been constantly up, and though to-day there is a general resumption of business, yet a dreadful gloom rests upon the city and upon the face of almost [illegible]

President Lincoln's funeral took place on Wednesday last, April 19th, being the fourth anniversary of the attack made on the forces of the United States at Baltimore, in 1861,—an attack, be it said in passing, made in the same spirit that led Booth to murder our patriotic President,—the nineteenth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, which was the beginning of the American Revolutionary War; and the 176th anniversary of the overthrow of the Stuart government in Massachusetts. It is a memorable day in American annals, and so it ever must be. Mr. Lincoln is to be buried at Springfield, in the soil of that State which gave him to the nation, and which he loved so well. Not one of our Presidents, we believe, has found at Washington the place of his last and long repose. That town is so associated with the idea of trouble, turbulence, and turmoil, that it is impossible to think of it in connection with "the Great Principle of Rest." Washington sleeps at Mount Vernon, John Adams at Quincy, Jefferson at Monticello, Madison at Montpelier, Monroe at Richmond, John Quincy Adams at Quincy, Jackson at the Hermitage, Van Buren at Kinderhook, Harrison on the banks of the Ohio, Tyler at Richmond, Polk at Nashville, and Taylor in Louisiana. The late President is deeply and sincerely mourned, and the national loss is great, but the gain to him is greater. Few men have been better prepared for the great audit than he was. He was full of charity for all men, and sought to promote peace on earth, and was at the very time he died deeply and anxiously engaged, in plans having for their sole end the restoration of the rebels to their old position as citizens. Man never so nearly approaches to the Deity as when he is engaged in works of generosity and mercy, and Mr. Lincoln's whole soul, his whole mind, his whole heart, were bent upon the inauguration of a generous and merciful policy toward the very men who had behaved most ungenerously and unmercifully toward him, and compelled him, what he most disliked, to shed blood and to take life. We may doubt whether he was altogether right in allowing himself to be so very strongly borne in the direction of generosity and mercy; but assuredly the fact that he did so lean on the side of extreme kindness is evidence that he was fit to die. As the funereal clouds settled down upon him, and the tread of the coming assassin may have fallen on his ear, he was thinking only how he could best do good to his enemies, the best proof of Christian excellence that man can give, and which is, we fear, seldom afforded even by very good Christians. Thus he may be said to have fallen ripely, in the autumn of life, and not untimely. We think, too, that he died in good time for his comfort and his fame. It is useless to deny that many of the most zealous of his friends looked with strong aversion on the mild course which he had resolved to pursue; and as he was determined to carry out his ideas,—for his strength was irresistibly great,—it is altogether probable that he would have lost half the supporters he had, and have become the object of fierce denunciation from many who now mourn his death, and who will ever hold him in affectionate remembrance, as a great and good man, who had wrought wonderful things for his country and for the world. We may assume that his work was done, and that his turn had come to rest. What is yet to be done probably requires a sterner man to do it, in order that the good which he did may not be lost. His place in history is made secure, and the bullet of the assassin, cruelly and wickedly as it was directed against the life of an exalted and most excellent man, probably prevented his crown of triumph from being converted into a crown of thorns.

At 10 minutes past 12 o'clock, amidst profound silence, the Rev. Dr. Gurley approached the head of the catafalque and announced the order of the religious exercises, when Dr. Hall, Episcopalian, read the sublime and touching Episcopal burial services, commencing with the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," and ending with "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." He followed this with a subdued and reverent reading of the last half of chapter 15 of 1st Corinthians, the words of St. Paul.

Bishop Simpson's Prayer.

The prayer by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was extremely solemn and affecting. In the course of it he said:

In the hands of God were the issues of life and death,—our sins had called for His wrath to descend upon us as individuals and as a community,—for the sake of our blessed Redeemer, forgiveness was asked for all our transgressions and that all our iniquities might be washed away. While we bow under this sad bereavement, which caused wide-spread gloom not only in this circle, but over the entire land, an invocation was made that all might submit to God's holy will.

Thanks were returned for the gift of such a man as our Heavenly Father had just taken from us, and for the many virtues which distinguished all his transactions, for integrity, honesty, and transparency of character bestowed upon him, and for having given him counsellors to guide our nation through periods of unprecedented sorrow. He was permitted to live to behold the breaking of the clouds which overhung our national sky and disintegration of the rebellion. Going up the mount he beheld the land of promise with its beauty and happiness and the glorious destiny reserved for us as a nation.

Thanks were also returned that his arm was strengthened and wisdom and firmness given his heart to pen a declaration of emancipation, by which were broken chains of millions of the human race. God be thanked that the assassin who struck down the Chief Magistrate had not a hand to again bind the suffering and oppressed. The name of the beloved dead would forever be identified with all that is great and glorious with humanity on earth. God grant that all who stand here intrusted with the administration of public affairs may have power, strength and wisdom to complete the work His servant had so gloriously begun, and may the successor of the deceased President not bear the sword in vain. God grant that strength may be given him and our military to perfect the victory and to complete the contest now nearly closed. "May the spirit of the rebellion soon pass away."

May the last vestige of slavery which caused the rebellion, be driven from the land. God grant that the sun may shine on a free people from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. May He not only safely lead us through our present struggle, but give us peace with all nations of the earth—give us hearts to deal justly with them, and give them hearts to deal justly with us—so that universal peace may reign on earth. We raise our hearts to thee, to plead that thy blessing may descend on the family of the deceased. God bless the weeping widow as in her broken-heartedness she bows under the sad stroke, more than she can bear. Encircle her in thine iron arms. God, be gracious with the children left behind him. Endow his sons with wisdom from on high, endow them with great usefulness. May they appropriate the patriot's example and the virtues of their father and walk in his footsteps.

We pray Thee to make the assassination of personal profit to our hearts. While by the remains of the deceased, whom we had called a friend, do Thou grant us grace and repentance of our sins, so that, at the end of life, we may be gathered where assassins are not known, where sorrow and sickness never come, but all gather in peace and love around the Father's throne and glory.

We pray Thee that our republic may be made stronger for this blow; while here we pledge ourselves to set our faces as flint against every form of oppression which may rise up for its destruction, so that we and our children may enjoy the blessed advantages of a government delivered to us from our fathers. He concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Rev. Dr. Gurley delivered the funeral address, standing on the steps, near the head of the open coffin. It occupied about three-quarters of an hour in delivery. He commenced by saying:

We recognize and adore the sovereignty of Almighty God. His throne is Heaven and His kingdom ruleth over all. It was a cruel hand, the dark hand of an assassin, that smote the honored, wise and noble President, and filled the land with mourning. But above this hand there is another which we must see and acknowledge. It is the chastening hand of a wise and faithful God. We yield to His behests and drink the draught. This chastisement comes in a way heavy and mysteriously deep.

Our affliction has not come forth from dust nor from ground. Beyond the act of the assassination let us look to God, whose prerogative is to bring light out of darkness and good out of evil.

He, who has led us so well and prospered us so wonderfully during the last four years of anxiety and conflict, will not forsake us now. He may chasten, but will not destroy. He may purify us in a furnace, but will not consume us. Let our principal anxiety now be that this new sorrow may be a sanctified sorrow, and induce us to give all we have to the cause of truth, justice, law, order, liberty and good government and pure and undefiled religion. Though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. Thank God that in spite of this temporary darkness the morning has begun to dawn; the morning of a brighter day than our country has ever before seen.

That day will come, and the death of an hundred Presidents and Cabinets cannot prevent it. The people confided in the late lamented President with firm and loving confidence, which no other man has enjoyed since the days of Washington. He deserved it well and deserved it all; he merited it by his character, by his acts, and by the whole tenor and tone and spirit of his life. He was wise, simple, sincere, plain and honest, truthful and most benevolent and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgment calm and accurate, and his purposes were good and pure beyond a question—always and everywhere he aimed and endeavored to be right and do right; his integrity was all-pervading; all-controlling and incorruptible. He gave his personal consideration to all matters, whether great or small.

How firmly and well he occupied his post, and met its grave demands in seasons of trial and difficulty, is know to you all, to the country, and to the world. He comprehended all the enormity of treason, and rose to the full dignity of the occasion. He saw his duty as the Chief Magistrate of a great and imperilled people, and he determined to do his duty, and his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Yes, he leaned upon His arm; he recognized and received the truth that the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations. He remembered that God is in history, and he felt that nowhere had His hand and His mercy been so marvellously conspicuous as in the history of this nation. He hoped and he prayed that that same hand would continue to guide us, and that same mercy continue to abound to us in the time of our greatest need.

I speak what I know, and testify what I have often heard him say, when I affirm that God's mercy and guidance were the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned; that they were the best hope he had for himself and for his country.

Hence, when he was leaving his home in Illinois and coming to this city to take his seat in the Executive chair of a disturbed and troubled nation, he said to good and tried friends, who gathered tearfully around him and bade him farewell—"I leave you with this request—pray for me." They did pray for him, and millions of others prayed for him; nor did they pray in vain. Their prayer was heard, and the answer appears in all his subsequent history. It shines forth with Heavenly radiance. In the whole course and tenor of his administration from its commencement to the close. God raised him up for the great and glorious mission, furnished him for His work and aided him in its accomplishment. Nor was it merely with strength of mind, and honesty of heart, and purity and pertinacity of purpose, that He furnished him. In addition to these things He gave him calm and abiding confidence in an overruling Providence of God and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God.

This confidence strengthened him in all his hours of anxiety and toils; inspired him with calm and cheering hope, when others were inclining to despondency and gloom. Never shall I forget the emphasis and deep emotion in which he said in this very room to a company of clergymen and others, who called to pay him their respects in the darkest days of our civil conflict: "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justice and goodness of God, and when events are now threatening, and prospects very dark, I still hope that in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just and God is on our side."

He was permitted, before he departed, to see the great triumph. The assassins meant to strike the dastardly blow before the 4th of March. But God kept him for that joyful hour when his feet trod the streets of the conquered rebel capital. He did not die as did the old prophets, and see no sign. He beheld the fruition of his labors, the fulfilment of his hopes, the end of doubt and anxiety. Perhaps he did say, in his heart, like the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

His work was done. God giveth every man his task. All that was committed to him to do he finished well. God is not limited by the number of his agents. God's cause is not dependent on a human life. It is invisible, invulnerable, pervading the air, expressed in inscrutable providences. It is too deep, too high for human hand to strike. God did not lead Israel through the Red Sea to leave them to perish in the desert. In that God is our trust.

God be praised that our fallen chief lived long enough to see day dawn and the day star of peace arise upon the nation. He saw it and was glad. Alas! Alas! He only saw the dawn. When the sun had risen full and glorious, and a happy and re-united people are enjoying its light, it will shine upon his grave, but that grave will be a precious and consecrated spot. The friends of liberty and of the Union will repair to it in years and ages to come to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed, and gathering from his very ashes, and from the rehearsal of his deeds and virtues, fresh incentives to patriotism, they will there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAREWELL SPEECH.—The remains of President Lincoln are to be borne to his home in Springfield, Ill. The words of farewell which he spoke on leaving his home on the 11th of February, 1861, will be read with interest now:

My Friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which, success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

It is related as a circumstance made remarkable by what has since occurred, that during the late trip of President Lincoln to City Point, he relieved his mind of wearying cares by reading Shakspeare, and that he read several times over and impressively to his companions this mournful apostrophe of Macbeth over the being he had murdered:

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done its worst; nor steel,
Nor poison,
Malice domestic or foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

MR. LINCOLN AND THE FLAG.—On the 22d of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln was in Philadelphia, on his way to Washington. He accepted an invitation to raise the national flag over Independence Hall. In a brief address he alluded to "that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time." He then said:

"Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help save it. If it cannot be saved on that basis it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, *I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it!*"

The Body to go to Illinois.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The programme for transportation of President Lincoln's remains from Washington has been issued. The railroads over which the remains will pass are declared military roads, subject to the order of the War Department, and railroads, locomotives, cars and engines engaged on said transportation will be subject to the military control of Brig. General McCullum. No person will be allowed to be transported on the cars constituting the funeral train, save those who are specially authorized by the orders of the War Department. The funeral train will not exceed nine cars, including the baggage and hearse cars, which will proceed over the whole route from Washington to Springfield.

Gov. John Brough of Ohio and John W. Garrett, Esq., upon the request of the War Department, consented to act as a committee to make arrangements for the transportation of the remains. They will arrange time-tables with the respective railroad companies, and regulate all things for safe and appropriate transportation.

The remains will leave Washington at 8 A. M. of Friday, 21st; will arrive at Baltimore at 10; leave Baltimore at 3 P.M.; arrive at Harrisburg at 8.30 P.M.; leave Harrisburg 12 M., 22d; arrive at Philadelphia at 6.30 P. M.; leave Philadelphia at 4 A. M., 24th; arrive at New York at 10; leave New York 4 P. M., 25th; arrive at Albany 11 P. M.; leave Albany 4 P. M., 26th; arrive at Buffalo 7 A. M., 27th; leave Buffalo at 10 minutes past 10 same day; arrive at Cleveland at 7 A. M., 28th; leave Cleveland at midnight same day; arrive at Columbus at 7 A. M., 29th; leave Columbus 8 P. M. same day; arrive at Indianapolis 7 A. M., 30th; leave Indianapolis at midnight same day; arrive at Chicago at 11 A. M., May 1st; leave Chicago 9.30 P. M., 2d; arrive at Springfield at 8 A. M., 3d.

The month of April, 1865, strikes a thunder peal on the bell of time. The month of April, 1865, with its stupendous results, is immortal.

In this bright month of April, Victory comes to us, and rests her crimson arms; Nationality moves sublimely forward, with resistless march; Liberty flings her eagle standard to the breeze, unstained by slavery and unhumiliated by defeat. Victory, Union, and Liberty, nestle together in the folds of that glorious Flag, and together mourn for the mighty dead. And well they may. American nationality, victory over rebellion, immortal liberty, have reason to weep tears of ineffable sorrow over the grave of their departed friend.

Grandest, grandest, among the grand old names of history, shall stand the name of Abraham Lincoln, forever!

SETTLEMENT OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Hon. David Davis, administrator of the estate of the late President Lincoln, made a final settlement of the estate with Hon. William Prescott, Judge of the county court of Sangamon county, on Wednesday last. After paying all debts and expenses, there remains to be divided among the heirs the sum of $110,296.80. Of this amount Mrs. Lincoln receives $36,765.30, Robert T. Lincoln and Thomas Lincoln each the same amount. It is a remarkable fact that the total amount of Mr. Lincoln's indebtedness, at the time of his death, as per schedule filed in the county clerk's office, was only $38.31. Since the death of the President, Mrs. Lincoln has received from the estate $4,085.51, Robert Lincoln $7,269.15, and Thomas Lincoln $1,586.54. We learn that Judge Davis, who was a warm personal friend of the lamented President, made no charges for his services in the settlement of the estate.—*Springfield (Ill.) Journal, Nov.* 15.

THE YOUNG POSTMASTER.

Abraham Lincoln was once postmaster in the small village of New Salem, "out West." He then went to Springfield to study law, and for years had hard work to earn his bread and butter. Fighting with poverty is a hard fight. One day a post-office agent came round to collect a balance due the Washington office from the New Salem office. The bill was $17.60. Dr. Henry, a friend of "poor Abe," happened to fall in with the agent, and was as sure as could be that he had nothing in his pockets to pay it with. He went, therefore, to the office, in order to lend him the money, or offer to lend it.

When the agent presented the draft, Lincoln asked the man to sit down, and sat down himself, with a very puzzled look upon his face. He then stepped out, went over to his boarding house, and came back with an old stocking under his arm. This he untied, and poure out upon the table a quantity of small silver coin and "red cents." These they counted, exactly $17.60, — just the amount called for; and, moreover, it was the *very money* called for, for on leaving the office, the young postmaster tied up the money, and had kept it by him, awaiting the legal call to give it up.

On paying it over, "I never use," he said, "even for a time, any money that is not mine. This money, I knew, belonged to the government, and I had no right to exchange or use it for any purpose of my own."

That is the right and true ground to take.

Abraham Lincoln's origin was humble enough to please the most ardent admirer of "self-made men." Born of a rough backwoodsman—of a family looked down upon by the *elite* of even such a settlement as that in which they lived; obtaining a scanty education; passing his earlier years in a cabin without flooring, or doors, or windows; in his young manhood a flat boatman on the Mississippi; it is one of the high honors of our system of government that such a man, of such parentage and education, could be placed in the highest office, and trusted to guide a great nation through the most imminent and deadly perils.

He was born February 12, 1809, in Kentucky.

Our President.

1864.

Abraham Lincoln knows the ropes!
All our hopes
Centre now about the brave and true.
Let us help him as we can,
He's the man,
Honest for the country through and through.

Others good, perhaps, as he
There may be;
Have we tried them in the war-time's flame?
Do we know if they will stand,
Heart in hand,
Seeking for the right in Heaven's name?

Let the nation ask him, then,
Once again
To hold the rudder in this stormy sea.
Tell him that each sleepless night,
Dark to light,
Ushers in a morning for the Free.

Let us not forget our rude
Gratitude!
But lend our servant the poor crown we may!
Give him four more years of toil,
Task and moil,
Knowing God shall crown him in His day!

President Lincoln's reply to the petition of two hundred and fifty young people of Concord, Massachusetts, under eighteen years of age, for the freedom of all slave children is as follows:

Tell those little people that I am very glad their young hearts are so full of just and generous sympathy, and that while I have not the power to grant all they ask, I trust that they will remember that God has, and that, as it seems, He wills to do it.

A. LINCOLN.

The thought, that being President of the United States he was better than other men, seems never to have entered his mind, for he treated every loyal and respectable man, without reference to his wealth and social standing, with the consideration due an equal.

In like manner Mr. Lincoln was but the gentle, patient, persevering agent of Providence for the great task of emancipation, and through executive moderation combined with a firm purpose prevented a too precipitate adoption of the act of freedom. He was a man of prayer who searched the word of God for light. His official acts were more than those of any President since Washington, peculiarly his own, and compelled at last the admiration of foreign governments and the respect of his opponents at home.

He believed in God. You know how he left his home for Washington in February, '61, in his parting words requesting that his neighbors would array in his support the mysterious power of the legions of prayer; and after he had assumed his high trust at the Capital he cultivated that religious life which is the best guaranty of a nation's triumph. While war, according to its prescriptive laws, opened all the avenues of inconsideration and levity to others, he drew his consolations and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of Divine mercy. It was this, added to his humorous and sunny views, which bore him upward and onward through such a regime of four years as never had been allotted to a head that wore a crown. And therefore all the people believed in him. More distinctly than any other President since Washington

Proclamation of Emancipation.

AN ACROSTIC.

All hail to the birth of the new year decree;
Break forth into triumph, *Columbia is free!*
Ring out the glad pean from shore unto shore,
And say unto the nations, her bondage is o'er.
High aloft our own eagle shall echo the strain,
As it swells over mountain and sweeps over plain,
"*March onward, Columbia, the* HYDRA *is slain!*"

Lo, a sun has arisen that never shall set;
In its light let us learn our grief to forget.
Not the grim cloud of conflict, though heavy and dun,
Can eclipse the bright beams of that gorgeous sun.
On, on may it sweep through the brightening skies,
Lighting every dark home of the slave as it flies,
Nor sink from the sight till a greater arise.

But let us remember the sage that arose,
Like the Orient star, through the night of our woes.
Endowed with the power of Washington's God,
See, he walks the true pathway that patriot trod;
See, he strikes with his word for the millions that weep
Unchained in the dungeons of slavery deep;
Sweeping fierce on the foe with the hurricane's sweep.

More millions shall *bless* thee, thou patriot sage,
As they learn of thy doings from history's page.
Not alone shall Columbia publish thy worth,
Kindred nations will tell it o'er all the broad earth
In a chorus of joy they will echo thy name,
(Now lighting the world like a mystical flame.)
Down the valley of time on the highway of fame.

20th Reg't N. J. Vol. JOHN W. SPEAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

DETAILS OF THE DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 11:15 P. M.

A stroke from Heaven laying the whole of the city in instant ruins could not have startled us as did the word that broke from Ford's Theatre a half hour ago that the President had been shot. It flew everywhere in five minutes, and set five thousand people in swift and excited motion on the instant.

It is impossible to get at the full facts of the case, but it appears that a young man entered the President's box from the theatre, during the last act of the play of "Our American Cousin," with pistol in hand. He shot the President in the head and instantly jumped from the box upon the stage, and immediately disappeared through the side scenes and rear of the theatre, brandishing a dirk knife and dropping a kid glove on the stage.

The audience heard the shot, but supposing it fired in the regular course of the play, did not heed it till Mrs. LINCOLN'S screams drew their attention. The whole affair occupied scarcely half a minute, and then the assassin was gone. As yet he has not been found.

The President's wound is reported mortal. He was at once taken into the house opposite the theatre.

As if this horror was not enough, almost the same moment the story ran through the city that Mr. SEWARD had been murdered in his bed.

Inquiry showed this to be so far true also. It appears a man wearing a light coat, dark pants, slouch hat, called and asked to see Mr. SEWARD, and was shown to his room. He delivered to Major SEWARD, who sat near his father, what purported to be a physician's prescription, turned, and with one stroke cut Mr. SEWARD'S throat as he lay on his bed, inflicting a horrible wound, but not severing the jugular vein, and not producing a mortal wound.

In the struggle that followed, Major SEWARD was also badly, but not seriously, wounded in several places. The assassin rushed down stairs, mounted the fleet horse on which he came, drove his spurs into him, and dashed away before any one could stop him.

Reports have prevailed that an attempt was also made on the life of Mr. STANTON.

There was a rush toward the President's box, when cries were heard: "Stand back and give him air." "Has any one stimulants." On a hasty examination, it was found that the President had been shot through the head, above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out. He was removed to a private house opposite to the theatre, and the Surgeon-General of the army, and other surgeons sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barreled pocket pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal; but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community was terrible.

The President was in a state of syncope, totally insensible, and breathing slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The surgeons exhausted every effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone. The parting of his family with the dying President is too sad for description.

At midnight, the Cabinet, with Messrs. SUMNER, COLFAX and FARNSWORTH, Judge CURTIS, Gov. OGLESBY, Gen. MEIGS, Col. HAY, and a few personal friends, with Surgeon-General BARNES and his immediate assistants, were around his bedside.

The President and Mrs. LINCOLN did not start for the theatre until fifteen minutes after eight o'clock. Speaker COLFAX was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, although Mrs. LINCOLN had not been well, because the papers had announced that Gen. GRANT and they were to be present, and, as Gen. GRANT had gone North, he did not wish the audience to be disappointed.

He went with apparent reluctance and urged Mr. COLFAX to go with him; but that gentleman had made other engagements, and with Mr. ASHMAN, of Massachusetts, bid him good bye.

SATURDAY MORNING—1 O'CLOCK.

The person who shot the President is represented as about 30 years of age, five feet nine inches in height, sparely built, of light complexion, dressed in dark clothing, and having a genteel appearance. He entered the box, which is known as the State box, being the upper box on the right hand side from the dress-circle in the regular manner, and shot the President from behind, the ball entering the skull about in the middle, behind, and going in the direction of the left eye; it did not pass through, but apparently broke the frontal bone and forced out the brain to some extent. The President is not yet dead, but is wholly insensible, and the Surgeon-General says he cannot live till day-break. The assassin was followed across the stage by a gentleman, who sprang out from an orchestra chair. He rushed through the side door into an alley, thence to the avenue and mounted a dark bay horse, which he apparently received from the hand of an accomplice, dashed up F, toward the back part of the city. The escape was so sudden that he effectually eluded pursuit. The assassin cried "*sic sempre*" in a sharp, clear voice, as he jumped to the stage, and dropped his hat and a glove.

WASHINGTON, April 15—2:12 A. M.

The President is still alive; but he is growing weaker. The ball is lodged in his brain, three inches from where it entered the skull.

Death of the President.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 11 o'clock.—The Star extra, says at twenty minutes past seven o'clock the president breathed his last closing his eyes as of falling to sleep, and his countenance assuming an expression of perfect serenity. There were no indicaiions of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether. Rev. Dr. Gurley immediately on ite being ascertained that life was extinct, knelt at the bedside and offered an impressive prayer which was responded to by all present. Dr. Gurley then proceeded to the front parlor where Mrs Lincoln, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Ers- John Hay, the private secretary and others were waiting, where he again offered a prayer for the consolation of the family.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN! upholder and defender of the Union, purifier of the Constitution, friend and emancipator of the oppressed, the people's choice and champion; fearless amid dangers, steadfast in uncertainties, uncorrupted by temptation, faithful in trial as in triumph, faithful from the beginning to the end, faithful in life, faithful even unto death! the noblest patriot, the purest politician, the grandest man, the greatest benefactor, the most glorious martyr of the age.

How fitly says the poet Bryant—

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right!

The London *Spectator* closes a long review of Dr. Draper's "History of the Civil War in America," with the following reference to President Lincoln and his coadjutors:—

The figure and character of Lincoln, the cultivated Western man, so simple, strong and thorough, is one of those which will not readily pass away from the memories of men. It stands beside the courtly Washington; for if the latter founded, Lincoln saved, the republic, and, more than any other man, made it a nation. In saying this we do not overlook the services of his civil coadjutors, some of whom—Stanton, for example—have not had justice done them in Europe; nor do we forget the labors of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, or of Farragut and Porter, whose high qualities were illustrated during every phase of the war. But the most original and perhaps the loftiest character brought to light by the conflict was that of the steadfast President, who died so tragically just as victory was won, and as the peace he sighed for dawned upon the troubled land.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were travelling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes; but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," the first replied, conclusively.

The Stuarts and Stewart.

The New-York correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer makes the subjoined statement respecting the members of one of the largest commercial firms in New-York, namely, Robert L. and Alexander Stuart:—

"Their father and mother emigrated from Scotland many years since, in poor circumstances, but with the sterling Scotch habits of industry, economy and integrity. The twain commenced the manufacture of sugar candy, the husband peddling it about the streets. By close economy and unremitting toil, their circumstances soon improved, so far as to enable them to take a store and to extend their business. The boys were brought up in habits of industry and proper family discipline, having the principles of honesty and moral obligations instilled into them. As they grew up, they were enabled to help their parents in the business. At the death of their father, the whole business, which had grown from a candy shop into a considerable sugar refinery, was conducted exclusively on the cash system. Stuart's candies became celebrated as the best in the country.

"Under the management of the sons, the sugar refinery has become the largest in the United States, if not in the world. The house has given up the manufacture of candies to some old employees, who carry it on at another place. The wealth of the firm is estimated at not less than $8,000,000. Alexander is the out-door and managing man. Their care and economy in the management of their business is as great now as it was when the business was in its infancy. In opening boxes of Havana sugars, every strip and piece of raw hide is carefully preserved to be sold to the glue-makers. The nails and boards are also saved, to be used over again, and nothing that can be turned to account is wasted. Robert attends to the in-door financial department, bank business, &c.

"The two brothers are yet in the prime and vigor of active manhood. They are both married, but neither has a child to inherit his immense wealth. They are liberal and public-spirited men. They built a first-class house for their mother in Twenty-fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue, supplied it with every comfort and the best attendance, she having many years survived her husband, and a year or two since followed him to the tomb. While she lived, one or the other of her sons dined with her every Sunday, and visited her during the week if necessary. They themselves live in plain, substantial, well-furnished houses in Chatham St., in order to be convenient to their great sugar refinery."

The same correspondent gives the following account of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great Crœsus of dry goods:—

"Born in the neighborhood of Belfast, of Scotch-Irish parentage, he came to the United States when quite young, and early exhibited an aptitude for commercial pursuits. In his youth he had received a good education, with careful parental discipline. With unremitted industry and skill in his pursuit, he soon began to exhibit symptoms of progress and prosperity. He early introduced the *cash system* in both buying and selling, and was thus enabled to sell at comparatively low prices, which attracted the best cash custom of the town. His business continued to prosper, and as he bought and sold almost exclusively for cash, no revulsions, bank suspensions, hard times or good times seemed to make any material difference to him.

"His house, at present, taken in all its branches of wholesale and retail, is probably the largest establishment of the kind in the world. The capital employed is estimated at $2,000,000, and the annual sales at about $7,000,000. Mr. Stewart's wealth is estimated at between $7,000,000 and $12,000,000. He is a married man, but, unfortunately, without children. He is plain-looking, always neat, about five feet ten inches in height, of light, sandy-colored hair and whiskers, quick, expressive blue eyes; though older, looks not over forty-five or fifty years of age."

Anecdotes of Stewart.

Harper's Magazine relates the following anecdotes of Alexander T. Stewart, the great dry-goods merchant of New York.

Accident made him a merchant. Where he was to be in connection with an experienced business man and to contribute capital he suddenly found himself principal alone, charged with the rent of a store, and with the whole responsibility devolving on him. With that indomitable will and wonderful energy which has marked his whole life he at once went back to Ireland, converted into money the moderate fortune which he had inherited, invested that fortune in goods—principally the laces which were manufactured at and around his birthplace—and then returned to New York and opened his store.

And in this connection may be mentioned an incident of touching interest—one of many showing, perhaps, somewhat of the Scottish blood in his veins, which, if it rarely forgives an enemy, never forgets a friend. A young lady whose acquaintance he had made said to him on the day preceding the opening of his store: "You must not sell anything on the morrow till I come and make the first purchase; for I will bring luck." True to her promise, she drove up in her carriage early in the day, and purchased goods to nearly $200 in value, principally of Irish laces. Long years passed; the lady married and removed with her husband to a European city. Mr Stewart was in that city on business, and there learned that his first customer was still living, but in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was dead, but before his death had squandered her fortune. Procuring good apartments, he caused them to be furnished in a style corresponding with her former position in life. Then calling upon her and renewing his acquaintance, and after conversing on old times and former friends, asked her to take a drive with him around the city in his carriage, which stood at the door. After looking at some object of interest he took her to the new residence, saying: "This, if it meets your approbation, is your future home.' He settled an annuity upon her, and during the residue of her life she lived not only in comfort but in comparative affluence, supported entirely by his bounty. Truly, if she brought luck to the young merchant, that first morning's purchase was a lucky one for her.

But there was another incident connected with the sales of merchandise on that first day, of far more importance in its results, though apparently trifling in its character. One of the clerks stated to a purchaser that a piece of calico was of a certain quality, that the colors were "fast" and would not wash out, and if not so, the article would be taken back and the money returned. The remarks were overheard by Mr Stewart, and he called the clerk to him and spoke with indignation: "What do you mean by thus saying what you know to be untrue?" The clerk, perhaps astonished at thus being called to account, replied that the woman would not return the goods, and if she did she could easily be put off by stating that she must be mistaken, and the purchase must have been made at some other store. But no; that was not the point. A lie had been told to induce a purchase; and no goods must be sold in his store or in his name under any misrepresentation whatever. The clerk would conform to that rule or at once vacate his place. This interview between him and one of his first clerks was narrated to the writer a few years since, when in a familiar conversation the direct question was asked: "To what do you attribute your great success as a merchant?" "That I have conducted my business from the first on the basis of *truth*. *Truth, truth,*" he added, with great emphasis, "is the talismanic word; and if I have any one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that in this respect my example may be commended and followed by young men entering in business, and especially by young merchants."

Mr. A. T. Stewart's income every day in a year, as rendered to the assessor in the district in which he resides, averaged a trifle over $850. Twenty-five years ago this amount would have been regarded as a respectable income per annum. Just think of $8500 coming in every day in the year!

OBITUARY.

Death of A. T. Stewart.

NEW YORK, April 10, 2.45 P. M.—A. T. Stewart died at his residence in 34th Street and 5th Avenue this afternoon from inflammation of the bowels.

His age was 76; his wealth perhaps one hundred millions all made since 1834, in New York city.

A. T. STEWART.

I was talking, yesterday, says a correspondent of *The Atlanta Constitution*, with a gentleman who had been an intimate friend of A. T. Stewart, the greatest merchant perhaps that this country ever knew, and he threw new light on his history. Contrary to general belief, Stewart started with a comfortable fortune, and did not work his way from the ground up. He came to this country as a young man, sent on a pleasure trip by his father. He was a close observer and leisurely traveler, and went home thoroughly posted as to this country. Having to return to America very soon, he recalled the fact that there was a fine margin of profit between the price of laces in the old country and this. He therefore invested $25,000, his patrimony, in laces and brought them over on his second trip. This speculation turned out so well that he had another lot sent over, and opened a shop from which he might dispose of them. This was the beginning of his mercantile business.

Stewart was a man of confirmed superstitions. He would never eat at a table at which thirteen people were seated, and on one occasion when a guest who had declined coming to his usual Sunday dining and afterward came when his place had been filled, he declined to receive him as he made the number thirteen. He finally determined to overcome this superstition, and dined at a table at which thirteen were seated. He died a few weeks afterward, but I very much doubt if that was what killed him. He never wanted to have his photograph taken, saying: "People who buy goods from me think I am a noble-looking man with flowing whiskers and a gray beard. They'd lose faith in my prestige if they become familiar with my insignificant face." He was a shop keeper all his life, and the shopkeeping instinct never left him. He once dropped into Tiffany's and saw a friend examining some pearls that he was thinking of buying for his wife. Stewart caught hold of him and hurried him out before he had time to close the trade. Once down stairs he got him into his coupé and insisted on his going to his store with him. He hurried him up-stairs to the lace department, took out an especial pattern and said: "Now, that's what you want to buy for your wife!" and he sold it to him. At this very time Stewart was worth millions and would have given the friend he had cajoled into buying twenty times the price of the lace, but the selling instinct was stronger in him than anything else.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."

THE HARPERS OF NEW YORK.—Hon. James Harper—honorable because once our Mayor—is about seventy-three years of age, and there is no youth about the establishment more active than he. He delights in a good story, a good listener and a good joke, and no one can discover a reason why he shouldn't live twenty years yet. Mr. John Harper is about seventy, but not so robust in health as James. He is the negative element in the firm and commonly wields the veto power. Mr. Wesley Harper is gentlemanly and cordial, comforting a disappointed author and encouraging a promising one with equal suavity. Mr. Fletcher Harper is the active, aggressive spirit of the firm, but with a vaulting ambition that never overleaps itself. It is his spirit than animates and directs the Monthly, Weekly and Bazar. Besides the four members of the firm there are numerous sons, making a round dozen in all. The Harpers resemble English firms in the tenacity with which their employees cling to them. There is one gray-headed octogenarian who has been in their employ fifty years. The foreman of their composing-room has been with them forty years; the foreman of the press-room thirty-five years, and there are women in the folding-rooms that have been with them thirty years. Their cashier has been in their employ for thirty-five years. They have made fortunes for themselves and for others. As high as forty thousand dollars, have been paid in a single year to one author as his copyright profits. Their issues are from ponderous Greek and Latin lexicons down to the last new novel in paper-cover, and include every department of literature. They run forty Adams' steam-presses and six large cylinder-presses. They have the largest press-room, the largest bindery, and the largest engraving-room in the country, and all are employed solely on their own publications.—*New York cor. Boston Gazette.*

Publishing House of Harper & Brothers.

A writer in Childs's Publishers' Circular gives the following personal sketch of Mr. Fletcher Harper, with some account of the early history of the firm of Harper & Brothers:

Fletcher Harper is the youngest born of the four brothers who compose the house of Harper & Brothers. They rank thus in years: James, born in 1795; John, 1797; Joseph Wesley, 1801; and Fletcher, 1806.

They are the sons of a substantial Long Island farmer, and were born upon a farm in Newtown. Their father was a man of sound common sense, a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which the sons adhere, and a man noted for industry and integrity.

James and John Harper were indentured apprentices to the printing business by their father when they were of proper age. James was distinguished in his youth for his great strength and extraordinary endurance in working at press. When he had a "helper" whom he did not like he was sure to drive him off by working him out. These two brothers established themselves in business at first as printers for booksellers, and in those days they set type and worked at press themselves.

Wesley and Fletcher were apprenticed to the elder brothers, who were rigid masters, and held the boys to full hours and the thorough performance of their work. When they were "out of their time" they bought shares in the business which the elder brothers had established, and for some years took an important part in the mechanical work of the house. Wesley, who has fine literary taste, and is master of an uncommonly terse, and at the same time finished and elegant literary style, was for some years the proof-reader. Fletcher was, during the same period, foreman of the composing room; and, tradition relates, a very energetic and driving foreman. When it was once necessary to push a work rapidly through the press, Fletcher did not leave the composing room for several days and nights, an extra force was put on, and the foreman, whose duty it was to impose the matter, had his meals brought to him, and slept under the "stone" on a rug. The adventure is not one he is ashamed of, for he is rightly proud of having been, in his time, one of the ablest printers in New York.

The four brothers have always co-operated amicably; they pull well together in the traces. Having now carried on their business for over fifty years, they are now probably the oldest publishing house in the country. Their enterprises have always been fully discussed among themselves, and nothing is attempted to which all four do not agree. It is said that Fletcher, who, though the youngest, has long been the leader of the house, had, on account of his age, at first less influence. But power tells; he is a man of uncommon business sagacity, who instinctively foresees the public wants and tastes, and knows admirably how to suit them. It was to Fletcher, as we have heard, that the establishment of Harper's Magazine was due. For a while, tradition reports, the brothers were averse to the enterprise. They were wealthy, were making money rapidly, and were opposed to venturing in a new field, where they might not succeed. Fletcher, who was impressed with the idea of establishing a magazine, long urged the plan in vain, till at last he declared his determination to do what he wanted alone, if the brothers would not go in with him. Then, as is their happy custom, they gave in, saying that they had never engaged in separate enterprises, and would not now begin.

The success of the magazine, which is one of the greatest known in literary annals, so completely justified Fletcher's judgment, that his predominant influence in the firm was established from that time.

This was in 1850. In 1853 the great fire consumed, in a day, their whole stock, and inflicted on them a loss of over a million of dollars. Then the energy of these printers was shown. They held, on the evening of the fire, a family council, to decide whether or not they should rebuild their business. They had already so great wealth, that their loss, so far from crippling them, left them with a competence for themselves and their children. But the claims of authors, of workmen who had been long with them, and the desire to leave a well established business to their children, induced them to determine to go on. An order on Adams of South Boston, for twenty of his new power presses, to replace those destroyed by the fire, was telegraphed the same day, thus anticipating by a few hours applications by mail from other enterprising printers for a similar number of presses. By this prompt and characteristic action the Harpers were enabled to furnish their new office with some presses several months sooner than they could have done had they sent their order by mail instead of telegraph.

It is said that the whole question was discussed and decided at this family council, the evening after the fire; and the next week already plans began to be considered by the firm for a new building. Of course, the business was temporarily carried on in another place. The new building, it was determined, should be fireproof—and it is. It is of iron and brick; each floor is independent, there being no connection between the stories, except by means of a huge circular staircase of iron, which rises between the two great buildings, in a central court, and is protected by a brick tower. The floors are laid on brick arches; the doors are of iron; in fact, the building is of the utmost security, and ought to cost very little to insure. So far is precaution carried that the boilers which furnish motive power for the establishment are placed in a separate court, where, should they blow up, the explosion would do little harm.

The counting room is on the second floor if you enter from Pearl street. It is simply a space railed off from the business floor; and here the brothers sit at very plain desks, and transact their vast business.

How is it divided among them do you ask? The Reverend Doctor Blank, one of the great bores of this country, told once a little anecdote of Mr. James Harper. "I asked the Mayor," said Doctor Blank, "what he did?" I said to him, I know that Mr. John Harper attends to the business; Mr. Wesley Harper looks after the literary correspondence; Mr. Fletcher Harper receives authors, and looks after new books and the Magazine—but you, Mr. Mayor, I have never been able to discover what you do."

"I'll tell you," answered the Mayor in a whisper, "but you must not let it out; I entertain the bores."

That is about the way in which the labors of the Harper Brothers are divided. As all their sons, seven in number, are engaged in the business with them, it will be seen that they have help in their various departments.

Mr. Fletcher Harper is the life and soul of the establishment. He bears the heaviest burdens, and bears them lightly. He has courage for any enterprise; it is no secret that it was his thought to establish Harper's Weekly in 1856, and the Bazar in 1867, both of which journals have met with a success unsurpassed only by that of Harper's Magazine. To him the reports of book readers, the "tasters" of a publisher, are made. He exercises a close and constant scrutiny over all the articles which appear in the three periodicals, and is, in conjunction with Mr. J. Wesley Harper, and Fletcher Harper, Jr., the real editor of those publications. There was a time when he read, in manuscript, the greater part of the Magazine and Weekly, and even now, in cases where there is any doubt, he does this; and while he rather prominently asserts himself to be without the qualification to judge of the literary merits of a work, his taste and judgment, and his tact in seeing what will take with the public, are unfailingly correct.

In person Fletcher Harper is tall, well formed, of light complexion, with blue eyes and a very fine head. Elliot's portrait of him is full of the character of the man. In conversation he is brief, somewhat given to listening, and making up his mind while others are discussing a question. He decides rapidly, but does not always announce his decision at once. He is cheerful, most admirably good-tempered, slow to speak but quick to act; sharp at a bargain, but very apt to be much better than his word in carrying it out. He is, in the broadest sense of the word, a gentleman; and those who know him best are likely to love and respect him most highly. In fact, the kindly and affectionate relations existing between the Harpers and the authors whose books they publish, form one of the pleasantest incidents imaginable in business life.

The qualities which he has brought to bear upon his business are of that kind that, if he had been trained to public life, would have made him one of the foremost men of the country. He is shrewd, and yet with broad views; he has courage which never deserts him; he has a most keen eye for shams and for an illogical position; and, finally, he is an upright and humane man, whose heart is with the lowly, and whose sympathies are with every effort to elevate the people and to help men to help themselves. His love of retirement and a modesty which amounts almost to shyness lead him to keep himself in the background. He courts obscurity, and is most contented in his home, where, surrounded by wife, children and grandchildren, and by his chosen friends, he finds the best reward of his labors.

APOLOGIES.

FISHING for compliments, with apologies for baits!

And this kind of fishing is just the meanest kind of fishing.

And the most common!

To say nothing about the bait, all that is caught don't amount to a row of pins.

It is strange that folks cannot see through a mill-stone, and understand that somebody else may be just as scheming as themselves.

Don't you suppose everybody knows what you are after when you bait your hook with an apology, and throw it into the waters of society?

Of course they do.

And the easiest way to get rid of troublesome fishers for compliments is to manufacture one for the occasion, and allow them to catch it.

Then, if they are wise, they will put up their fishing apparatus and go home.

If not, they'll put on another bait and throw out their lines again, until their basket is filled.

What do you suppose your friend who visits you, and sits at your table, cares to hear about the bad luck you had with your yeast the last time you made it?

Or what business is it of theirs whether your oven baked as well as usual when your cake was cooked?

EFFECTS OF BAD READING.

IN Mr. James T. Fields' lecture on Fiction, he alluded to Pomeroy, the boy murderer, thus: "I recently paid a visit to the Pomeroy boy, who was sentenced to be hanged for killing three children, but whose sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. I asked him if he read much. He said that he did. 'What kind of books do you read?' said I. 'Mostly one kind,' he said—'mostly dime novels.' 'What is the best book that you have read?' I asked. 'Well, I like "Buffalo Bill" best,' he replied. 'It was full of murders and pictures about murders.' 'Well,' I asked, 'how did you feel after reading such a book?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I felt as if I wanted to do the same.'"

Of the Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair — the latter aged sixty, son-in-law of our fellow-citizen, Samuel H. Russell, aged fifty-five—it is told that they were once standing near a caldron containing lead, which was boiling at white-heat. "Has your royal highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the prince. "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white-heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature the effect need not be described. After this let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.—Emanuel Swedenborg was born at Stockholm, Sweden, January 29, 1688; he graduated at the university of Upsal, in Sweden, at the age of twenty-two years; immediately after which he spent one year in England and three years in France and Holland, studying mathematics, philosophy, astronomy and mechanics. At the age of twenty nine he was appointed, by Charles XII., king of Sweden, general assessor over the mines and metallic works of the nation; he was ennobled and took his seat in 1719. His writings on various scientific subjects, principally on the animal and mineral kingdoms, are said to amount to some thirty volumes, of 500 pages each; some of which have been translated into English within the last thirty years, and are found to contain the germs of some of the discoveries which are supposed to have had a later origin.

In the year 1745, not in the enthusiasm of youth it will be seen, but at the mature age of fifty-six years, he resigned his office of assessor, and declared that "he was called to a holy office by the Lord himself, who opened his sight to view the spiritual world and granted him the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels." He claims to have been guarded and specially permitted to see and converse with the inhabitants of heaven, the world of spirits and hell, face to face, with the same freedom that man converses with man in this world, for the long period of twenty-seven years; and that this privilege was granted to him that he might reveal to the world the state of men after death. According to his teachings the spiritual world is not far distant from us, but we are in the midst of it and all the manifestations of life in this world are but the clothing of spiritual forms. He agrees with St Paul that man has not only a natural body but also a spiritual body while in this world. The resurrection, he says, takes place at death; and the character of the individual is not changed when he puts off his material body. Very few when they enter the spiritual world are fully prepared for either heaven or hell, but almost all tarry a longer or shorter period in the world of spirits, which is between heaven and hell; here the good and bad gradually separate; the good go finally among those who love the Lord and their neighbors supremely, and in the utmost freedom live forever a life of usefulness in obedience to the divine commands; this is heaven. The evil, after death, finally go voluntarily among those who love themselves and selfish things supremely; and as those who are governed by selfishness here, for their own good and the welfare of society, require to be restrained by fear and punishments, they will require the same in the next life when they do evil; and when their characters are fully developed in societies by themselves, they constitute hell. Man's ruling love at death governs his destiny. The Lord leaves men in freedom here, and compels no one to be good, and the same is true hereafter. Hell-fire is self-love. It is possible for man's spiritual senses to be opened so that he can see and converse with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, but at the present day this is not desirable, for every man is associated with spirits of his own quality, like with like.

BISHOP QUINTARD, of Tennessee, is one of the live bishops of the American Episcopal Church, a man of remarkable energy, fine ability, of child-like simplicity of character, with a thorough contempt for every kind of sham. He was one of the dignitaries who attended the Pan-Anglican Council, and while in London frequently addressed audiences quite unlike those he is called upon to address in the mountains of Tennessee. On one of these occasions (it was not in church) he "brought the house down" by illustrating his point with the following story of a negro plantation preacher:

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering some five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house—belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and, after a service, I fell into conversation with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said:

"And what about the resurrection?"

With a very solemn face he replied:

"You see, massa, intment is intment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a speritual body, and dis body made out of dus'."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when the Angel Gabriel comes down from Heaben, and goin' up and down de Riber Jordan, a-blowin' of his trumpet, and the birds of Heaben singin', and de bells of Heaben ringin', and de milk and de honey rainin' down on all de hills of Heaben, he will bring de speritual body wid him down from Heaben, and take dis here body up out of de dus', and take the intment and rub it on, den stick togedder—and dar dey is!"

FRANKLIN AND THE SPARK OF ELECTRICITY. The following extract from Mr Mace's new volume respecting Franklin's electric discovery is interesting:

"Franklin was not exactly a learned man, for he was originally a printer, working for his daily bread, but liking study very much, he wrote certain books for the improvement of his contemporaries which will never go out of date, because they include the secret of all true manliness. From a book that happened to be sent from England, Frankln learned what I have just been endeavoring to teach you; and the idea occurred to him, that since the discharge of an electric machine resembled, as it were, terrestrial electricity of a certain force, celestrial electricity or the lightning of heaven, with its noise and its brilliancy, might, after all, be nothing more or less than an immense electric discharge. And he found that he was right.

Franklin had announced, three years previously, that by placing metallic wires on end, at a sufficient hight insulated from the ground, and terminating each in a point, one could see them electrified on the approach of a thunder cloud, and he was waiting until a steeple, then in course of erection in Philadelphia, should be completed, that he might make the experiment. Tired of waiting, however, he at last constructed a kite with two sticks and a kandkerchief, arming it with a metallic point, and one stormy day he went into the fields to fly it. A large black cloud passed over the kite, and Franklin received electric sparks by touching a key with his finger, having first fastened the key to the end of the kite string; this was indubitable proof of the presence of electricity in the cloud.

This took place in June, 1752; and now mark well the danger of delay. By waiting so long for the steeple, the illustrious American was not the first to realize the idea which he was the first to conceive. A month previous, on May 10, at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the first electric spark drawn from the clouds, as one may say, was seen by a carpenter at Marly—the Marly of Louis XIV.—which will one day be talked of for this, let me tell you, much more than for its having been the occasional abode of the great King, for whom the world at large will care but little. Marly-le-Roi is near St. Germain, and belonged to Mme. de Maintenon, for whom it was built by Louis XIV.

I must give you the history of this spark, which is more worthy of record than many a battle.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, had undertaken to introduce the ideas of the Philadelphia printer into France, as he already begun to astonish the scientific men of Europe, who were somewhat mortified to see themselves left in the background by one who had hitherto held no rank among philosophers. 'As Buffon was occupied with more important affairs,' says one of his contemporaries, 'he abandoned this duty to one of his friends named Dalibard.' This Dalibard was an intelligent man, and had so strong a liking for the new doctrine that, impatient to know whether the inventor was right in his surmises, he could not wait till Franklin had tried his experiment. 'It never thunders in Philadelphia,' was already the byword in Paris, among those who were teased with Franklin's delays. I quote the expression to show you how little was known of America at that period.

Dalibard caused a pointed iron rod, 100 feet high, to be placed on end, well insulated from the ground, on a property he possessed at Marly. As no storm occurred, he returned to Paris, leaving the iron rod in charge of a carpenter, who had orders not to lose sight of it, in case the weather changed. The storm came at last, the iron rod emitted sparks, and thus it happened that, owing to the fortuitous arrangement of Franklin, Buffon and Dalibard, this carpenter, was the first man to see, with his own eyes, the fire of heaven coming down by command and exposing itself for the gratification of human curiosity."

GAIL HAMILTON wishes the following advertisement to have a first-class insertion:

STRAYED OR STOLEN—From the subscriber, somewhere on the New York, New Haven and Springfield railroad, between Meriden, Ct., and Boston, a camel's hair scarf, valuable in its own right and as a keepsake. Whoever will return the same to box 16, Hamilton, Mass., shall receive warmest thanks of the owner.

The owner would offer a more substantial reward, but on the same journey she lost her port monnaie. If that shall be returned, the port monnaie shall be given to the finder, and all the money in it to the finder of the scarf.

Also, lost on the same journey, a rigolette. Also a green veil. Also a drab veil. Also a water-proof cloak. In short, any little things lying about the country probably belong in the same box, and shall be given to the finder of the scarf as fast as they come in, and no questions asked.

N. B. If any person shall find a large, new, black silk umbrella, and shall wish to communicate with the owner, he can do so at once by addressing box 16, post office, Hamilton, Mass.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE MARSHALL.

It is frequently remarked, that the most laudable deeds are achieved in shades of retirement; and to its truth history testifies in every page. An act of heroism or philanthropy, performed in solitude, where no undue feelings can affect the mind, or bias the character, is worth, to the eye of an impartial observer, whole volumes of exploits displayed before the gaze of a stupid and admiring multitude. It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the Counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same house. As the old man drove up he observed that both shafts of his gig were broken, and they were held together by withs formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, most if not all of them of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon an eloquent harangue which had been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con. During this protracted period the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his mind; or perhaps he was observing with a philosophic eye the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those destinies must devolve; or most probably, with a sentiment of a moral and religions feeling, he was collecting an argument which, characteristic of himself, no art would be able to elude, and no force resist. Our traveller remained a spectator and took no part in what was said.

At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, wheeled around and with some familiarity exclaimed, "well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman, that he had ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced.—Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was im-

mediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded him to be the preacher, from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard. But no, it was JOHN MARSHALL, *the Chief Justice of the United States.*

AN ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.—The eccentric Dean Swift was walking in the Phœnix Park, in Dublin, when a thunder shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day, they were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet and she couldn't go. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean; and he took out his prayer-book, and there and then married them, their witnesses being present. And to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

"Under a tree, in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together.
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman asunder.
JONATHAN SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's."

JONATHAN EDWARDS AS A STUDENT.—The following extract from a letter of Mrs. Edwards, soon after marriage, gives an insight into the habits of study of the greatest of New England thinkers and divines. We find it in an interesting article in *Hours at Home:*—

"And here let me say a word, partly for James' benefit, about Mr. Edwards habits of study. As you know, he has a hereditary love of books. He rises early and spends thirteen hours of the day in his library; the rest he devotes to exercise and to visiting his parishioners. He is as systematic as the big clock. His constitution is not strong, and to keep himself in good health, he has to maintain the most prudent kind of living, For exercise he rides on horseback, or takes long walks in the fields and woods.

Sometimes he keeps up his hard thinking while abroad on his rambles. It is amusing to see his coat when he comes in from a stroll in the woods, covered as it often is, with bits of paper pined on it to help his memory. The position of each paper suggests the idea he wishes to recall, and which, when he gets into his library, he writes out in full. His favorite studies aside from sermon writing, are philosophical. He says he read Locke on the Human Understanding when he was only fourteen years of age, and enjoyed it, too, as much as he did Robinson Crusoe. We spend our evenings together in the study, when he unbends his mind, and we read to each other from the Spectator, or the plays of Shakspeare. We have just finished Sydney's Arcadia, a charming thing."

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM ROBERT FULTON. The following letter was addressed by Robert Fulton to Andrew Brink, captain of the Clermont, the first steamboat of the Hudson river. The original letter is in possession of Persen Brink, of the town of Saugerties, Ulster county, and a copy of it was sent to the Kingston Argus for publication:

"NEW YORK, October 9, 1807.

"Captain Brink—Sir: Inclosed is the number of voyages which it is intended the boat should run this season. You may have them published in the Albany papers. As she is strongly made, and every one, except Jackson, under your command, you must insist on each one doing his duty, or turn him on shore and put another in his place. Everthing must be kept in order—everything in its place, and all parts of the boat scoured and clean. It is not sufficient to tell men to do a thing, but stand over them and make them do it. One pair of good and quick eyes is worth six pairs of hands in a commander. If the boat is dirty or out of order, the fault should be yours. Let no man be idle when there is the least thing to do, and make them move quickly.

"Run no risque of any kind, when you meet or over take vessels beating or crossing your way, always run under their stern, if there be the least doubt that you cannot clear their head by fifty yards, or more.

"Give the amount of receipts and expenses every week to the Chancellor.

Your most obedient,
ROBERT FULTON."

AUDUBON, THE NATURALIST. A newly published life of Audubon, who devoted the best energies of his mind and body to the great work of enumerating and illustrating the birds of America, relates that as a boy he neglected his studies for birdnesting, &c.; as a youth, mathematics were given up to make a collection of sketches of French birds, until his father, in despair, sent him to America, to look after an estate in Louisiana, where he had been born. Here he had an opportunity of indulging his tastes, and here he formed the first idea of his great work. Here, too, he married, afterward endeavoring to support himself by trade. All his commercial ventures failed, however—probably because he was hunting in the forest when he ought to have been attending to business. He next took up portrait painting for a living, and at last became dancing master—all the while adding to his collections and drawings of American birds, his wife supporting herself and their children by her own exertions. Audubon thus amusingly describes his first essay as a terpsichorean artist:

"I went to begin my duties, dressed myself at the hotel, and with my fiddle under my arm entered the ball-room. I found my music highly appreciated, and immediately commenced proceedings. I placed all the gentlemen in a line reaching across the hall, thinking to give the young ladies time to compose themselves and get ready when they were called. How I toiled before I could get one graceful step or motion! I broke my bow and nearly my violin in my excitement and impatience! The gentlemen were soon fatigued. The ladies were next placed in the same order, and made to walk the steps; and then came the trial for both parties to proceed at the same time, while I pushed one here and another there, and was all the while singing myself, to assist their movements. Many of the parents were present, and were delighted. After this first lesson was over, I was requested to *dance to my own music*, which I did until the whole room came down in thunders of applause in clapping of hands and shouting, which put an end to my first lesson and to an amusing comedy."

With $2000, the result of his dancing lessons, and with his wife's savings, he started for England to obtain subscriptions for his intended book. There he subsisted partly by exhibiting his pictures and painting new ones and selling them to shop-keepers. In England he was very successful in obtaining subscriptions, but in France less so. He accomplished his purpose, however, and returned to the United States for more specimens.

FISHER AMES'S GREAT SPEECH.—From the speech of the Hon. Rufus P. Spalding of Ohio, on the treaty-making power, we extract the following reference to Fisher Ames:

I might here remark that the treaty was finally voted to be carried into execution under the influence of that memorable speech made by Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, who at that time was apparently drawing near the end of his earthly career. I have been told by a gentleman who was a member of Congress at the time and sat by his side, that when Mr. Ames rose to speak, he begged his friend if he found him going beyond his strength to draw him by his coat to his chair, and when he got through that long and eloquent speech—one which perhaps never will be equalled in the United States—I doubt whether Demosthenes or Cicero, in the days of their highest glory and most palmy eloquence, ever surpassed it—I say that when he was through and took his seat, finding himself completely exhausted, he said to his friend, "Sir, why did you not do as I requested you? Why did you not draw me to my chair?" "Why," said he, "if I had known that you would have dropped to your chair dead the next instant after closing your speech, I could not have stopped you." And the eloquence of that speech had such a powerful effect upon that sage assembly that they would not then take the vote; they dare not take the vote; they adjourned to give time for coolness and reflection; but finally the treaty was carried by a vote of three majority.

VICES OF GENIUS.—Coleridge was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner by Christopher North on an occasion when some literary performance had to be completed by a certain time; and on that very day, without taking leave of any member of the family, he ran off at full speed down the avenue to Elleray, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where, drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to the level of the vilest of the vile. When his spree was over he would return to the society of decent men.

De Quincy was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the forenoon. It was no unfrequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book, and his arm crossed on his breast. When this torpor from the opium had passed away, he was ready for company until about daylight. In order to show him off, his friends had to arrange their supper parties so that sitting until three or four in the afternoon, he might be brought to that point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful,

The Longest Lived Englishman.

Sir,—As it may interest your readers, I send you a copy of a history of Henry Jenkins, purporting to have been written by a Mrs. Anne Saville, and copied from the roof of a very fine engraving (upwards of a century in my family) of the old man from a picture by Wallser.

Yours obediently,
Jan. 7, 1840. D. SERRELL.

Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton, in Yorkshire, who lived to the surprising age of 169, which is 16 years longer than (*sic*) Old Parr. The great age of Henry Jenkins, by Mrs. Anne Saville. When I came first to live at Bolton I was told several particulars of this great age of Henry Jenkins, but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day, he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said that to the best of his remembrance he was about 162 or 3; and I asked what Kings he remembered. He said, Henry the Eight. I asked, what public thing he could longest remember. He said, Flowdenfield. I asked whether the King was there. He said, 'No, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was General.' I asked him how old he might be then. He said, 'I believe I might be between 10 and 12; for,' says he, 'I was sent to Northallerton with a horse load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them.'

All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the Earl he named was General, and King Henry the Eight was then at Tourney. And yet is observable that this Jenkins could neither write nor read; there were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it; and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountain's Abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life December, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire; the battle of Flowden-field was fought September the 9th, 1513, and he was about twelve years old when Flowden-field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years—viz., 16 longer than Old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdiluvian world.

In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He hath sworn in Chancery and other courts to above 140 years in memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the King's Remembrancer's-office in the Exchequer is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering, in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced, and deposed as a witness.—*Correspondence London Times.*

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Saxony — Nov. 10, 1483.
and Died there? — " Feb. 18, 1546.

THE HIDING PLACE OF MARTIN LUTHER.—Eisenach is a little over two hours' car ride southeast of Cassel, but in itself has nothing to be seen except what may be found in any other German city. On an eminence near by is an old castle called Wartburg, which, on account of the historical and religious associations connected with it, attracts many visitors. In the court-yard of the old castle stands an old, dilapidated two story house, in which Martin Luther, after his return from Worms, was concealed and protected for nearly a year by the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Great. It is here that he labored so arduously, from May 4, 1521, to March 6, 1522, on his translation of the Bible. The little room that he occupied remains as it was when he left it. His table, chest, chair, stove, footstool, bedstead, library, book-case, manuscripts, portraits, &c., are still in the same old place and position, while on the wall hangs the armor he used to wear when he went out, for he never passed outside of the walls surrounding the castle except in the disguise of a knight, as there were at that time persons all over the country lying in wait for him, who had sworn to kill him whenever they might find him. Near the table is the "hole in the wall," or rather in the plastering, that he made by throwing his ink bottle at the Devil, who, on a certain occasion, it is remembered, troubled him in his work and meditations. The hole is at present fully three feet in diameter, and has a very irregular and informal appearance about it. Our guide, however, said that it was thus enormously enlarged by former visitors picking off souvenirs. Travellers in Europe are great on souvenirs. Still, a crumbling bit of mortar would certainly be a very peculiar keepsake to carry about in one's pocket or carpet-sack. But persons are no longer allowed thus to pick and gather specimens. As a substitute, photographs of all those interesting places can now be bought very cheaply right on the spot, which are in fact, the best souvenirs that one could desire. While I was sitting a quarter of an hour in Luther's straight, old, wooden arm-chair, a thousand confused ideas were hurrying through my head. Over three hundred and forty-five years ago the Great Reformer sat in this same chair and in this same dark, dingy-walled chamber, developing those ideas and religious truths which had already set Germany on fire, and which subsequently shook the world so tremendously.—*Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.*

GOETHE

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born on the 28th of August, 1749, as the clock sounded the hour of noon, in the busy town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, of respectable and wealthy parents. Their son's improvement was the primary object of their care. In the public school of his native town young Goethe evinced great proofs of genius. He applied himself to the study of the law for three years, at Leipsic, and took the degree of LL. D, at Strasburg. Three years after this event he made a tour in Switzerland. In company with the two counts Stolberg, the poets, and the well-known Prussian minister, Count Haugwitz. In the course of this tour, he met with the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Charles Augustus, who was so prepossessed in his favor by his agreeable manners and great talents, that he invited him to Weimar. The invitation was readily accepted, and in that town Goethe remained to the end of his life. Loaded with honors and dignities by his prince, admired, nay, almost adored by his countrymen, and possessing a competence which rendered exertion a matter of choice and not of necessity, Goethe devoted nearly the whole of his time to literary labors. He died—after a happy life, fortunate to the last, in that the creative powers of his genius never forsook him—on the 22d of March, 1832, in his eighty-third year. The last words of this never-satisfied student of truth in all its forms were: "MORE LIGHT."

Standing as it were by the death-bed of this man who was the colossus of German literature, and at once the Alpha and the Omega of German poetry, and whose name was a Shibboleth of German critics,—I am constrained to say that I do not find it hard to hold my censer in the crowd of his incense—burners, and I do now, and will evermore joyfully exclaim,

"Man whose great thoughts possess me like a passion,
Thoughts which command all coming times and minds;
Whose name is ever on the world's broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force;
Man whom I build my love round, like an arch
Of triumph, as thou goest on thy way
To glory and to immortality,"

thy works, like Shakespeare's, are destined to be immortal, since thou didst feel that what Terence said was true: "HOMO SUM, ET NIHIL ALIENUM ME PUTO,"—"I AM A MAN, AND INTERESTED IN ALL THAT CONCERNS HUMANITY,"—and inasmuch as thou didst have for a friend Jung Stilling, who was not ashamed to pen these words: "Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew."

As soon as the news of Goethe's death reached Munich, the philosopher, Schelling, pronounced a eulogy upon him before the Academy of Sciences, which ended thus:

"Germany has suffered the severest loss which it could suffer. That man has withdrawn himself, who amid all confusion, internal and external, stood as a mighty pillar, the support of many, as a Pharos enlightening all the paths of intellect, who, an enemy by nature to all anarchy and lawlessness, wished to owe the mastery that he exercised over the minds of men only to truth and to the standard that existed in himself, from whose mind and heart, Germany was sure to receive a judgment of fatherly wisdom, a final, reconciling decision upon all that presented itself in art or science, in poetry or life. Germany was not fatherless, was not indigent; with all its weakness and internal disorders, was great, rich and powerful in mind, so long as Goethe lived."

Said Tieck in concluding the funeral solemnities of Goethe:

"He is not removed from us;
It is no dream that we knew him and loved him;
He dwells in us, and we are most happy
That the blessed power remains to us
Of admiring and loving the Greatest."

If I had time I might give a few extracts from an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* (for June, 1832), in which this German poet and novelist is described as the moral sun of mankind, the one great philosopher of his age, the hierophant of a new era in the history of his race; the powerful workings and future effects of whose mysterious energy, the most initiated can as yet but imperfectly comprehend.

At the time when Goethe came upon the stage of life, German literature was in a state of transition. He did not wish to see it go to ruin, or take the veil and be shorn of its tresses. He felt that the writer was a sacred person. He seemed to be pervaded with a deep sense of the mission he had to fulfil. To borrow the language of another: "He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts, and sciences, and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual, but not spiritualist. There is nothing he had not right to know; there is no weapon in the armory of universal genius he did not take into his hand, but with peremptory heed that he should not be for a moment prejudiced by his instruments. He lays a ray of light under every fact, and between himself and his dearest property. From him nothing was hid, nothing withholden. The lurking daemons sat to him, and the saint who saw the daemons; and the metaphysical elements took form. 'Piety itself is no aim, but only a means, whereby, through purest inward peace, we may attain to highest culture.' And his penetration of every secret of the fine arts will make Goethe still more statuesque. His affections help him, like women employed by Cicero to worm out the secret of conspirators. Enmities he has none. Enemy of him you may be,—if so you shall teach him aught which your good-will cannot, were it only what experience will accrue from your ruin. Enemy and welcome, but enemy on high terms. He cannot hate any body, his time is worth too much. Temperamental antagonisms may be suffered, but like feuds of emperors, who fight dignifiedly across kingdoms."

It is undoubtedly true that during his own lifetime Goethe held the highest place in the estimation of his fellow citizens. They called him MUNSAGETES. Far, far did he outstrip all rivalry, on an arena where literary competition has been more eager than in any other portion or period of the world. Until an extreme old age, he swayed an undisputed sceptre over the tastes of his nation, which he had in a great measure formed by his writings.

We are told that when, during the last years of his life, Goethe occasionally visited the theatre at Saxe-Weimar, it was customary for the assembly to refrain from applauding the performances until he gave some signal in token of his approbation.

Goethe may justly be considered as the mightiest of all the sons of song of whom Germany has ever boasted. There is scarcely a mode of verse through which his harp has not freely and sweetly run. His poetic conception springing forth from his mind in a poetic form gave birth to poetry in the highest sense of the term. In every part of his poems you may discover the seal of inspiration testifying to the original co-existence of the spirit and of the form, by the creation of which that spirit has manifested itself; you feel, in short, that THE WHOLE is the spontaneous and rich outpouring of his poetic mind. In the language of a modern writer, "Goethe in his Wanderer, as well as in other poems, exhibits the spirit of ancient literature in a degree which probably no modern poet of any nation has reached, as the resemblance is not merely in the form but in the very conception of the ideas."

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale;
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies;
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our footsteps tend;
And there, my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "What ails thee, hapless maid," to say?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our footsteps tend;
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood,
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Know'st thou the land? 'tis there our course shall end.
There lies our way—ah, thither let us tend!

I think the song to the clouds is exceedingly beautiful. I give a translation of it:

Clouds that sweep the midnight heaven,
On your bright wings let me rove,
Leave me not with anguish riven,
None who love me—none to love.

Oft, my nightly vigils keeping,
I have watched you till the dawn,
Through the far blue heavens sweeping,
On your snowy pinions borne.

Away,—away, forever speeding,
Careless wanderers of the air,
Human joy and woe unheeding;
Ah, ye pause not at my prayer.

Leave, O leave me not in sadness,
Heavenly longings in my breast;
Bear me on your wings of gladness
To the far home of my rest.

I think all will agree that these are touching lines—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow;
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow;
He knows you not, ye unseen powers."

And although I refrain from giving a translation of those finely executed songs entitled "The Fisher," "The Erl-king," and "To the Parted One,"—yet I must say that I do not know any thing more passionate, true and simple, than the following song, of which I give a translation:

WELCOME AND FARE WELL.

My heart it beats:—to horse in haste!
'Twas done almost before 'twas thought:
The evening rocked the wild and waste
Night round the cliffs her veil had wrought.
The oak, a tow'ring giant there,
In garb of mist had sought the skies,
Where darkness from the wood did glare
With all her hundred jet-black eyes.

The moon, behind a cloudy train,
Peered through the haze with look of fear;
On wings the winds did float amain,
And, awful, rustle in mine ear;
The night a thousand monsters framed,
Yet fresh and gay my feelings flowed;
For in my veins what ardor flamed,
And in my heart what passion glowed!

I saw thee; gentle joy did glide
From thy bewitching gaze on me;
My heart it throbb'd at thy fond side,
And heaved its ev'ry sigh for thee!
A zephyr with its rosy tress
Play'd round thy face in that sweet spot;
And, gods!—for me thy tenderness!—
I hoped it—I deserved it not!

Yet ah! when morn had chased the night,
My heart was rung by Farewell's throe!
But in thy kiss, oh! what delight!
Though in thine eyes such fearful wo!
I went—though stood'st,—thy heart was moved!
On me was fixed thy dewy sight,
Yet what delight to be beloved!
To love—ye gods!—oh, what delight!

WASHINGTON.

Extraordinary Prayer by the Chaplain of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The chaplain of the Senate today made the following extraordinary prayer:—"Oh Lord our God,—we come to this place to deplore before Thee, the spirit of lying which is abroad, and we beseech Thee to rebuke the giant demon of slander that stalks forth, casting upon all the earth a fearful shadow. Paralyze the hand that writes the wilful detractions: palsy the tongue that utters wanton calumny,—the things which tend to undermine all confidence in the good, and to give a malignant power to all the bad elements for the demoralization and destruction of human society. Let Thy flaming spirit take vengeance upon the false accuser, and consume this spirit of ruin from off the land. This we ask in the name and for the sake of Him who was truth itself."

1874

Hamilton's Greatest Argument.—Hamilton made the greatest argument ever uttered in this country. It was on the law of libel, and by it he stamped upon the mind of this country, the principle that in an action for libel, the truth, if utterred without malice, was a justification. Upon the night previous to the argument, he wrote out every word of it; then he tore it up. He was, by writing, fully prepared; it lay very fully in his mind; and not to be cramped and fettered by a precise verbal exactness, he tore it to pieces. Then he spoke and conquered.—*Choate.*

A WARNING TO EARLY RISERS.—The recent life of Josiah Quincy has the following good anecdote: "One day Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture-room, and hear his lecture to his law-class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide-awake when out of it—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honor, on the dais by his side, fronting the class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside, to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep; and he saw that the class saw it, too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising!' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectually aroused the sleepers; and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

HOW PRESCOTT LOST HIS EYESIGHT.—The Salem (Mass.) Register in speaking of the death of Prescott the historian, mentions the following important though unpleasant incident of his life:

We have heard that the accident which deprived Prescott of the use of one eye, and subsequently so impaired the power of vision in the other, was occasioned by a blow from a crust of bread thrown across the room by a fellow-student in Commons Hall, near the close of college career. This seeming calamity changed the whole current of his life, which he intended to devote to legal pursuits, and finally led him into that brilliant career as a historian in which he has achieved a world-renowned name for himself and country.

SCHILLER'S MIDNIGHT STUDIES.

On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite to his little garden-house, on the other side of the dale—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself into his chair, and writing, and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

THE LIFE OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the Naturalist, edited by his widow, has been published in New York by G. P. Putnam & Son. It is a handsome duodecimo volume, made up largely of extracts from his journal. Audubon was born May 4, 1780, on a plantation in Louisiana. He died January 27, 1851, in the city of New York. His father was a Frenchman who won fortune and distinction by his own efforts; the mother, who had beauty and wealth, it is said, was of Spanish origin. Her name was Anne Moynette. The Audubon family dwelt originally in the small village of Sable d'Olonne, in La Vendee, France. Here the naturalist's grandfather, who was a poor fisherman, had a family of two sons and nineteen daughters, twenty-one in all, who grew to maturity; and the grandson says:—"When I visited Sable d'Olonne, the old inhabitants told me that they had seen the whole of this family, including the two parents, at church together, several times, He became a sailor, rose to the command of a vessel, became a ship owner, settled in Saint Domingo, and accumulated a large amount of property. He became an officer in the French navy, and had command of a vessel of war. He purchased estates in Louisiana, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. His wife perished during the insurrection in Saint Domingo. He finally returned to France, married again, purchased an estate on the Loire, nine miles from Nantes, and died there in 1818, aged ninety-five years. He seems to have been a man of remarkable force of mind and character; being, also, it is said, a man of "good proportions," with "simplicity of manners and a perfect sense of honesty." He had one daughter, and three sons of whom the naturalist was the youngest.

John James Audubon was educated in France, more in accordance with his own tastes, it seems, than with the intention of his father, who desired to have him become an accomplished naval officer. "His step-mother, being without children of her own, humored him in every whim and indulged him in every luxury." When a boy, he began to collect specimens of natural history, and, while at school in Nantes, figured about two hundred specimens of French birds. He was finally sent to America to superintend his father's property in the United States. Here, the estate at Mill Grove, in Pennsylvania, became his home, and his taste for natural history was indulged without restraint. Here he found his wife, who who was the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman settled in the same neighborhood. He could not easily overcome his French repugnance to Englishmen; but when he was finally induced to call on this gentleman, Mr. Bakewell, he immediately fell in love with his daughter, Lucy, whom he afterwards married, and to whom we are indebted for this record of his life His account of the meeting with Lucy Bakewell, is naive, and quite characteristic.

It became necessary for him to return to France, when his father again sought to transform him into a naval officer. When he was again at home in Pennsylvania, his time was chiefly occupied by his favorite pursuits. Lucy Bakewell's brother William gave the following accounts of a visit to Audubon, at this time:

"Audubon took me to his house. On entering his room, I was astonished and delighted to find it turned into a museum. The walls were festooned with all sorts of bird's eggs carefully blown out and strung on a thread. The chimney piece was covered with stuffed squirrels, racoons, and opossums; and the shelves around were likewise crowded with specimens, among which were fishes, frogs, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Besides these stuffed varieties, many paintings were arranged upon the walls, chiefly of birds. He has great skill in stuffing and preserving animals of all sorts. He was an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a clever rider, and had great activity and prodigious strength."

This was not precisely the business which the elder Audubon deemed wisest; and it was not the most promising in the eyes of Lucy's father, who advised him to engage in mercantile pursuits. Eager to please the old gentleman, he went to New York and entered the business house of Mr. Bakewell's brother; but he did not succeed. The failure is explained by the statement that he was constantly wandering from his business "in search of birds and natural curiosities," and that "his natural history pursuits in New York occasioned a disagreeable flavor in his rooms from drying birds' skins, and was productive of so much annoyance to his neighbors, that they forwarded a message to him through a constable, insisting that the *nuisance* must be abated." He returned to Mill Grove, but soon sold this estate, intending to go into business at Louisville, Kentucky. He was married, April 8th, 1808, and started for Louisville, going down the Ohio in a queer flat-bottomed, slow-moving vessel, which he called an ark. At Louisville, the business was left to the care of a friend, while he devoted himself to the pursuits which he found it impossbile to forsake. Here he became acquainted with Wilson, the ornithologist, who seems to have been first astonished at his collection of birds, and then jealous of his superiority.

From this time onward to the end of his life, Audubon was chiefly occupied with his studies and discoveries in natural history, and, especially, in ornithology. He travelled through the wild west, went among the Indians, traversed every section of the country from Texas and Florida to Labrador, and gathered an immense collection of specimens. His peculiarity as a naturalist consisted chiefly of the physical energy and endurance, as well as intelligence, with which he pursued his explorations, and of the astonishing skill with which he painted birds, producing life-like pictures of their forms, plumage, attitudes, and characteristic marks, which have never been excelled. His pictures have been described as "forcible photographs in colors." In 1826, he went to England, to secure subscribers and a publisher for his great work on "The Birds of America." He visited France, also, and was absent nearly three years. In 1830 he returned to England and began the preparation of his "Ornithological Biography of the Birds of America," which was rapidly finished, and immediately published. For several years afterwards he was engaged in his explorations in Florida, Labrador, and the British provinces. There was another voyage to England, and there were other explorations; and we can see that, in all his labors, he was sustained, and probably made successful, by the appreciation and sympathy of his wife; by whom he was encouraged and aided, when others saw, in his enthusiasm, madness rather than wisdom. She seems to have been one of the "rare women." This account of his life is full of interest, and will, doubtless, find many readers.

* She died in June 1874.

In the fall of the same year a malignant epidemic of a typhoid character, probably brought on by the preceding famine, broke out at Soleure. It was to become fatal to the old General too. On the first of October the first symptoms of the disease made their appearance. With the calmness peculiar to him he made at once his will. The larger portion of his considerable fortune he bequeathed to the Zeltner family, and made, of course, the most liberal provision for his beloved Emily. The poor, the orphan asylum, and several other charitable institutions were remembered with his usual munificence; and he, moreover, handed a large sum in cash to his friend Amiet, a lawyer, for distribution among persons in straitened circumstances. He declared most emphatically that his funeral should be as simple as possible; but he wished that six poor men should carry his coffin to the grave. After making these dispositions Kosciuszko, heaving a sigh of relief, laid down his pen and exclaimed, "Now I am at ease again!" Although the symptoms of his disease seemed not to justify any serious apprehensions, and his intellect remained clear and unimpaired to the last, it was his firm conviction that he would die. He conversed calmly with his friend Zeltner, who scarcely left his bedside, on his past and on the future of Poland—a subject which engrossed his attention to the last.

Solemn and deeply affecting was the moment when Kosciuszko took leave of Zeltner and his family. All knelt down at the bedside of the beloved sufferer; he gave his blessing and addressed a word of love and consolation to each of them. Then, in accordance with the old custom, he caused his sword to be handed to him, gazed at it mournfully for a few moments, and laid it down by his side as if to intrust to it the custody of his ashes.

On the 15th of October, toward nightfall, his strength was rapidly decreasing, and all felt that the end was close at hand. All at once he raised himself up with a last spasmodic effort, held out his hands to Mr. and Madame Zeltner, greeted his Emily* with a sweet smile, and, heaving a gentle sigh, sank back. He was dead.

A *post-mortem* examination took place next day, and the remains were then embalmed. The body was covered all over with the traces of old wounds; several deep scars adorned his breast, and his skull was crossed with sabre-strokes. When the corpse was undressed the undertaker found on his breast a white handkerchief which he had worn there ever since his youth, and of the meaning of which few persons were aware. It was the last love-pledge which Louisa Sosnowska, daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, had given to him, and which he had worn on his heart for forty years past as a precious relic of his pure and only love. Forty years before, when the illustrious deceased had been but an obscure captain, he had wooed the young lady. But her haughty parents had scornfully rejected the poor young nobleman. An elopement was the consequence of this reply, and already the two lovers had escaped under cover of night and were close to the goal of their wishes when armed pursuers overtook them. Kosciuszko defended himself with lion-hearted courage, but he was overpowered and sank, severely wounded, to the ground. When he awoke to consciousness all that he found of his beloved was a handkerchief which she had dropped, and which was stained with his blood. He picked it up; it was the same handkerchief which was found after his death. It was on account of this unhappy love-affair that the young officer quitted the Polish service and devoted his sword to the deliverance of the American colonies. He never forgot Louisa Sosnowska, and always rejected the advice of his friends to marry another lady. Louisa, on her part, became, several years afterward, the wife of a distinguished Pole, but she always remained devoted in true friendship to her beloved Thaddeus.

The hero's funeral was simple and destitute of military pomp, but most impressive, owing to the universal sorrow and the large number of mourners to whom he had been a father, and who now followed his coffin with tears and lamentations. Six poor old men carried the coffin. The procession was headed by orphan children wearing mourning-scarfs and bearing flowers in their hands. The coffin was open that all Soleure might gaze once more at the dear features of the great and good man. Youths walked on either side, bearing, on black velvet cushions, Kosciuszko's sword, his hat, his *bâton*, the regalia of the Cincinnati, and laurel and oak wreaths. The remains were placed in a leaden coffin in the Church of the Jesuits, at Soleure, after the solemn service of the dead had been celebrated. The authorities then affixed their official seals to it, whereupon the leaden coffin was inclosed in a wooden one, and deposited in the vault of the church.

There was a loud burst of grief throughout Poland when the news came that her great leader was dead. It seemed intolerable to the nation that he should repose in foreign soil. The Emperor Alexander was requested, in the name of the people of Poland, to permit the burial of the remains of the idolized General in his native country. Alexander, who had repeatedly expressed his esteem and sympathy for Kosciuszko, granted the request with the utmost readiness. The authorities of Soleure acknowledged the claims of Poland: Koscinszko's coffin was taken from its grave, and, accompanied by Prince Jablonowsky, Alexander's chamberlain, conveyed amidst imposing solemnities to Poland. But his heart had been placed in a metal box at the time the remains were embalmed, and it had been buried in the grave-yard of Zuchwil. "The heart of the brave General throbbed for the whole world; must then, be accessible here to the veneration of all mankind." With these words Mr. had refused to allow the Poles to remove Kosciuszko's heart.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotions, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty country-women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest on one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market; as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman; "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparation.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the suffering and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceiling of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents.

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements.

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know; but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great *ennui* to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Nordonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, viz., gardener, footman and cook, the last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries, he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months, had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. *We*, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of *ennui* for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream-cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the house-work, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naivete*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missis, him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

The Late Mrs. Sigourney was one of the most amiable of human beings, and everybody who read her verses instinctively felt the kindliness and good will of her heart. The result was that everybody who wanted the services of an author considered that she was the person to be applied to. In her posthumous autobiographical work she has devoted several pages to a condensed account of the absurd applications she has received. Here are some specimens:

Epitaphs for a man and two children, with warning that two hundred and fifty letters must be allowed in the whole, the monument not being large enough to contain more. A piece to copy in the album of a lady of whom I had never heard, requested by a gentleman "to be sent as soon as Saturday afternoon, because then he is more at leisure to attend to it." To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on "a pain in the back of the neck."

An album from a clerk in a store, given him by another clerk in another store, to be written in for a young lady of whose name he was not quite certain, and the "most he knew about her was, that she was a very rich girl." The owner of a canary bird which had been accidentally starved to death wishes some elegiac verses. A stranger, whose son died at the age of nine months, "weighing just thirteen pounds, would be glad of some poetry to be framed, glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, to keep the other children from forgetting him." Solicitation from the Far West, that I would "write out lengthy" a sketch of the loves of two personages, of whom no suggestive circumstances were related, one of whom was a journeyman tailor, and the name of the other, "Sister Babcock," as far as the chirography could be translated. A father requesting elegiac lines on a young child, supplying, as the only suggestion for the tuneful muse, the fact that he was unfortunately "drowned in a barrel of swine's food."

Epitaph on a tombstone in Chautauqua County:—

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith
Till 'neath the sod it laid her;
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.

"Friends came, delighted at the call,
In plenty of good carriages;
Death is the common lot of all,
And comes more oft than marriages."

Camilla Urso.

The reappearance in our public concerts of the remarkable female violin *virtuoso*, Madam Camilla Urso, and the large amount of interest manifested in her by the public, leads us to present a sketch of her history:

"Camilla belongs to an Italian family which has rendered considerable service to art. Her father, Salvator Urso, born at Palermo in 1810, was the son of a distinguished musician, and himself received a thorough musical education. He established himself at Nantes, where he was organist of the Church of the Holy Cross. The musical sensibility of Camilla was so great at a very early age that the slightest sound caused her to weep or laugh according as it expressed joy or grief.

The occasion which first revealed to Camilla her vocation, and when she made choice of the instrument which was to give her, at such a tender age (seven years), the joys and glories of the artist, deserves to be related. Her father had taken her to a mass of St. Cecilia in the church of the Holy Cross, where he was organist. The temple had been sumptuously decorated for the solemnities of the day; and the rays of the autumn sun, shining through the windows of stained glass, shed a grave and religious light upon the nave. At the moment when Camilla had taken a place at her father's side, a well trained orchestra gave the opening chords of the *Kyrie Eleison*. Soon the sound of the organ and of the voices of the choir joined with the harmony of the instruments. From that moment Camilla remained motionless as the pillar against which she was leaning; all the pomp of the divine service had disappeared from her eyes; she had but one sense left—hearing; and while other children of her age were gazing with curious eyes upon the altar, blazing with tapers, and the gilded vestments of the priests, Camilla saw nothing, heard nothing, but the music and the singing. Finally, the service being finished, the music ceased; the crowd began to retire while she stood still, as if listening, mute and motionless as a statue. Her father was obliged to take her by the arm to make her conscious that they were alone, and that it was time to return home. Camilla followed, and confided to him on the way all her impressions. What she had found to be most beautiful, most touching, in the midst of the Mass of St. Cecelia, the instrument which had most charmed her among all those whose sounds rang among the vaults of the church, was the violin, the king of instruments,—the violin, whose tones weep and sing like the human voice; that instrument which best obeys the hand, the most efficient agent of the will and inspiration of the artist. "I wish to learn the violin," said the little Camilla, resolutely, to her father. M. Urso, like a sensible man, did not attempt to oppose an inclination announced in so characteristic a manner; he procured a teacher of the violin for his daughter, and himself taught her the first elements of music. The progress of the child was so rapid that, at the end of about a year, she appeared for the first time in public, at a concert given for the benefit of an artist.

The *debut* of the young violinist produced an immense sensation, repeatedly interrupted by applause and acclamations. She was saluted at the end by salvos of bravos and a shower of bouquets. The great ability displayed by Camilla caused her father to place her at the Conservatoire at Paris, where, under the personal attention of the distinguished Massart, she made the most rapid progress.

One who heard at this early age says of her: "Her attitude was at once modest and confident, one would say that she had a consciousness of herself, of her talent, and that this conviction inspired her with the boldness which is indispensable to the success of all who would offer themselves for the suffrages or to the criticism of the public. This strength, which springs from confidence in his own resources, is as necessary to the artist as superiority of talent." Success followed the young artist everywhere. Dilettanti, artists, everybody overwhelmed her with praise and loaded her with bon bons and toys—a kind of ovation to which the little Camilla was not yet of an age to be insensible. Camilla after completing her studies and making the tour of the continental cities, being everywhere received with great applause, came to this country, still a mere child, in 1852. We have many among us who recollect well the fragile girl who charmed us in those by-gone days with harmonies beyond her years.

"Who was the most merciful man mentioned in the Bible?" asked a Scripture teacher the other day of the class he was examining. "Og, the King of Bashan!" exclaimed a smart youngster, with all the force of certainty. "Og, the King of Bashan—why?" "Because, sir, his mercy endureth forever."

WILLIAM COWPER.

Biographers and critics have discussed, with wide diversity of opinion, its character and causes. The melancholy which ushered in his first attack assumed a religious form. From that attack he passed into a state of high religious enjoyment, which continued for several years without a cloud, and then he became the victim of religious doubts, or rather of a settled conviction that he was rejected of God. At St. Albans, under the guidance of Dr. Cotton, and afterward under that of Mr. Newton, he adopted and ever after firmly held the Calvinistic faith. That this faith gave shape and color to the imaginations which haunted him in later years is more than probable. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that his insanity, as some have intimated, was due to any such cause. We have seen that predisposing tendencies to mental disease appeared even in his childhood, and we know under what circumstances of anxiety and apprehension those tendencies were at length developed into madness. Had the affair of the clerkship never occurred, Cowper might never have become insane. But the probabilities are otherwise. Some other trouble—some other excitement—was sure to come, and there, in his brain or blood, ever ready to quicken, were the seeds of disease."

The last original poem of Cowper was The Castaway, founded on an anecdote in Anson's voyage. It was composed on the 20th of March, 1799. Its last stanza relates to his own desolate and despairing condition.

"No voice divine the storm allayed
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perished each alone.
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

In the fall or winter of this year dropsy intervened with the other maladies of Cowper, and hastened his demise, which took place April 25, 1800. The closing scene is thus described by Mr. Johnson, his relative and friend: "At five in the morning a deadly change in his features was observed to take place. He remained in an insensible state from that time till about five minutes before five in the afternoon, when he ceased to breathe. And in so mild and gentle a manner did his spirit take its flight that, though the writer of this memoir, his medical attendant, Mr. Woods, and three other persons were standing at the foot and side of the bed with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any." As life ebbed away the expression of agony and despair upon his countenance gave way to one of "calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise." And his kinsman suggests that this may have been an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul as it gradually emerged from the depths of its despondency into the serene and glorious light just then breaking upon its vision. We may well hope that such was the case, nor have we reason to doubt it. But it is still painfully certain that, so long as the gifted but unhappy poet was able to hold intelligent connection with earth, darkness and despair were round about him.

Some relief from his fearful malady was experienced during the seven years that preceded 1794, then it returned upon him with its full and fearful force. In his former attacks the idea prevailed that God had required self-sacrifice of him, and that, failing to make it when he had the power, he had been condemned soul and body forever. He lived in momentary expectation of being smitten instantly with the curse of God. In his latest attack he would sit silent, gloomy, and despairing. His dearest friends were not recognized. The announcement of a pension from the king had no effect upon him.

In 1796 his "faithful Mary," Mrs. Unwin, who had watched over him with a mother's tenderness for many years, died. With unsurpassed tenderness and delicacy the poet had expressed his desire to celebrate in fitting verse her worth, yet thus checks himself:

"But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine."

His friends were apprehensive that the death of one whose life he had so long considered essential to his own, would prove too severe a shock to his shattered nerves. But it is mercifully ordained that, while declining years weaken the force necessary to enable us to bear up under trials, they in a corresponding degree diminish the keenness of our sensibility to suffering and sorrow. When led in by his friend to look at the composed corpse of one who had so long acted the part of mother to him, he looked at it a few minutes, then started back with a vehement but unfinished exclamation of anguish. From that moment he seemed to have lost all memory of her; he never asked a question about her funeral, in fact, never after mentioned her name, or made the slightest allusion to her.

Southey says that "Lady Austen's conversation had as happy an effect upon the melancholy spirit of Cowper as the harp of David upon Saul. Whenever the cloud seemed to be coming over him, her sprightly powers were exerted to dispel it." One afternoon she told him the tale of John Gilpin, which she had heard in her childhood. The story took hold of his gloomy mind amazingly. Again and again he burst forth into immoderate fits of laughter, and the next morning told her that, being unable to sleep during the night, he had turned it into a ballad. No sooner was it published than it became famous all over the land. Who is there that has not read it and laughed over it? But it is a sad commentary upon this to hear the melancholy poet say: "I am compelled to the arduous task of being merry by force. And the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote were written in my saddest mood."

Lady Austen urged Cowper to try his hand at blank verse. He complained that he had no theme. "You can write upon any theme," said she. "Write upon the sofa." The fancy struck him. What was designed simply for a fugitive production grew upon the poet's hands till "The Task"—the noblest monument of his genius—

—The life of Cowper is a household story, and one that may well excite our sympathy and pity. The delusion that at last clouded his mind and followed him to his dying hour, is a melancholy subject for thought. It is sad to think that he died and verbally "made no sign." "Calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise," says one who stood by the dying poet, marked his departure. The truth that he had been an outcast from God only in a disordered imagination, must at last have been to him indeed precious and delightful. Glorious to his soul must have been the dawning of celestial day. Though we may seem discursive, we cannot refrain from quoting the thoughts of Mrs. Browning on the subject:

"Like a sick child, that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! where's my mother?'
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep, pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus? Oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image that awaking.
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new, immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those Eyes alone, and knew—*My* Savior! *not* deserted!

Deserted! Who hath dreamed that when the cross in darkness rested
Upon the victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

Mrs. Unwin, the friend of Cowper, is a representative of that noble class of persons who derive their happiness from imparting comfort to others. Cowper was insane. Insanity indeed calls for commiseration. The darkened mind gropes vaguely for human love, the heavy heart longs for some one in whom to confide. He who brings a smile to the fixed, lined features of such an one, sends beams of light where all is chaotic and cheerless. The case of Cowper was extremely touching. Innocent and tender-hearted, loving all and beloved by all, desiring the comforts of religion, and clinging to the forms of religious devotion, he lived, looking upon himself as an outcast of God, and doomed to eternal misery.

"My love is slain, and by my crime is slain,
Ah! now beneath whose wings shall I repose?"

The delusion lay upon his mind like an incubus, and except at brief intervals, the lapse of time did not remove it.

"Seasons returned, but not to him returned
God and the sweet approach of heavenly day."

The unhappy poet was the care of Mrs. Mary Unwin. He was not her relative—he had entered her house as a boarder, and while there his malady returned. But she knew that he looked up to her as to a mother, and that without her his case would be greatly aggravated, and she willingly consented to become his nurse. Her husband soon after died; the malady of Cowper became settled; and, from pure sympathy, she devoted to him the whole of her subsequent life. During his long periods of excitement, when for months no smile would enliven his countenance, she watched by him day and night, regardless of her health, ever seeking to impart to him some ray of comfort. And when the sable vail was partially lifted, it was her constant care to make his life flow so smoothly that his mind might be strengthened by the soothing influence. She encouraged poetical composition, for she knew its salutary effects on a mind like his; she chose his subjects; and we are indirectly indebted to her for some of his most beautiful poems. Of her devotion to him in his darker hours, he writes, on one occasion: "I walk constantly, that is to say, Mrs. Unwin and I together; for at such times I keep her constantly employed and never suffer her to be absent from me many minutes. She gives me all her time and all her attention, and forgets that there is another object in the world." And again, on another occasion: "The whole management of me devolved upon her, and a terrible task she had. She performed it, however, with cheerfulness hardly ever equaled, and I have often heard her say that, if ever she praised God in her life, it was when she found that she was to have all the labor. She performed it accordingly, but, as I hinted once before, very much to the hurt of her own constitution." It was to her, as he sat by her side in her last days, that he wrote the touching poem, commencing:

"The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last,
My Mary.

"Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!"

Woman's Work.

The following letter from Florenee Nightingale contains some interesting reflections upon the question of woman's work:

LONDON, Sept. 18, 1866.

To Lemuel Moss: My Dear Sir—I could not do what you ask me to do in your kind letter of July 12th, viz.: give you information about my own life; though if I could it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led to God—by strange and unaccustomed paths—to do in his serviee what he did in hers. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard—that is all—and I have never refused God anything; though, being naturaliy a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have no particular gifts. And I can honestly assure any young lady, if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the "appointed eourse." But then she must first learn to walk, and so when she runs she must run with patienee. (Most people don't even try to walk.)

1st. But I would also say to all young ladies who are called to any partieular voeation, qualify yonrselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think yon can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek langnage nntil he is master of the language; and this he can become only by hard study. And,

2d. If you are called to man's work, do not exact woman's privileges—the privilege of inaecuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone yon can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficieney, to sketching, and unfinished work.

3d. It has happened to me more than once to be told by women (yonr country women) "Yes, but you had personal freedom." Nothing can well be further from the trnth. I question whether God has ever brought any one through more difficnlties and contradictions than I have had. But I imagine these exist less among yon than among us, so I will say no more.

4th. But to all women I would say, look upon your work, whether it be an aeeustomed or an unaeeustomed work, as upon a trust confided to you. This will keep you alike from discouragement and from presumption, from idleness and from over-taxing yourself. Where God leads the way He has bound himself to help you to go the way.

I have been nine years confined a prisoner to my room from illness, and overwhelmed with business. (Had I more faith—more of the faith which I profess—I would not say "overwhelmed," for it is all business sent me by God. And I am really thankful to Him, though my sorrows have been deep and many, and he still makes me to do his business.)

This must be my excuse for not having answered your questions before.

Nothing with the approval of my own judgment has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objeetion to sending my own likeness for the same reason. Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others, but it is a deep-seated religious scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone shonld be remembered I wish.

If I could give the lessons of my life to my countrywomen and yours (indeed I fain look upon us as all one nation)—the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time I would only say, work—work in silenee at first, in silenee for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all yonr life it will be the time you will afterwards find to have best spent; and it is very eertain that without it you will be no worker. You will not produee one "perfeet work," but only a botch in the service of God.

Pray believe me, my dear sir, with great truth, ever your faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Have you read Baker's "Sourees of the Nile," where he says he was more like a donkey than an explorer? That is much my case, and I believe is that of all who have to do any unusual work. And I would especially guard young ladies from faneying themselves lady superiors, with an obsequious following of disciples, if they undertake any great work.

Sir," said a young wife to her husband a few days after their marriage, "You told me that you had an Improved Emperor Cook Stove in the kitchen, but why was you not honest enough to tell me you had this old fashioned stove in the parlor; I must have a new one at onee, and the best at that." The last seen of the husband he was coming from Flint & Co.'s Emporium with a smiling face, having purchased one of the "Superb Parlor Stoves."

Farmers' Wives. The reading of essays by the ladies is one of the exercises which give life and interest to the meetings of the Springfield (Vt.) Farmers' Club. From one of the essays by Mrs Daniel Rice, published in the *Vermont Farmer*, we copy the following paragraphs:

"Did you ever think of the amount of thought requisite to plan three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in succession? To prepare enough and not too much, and for those living at a distance from the village, to remember that the stock of flour, sugar, tea, etc., etc., is replenished in due time? Do you ever think of the multitude of her cares and duties? She must rise early to prepare breakfast or oversee it. Perhaps there are children to wash, dress, and feed, or to get ready for school with their dinners. There is baking, sweeping, dusting, making beds, lunch for the men, may be—dinner and supper to be made ready at the proper time—the washing, starching, folding and ironing of clothes—the eare of milk, including the making of butter and cheese—and the inevitable washing of dishes. In autumn there is the additional work of picking, preserving, canning of fruit, drying apples, boiling cider, making apple sauce, with the still more unpleasant task which falls to her lot at butcher-time. Then there is haying, harvesting, sheep-shearing, etc., when more help is needed, bringing an increase of her labors. Twice a year comes house-cleaning. By the way, of all the foes a housekeeper has to contend with, dirt is the greatest. She may gain a complete victory and think to repose upon her laurels after her semi-annual engagements—but it is only temporary. The enemy soon returns, and even daily skirmishing does not keep it at bay.

There is the mending too. Sewing machines are great blessings, but they can't set in a patch or darn the stockings. I do not mention these things by way of complaining of woman's lot in general, or asking for her any rights which she does not possess. I don't know as there is any remedy in the present state of the world. It seems to be one of the evils of life which must be borne as we bear other ills—but what I do ask is a due appreciation of the important part that woman acts, and a concession that her labors, mental and physical, are as great, all things considered, as those of the other sex. Women are not so childish that a little sympathy now and then or acknowledgment of their efforts and sacrifices make them imagine their case worse than it is. I tell you, men and husbands, 'It doeth good like a medicine,' and many a poor crushed, broken-down wife and mother is dying for want of it."

THIRTY THOUSAND WOMEN IN THE HOP FIELDS.—It is estimated that 30,000 women are now engaged in picking hops in the state of Wisconsin. Immense trains of ears were required to convey them to the hop picking region, and the scenes as thousands of women landed at the depots were novel and pieturesque in the extreme. At least ten thousand passed through Portage City. A local paper deseribes the advent of the merry crowd as follows:

"The first instalment by cars, some three hundred, came last week Tnesday evening. Wednesday evening nearly one thousand came. Thursday and Friday evenings each five or six hundred. Saturday afternoon it was rumored that a very large number were on the way, and the rumor was eorroborated by the great number of teams that seemed to be in waiting. About train time—half-past seven—probably one thousand persons had colleeted at the depot to witness the arrival. It was then found that the cars were two hours behind time, and that instead of one train, two were coming, with 28 cars loaded. When the two hours were up the crowd at the depot had increased; and this, with the aeres of two and four-horse wagons about the depot, and the music and fun of the merry drivers, formed no small preliminary show of itself. But as the two trains eame thundering along, and as they stretched themselves away beyond and away back of the depot and stopped, excitement was on tiptoe. And when 2000 piekers began to pour out of every door of those 28 cars, the seene beat all other western shows. Cheering, laughing, singing, shouting! Admirable confusion, no disorders. Sections of tens, platoons of twenties, companies of forties, all officered, moving in every possible direction; eorporals guiding their squads; captains giving orders to their companies; marching and counter-marching — direct and echelon — forming eamp and breaking camp; armed and equipped with umbrellas, parasols, satchels, baskets, bandboxes, bags, bundles, babies! Teamsters shouting for their loads—rush for the wagons—tumbling in! all formed a scene to beat any army camp or movement. We can't do justiee to the subject.

The Missionary's Wife.

There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. I saw much of the missionaries abroad, and even made many warm friends among them; and I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant, that the winds must not breathe upon too rudely, recovers from the separation of her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his head, and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling, and have been welcomed as a brother, and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East.—And when I left her dwelling, it was with a mind burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will, perhaps, never see again.—*Stephen's Incidents of Travel.*

WHAT A WOMAN DID IN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.—At the last meeting of the N. E. Historical-Genealogical Society in Boston, Rev. John A. Vinton read a paper on Deborah Sampson, who under the assumed name of Robert Shurtleff served as a soldier in the continental army. She was born in Plymouth, and was a descendent of John Alden, of Miles Standish, of Peter Hobart and of Gov. Wm. Bradford. She enlisted under the above assumed name in April, 1781, had a personal share in the siege of Yorktown, and witnessed the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis. She was afterwards wounded east of the Hudson. On recovering from her wounds she was engaged in some severe engagements with the Indians, and was finally appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. Patterson, and taken into his family; and all this time without a suspicion of her sex. Her sex was finally discovered by the physician who attended her in a severe illness. She was honorably discharged from the army Oct. 23, 1783,—she received the same pension as other soldiers. A few months after she had left the army she was married to Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, and was the affectionate and exemplary mother of a respectable family of children. She died in that town April 27, 1827, aged sixty-six years.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.—The following bit of the romance of the war is from a letter dated at Lake Providence, La.:

"The First Kansas regiment, of which I have spoken before, is encamped near us. One of the members of that regiment, a sergeant, died in the hospital two weeks ago. After death his comrades discovered that their companion, by the side of whom they had marched and fought for almost two years was—a woman. You may imagine their surprise at the discovery. I went to the hospital and saw the body after it was prepared for burial, made some inquiries about her. She was of rather more than the average size for a woman, with rather strongly marked features, so that with the aid of man's attire she had quite a masculine look. She enlisted in the regiment after they went to Missouri, and consequently they knew nothing of her early history.—She probable served under an assumed name. She was in the battle of Springfield, where Gen Lyon was killed, and has fought in a dozen battles and skirmishes. She always sustained an excellent reputation both as a man and a soldier, and the men all speak of her in terms of respect and affection. She was brave as a lion in battle, and never flinched from any duty or hardships that fell to her lot. She must have been very shrewd to have lived in the regiment so long and preserved her secret so well. Poor girl! she was worthy of a better fate. Who knows what grief, trouble or persecution induced her to embrace such a life?"

ook, &c.

A Woman's Contribution—Letter from Clara Barton in Acknowledgment—"A Dollar is a Life."

A few weeks since I received a letter from Mrs. Helen C. Harlow, late of Shrewsbury, Mass., now journeying overland to California, dated near Kearney City, Nebraska, May 2d, in which she says, "I hear of hard fighting in Virginia and the southwest, but know but little of the particulars. I can do but little for my country, but wish to ameliorate the sufferings of the soldiers as much as possible; and if you have any of my funds in your hands please appropriate fifty dollars for that purpose." In obedience to this patriotic request I sent fifty dollars to Miss Clara Barton, (known by the soldiers as the Angel of the Battle Field.) and here follows her acknowledgment of the same:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19, 1864.

T. W. HAMMOND, Esq.—*My Dear Friend:* I have been waiting some days in the vain hope of finding a *longer* minute in which to reply to your excellent letter, and acknowledge the reception of the generous donation of a check for fifty dollars ($50) forwarded me by you. Please accept in behalf of our suffering armies, my most heartfelt thanks, both for yourself and the patriotic, kind-hearted lady, whose soul has gone out in sympathy with her eastern brothers, fighting and dying in the Virginia swamps, hundreds of miles from her home of flowers. First to her for the gift belong my grateful thanks, and next, and more especially, my good friend, to you, for the appropriation you were pleased to make of it. I am glad that my acquaintances have the confidence in my integrity and ability, which enables them conscientiously to entrust their bounty to my hands. *They* will never know how faithfully I shall strive to use all so entrusted; can never understand as I do the new estimate of value and means that the last few years experience has give me. Formerly, a dollar was a dollar only, and might be indifferently used, or laid aside for future contingencies; now, with the memory of all these bloody fields, of perishing men, constantly looming up in my sight—a dollar is a *life*—must be expended to the best possible advantage, and may not be retained a single hour, lest while it waits some father's soul goes up to God, and his widowed wife and orphaned children weep alone upon the desolate hearth-stone. Nothing but these terrible scenes have, even for a moment of my life, enkindled in my mind the just desire for wealth. To-day, I would take the wealth of a gold mine if I could get it, and tomorrow, I should be poor.

It will of course be no news to you that I expect to start for James river soon, and I shall be most happy, if I am able, to do any favor for my Worcester county friends among their friends at the field.

I called upon Lieut Woodworth of the 25th, last evening, wounded in the hand. He is cheerful and "doing well." I *hope* to be able to meet the remnant of that regiment. How fatally it suffered.

With kind remembrances to all inquiring friends, and always happy to hear from you and Mrs H., I beg to remain, as ever,

Yours sincerely, CLARA BARTON.

Miss Clara H. Barton.

[We find in the Bordentown (N. J.) Register a letter of this excellent woman, acknowledging the receipt of valuable supplies from ladies of that state, which she had herself distributed among the wounded and suffering after the battle of Culpepper. We have not space to publish the letter, but the following friendly comments of the Register will interest many of our readers to whom Miss Barton is not wholly a stranger.]

We have long been seeking for a pretext by which we might, without seeming to be trespassing, speak of the noble deeds of this benevolent lady. Many of our citizens are well acquainted with Miss Barton, she having been a teacher in the public school when first established here, and a number who were then her pupils, are now bravely fighting for the Union. Her native place is Oxford, Mass., where she received a liberal education from the well regulated public schools of her own noble state. After finishing her education, she immediately started upon her mission of teaching. She came to Bordentown about twelve years since, and was engaged by the trustees of the public school as teacher, and no one has given such general satisfaction since the institution was founded. She remained here in this occupation for about six months, and then removed to Washington, where, through the aid of some kind friends, she obtained a situation in the patent office department, which situation she has held ever since. She is known to many to possess rare qualities as a philanthropist. Wherever sickness or sorrow visited any one within her knowledge, there she was surely to be found, administering cheer and comfort to the afflicted. But her true character was never revealed until this wicked rebellion threw within her reach the bleeding, wounded, and dying soldiers. Soon as the first battle was fought, and the mangled forms of our wounded soldiers were brought into Washington, she threw aside her quill, and left her situation to assist in soothing the sufferings of our gallant volunteers, and for a long time she had been indefatigable in her benevolent acts of mercy, giving her time and money without fee or reward. But at last, through the intercession of friends, her charitable conduct was brought before some of the departments at Washington. Since then Miss Barton has been provided with passes entitling her to free access in any of the conveyances to and from the various hospitals and battle fields, or wherever her services are needed.

We saw a letter from a correspondent of one of the New York papers, speaking of Miss Barton's presence at the battle field of Cedar Mountain, whither she hastened on learning of the dreadful slaughter that had there taken place. Not only that but every other battle ground anywhere near the capital has been visited by her. She at last followed to the dreadful field of carnage at Bull Run and Centerville. That no doubt was the most horrible of all the scenes yet witnessed, because there the slaughter was greatest, and there she had provided herself with tent and equipage for a short campaign. She left her home on Sunday morning, and was upon the battle field at least four days, all the time engaged in binding up wounds and giving nourishment to the bleeding, fainting soldier.

The services of this good lady will ever be remembered by the poor soldier, and many an earnest prayer has been offered for heaven's best blessings upon the kind and benevolent Clara H. Barton. If those who give but a cup of cold water to a disciple, lose not their reward, how great must be the reward of one who has given so many days and nights of watching and attention to the unfortunate but heroic soldiers? May heaven's choicest blessings attend the future steps of one who has done so much for the cause of humanity.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.——*Love at First Sight.*—The Rochester Union of Saturday editorially vouches for the truth of the subjoined remarkable incident said to have occurred to a young lady (an orphan) who recently left a quiet home in the country to earn a livelihood as saleswoman in New York city. We take up the point when she reached the great metropolis:

"Our heroine was accosted by some friends, who had heard of her coming, and kindly offered her the hospitalities of their home until she should find a home elsewhere. A few hours later her friends, wishing to show her some attention, invited her to go aboard an ocean steamer then lying in harbor. She complied with the delight of a country lass, and her curiosity was satisfied and pleased with all she saw.

A Liverpool packet was lying beside the dock, and our little party, descrying it, thought they would visit it also. So, going aboard, they walked up and down the deck. Meanwhile, a little sailor boy—a 'jolly tar' in technical language—beckoned to them, saying, 'O! come into the cabin; you have not seen the best part of our ship.' They followed him into a beautifully fitted up saloon. Our heroine was in ecstacies. A door opened at the other end of the cabin, and a tall man approached—his noble form and lordly bearing at the same time impressing all with the feeling that he must be the captain of the ship. Introductions ensued. In her delight, our heroine exclaimed: 'O! I should like to go to Europe on such a ship.' It was the deep voice of the captain that answered, 'Well, and you can if you will.' 'As your stewardess, I suppose, sir?' replied the young lady. 'As my wife!' exclaimed the master. 'As your wife, sir?' cried the damsel in no feigned astonishment, 'you must be joking!' 'No! I am not,' exclaimed the captain. 'I mean every word of it!' On the instant the color sprang to the cheek of the young girl; her heart beat rapidly. 'Could he mean it?'

Concealing the emotions of her heart, she stood buried in thought. The captain meanwhile took her friend aside and showed him letters of credence from some of the most respectable firms in Europe. Then, returning, he anxiously awaited a favorable response. She, with trepidation, asked for a few hours to consider this unexpected proposition, which was to be fraught with such a remarkable change in her condition, her hopes, her fears alternating in her mind as she meditated. It was finally agreed he should receive an answer at 3 o'clock P. M. At the appointed time the captain called, and with emotions such as the tender sex only are susceptible, she yielded her heart confidingly to him who was to be her future lord, and to whom she had been but a few hours before an utter stranger. And in a few moments they were standing together, bride and groom, she no longer the dependent, orphan country girl. What thoughts must have whirled through her brain as she journeyed some three hundred miles to her native village to tell the wonderful story of her sudden change, and make ready for her departure for Europe (on her bridal tour, which was to be in three days.

The residence of the orphan girl was a village on the Erie railroad, 'where two roads meet.' The groom is Capt. O., of the old Liverpool line of packets." *A true fact - 1866.*

Ordination and Installation at Hingham.

A large congregation was gathered in the Universalist Church at Hingham on Wednesday, 19th inst., to witness and participate in the work of setting apart to the ministry of the Gospel, and installing as pastor of that church, of Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, the first occasion of the ordination of a woman preacher in Massachusetts.

The services of the morning were devoted to the ordination, and commenced at 10½, with singing by the choir of the anthem, "When the Lord shall build up Zion." Rev. H. R. Nye, of Springfield, invoked God's blessing upon the services; Rev. J. Marsden, of Abington, read a hymn written by Mrs. C. A. Mason; Rev. E Francis, of Medford, read selections from Scripture; Rev. W. E. Haskell, of Marblehead, read a hymn written by Mrs. M. G. Farmer; Rev. J. G. Adams, of Lowell, preached an able discourse from Gal. iii. 28, "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus;" the Ordaining Prayer was made by Rev. J. J. Twiss, of Lowell; Rev. Olympia Brown, of Weymouth, gave the Hand of Fellowship; Rev. A. R. Nye, of Springfield, the Charge to the Candidate; and read a Hymn, written by Mrs. N. F. Munroe; Closing Prayer by Rev. B. H. Davis, of Melrose; Benediction by the Pastor.

The Installation service commenced at 2 P. M., with a fine rendering of the glorious anthem, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." Rev. E Francis followed, with an Invocation of the Divine Favor and Blessing; a hymn, written by Miss Almira Seymour, was read by Rev. W. G. Haskell, of Marblehead; Selections from Scripture were read by Rev. J. J. Twiss, of Lowell; Rev. E. Hewitt, of South Weymouth, read a hymn written by Mrs. M. A. Adams, and offered prayer; Rev. Olympia Brown gave the Installation Sermon from 1 Cor. ii. 2, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified," and it was a discourse of great merit. Rev. J. G. Adams, of Lowell, offered the Installatory Prayer; the Fellowship of the Churches was given by Rev. B. H. Davis, of Melrose; Charge to the pastor, by Rev. J. Marsden, of Abington; Charge to the people, by Rev. J. W. Keyes, of Arlington, who also read the closing hymn, written by Mrs. Sylvanus Cobb.

At the close of the services, morning and afternoon, a sumptuous dinner was served by the Universalists of Hingham, at Loring Hall, and the entertainment by these good people was as cordial as their ancient fame implies.

In the evening, Rev. J. J. Twiss, of Lowell, preached a most able and interesting discourse to a goodly congregation.

The whole services were marked by an unusual degree of solemnity, and were unusually interesting and profitable.

The lady ordained, Mrs. Hanaford, is well known throughout the country, wherever "The Empty Sleeve" is sung, the "Life of Lincoln" read; into all homes where the *Ladies' Repository* goes, of which she is the able editor; where the cause of temperance, or social and moral reform needs an earnest and eloquent advocate, this devoted woman is known.

God's choicest blessings be upon her in this new relation, and may many souls be given the Lord, through her ministrations of the Word, and bless the people, with her, and unite them in the fellowship of the Gospel. W. G. H.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.—To promote her husband's interest, she attended in his little shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblack, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant.

Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a two-penny earthern vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to $10. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.—*Parton's Life of Franklin.*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.—At daybreak, on the 30th day of May, 1431, a priest entered the cell of a young woman at Rouen, and announced that he was come to prepare her for death. Not that the prisoner was ill—she was young, healthy and in the full possession of her faculties; the death she was to suffer was a violent one—she was to be burned alive! Burned alive at one-and-twenty! What could the poor wretch have done? She had shivered the power of the English in France; she had, by means of an enthusiasm which rendered her obnoxious to the clergy, roused the French nation from the torpor in which she had been thrown by the stunning blows dealt to it by Henry V. of England, and she had dared to thwart the purposes and brave the anger of vindictive churchmen like the Bishop of Beauvais, and the Bishop of Winchester, Cardinal Beaufort. The prisoner's name was Jeanne Darc, or as she has been more commonly, but erroneously, called, Joan of Arc. The priest's announcement took the poor maiden entirely by surprise. A week before she had been led out into a public place in Rouen, and compelled in a moment of weakness, when surrounded by enemies—not one kindly face among the crowd—and, under circumstances of great excitement, to sign a document disavowing and solemnly abjuring certain charges of heresy which were preferred against her; and she had been told on that occasion that her life would now be spared, though she must resign herself to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment. The excuse for breaking faith with the poor girl was this: that since her abjuration she had said that St. Catherine and St Margaret, with whom she asserted she was frequently in direct communion, had appeared to her, and rebuked her for her weakness in yielding to the threats of violence.

On first hearing the announcement of the priest, Jeanne's firmness gave way; she wept and gave vent to piteous cries, tore her hair, and appealed to 'the great Judge" against the cruel wrongs done to her; but, by degrees, her self possession returned, and she listened to the ministrations of the priest, received the last sacrament from him, and announced herself ready to submit to the will of God. At 9 o'clock in the morning she was carried away in the hangman's cart to the market-place of Rouen, where had been already laid the funeral pyre on which the young victim was to be sacrificed. The Bishop of Beauvais, Cardinal Beaufort, and several other prelates, with the English military commanders, were there, and a vast crowd had come out to see "the Maid of Orleans" die. In the centre of the market-place, about the spot where now stands a fountain surmounted by a figure of Jeanne Darc, the stake was reared, and around it were piled the faggots. Soldiers guarded the place of execution. The ceremonial of death was begun on that beautiful May morning by a sermon in which the crime of heresy was vehemently denounced, then the sentence pronounced by the shepherds of the flock upon the ewe lamb before them was published, and the signal was given to proclaim the last act of the tragedy. A soldier's staff was broken and formed into a rough cross, which "the Maid" clasped to her breast. She was then bound to the stake, the faggots were lighted, the flames leaped up around her, and after suffering the agonies indispensable to death by burning, her spirit returned to God who gave it. The English Cardinal watched the whole proceeding with unmoved face, and when his victim's life was beyond his reach, he ordered her ashes and bones to be gathered up and to be cast into the Seine.

A DELICATE PIECE OF WORK. The Treasury experts have finished the work of restoring the securities of the Pemberton Savings Bank of Franklin, Penn, which were thrown into the fire by the insane cashier. Of the $140,000 in government bonds all were identified; of the $60,000 in railroad and municipal bonds all were restored; of the $150,000 in notes and bills receivable, all were restored or made good by the parties interested. The only loss of the bank has been two or three thousand dollars in currency. When received at the Treasury the whole mass appeared to be ashes and charred remnants of paper. The experts were Mrs. Davis, Miss Patterson and Miss Schrimer. The time occupied was about five weeks of clear days, the work being of such a delicate nature that it could not be prosecuted in cloudy weather.

In a recent speech at Indianapolis Gen. Sheridan said he gained the battle of Winchester "almost entirely" through information given by a Miss Wright, a Union woman of Winchester. His great difficulty was to communicate with her. Finally he wrote her a letter on tissue paper, which he rolled and compressed to the size of his thumb end, and then enveloped in tin foil. This weighty package was then consigned to the capacious mouth of a colossal African, who had a confederate pass to sell vegetable in Winchester. He delivered the message and returned with the answer, rolled in the same tin foil within two days. She is now a clerk in the treasury department at Washington.

MELANCTHON AS A FATHER.

LIKE Luther, and all men of large and loving natures, Melancthon was instinctively attracted toward children. Touching testimonies of the tenderness with which he regarded "little ones" occur in his letters and discourses; and Camerarius, his best beloved friend, delights to denote the gentle and graceful interest which he felt in them. As some one has said, "His childlike mind embraced the state of childhood, in general, with almost too great tenderness."

The parental instinct of his affectionate nature, existing in intensity and delicacy, was destined to exquisite gratification and to shocks of severest sorrow. Though, as he states in a letter to one of the "inner circle" of his friends, he loved Anna, his first-born, with an affection of singular strength and sweetness, he loved all his children "with that love which God implants in our nature." Melancthon could not conceive of paternity without the pervasion of the heart by tenderness; and he could not recognize the competency to estimate paternal love in its tenacity, condescension, and self-denial, of any "who had no children of their own." In one of his letters we have a glimpse of the "inner circle" of friends which was penetrated by his spirit of genial goodwill. Luther, Bugenhagen, Jonas, and Amsdorf, had met in the holy and happy home over which Catherine presided, in a manner which made her presence a charm to the good men who visited, and which riveted the bond whereby Melancthon was attached to her. The friends were conversing "at large on the love of parents toward their children." One of them exclaimed, "I know, I know what it is!" "You know nothing about it," was Luther's characteristic rejoinder, which Melancthon reports with mirthful satisfaction, and seems to settle by the simple affirmation of Amsdorf's celibacy. In one of his discourses—as he expatiates on the sentiment of the letter which he wrote to Bugenhagen on the death of his dearly cherished Anna—he shows, in a strain of simplicity which the gravest of our readers could not, without smiling, hear a preacher use, how naturally parents lavish affection on their offspring. "When," says he, "we have children of our own, we kiss them and play with them in such a manner, that, if a stoic saw it, he would be inclined to reprove, or at least to think, 'What a simpleton the man is!'" In the same connection, he quotes Plutarch's story, illustrating the fatherliness of Agesilaus, renowned in the annals of Sparta for purity of patriotism, valor, and versatility as a military commander, and freedom from the vices so common among his countrymen. The anecdote of the Grecian general has its counterpart in Melancthon's history. The Spartan father, who had won so many battles, and negotiated so successfully for the peace and prosperity of his kingdom, was found, by a friend who had come to visit him, amusing his son after a homely fashion. The boy Archidamus—who, in after days, was the hero of the "Tearless Battle," so called because it was notified in the dispatch that the victory had been won without the loss of a man by the conquerors—was receiving a lesson in the art of riding on a stick! The visitor who witnessed the scene was enjoined by Agesilaus "not to tell any one what he had seen until he had children himself."

Melancthon, on a certain day, was accosted, in accents of astonishment, by a foreign scholar, who had sought an interview with him. The learned Frenchman did not expect to find the preceptor of Germany in the nursery, reading indeed, yet rocking the cradle at the same time. The amazement which was signified by the visitor, led Melancthon so to speak of childhood and its claims, that a lesson was conveyed which, amid many books, had not been learned before.

Anna, his first-born, from the day on which he became a father, was regarded with a love which never lost its freshness, and often gushed forth. In a letter to Camerarius, between whom and himself the friendly relation was so close that any trace of reserve and reticence in correspondence and intercourse was impossible, and the most minute incidents of personal and domestic history were communicated, he tells how the little girl soothed him as he was sorrowfully affected. The child found her father weeping in his room—doubtless distressed by the disasters which had emerged to confound the Reformers, and to interfere with the development of the great movement with which they were identified—and artlessly sympathized with him, as she clambered on his knee, and with her little apron wiped away the tears. The comforted father assured his correspondent "that the proof of his little daughter's sympathy touched him to the heart." Little Anna, one day, intent on sport, forgot that her father had restricted the time for play, and stayed among her companions longer than she ought. On her return, Melancthon reminded the child that she must answer to her mother for the trespass, and, in tones which belied displeasure, inquired what she would say to save herself from reprimand. The reply—which was "Nothing"—was greatly to Melancthon's taste; and, in after days, when provoked to wage a war of words, the provocation was rendered powerless by the remembrance of the sage answer of his amiable child.

Two years thereafter, the lovely child was torn from Melancthon's embrace by death; and the intensity of his love was attested by the depth and duration of his grief. Most dreary was the summer of 1529 to the disconsolate father. Profoundly saddened by the death of his mother, which occurred in July of that year, his sorrow became overwhelming when he was bereaved of the boy, in whom, as appears from the following reference in one of his letters, fond hopes of a distinguished career were centered. "Nothing," he writes, "was ever dearer to me than this boy. He manifested extraordinary abilities. I cannot find language to describe to you what a stroke the loss of him has been to me." In one of his discourses, showing that he sorely smarted long after the decease of his son, and that he did not write recklessly when he assured his friend, in the letter from which we have quoted, "that his sorrow would last as long as the mind is sane," Melancthon uses very strong language, describing the anguish felt by parents as they witness the severe illness and death of their children. He speaks of the pain which then wrings the loving heart, as next in tolerableness "to the feeling of the wrath of God." Writing, four years after his bereavement, to a friend stricken by a similar calamity, he says, "I have felt what these wounds are."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine*

GOETHE AND MENDELSSOHN.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE POET AND THE COMPOSER.

M. L. RELLSTAB, a German writer of considerable reputation, has recently published in Germany two volumes of his autobiography, replete with interesting gossip about distinguished men. He tells the following tale of the meeting of the author of *Faust* and the composer of *Elijah*:

In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had invited a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance; he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce this effect. His "Good evening" was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white head of the poet. The latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head and said, "Now you shall play us something." Zelter nodded his assent.

The piano was opened and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, "What shall I play?"

"Well, what you can," the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice; "whatever is not too difficult for you."

To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that no task was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust depreciation of his faculties. It was at length arranged that he should play a fantasia, which he did to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale.

Zelter was the first to interrupt the silence in his humorous way, by saying aloud, "Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons; why, that went over stick and stone!" At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there were nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent, in this way, the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouraged the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying jestingly, "But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognize your merits."

"But what shall I play," Felix asked, "Herr Professor?"—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—"what shall I play now?"

I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will, however, mention the most interesting.

Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was therefore requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the

book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty.

Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things he requested him to play a minuet.

"Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?" he asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, and which is that?"

He played the minuet from "Don Giovanni."

Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening on his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to "Figaro." He commenced it with a lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently that the effect was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the talented lad.

"Well, come," he said, "you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on trial."

Goethe went out, re-entered the room in a few moments, and had a roll of music in his hand. "I have fetched something from my manuscript collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?"

He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so or it was written on the paper, I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name, and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, having a manuscript of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, before a lad so full of promise for the future, to play at sight—in truth such a constellation may be termed a rarity.

The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the manuscript was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an adagio; still there was a difficulty in doing it as the lad did, for he played it as if he had been practicing it for years.

Goethe adhered to his good-humored tone, while all the rest applauded. "That is nothing," he said; 'others could read that, too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care."

With these words, he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes or only a paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. "How is that written? Who can read it?" he said.

But sudden'y he became serious; for while Goethe was saying, "Now, guess who wrote it?" Zelter, who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his manuscripts; they are easy to know."

At the mention of this name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had suddenly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the manuscript, and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes.

But all this only lasted a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. "You see," he exclaimed, "I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do."

Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few are able to attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh.

He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick "No, so;" then he exclaimed, "Now I will play it to you." And this second time not a note was missing. This is Beethoven, this passage," he said once, turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. "That is true Beethoven. I recognized him in it at once."

With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add, that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe vailed in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there, and had not been quite sure.

QUAKERS AND PURITANS.

Some More "New England Tragedies."

The first notice of the Quakers in Massachusetts was an order of the General Court of 1656, appointing a 'public day of humiliation to seek the face of God—in behalf of our native country, with reference to the abounding of errors, especially those of the Ranters and Quakers.' Hardly was the day passed when a vessel from Barbados arrived in 'the Road before Boston,' with two Quakerwomen on board—Ann Austin and Mary Fisher. Officers visited the vessel and found about a hundred Quaker books. Thereupon the Council ordered that 'all such corrupt books be burnt in the market-place by the common executioner,' that the two women should be kept in close prison until they could be transferred out of the country, and that the master of the ship that brought them should transport them back to Barbados. This order was carried out to the letter. The maiden Mary Fisher after being carried to Barbados, continued her travels and had some very romantic experiences. Being 'moved of the Lord' to deliver a message to the sultan of Turkey, she entered upon a journey to the Sublime Porte. She toiled along by land from the coasts of Morea to the city of Adrianople. This part of her journey, about six hundred miles, she made alone, 'without abuse or injury.' At Adrianople she found the grand vizier encamped with all his army. She discovered means of announcing her arrival, which was done in these words: 'An English woman hath a message from the great God to the great Turk.' She was soon invited to his tent, and with the aid of three interpreters 'uttered her mind.' He listened 'with much gravity and soberness,' and offered her a guard for her further progress. She declined it, and departed for Constantinople, alone, 'whitherto she came without the least hurt or scoff.' The Orientals regarded lunatics as inspired, and accordingly overwhelmed the Quaker visitor with prodigious quantities of genuflections and salaams, and bowed her out of the country, never to be troubled by her like again. The New England Puritans were not so philosophical as the Turks. No sooner had Ann and Mary taken their departure than another vessel, sailing from London, brought eight more Quakers to Boston. Their treatment was similar to that of the first party. After eleven weeks of suffering in the jail, they embarked again for England. It is noticeable that thus far, action against the Quakers had confined itself to banishment. But laws of much greater rigor were now passed, and these were not destined to remain a dead letter.

In the following year, 1657, Mary Clark left her husband and six children in London, and sailed across the Atlantic, 'that she might warn those persecutors to desist from their iniquity.' She delivered her message, was scourged, committed to prison for twelve weeks and then sent away. Thenceforward offenders were not to be so lightly dealt with; for on the 20th of October of the same year it was decreed that thereafter persons convicted by special jury of belonging to "the pernicious sect of Quakers should be sentenced to banishment on pain of death.' 'But desperate souls,' says Mr Allen, 'were abroad, men who looked upon this menace as an invitation, and sprang forward at once to avail themselves of the chance of martyrdom.' Marmaduke Stevenson, a young man then in Barbados, heard of the 'bloody law,' and took passage immediately for New England. He reached Rhode Island, and found there his friend, William Robinson, to whom, in the language of a letter from the cell in which he lay condemned to die, the word of the Lord had come expressly, and commanded me to pass to the town of Boston, my life to lay down.' 'After a little time,' as a similar letter asserted, 'the word of the Lord came to Marmaduke also, saying 'go to Boston with thy brother, William Robinson.' The two accordingly went. Mary Dyer, 'a comely, grave woman, the mother of several children,' likewise was 'moved of the Lord to come from Rhode Island to make them a visit.' Nicholas Davis also was one of the party. The four were arrested and straightway banished on pain of death. Nicholas and Mary 'found freedom to depart;' but the other two were 'constrained in the love and power of the Lord to try your bloody law unto death.' They hovered about Salem a few weeks, and then, in the midst of quite a troop of friends, marched into Boston with unfaltering steps. Alice Cowland, who had come with them, brought some 'linnen,' as she showed the Governor, 'wherein to wrap the dead bodies of them who were to suffer.' Mary Dyer reconsidered her duty, and was also 'soon espied' in Boston. Being brought before the Magistrates, Robinson and Stevenson and Mary Dyer were condemned to be hanged, and on the 27th of October, 1659—a dark day in the calendar of New England—the three, 'walking hand in hand, Mary being the middlemost,' took up their solemn march to the gallows, which stood upon Boston Common. 'The two men, one after the other, climbed the ladder and were hanged. They died with exalted hearts. The last words of Robinson were, 'I suffer for Christ, for whom I live and in whom I die.' Stevenson said: 'This day shall we be at rest with the Lord.' Mary Dyer then stepped up the ladder. The halter was put about her neck; her face was covered with a handkerchief; she was just to be turned off.—when a faint cry arrested the hangman's act. It was this: 'Stop! stop! she is reprieved!' 'A reprieve! a reprieve!' was shouted for by a hundred willing voices. The execution immediately stopped. But she, whose mind was already, as it were, in heaven, stood still, and said 'she was willing to suffer as her brethren did, unless they would annul their wicked law.' Could there be a deeper pathos than that? Her own son, who was secretary of state in Rhode Island, had come to Boston to intercede in her behalf. The magistrates could not refuse him, and he bore his dauntless mother back to their home.'

But Mary Dyer could not be at rest. The next spring 'she was moved to return to the bloody town of Boston.' Her husband wrote beseechingly to Endicott, who indeed was loath to condemn her, and suggested to her the evasion of denying her identity. But she would not equivocate. With wonderful heroism she marched to her fate. Even at the gallows they delayed the execution, and her life was offered her again and again if she would only promise to leave the jurisdiction. 'Nay, I cannot,' was her constant reply; 'for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful to the death.'

DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and, with a view to eclat, sent polite invitations to the president, Mr Fillmore, the members of the cabinet, Mr Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several of the members of the cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr Bodisco, the Russian minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and others, came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind, with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the hight of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolution of Mr Clay; and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert, where the head of the government, and a large number of both branches of the legislative department, were present. At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer; and rising, like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous, bass voice, to the chorus; and I venture to say, that, never in the whole couse of her career, did she hear or receive one-half such applause as that with which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted.

Mrs Webster, who sat immediatcly behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was of no earthly use, and at the close of each verse, Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience, were the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache and the two Grisis on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the National air of "Hail Columbia," as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass, we shall never see or hear again.

At the close of the air, Mr Webster arose with hat in his hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtsied, the house re-applauded, and this was repeated eight or nine times, or "I'm a villain else."—*Southern Society.*

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER DO?—John Adams, father of John Quincy Adams, used to say: When I was a boy I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and, going to my father, told him I did not like study and asked him for other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. "Well, John," said he, "if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch and you may put by grammar and dig." This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner time; but it was humiliating and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride and I told my father—one of the severest lessons of my life—that, if he choose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to my two days' labor in that ditch.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB IN EUROPE.

LETTERS FROM DR HOLLAND—13.

Mr Spurgeon, Newman Hall and Dr Cumming in Their Own Pulpits.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LAUSANNE, Switzerland, October, 1868.

There are three clergymen in London, whose names are particularly well known to American people, viz: Mr Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and Rev Dr Cumming. Of course, I took pains to hear them all preach. The rush to Mr Spurgeon's church is so great that I took an early start, on a bright Sunday morning, in order to be served among the first strangers, if possible. On alighting at the door of the church, instead of being obliged to wait, I was met by some officer of the place and day, who inquired whether I would like to go directly into the church, and wait my chance there. Responding in the affirmative to his polite proposition, he led the way, at the same time putting into my hand a slip of paper which he begged me to read. It was a request for a contribution to Mr Spurgeon's institution for the education of clergymen. It was a very neat business transaction—one for which the practical and business-like Mr Spurgeon is justly celebrated. It was as much as to say: "I have taken you out of the sun and given you a good chance for a good seat; now, if this amounts to anything to you, state the sum in silver or gold in the contribution-box." I stated it and took a seat in a sort of elevated waiting-stand, near the entrance. The officer told a gentleman that some "American friends" would like seats; and we—myself and party—were soon invited forward, and seated in some of the best pews in the house.

Mr Spurgeon's church is a very large and well contrived house, capable of holding a larger congregation, I judge, than that of Mr Beecher, in Brooklyn. Indeed, it is claimed that it affords comfortable sittings to five thousand persons. There were not more than five hundred people in the church when I entered, but they came pouring in from that time forward, until every part of the building was crowded. The interior is oval, the platform pulpit standing out from one extremity, and permitting the seats to sweep entirely around, an arrangement which gives a pretty good sized audience only the chance of seeing the back side of the speaker's head. The personal appearance of the great preacher has become so familiar to Americans, through engravings and the descriptions of letter-writers, that I need not say more than that he impressed me, as he stepped quietly upon the stand, as a hearty, healthy, powerful man. After giving out a hymn, and begging the congregation not to sing it too slowly, he joined with them in the music. Then he read a telegram he had just received from some distant part of the kingdom, from a man who was dying, and who found himself, in the dark hour, unsustained by the Christian's hope. His prayer for this stranger was one of the most touching things I ever heard. Indeed, the whole prayer, of which this formed an episode, was marked with great fervor, thorough spirituality, and a flow and command of language which much surpassed my expectations. When he finished his preaching, I was not left at a loss to understand the secret of his power. He is a good man, a strong man, thoroughly in earnest. There were passages in his sermon, not a few, which reminded me of Beecher. The same directness, the same bursts of grand and sweeping power, the same felicities of diction, which distinguished the performances of the American preacher, were scattered through the sermon. Mr Spurgeon's vocabulary is not so large as that of Mr Beecher. He is not so completely *en rapport* with the world of nature, and his fancy and imagination are not so active; but he is dramatic, understands human nature, believes in Christianity, (a good thing in a preacher,) knows exactly what he wants to do, and drives straight forward to the end he seeks. I do not know that Mr Spurgeon is Mr Beecher's superior in anything except it may be as a business man. His faculty of organization—of so setting other people at work as to multiply his own personal power a thousand fold, must distinguish him, in the results of his life, from Mr Beecher. Mr Spurgeon is doing by organization and institution what Mr Beecher does by personal magnetism. Mr Beecher inspires other clergymen; Mr Spurgeon educates them, and so builds and shapes the policy of institutions that he will be producing preachers after his own kind long after he has passed away. The spirit of the man is kindly. His manner towards his people is familiar and fatherly. Like the Brooklyn preacher, too, he is not without his dash of humor. In short, I left his presence, at last, with a good taste in my mouth, and the firmest wish in my heart that the Lord would send into the world, and set to work, ten thousand just such sensational fanatics as Mr Spurgeon.

I heard Newman Hall at St James Hall, an immense room, on the upper floor of a high building. The afternoon was warm, and the hall was hardly two-thirds full. I find that this famous clergyman, though standing high as a pulpit orator, is not so popular as a preacher, as he is as a platform speaker. He attracts no such audience as Mr Spurgeon; but on the occasion of a public meeting, for the discussion of any political, social or religious question, he can never be in the audience and escape a call to the platform. His off-hand performances are always acceptable, when under the spur of great audiences and great occasions, while, in his pulpit efforts, carefully planned, he is often commonplace. He seemed to me like an exhausted man, and I verily believe he is. He looked more worn than when he was in America. He is one of those unfortunate men who have undertaken to do more than any one man can do. His sermon, though not without good and telling points, was the work of a man who preaches too much. There was not time enough spent in its preparation. He had left too much to be thought out under the inspiration of the moment, and found too late that the afternoon and the audience were not capable of inspiring a man so tired as himself. In this thing, Mr Spurgeon shows himself to be Dr Hall's superior. Every blow of Spurgeon's tells. When he is tired his brother preaches. What he cannot do he makes other people do. He looks now as if he would be good for thirty years, while Dr Hall will certainly break down unless he changes his policy.

As Dr Hall retired from the house I presumed upon an introduction to him with which I was favored during his American tour, to greet him, and express the kindly feeling for him which all loyal Americans entertain. He spoke very cordially of his American friends and of his American experiences, talked hopefully about his church building enterprise, invited me to one of his social meetings, and excused himself from further conversation on the ground that another congregation, in another place, was already assembling to hear him preach. Here was a man who had already preached two long sermons, on his way to preach a third. I did not ask him whether he expected to preach in the evening, but I presume he did. When will public men learn to economize their strength? There is no wisdom in the policy pursued by this man, and unless he goes to Chicago, as I hope he may, and then undertakes to do the work of one man well, instead of endeavoring in vain to do the work of ten men, he will be sure to break down suddenly, or quietly fade out. He is a great, good man, capable of great things, if he will but economize his power and concentrate his efforts; but he is trying to do what no one man in the world can do.

The national Scotch church, Dr Cumming's, Crown Court, Covent Garden, is not a conspicuous edifice, and might be passed a hundred times without exciting inquiry. Supposing that it would be crowded, I adopted the same policy of early attendance which had served me so well at Mr Spurgeon's church. I might as well have stayed at home, as not a bit of the inside of the church did I see until every man who owned a seat in the church was seated. With my party I waited in the anteroom for fifteen or twenty minutes, when I was informed that if I would go around to the side of the church and wait there, until the side-doors were opened, I should be able to get a seat. I waited there with a discontented and anxious crowd of strangers until the ladies with me were weary and faint with standing; and when, at last, the doors were opened, I entered the church only to find that the preacher had already commenced the reading of the first hymn. The seating of strangers had stopped with the doctor's rising, and there we all stood. Not a pew door opened, not an usher stirred. The hymn was read and was then sung through at leisure. I am afraid I was angry. Such lack of all decent show of Christian hospitality I never witnessed in a church before in my life. At the conclusion of the hymn and of an elaborate opening prayer, we were received into the pews against which we had presumed to lean; and there was the end of our trouble for the time. But I made up my mind that that was no way to treat strangers, and that if Dr Cumming's church did not present me with a good example in this matter, it had at least furnished me with an "awful warning."

I was very pleasantly disappointed in Dr Cumming's preaching, for the looseness with which for several years he has spread himself upon print, had led me to expect more of words than ideas. His sermon, compared with those of Mr Spurgeon and Dr Hall, certainly deserved the preeminence as a literary performance. Its English was clearly formed, and the style, both of its composition and delivery, was nervous and forcible. The whole effort was more finished, careful and scholarly than either of the other sermons of which I have written. Nor did it lack in earnestness of purpose; and I shall always remember it among the comparatively few really excellent sermons I have heard in my life. It contained nothing of Dr Cumming's peculiar views touching the imminence of the consummation of earthly affairs, but was a manly protest against certain usurpations and presumptions of the established church of England. Indeed, there was not one of the three sermons, to which I have alluded in this letter, that did not have its "dig" at the church,—not ill-natured in the least, but a plain, outspoken denunciation of some of its measures and claims.

Dr Cumming is a fine-looking man, with a good strong cast of countenance, which reminded me not a little of the late Dr Wayland of Brown University. After the close of the service, he retired to his dressing room (he wears a gown) and was followed into it by an elegantly dressed lady. As I wished to see him, I inquired of the sexton whether I could see him. He said that as soon as the duchess of Sutherland should come out, I could go in. So, after a while, the duchess came out, a young, fine looking woman, and when she had trailed her perfumed [illegible] of silk and muslin past me, I entered, introducing myself to him as an American. I was received with a hearty greeting. He immediately relieved me from the burden of conversation, and talked about the Americans whom he had known. He said that when Mr Abbott Lawrence was the American minister, he constantly attended his church. He spoke of Mr Lawrence with much affection, and ended by saying, that until the day of his death he (Mr L.) had sent him (Dr C.) every year a barrel of Newton pippins, a gift which the widow of Mr Lawrence continued until she died. Then the Newton pippins stopped altogether. Mr Buchanan was also an attendant of Dr Cumming's church, during his residence near the court of St James.

All these men speak without writing their sermons. At least they bring very few written words into the pulpit. I cannot help feeling that, in this direct dealing with the people, lies one important secret of their power. Suppose you were to tie Mr Beecher down to written sermons; would it be hard to see that, thus tied down, he would cease to be the orator of power that he confessedly is? Thus hampered, he would cease to be Mr Beecher. His strictly characteristic efforts would be ended. I suppose it would be the same with these three great London preachers. A man in a pulpit is never so much a man, or so much a preacher, as when he does, in the presence of his audience, his best thinking, and utters it in words forged in the heat of the occasion.

The singing in all these three congregations was, I regret to say, congregational. I have heard nothing but congregational singing since I left home, and I am really getting hungry. The singing in Mr Spurgeon's church dragged itself along in a way to set a musical man frantic. That in St James Hall, though supported by an organ, was hardly better, while that in Dr Cumming's church was not singing at all. I am tired of this singing on a theory. It is undoubtedly a pretty thing for a whole congregation to unite in singing, provided they know how; but I have never yet seen a congregation that did know how, and I never expect to see one. I hope to hear something better in Germany, where musical culture is more universal; but so far, in all my life, congregational singing has been a torment to me, and never a source or medium of devotion. The theory itself is lame. People who do not know how to sing have no moral right to sing in public. It is just as legitimate to hire a choir to lead a congregation in public praise, as it is to hire a minister to lead in public prayer. That was the old doctrine of The Republican when I had the privilege of "doing the music." Permit me to repeat it again and here.

J. G. H.

A Paradise Upon the Mediterranean—Landscape—Fruits and Flowers.

"This is Paradise," wrote a friend who had preceded us, and who was urging our lagging steps on to Mentone.

MENTONE, April 14, 1872.

The Hotel d'Italie, where we are, is situated on the steep side of a hill just east of the town. Behind and above us the ascent is so abrupt that a look upward is almost dizzying, while far down below, and yet at our very feet, is the Mediterranean, whose waters look more "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," every time we fix our eyes upon them. Its waves, with never ceasing roar and plash, lull us to rest at night, and are the first sound to fall on the ear when day begins. The shelving grounds in front are built up in terraces loaded with a profusion of flowers, and are so laid out as to convey the impression that they are much more extensive than they actually are. It is the very spot in which to make the most of landscape gardening, and by vistas and nooks to cheat the beholder into the belief that land here is not so scarce after all. Here is a fig tree, there an aged olive, while the lilac, with breath like home, the pittisporum, with its glossy leaves and fragrant blossoms, and roses, white, pink, dark red and pale yellow, are all within sight, almost within reach. The scarlet geraniums, which give such color to our own gardens during the summer months, here climb the house walls to the highest stories, like woodbine or wisteria, and fling on the air and fling on the air a wealth of bright blossoms.

Piazza, terrace and rustic palisade are alike hidden and beautiful, while gillyflowers, nasturtiums, wallflowers and cactuses are little accounted of, so abundant are they. But our great delight is the heliotropes This delicate and choice plant has born some blossom all winter, and now, trained in rich masses at the corners of the house, its hundreds of clusters load the spring breezes with fragrance.

WORCESTER, ENGLAND.

Correspondence of the Worcester Spy.

The desire, before returning home, to see the Old Worcester and to compare her with our own good city, has led me to this place, and I have thought that your readers might be interested in learning something of it.

In some respects I find a striking resemblance to our city, and it is situated near the centre of England, railways extending through it in all directions. Its population is 33,000. Its city government consists of a mayor, twelve aldermen, and thirty-six councillors, and its police force numbers thirty. It is the county seat of Worcester county, and its court house, with its six massive granite pillars, forcibly reminds one of home.

On examining the guide book to ascertain the best hotel, I found the first named was the "Star and Garter." On inquiring of a fellow passenger, he assured me the "Star" was the only first class hotel; that for many years it had been known as the Star and Garter, but a new company having recently taken it, they had dropped the garter, and now the star shines alone. But I found by personal observation that this city abounded in hotels, and to show the singular taste of the English in this respect, I give you their names: Unicorn, Dove, Swan, Black Horse, Pack Horse, Ram Tavern, Holly Bush, Hop Pole, Falcon, Three Turks, Saracen's Head, and last, the Punch Bowl Inn. These inns, as they term them here, are principally patronized by people from the adjoining country towns. The "Star," though fair for an English hotel, was greatly inferior to the Bay State House.

Passing through the streets another strange sight meets your eye. Large sign-boards announce that Eliza Johnson and Jane Jones are licensed to brew ale and sell spirituous liquors; from the number of signs of this kind, it is very evident the business of brewing and selling are both extensively carried on.

There is much of general interest in the history of this city; it is so ancient that the date of its original settlement is unknown. As early as the year 680 it was surrounded by lofty walls and noble fortifications. A cathedral was erected here toward the close of the seventh century. In the year 1041 it refused to pay tribute to a Danish King, who for that reason sent a body of troops and destroyed the city; but it was soon rebuilt and flourished under the early Norman kings. Subsequently it experienced in an uncommon degree the vicissitudes of fortune; it it was the scene of many bloody battles, it was four times plundered and burned down; after the battle of Bosworth Field, Henry VII. seized the city and caused many of its inhabitants to be beheaded. In 1534 it suffered from a great earthquake.

It was especially the scene of war between Charles I. and Parliament, being always true to the royal cause; it was several times besieged, and in August, 1651, the battle between Charles II. and Cromwell's forces, which destroyed all hopes of the Royalists and established Cromwell's authority, was fought within its boundaries, and Cromwell ordered its walls to be razed to the ground before he quitted the city. Since that time Worcester has rested in peace, and seems now to be in a prosperous condition.

The principal business now carried on is the manufacture of porcelain and of gloves. It has long been celebrated for its porcelain works, which were established in the year 1751; one establishment employs 500 hands, and the entire work, from the breaking and grinding to dust of the rocks, to the painting by hand of the beautiful flowers and fruit, is all done on the premises; one who has witnessed the twenty interesting and curious processes of making, drying, painting and glazing the porcelain, will not wonder at its high cost. The manufacture of gloves has been carried on here extensively for many centuries; latterly the hop trade has become a leading one. The vinegar works are the most extensive in the country; one firm have casks holding 80,000 gallons each, and have recently added probably the largest cask in the world; it is 23 feet high, 102 feet in circumference, 23 feet in diameter and holds 114,600 gallons, when full weighs 570 tons.

The lovers of good living know that here is manufactured the celebrated Worcestershire sauce by Lea & Perkins.

A Chamber of Commerce has been established for promoting the commercial interests of the city. There are four banking institutes and two savings banks.

There are no daily papers here to enlighten the people, but their reliance is on five weeklies, Worcester Journal, Herald, News, Chroniele and Advertiser, which appear to be well supported; in politics, one is conservative, two liberal, two neutral.

The religious wants of the community seem well provided for, by twenty-five places of worship, the established church (Episcopalian) being much the most numerous, but they have an All Saints Church, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Friends, being all provided for.

In public buildings they outnumber us, the town hall, called by them Guildhall, is a handsome stone building. The market house is a substantial building, 233 feet in length, with a fountain in the center. The museum is a tasteful building with a lecture room 60 by 30 on the lower floor, a room of the same size on the second floor is appropriated to a large and valuable collection of specimens in natural history. The city library occupies the second floor of another building, the first floor of which contains the reading room and law library. They have also a Music Hall, and a school of arts, an orphan asylum, a dispensary, an infirmy and an ophthelmic institution. None of these buildings, however, are equal in appearance to our Mechanics Hall.

The Court House was built in 1834; it has a noble portico, supported by six lofty iron columns, contains a county hall 90 feet by 40, and 40 feet high, and two court rooms with galleries for spectators; in the basement are cells for prisoners awaiting trial. Adjoining the court house in the rear, a large building has been erected, called the judges' lodgings, where they reside during the terms of the court, and the clerks have offices; the entire cost of the buildings was $150,000.

The county goal is more extensive than ours, and has within its enclosure a house for the governor of the goal, and a chapel. The charitable institutions are numerous, there are not less than fourteen hospitals and almshouses, usually bearing the name of the individual by whose liberality they were founded; they are usually for the worthy poor, who, in addition to a home, receive a weekly allowance. One of the gifts provides two houses as residences for two poor widows whose husbands shall have been members of the town council; another gift has provided four houses for four poor men of good character who shall have been members of the town council for a period of not less than six years, and who shall be upwards of sixty years of age; the men also receive seven and the women five shillings each weekly. Perhaps if some of our philanthropic and wealthy men would hold out such inducements seats in our common council might be more sought for.

There are a number of free and charity schools in the city, but their benefit is limited, and their system is far inferior to ours. I must not omit to mention that a general and superior system of sewerage has, at great cost to the citizens, recently been introduced, the facilities afforded by the river Severn, that passes through the city, being superior to those of Mill Brook. New water works were built and the supply of water greatly increased in 1866. A new cemetery was laid out in the year 1858, and recently a park of twenty-five acres, with gardens and bowling grounds. There are numerous fountains in the city, generally the gift of some liberal citizen—an example worthy of imitation among us.

I cannot close my letter without giving a brief account of the Cathedral, which, to the stranger, is the most attractive building. The cathedral originally commenced in the year 680, was many times partially destroyed and defaced, but a large portion of the present edifice is over 600 years old, and the whole of it has recently been thoroughly restored; its length is about 400 feet, and its greatest width over 200 feet, being built in the form of a double cross. Constructed at different times, it affords examples of the Norman, early English decorated and perpendicular style of architecture. There are many ancient monuments within its walls, among them the tomb of King John who was buried here in 1216. Among the eminent men who were born in Worcester may be mentioned Pope Clement VII, Bishop Latimer, Lord Chancellor Gifford, and Cobham.

An annual agricultural and horticultural show is held at Worcester, but unfortunately I am here a week too early for it. F. H. D.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Correspondence of the Traveller.

Rome, Dec. 23, 1868.

I am here in the "eternal city," and have seen the grand Christmas show of Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, "prince, potentate and peer," not to mention the monks, nuns and curates which mix in in endless numbers. The day was all that could be desired—like a May day with us in New England. St. Peters was of course thronged. The pageant in the church was as gorgeous as it was possible for the art of man to contrive; and as I looked upon all this, I could not but speculate in thought on what the Nazarine would have to say about it all, if he should come down from his celestial dwelling. The contrast between the condition of this elected crew and satelites, and the people who prostrated themselves before all this splendor, I think might induce him to act something as he did at a certain time with the brokers in the temple.

Rome has nearly four hundred splendid churches and innumerable palaces; five thousand priests, and a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, ninety per cent. of whom are but little better than beggars. A grand eruption of these human elements will by and by take place. The outward world is moving onward too fast to allow this church to hold these people much longer in bondage. The condition of our Southern negroes in the time of slavery was as that of dwellers in a paradise compared to the condition of these Roman people. Every church entrance and corner of street teems with beggars. The holes these people live in, and the food they eat, are by far inferior to the residences and food we give our pigs. Yet after all this how full of interest is Rome. I wander about its ruins with more delight than I do about its churches. The galleries and museums of antiquity fill me with wonder that such a people have lived before us. I go into enclosures where workmen are busy clearing away the accumulated rubbish of ages past, over the palaces of the Cæsars, and as them unearth and bring to light beautiful Grecian statues that for nearly two thousand years have been hidden from sight—works of art, models for the genius of the present age. The interest excited by a few hours of these explorations is more tiresome to my mental and physical powers than days of my ordinary business pursuits.

Since Sunday last I have been constantly on the go, winding up with the Christmas festival last evening. How pleasant it is to reflect that though far away from home, and in the midst of all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of the Romish church, my personal and business relations are with those who sustain good moral characters, and live in harmony and brotherly love, though they may not pray in public. On this basis I wish to see established the great fact that there is a true religion outside of the church as well as in. The Pope's choir at St. Peters on Christmas day breathed the most delicious music I ever heard. He has seven eunuchs in the choir, who sing without any instrumental accompaniments. I am told the Pope continues to bring forward constant supplies of this class of singers: the foundling hospitals, which are filled with subjects, furnishing the supply. As I go about Rome and see the old temples turned into barracks for priests, I get out of good humor. But the world moves on, and time will settle all these mistakes. So we must not be impatient. I suppose all people have the best they are capable of appreciating.

To-day I rest previous to our departure for Naples, for the purpose of writing a few letters, one of which contains these lines to you. How I would like some of our cold, bracing New England weather. I think there is no climate so good, and I shall miss it this year. There is no country in the world so good as New England, and certainly no people so good. Thank fortune it is my home.

We have what is called, and really is, good cooking here, and the dishes served are excellent, but it would be a decided luxury to sit down once more to a good New England dinner. I am in the most comfortable quarters, in a new hotel, and the best one I have found since leaving Paris. It is called the Hotel Costauzzi and is filled with Americans. I shall write you again.

C. W.

Some Old English Houses.

Hever Castle, Penshurst, and Knole—Historical Relics.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

CHICHESTER, Eng., April 24, 1866.

Almost all Americans visiting England go to Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire—the quaint old baronial residence of the Dukes of Rutland—partly because it lies on the road and only a few miles from Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's, which everybody must see, partly, perhaps, because it is said to have been the original of Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho." Very few, however, go to Hever Castle, or Knole, or Penshurst, all in Kent, and within a few miles of each other.

HEVER CASTLE AND PENSHURST.

Hever Castle is especially interesting as being the birth-place and residence of Anne Boleyn, where Henry VII. passed many weeks during his courtship. Many of the most important state papers were issued from Hever. Most of the rooms are precisely in the same state as when visited and occupied by Henry VIII., and the castle is still surrounded by a moat, which is crossed by a drawbridge, the bridge being drawn up and the portcullis let down at night. Near Hever is Chiddingstone, a village still rich in specimens of old English architecture. About three miles from Hever is Penshurst—now owned by Philip Sidney, Lord de Lisle Dudley—celebrated as the birth-place of the famous Sir Philip Sidney, as well as of his brother, Algernon Sidney, who was beheaded on Tower Hill.

In the park here there still remains a magnificent specimen of an oak, twenty-two feet in circumference, planted at Sir Philip's birth, of which "rare Ben Johnson" wrote:

"That tall tree, too, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met."

Sir Philip wrote his celebrated "Acadia" at Wilton House, near Salisbury, where his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, lived. It is only within a few years that a governess in the Earl of Pembroke's family, opening a dusty and worm-eaten copy of the "Acadia" in the library, accidentally found a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, labelled in Sir Philip's hand, as having been given him by the queen.

The house at Penshurst is very large and rambling, and was celebrated before the Conquest. It was presented by Edward IV. to Sir William Sidney for his gallantry at Flodden Field. In 1649 the young Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate children of Charles I., spent a year here under charge of the Countess of Leicester, the mother of the celebrated *Sacharissa* of the poet Waller, and a beautiful avenue in the park is yet called after her, "The Sacharissa Walk." The house consists of several courts within courts, of different styles of architecture—having been built at different periods. The hall is, perhaps, the oldest room in England, 54 feet long, 38 wide, and 62 high; the fire place in the centre is a heavy set of bars on heavy dogs of iron rudely carved, the smoke ascending to the ceiling and escaping by a flume. At the upper end is the raised dais, on which was the table for the lords and ladies; below, at right angles, were the tables for the servants and retainers—now all black and grim with age and smoke, and cut and hacked by centuries of use.

The most interesting rooms at Penshurst were the apartments of Queen Elizabeth—who often passed some time here—after it came for a while by marriage into the Earl of Leicester's hands. Her suite of six or seven rooms is precisely as if she had left them yesterday, save the wear and tear of time and the faded and somewhat tattered appearance of the hangings and tapestry. On the wall of the dressing room hangs her mandolin, as she last played upon it; in her closet stands a card table embroidered by her own hands, and even an inkstand of silver, still bespattered with ink.

In the gallery, filled with portraits of the Sidney family, is a most extraordinary picture, representing some Christmas festivities at Penshurst, where the Earl of Leicester appears in a dance, lifting the staid, serious looking queen off her feet. Her grave face, pointed and high ruff, and high-heeled shoes, present a curious want of harmony with the rest of the picture. Here also hangs the double bridle used by the great earl, when at Penshurst, in his rides with his royal mistress.

KNOLE.

By far the most interesting place in England for antiquity and preservation is Knole, belonging at present to the Countess Amherst. Knole, like Penshurst, existed before the Conquest. This magnificent mansion covers five acres of ground, and furnishes specimens of the architecture of several ages, the most ancient being as the old Mareschals and Bigods, the most modern being the erection of Thomas Earl of Dorset, in the reign of James I. At one period it belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it was sold by Cranmer. While at Penshurst the most interesting rooms are those once occupied by Elizabeth, at Knole, the most attractive are the apartments of King James I. Knole, like Penshurst, is entered through a succession of courts, not unlike Hampton Court, but the stone is very gray and mossy. The great baronial hall, which is immense, has the raised dais and table for retainers, with a superb carved oak screen at one end supporting a music or minstrel gallery. Through this you pass into an oak corridor ninety-six feet long—called the Holbein gallery—filled with most curious portraits by that artist of great men and women of the period; then through Lady Betty Germain's room and dressing-room of dark wainscoted oak and lined with charming portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. Thence you pass into the white drawing-room, a majestic apartment of one hundred feet by thirty, filled with Kneller's and Lely's portraits of all the Dorset family, and many of Gainsborough's and Sir Joshua Reynolds's (the latter's celebrated "Gipsey Girl" among others.

At the end of the next apartment—the ball room—is a large picture representing James I. in his robes of state, sitting in a chair—the original of the chair which stands beneath the picture. But the room of all others the most extraordinary is the king's bedroom. This is hung in Gobelin, the chairs, tables, dressing tables, mirrors, fire-dogs and sconce being all silver, or rather wood covered with a veneering of embossed silver, all the toilet apparatus being solid. The decorations of this room are said to have cost twenty thousand pounds sterling, while the bedstead cost eight thousand pounds. The hangings are of rose-colored cloth of gold, stiff with embroidery. The park at Knole is some eight miles in circumference, and contains some magnificent specimens of trees, especially beeches and oaks.

H. W. S.

A Warning to Americans About to Visit Rome.

Dr. J. G. Holland, writing about Rome, says:

It is no light thing for a man to visit Southern Italy at any time, and it is, under any circumstances, a serious thing for him to take his family with him. Naples and Rome are not Saratoga or the White Mountains. The influences of the atmosphere, whether of malaria or moisture, or alternations of sun and shadow, induce a fever that every season lays numbers of strangers in the grave, or prostrates them through long months of sickness. It makes one's heart bleed to think of the large number of American families that come out of Italy every spring, leaving one of their number behind them, or bearing it embalmed on its way to the forsaken home beyond the sea. In the winter, the sun is hot and the shadows are cold.

The galleries in which a great deal of time is spent are cold. The change from day to night is a great change; and at the time of that change hundreds of Americans are coming home, wearied with their day's excursions, and dinnerless—without the power to resist the chill that comes upon them the moment that the sun passes from sight. Then there are the exposures that come of mingling in society—the receptions, the heated assemblies, the late balls, the theatres and operas. Is it to be wondered at that Naples fever and Roman fever seize upon so many? There are some rules which it would be well for all people visiting Italy to adopt. The first is never to accept a room in a hotel or boarding-house that is without the sun; second, never to be out of doors when the sun sets; third, make no attempt to economize in the matter of fuel, but pile on the wood whatever the expense may be; fourth, stay in the house nights; and, fifth, never to go to a gallery without thick shoes and an extra shawl. These rules, thoroughly followed, will give you your best chance of getting out of Italy in safety. I assure you that I do not exaggerate the dangers of a winter's residence in Naples and Rome. And now, if it is hard for a healthy man to get through such a residence unscathed, how do you suppose the invalids fare? The consumptives die, pretty nearly all of them; and few, indeed, are those who are benefited. It is true, too, that those who have gone further—who have visited Egypt or Palestine—have been sick on the passage nearly every one of them. I write this because I suppose the general public is as ignorant upon the subject as I was before visiting Italy. It is a serious thing to visit southern Italy and "the East;" and no man should lightly undertake such a visit, or fail to guard himself and the precious members of his family from the influences of the climate, by the most jealous care, by day and by night.

This is the last year's work record of a Concord clergyman's wife: Guests entertained, 53; guests at tea, 69; at breakfast, 38; at dinner, 47; lodged, 39; number of calls made, 484; received, 565; letters received, 494; written, 610, covering 1287½ pages. She has also read 90 books and written 116 newspaper articles, besides doing her own sewing, attending to her marketing and parish matters, keeping only one servant.

A Boston merchant not long since telegraphed to Calcutta at five o'clock in the afternoon ordering the purchase of merchandise to the value of $100,000. The following morning at nine o'clock a response to the order was on the merchant's table, prices given, rates of freight, etc., etc.

The Regicides.

The lecture in the historical course at the Lowell Institute last evening was delivered by Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., of this city, on "The Regicides Sheltered in New England." The first half of his lecture Dr. Robbins devoted to a review of the civil war in England which resulted in the death of Charles I., in January, 1649. Three persons prominent in this struggle, he said, were Edward Whalley, William Goffe and John Dixwell. The first of these was a descendant from a highly respectable family; at the breaking out of the civil war, under the influence of his religious convictions, he took up arms under Cromwell, whose cousin he was, and distinguished himself as a soldier in many battles. After the elevation of Cromwell he was made governor of five counties, was a representative in Parliament, and at one time member of the the upper house. When it was proposed to make Cromwell king, Whalley passionately opposed the measure, and was mainly instrumental in putting off the debate. His name was signed to the proclamation to make Richard Cromwell protector after his father's death. William Goffe enlisted with enthusiasm in the army of parliament, and rose to a high rank. He was a devoted partisan of Cromwell, ever ready to execute his will. He received from the Protector the office of major-general, and was a member of both Houses of Parliament. He married the daughter of Whalley, and his name was also signed to the proclamation issued at Cromwell's death. Every selfish interest would have prompted John Dixwell to have kept aloof from the revolutionary party, but his head, conscience and heart moved him to engage in a contest which he believed was for freedom and for God. He rose to the rank of colonel, and was an active and distinguished member of Parliament. He was held in high consideration for his sound judgment, firm purpose, and practical ability. On the 29th of May, 1660, Charles II. entered London to take possession of the throne, and Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell fled for safety from the country; the two former to America, and the latter to Germany. Immediately upon their landing in Boston Whalley and Goffe called upon Governor Endicott, who gave them a courteous welcome. They then proceeded to Cambridge, where it was their intention to reside. Here they were admitted to the best society, and their gravity and dignity of manner secured to them general respect. They took part in public meetings, and partook in the communion of the church. When the act of indemnity from which Whalley and Goffe were excluded arrived in this country it produced much excitement. The General Court were divided in their feelings, some being inclined to protect the refugees, and others to give them up to the crown. Before any decided action was taken in reference to them by the Court, they left Cambridge, escorted by their friends, and proceeded to New Haven. On their journey, which occupied nine days, they called upon John Winthrop at Hartford, by whom they were kindly received. At New Haven they met with a friendly and cordial reception, and took up their abode in the house of John Davenport, the minister of the town. For some time they moved freely among the people, but a proclamation for their arrest was issued, and for several months they were obliged to secrete themselves in Mr. Davenport's cellar. Two young royalists were commissioned to search for them, but they were thwarted at every point, for intelligence of their movements was secretly conveyed to the fugitives, and they kept secluded. After hiding in various places they went to a house in Milton, where they remained two years in comparative safety. At length a special commissioner came to this country in search of them, and they were obliged to make a hasty retreat. They went first to a cave, but being discovered by Indians, they went to the town of Hadley, where they lived in the house of Mr. John Russell, a worthy minister, of the place, until the death of Mr. Whalley, about the year 1676. He was buried in the tomb behind the front cellar wall of Mr. Russell's house. Whether General Goffe remained in Hadley after this is not certainly known, but it is thought he did, and that his remains, and those of Whalley, were afterwards conveyed to New Haven and deposited beside Colonel Dixwell, who had come to this country from Germany, and had lived in a retired spot until his death in 1689. The remains of these eccentric, but truly heroic men, who never wavered in their loyalty to what they thoroughly believed the most sacred and glorious cause committed by Heaven to men's hearts and hands, now lie beneath a stately monument erected to their memory near the colleges in New Haven; an object of local pride, of antiquarian curiosity, and universal interest.

We have here the touching letters by which the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, who in 1664 found a refuge in the house of Rev. Joseph Russell, at Hadley, communicated with their families in England. Whalley was an aged man and quite infirm. Goffe was younger, and he married Whalley's daughter. Increase Mather was the medium through whom the letters were transmitted. The names and relation of the parties were disguised in order that the letters might be unintelligible, in case they fell into the hands of the English government. Goffe was Walter Goldsmith, and his wife Frances Goldsmith. He addressed her as "Deare Mother." Her letters were to her "Deare Child." Their children were his "sisters." Goffe spoke of his father-in-law as his "friend" or "partner." Their place of concealment was "Ebenezer." Money was freely contributed for their support in the

California. It seems almost sacrilege to attempt this while the impression of a visit are still fresh

PICTURESQUE TOWN THIRD HOTTEST IN ALL THE WORLD

The third hottest city in the world—that is what Kingston is called, and no traveller visiting this city and hearing that remark has ever asked the names of the other two.

In spite of the heat, however, the city is habitable, chiefly through three agents—the rains, the "Doctor" and "John Crow". By the "Doctor" the Jamaican means the cool breeze that pays a morning and an evening visit to the city, laden with comfort and life. "John Crow" the first seen as one enters the city, is black of coat, ragged of wing and red of head; but he is a scavenger of such value that the people call him the street cleaner. Nothing that is thrown into the street escapes his attention, and he keeps the thoroughfares as clean of refuse as do the famous "white wings" of the cities of the north.

CITY'S QUAINT PEOPLE.

Kingston in itself is a city of moderate attractions to one who is accustomed to tropical ways and growths. The foliage, of course, is very beautiful, tall palm trees towering everywhere with their long branch-like leaves incessantly moving. The buildings are totally different from anything seen anywhere else, being squatty, of a dazzling whiteness, and with queerly peaked roofs.

Then the manners and customs of the people are quaint and intcresting. The women work in the street with hoes and shovels; lazy negro messengers stroll along with their burdens on their heads, and the black policeman, unlike their northern brothers, are ever willing to oblige the traveller with useful information and are not loath to take a "tip" for their pains.

Pretty Creole girls lounge on the verandas during all hours of the day or night, and wrinkled fruit or sweets venders linger in the deep shadows that the porches mark on the white, glaring streets.

"WHISKEY BOT'L; GWI' BY"

The street cries are novel and strange The first thing a person hears in the morning, as he half wakes from deep sleep is: "Wi' pi' chpai' pi,' whiskey bot'l; gwi' by" called out by the women whose business is to collect the bottles.

Every peddler crying his wares in the streets winds up with the inevitable "Wwine by", which, drawled out in a sing song way, penetrates every room in the house and brings the housewife to the door as quickly as a bell would.

The two handsomest buildings in the city are the museum and the library, the latter a building of pleasing architecture, containing at present about 15,000 volumes, among which are a number of rare old books and pamphlets upon the history, geography, natural history, botany, etc, of Jamaica.

GRUESOME HUMAN CAGE.

There are books on the days of Spanish rule, of piratical atrocity, of English occupancy and of slave insurrection. Penn and Venables and Morgan, the greatest pirates who ever lived, and the great earthquake that destroyed Port Royal in a minute, all are told in most interesting fashion.

In the museum is a gruesome relic that was dug up nearly a generation ago. It is a cage of strap iron, so constructed as to fit the body, with bands to go about the neck, breast and loins, bars and stirrups for the legs and feet (the last having sharp spikes to pierce the soles of the feet) and a ring by which to suspend the whole thing. This awful instrument of torture contained, when found, the bones of a woman.

CITY CROSS-SHAPED.

Kingston was first built in the shape of a cross, owing to the religious fervor of its incorporators, King street running north and south and crossing Queen street running east and west. At the juncture is the "parade ground" a pretty little park with trees and a fountain, pleasantly arranged walks and flower gardens a favorite resting place for the people after the heat of the day. Each street is 65 feet wide. Since they were laid out the city has grown largely toward the east and toward the north.

Not only is Kingston the metropolis and capital of Jamaica, it is also the most important city in the British West Indies. Its population is cosmopolitan, the English and Americans predominating, among the whites. It was built directly after the destruction of Port Royal. For years it possessed a charter and a seal, but gave up both when the ancient rights of the island were surrendered in Governor Eyre's time.

FOUR TIMES FIRE SWEPT.

It has been the victim of four great fires. The first, in 1780, caused a loss estimated at $150,000. The second, in 1843, swept the city from the east end of Harbor street to the Catholic chapel at the end of Duke street. The third, in 1862, burned down stores, wharves and other property to the amount of $450,000. The fourth, in 1882, a disaster still fresh in the minds of the residents, who lost their all, destroyed a large portion of the business part of the city and rendered 6000 persons homeless. The last fire, however, was a sort of blessing in disguise, as it resulted in the city being rebuilt with more substantial buildings and better streets.

The water supply of the city comes partly from the precarious source of wells and cisterns, just as it did years and years ago. About 1848, a private company brought water from the Hope River and to this supply has since been added that of the Wag water. The pressure is sufficient for all fire purposes and the system of filtration used results in a supply for drinking purposes that probably no tropical city in the world can excel and few can equal.

The seat of government was removed to Kingston in 1872 from Spanish Town; a move, the wisdom of which is open to debate, since the contingencies of war, riot or conflagration would first menace the larger city, and endanger the public.

ALL ICE AT 70 CENTS.

At the last census, the population numbered about 50,000. Several building societies do a large business, and banks, life and fire insurance companies and discount associations flourish. Ice is manufactured and sold at the uniform price of 70 cents per 100 pounds, and electric lights have taken the place of the gas. Strect cars, drawn by mules, traverse the principal streets.

Among Kingston's buildings, beside the museum and library already mentioned, the finest arc the Victoria Market, at the foot of King street; the hospital, on North street; the Colonial Bank on Duke street; the old parish church, on King street, where Admiral Benbow, is buried and which contains half the records of the events of the last two centuries; the colonial secretary's office and the building created for the exhibition some years.

MANY FINE STATUES.

Many fine statues stand on the principal streets, among which is that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, one-time governor; the Hon Edward Jordan, C. B., and Dr Lewis Q. Bowerbank, each statue labelled with large placards forbidding all sorts of "bill-sticking."

Kingston's shops are unique. In the first place, they have no fixed prices, and in the second, one is almost sure to get fooled in his purchases unless he knows pretty well what he wants to buy, and its real value. Clothing and books cost much less than in America, as do all sorts of food supplies, with the exception of meats and poultry, which are nearly the same. Fruits, naturally, are very cheap. Taken altogether, the cost of living is not so great as it is in the North.

Beggars and small boys swarm the streets, the latter offering to do all sorts of work for a "quattle" or penny. Labor wages are lower than in the United States, and higher than in England.

There are about a dozen lodging houses and as many taverns where food and lodging may be had at rates varying from $5 to $10 per day. There is one American hotel situated on the site of the old Myrtle bank on Harbor street which is considered the best in the city, closely followed by the Park Lodge Hotel, Creole in style.

Churches of all denominations flourish—Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist and Hebrew, besides the Church of England, which, as in the mother country, assumes first rank.

In commercial circles the tone of thought is more American than English, and reference is much more frequently made to the opinion of the States and New York than to that of England and London.

This comes from the fact that the greatest trade is with the United States. Jamaica has practically no manufacturers except those of sugar and rum and a few products such as bamboo, from which an American at Black River is extracting fibre. Most of the articles of personal or household use or ornament which the Jamaican uses is imported from other countries, and of these the greatest number come from the United States.

better than
in his second volume of the geological survey of

Unabridged Dictionary.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

Dr. Putnam's address at the funeral of Gen. Lowell is an out-gush of glowing patriotism and true-hearted affection clothed in fitting and soul-stirring words. As the address is out of print, the edition having been at once sold, we will give our readers a few selections. Dr. P. begins with an allusion to the departed:

The body of Charles Russell Lowell, brought in honorable and affectionate custody from the distant valley where he fell, lies here before us for the customary rites.

His one brother (and what a pair was that in endowments and character to be the possession and the crown of a single household!) sleeps at Nelson's Farm on the Peninsula, and no funeral words were said over him. It was the same with his almost brothers in the flesh, and quite in the heart's affections, Robert G. Shaw and Cabot Russell, buried in the sands of Fort Wagner;—the same with his near relative, Warren Russell, and his well-beloved classmate, Savage, and his life-long friend and compeer, Stephen G. Perkins, all buried in Virginia. We need not grieve for them on this account. The soldier, if he might choose for his own sake alone, would naturally prefer to have his resting place on the spot where death found him in the way of honor and duty, and would ask no funeral honors but those of a comrade's tear, and the witnessing stars, and the whispered requiem of the trees; yet we will remember those dear and noble ones in this day's solemn service of love and religion. If these marble lips could move, they would bid us couple their name and memory with his. And they, if they still have sympathy with earthly doings, would gladly have his funeral rites made theirs, and their only ones, by any thought or mention of their names with his. They loved him so much, and looked up to him with such ardor of admiration and affection!

William Lowell Putnam, who fell at Ball's Bluff, had his burial, just three years ago this day, from amid the endearments of his home, yet his name forces itself upon my lips in this connection, for he was verily one with this kinsman, in blood, in spirit, and fraternal love.

And besides these near ones, may we not spare a moment's space in these solemnities to bring to mind with him, in a comprehensive kind of All-Saints commemoration, the many who followed him, and fell with him on that field of glorious daring and achievement, unknown to us, but valiant and faithful men, our friends and champions all, who gave up their lives with him, and for us and ours.

After giving a few of the leading facts in the career of Gen. Lowell, and delineating a few prominent features of his character, he thus enforces the truth that

OUR FRIENDS DO NOT DIE TOO SOON.

And now, has this fair spirit fled too early,—this fresh, strong life closed too soon? Too soon, we say, when we think of the high earthly possibilities and promises contained in it. Too soon, we say, when we think of our country's need of such as he. Too soon, we say, when we take council only with the affections. Our poor, fond hearts do so cling to their beloved, and demand the sight of the eyes, and the continuance of these visible ties, and do feel so desolate in the anguish of parting.

And yet not too soon, friends? From the highest plane of thought and feeling,—the plane above the senses, the understanding, and even the heart,—from the plane of the soul, the serene heights of faith, we must say, and we will and do, Not too soon! There is an all-wise Disposer of the issues of life and death, and present being opens into the life eternal, and therefore it cannot be too soon.

And, moreover, in the supreme believing moods of the soul, we know that the value of a life consists not in its length, but in the character attained and the work done in it. A short life may be very complete, and a long one may be all shapeless and ravelled. To the good and faithful there is no such thing as untimely death. The fruits of the spirit are always ripe for the heavenly garners, and though the reaper come before the harvest-time, it is not too soon.

"He liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain."

Says the Book of Wisdom: "Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. He pleased God and was beloved of Him, so that he was translated. And, being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased the Lord; therefore hasted He to take him away."

WORDS RICH IN COMFORT AND LOFTY FAITH.

And this life, over whose close we meditate, and pray, and weep to-day,—do not murmur that it has been short in the reckoning of our earthly calender. Think, rather, how rich, how beautiful, how highly inspired and nobly spent it has been,—and still is; for is it not still here, here in its near and sacred memories, here in its good fruits and energizing influences, and all the sweet companionships of the spirit? Was he ever so dearly loved as to-day? Was he ever so near as now to those to whom he has been always nearest? Was he ever so wholly, so unalterably, so inseparably, their very own?

O, we must have patience with our poor, frail hearts, if they keep yearning on to have their precious treasures present to the eye and the embrace, and if they bleed and break in the seeming separation, and refuse to be comforted at once in that unutterable pain and loneliness,—patience and forgiveness—for the heart cannot see afar, and would fain keep its earthly home and joy unbroken,—patience! And yet we would learn, in devout and uplifted thought, to go up often and high into the mount of God, the mount of the soul's wide vision, where we may see and know that the true life is imperishable; and that it stays most vital when it seems to go away; and that death, though it come to such as he, so loved and so yearned for, comes of God's love, and not untimely,—that it must be right, best, happiest, as it is.

THE PRICE FOR OUR COUNTRY'S SALVATION.

This mighty mother of us all, our country, is indeed just now severe and exorbitant in her exactions upon us. She summons from the homes of her domain their best and dearest, and appoints to them toil, and hardship, and peril. She steeps her soil in her children's most precious blood. She tears her brightest jewels from her own forehead, and flings them in the dust. She sends daily her swift messengers of grief and desolation from heart to heart, and from house to house, throughout her borders. She does all this; but she does it not in cruelty, but in love, that she may preserve her own glorious life, her own imperial sovereignty, and her benignant power to bless her children, and fold them under her brooding wings, to nourish and keep them, as she only can, in freedom, in honor, and in peace. And thus she pays the stupendous debt she owes to her afflicted people.

And she pays it not only in the promise of future blessing and protection, but she pays it now, daily, amply, and that in a higher currency than that of the mortal life and blood which she exacts. She pays it over and over in the ennobling loyalty which she awakens in millions of souls; by the high inspiration of sacrifice and devotion which she in her needs and distresses sends thrilling, mounting, blazing through her children's hearts; by the energies she calls forth; by the manhood she creates to meet her exigencies; and by the opportunities and the stimulants she provides for an earnest life and noble heroisms. Oh! she pays all the debt and more. She takes but mortal life, she gives the soul's life; she takes but perishable treasures, she pays back the durable riches.

The young life which so lately animated the form that lies shrouded there,—she, the great mother, has scarcely claimed and taken one more precious; but she has paid for it,—paid *him*, and that in advance, and he knew it, felt it,—paid him, in the splendid sphere of duty and sacrifice she opened to him, always to the ingenuous and nobly aspiring mind, the dearest boon that heaven or earth can grant,—in the loftier spirit she breathed into him, whereby to do valiantly, to live greatly, to die willingly.

And those who loved that life better than their own,—she pays them; pays them in a heaven's sweet and glorious memory, made their own forever, and to be to them henceforth, though amid raining tears and unutterable griefs, the divinest beauty, the sacred pride, and joy, and hope of their lives.

So we must not grudge what our dear country has required of us, but must give more, and take back her infinite compensations,—give all she asks and needs,—give ourselves and our dearest,—and give on and to the uttermost, till she is redeemed, rehabilitated, re-enthroned, the fairest, freest, benignest, most majestic among the empires of the earth.

And now let the young men take up tenderly his dear burden of their friend's body, and bear it forth to yonder garden of the Lord, and lay it reverently down in its place to rest in the sleep which God giveth to his beloved. The soul, already ascended, lives the new life with God,—to live and grow forever in power, in love, and blessedness,—and yet abides here with us, more living than ever, for example, for inspiration, and all-comforting and uplifting influence.

Farewell, thou sleeping form! All hail, thou glorified and ever-living spirit!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestral white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her Eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the free heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

(Air—"The Star-Spangled Banner.")

O STAR-SPANGLED BANNER! the Flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O plowman! speed boldly away—
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day—
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
"For God and our country we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!"

Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!
O where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won
And the Eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting—a murmur of prayer—
Then Forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars.

O God of our Fathers! this Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,—
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessing, for scars—
One Country—one Banner—the Stripes and the Stars!

Death of Ex-President Fillmore. 1874

BUFFALO, March 8.—*Midnight*—Ex-President Millard Fillmore died at his residence in this city, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock tonight. He was conscious up to the time. His death was painless.

History of the Stars and Stripes.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The most interesting incident connected with the battle of Saratoga, was the unfurling for the first time the Stars and Stripes at the surrender of Burgoyne.

Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag bearing the motto "Come if you dare," b t on the 14th of June, 1777, the continental congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was made public on the 3d of September following. Previous to this our national banner was the Union flag, combining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew (taken from the English banner) with thirteen stripes alternate red and white. The banner of St. Patrick (Ireland's emblem) was not combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the standard of Great Britain until 1801, the year of the union with Ireland.

The stars of the new flag represented the new constellation of states, the idea taken from the constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression—and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union—the circle being the sign of eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to, and their dependence upon, the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag, viz: the red flags of the army, and white ones of the floating batteries—the germ of our navy. The red color also, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring, and the white purity.

What eloquence do the stars and stripes breathe when their full significance is known. A new constellation, union, perpetuity, a covenant against oppression, justice, equality, subordination, courage, purity.

By the United States law of January 13, 1794, it was enacted "that from and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white," and "that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was our national flag during the war of 1812.

On the 4th of April, 1818, congress altered the flag by directing a return to the thirteen stripes, as follows:—

"*Be it enacted*, &c., That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

And be it further enacted, That on the admission of a new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next preceding such admission."

The return to the thirteen stripes was by reason of the anticipation that the addition of a stripe on the admission of each state would would make the flag too unwieldy. The old number of stripes also perpetuated the original number of states of the Union, while the addition of the stars showed the Union in its existing state.

The flag planted by our troops in the city of Mexico, at the conclusion of the Mexican war, bore thirty stars.

The size of the flag for the army is six feet six inches in width, with seven red and six white stripes. The first seven stripes (four red and three white) bound the square of the blue field for the stars, the stripes extending from the extremity of the field to the end of the flag. The eighth stripe is white, extending partly at the base of the field. The number of the stars is thirty-four.

Success to the flag of our nation!
Its folds all around us be spread!
It is blazoned with deeds of the valiant,
And sacred with names of the dead.
The stars are the symbol of union;
In union they ever must wave!
The white is the emblem of honor.
The red is the blood of the brave.

Success to the flag of our nation!
Let it sweep o'er the land and the sea!
The shades of our heroes are round it,
Beneath it, the ranks of the free.
We will keep its young glory unsullied,
In the ages to come as the past;
Upbear it a beacon of freedom,
Unbowed, through all storms to the last.

"THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

The American Flag.

The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier, or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation dated April 12, 1706, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our own American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at different times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least were not incorporated into and made a part of the destined "stars and stripes." It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the revolution, at Cambridge, that January 2, 1776, he unfurled before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by those thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth their defiance to cruelty and oppression.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field." This resolution was made public Sept. 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory to Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the Union of the states. In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged into a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation, It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure fold—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, each star to glorify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent, forever, of a Union that must be "one and inseparable."

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay:
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

Recapitulation of the U. S. Government Expenses.

Washington,	8 years,	$15,892,198 00
"	1 year,	1,986,524 00
"	1 month,	165,543 00
"	1 day,	5,518 00
"	1 hour,	229 00
"	1 minute,	3 82
Adams,	4 years,	$5,362,567 00
"	1 year,	1,340,646 00
"	1 month,	111,720 00
"	1 day,	3,724 00
"	1 hour,	155 00
"	1 minute,	2 58
Jefferson,	8 years,	$41,300,788 00
"	1 year,	5,162,598 00
"	1 month,	430,216 00
"	1 day,	14,340 00
"	1 hour,	597 00
"	1 minute,	9 95
Madison,	8 years,	$144,684,939 00
"	1 year,	18,085,617 00
"	1 month,	1,507,135 00
"	1 day,	50,237 00
"	1 hour,	2,093 00
"	1 minute,	34 88
Munroe,	8 years,	$104,463,400 00
"	1 year,	13,057,925 00
"	1 month,	1,088,160 00
"	1 day,	36,272 00
"	1 hour,	1,511 00
"	1 minute,	25 18
J. Q. Adams,	4 years,	$50,501,914 00
"	1 year,	12,625,478 00
"	1 month,	1,052,123 00
"	1 day,	35,071 00
"	1 hour,	1,461 00
"	1 minute,	24 35
Jackson,	8 years,	$145,792,735 00
"	1 year,	18,224,092 00
"	1 month	1,518,674 00
"	1 day,	50,622 00
"	1 hour,	2,109 00
"	1 minute,	35 15
Van Buren,	4 years,	136,406,963 00
"	1 year,	34,101,741 00
"	1 month,	2,841,812 00
"	1 day,	94,727 00
"	1 hour,	3,947 00
"	1 minute,	65 78
Tyler,	4 years,	$91,158,177 00
"	1 year,	22,789,544 00
"	1 month,	1,899,129 00
"	1 day,	63,304 00
"	1 hour,	2,637 00
"	1 minute,	43 95
Polk,	4 years,	$302,500,000 00
"	1 year,	75,625,000 00
"	1 month,	6,302,083 00
"	1 day,	210,069 00
"	1 hour,	8,753 00
"	1 minute,	145 88

The Constitution now, by virtue of the incorporation of this amendment, proclaims that all citizens born or naturalized in the United States are citizens of the United States and of the states in which they reside; prohibits any laws abridging the privileges or immunities of citizens, or denying to any citizen the equal protection of the laws; without establishing negro suffrage, it provides that in case the suffrage shall be denied to any class of citizens except persons guilty of rebellion or other crime, the representation in Congress of the state in which such restrictions exist shall be proportionately reduced; it disables from holding office all those who, after taking an oath "as a member of Congress or an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state," had afterward engaged in the rebellion, but allows this disability to be removed by Congress when it shall think it expedient; it declares that our public debt is inviolable, and repudiates all obligations incurred by the state or confederate governments in aid of the rebellion, and all claims for compensation on account of the emancipation of slaves.

Worcester Daily Spy.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.

OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION.

To all whom these presents may come, greeting:

Know ye, that whereas the Congress of the United States, on the first day of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

"A resolution submitting to the legislatures of the several states a proposition to amend the constitution of the United States:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both houses concurring, that the following articles be proposed to the legislatures of the several states, as an amendment to the constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures, shall be a part of said constitution, namely:

Article XIII. Sec. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime whereof a party shall have been convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation;

And, whereas it appears from official documents on file in this department that this amendment of the constitution of the United States, proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the legislatures of the states of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia—in all 27 states;

And, whereas, the whole number of states in the United States is 36, and, whereas, the before specially named states whose legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of states in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of congress, approved 20th of April, 1818, entitled an act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States, and for other purposes, do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the department of state to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this eigteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

Mr. Greeley said to the Canadians at Montreal, that Gen. Grant was nominated and elected President because he did not seek the office, and one great merit of his was, in Mr. Greeley's estimation, that he did not want to be President. The Times has this pertinent comment on the fact: "Among Gen. Grant's distinctions is the fact that he did not seek the Presidency. He did not even look forward to it and labor for it as the fitting crown of his victories for his country, the proper goal of his career. In this, there is none of all our Presidents like him except the first. All the others longed for it, worked for it, kept it in sight as a beacon by which they shaped their course. Even Mr. Lincoln looked forward to it from the beginning of his political life. Among the men of highest distinction who strove for it in vain, and whose failure to obtain it embittered their later years were, notoriously, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Calhoun and Gen. Grant's eminent predecessor in the army, Gen. Scott. To Grant, alone, in the last two generations, the office came unasked, unsought; to him, alone, the representatives of the people went, and offered him what he had not tried to get; he, alone, made a personal sacrifice when he consented to take office. And this is the man whom the people are asking to set aside as a greedy office-seeker, and to take in his place a political philosopher whose itch for office has been the pest and the plague of the leaders of his party in this State for the last twenty-five years."

Pope's translation of Homer, book 24, has the following:

"Since Ulysses' hand
Hath slain the traitors, heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred or the unjust shall own;
Forget the slaughter brother and the son;
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people blessed.
Let all be peace."

A Worcester Man at the Inauguration.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7, 1869.

Dear Spy: The inauguration of Gen. Grant caused such a rush of people to Washington as was never before known, and the occasion having been looked forward to for so many months, and being the main topic of conversation throughout the country, perhaps an account of some of the ceremonies may not be uninteresting to the many readers of your paper, though written in the crude manner of your correspondent, who with his two sons has been spending a week here sight-seeing, from morning to night, and sometimes from *night* till morning, as you will see by the account below. Beginning with Tuesday evening, you shall hear of the last reception of the pardon broker of assassins, defaulters, counterfeiters and state prison birds of every description. Thousands rushed to see the outgoing President, for the very reason that he had made himself notorious by his outrageous conduct. The reception was announced to open at 8 o'clock, long before which an immense crowd assembled in front of the President's mansion, the throng reaching to Pennsylvania Avenue; and when the doors were opened the mob went in with a rush, the ladies passing to the right into the cloak room, and the gentlemen filling the large hall, and waiting to receive their ladies in the Green room, from which the visitors were to pass into the Blue-room, where stood the notorious and treacherous Andy Johnson, with Mrs. Patterson sitting near by; and as the crowd passed, some one, to introduce him, stood, and continued to repeat, "The President, the President." Very few shook hands with him, and his appearance was rather sour and unpromising. Passing by the notorious broker, the crowd entered the splendid East room, about 60 feet by 120, most magnificently lighted and decorated, where there was a perfect jam. The only prominent man present was Postmaster General Randall, no other member of the Cabinet being sufficiently interested to attend the funeral ceremonies of their working leader.

Now for a description of the crowd and the scenes occasioned by it. The ladies having filled their cloak-room, and the large hall being crowded with gentlemen, the door was soon opened into the Green room, at which the ladies in satins and silks, with powdered hair, &c., were to receive their escorts, and then pass before the President. For a short time all moved on pretty well, but the crowd soon became intolerable, and a grand rush was made for the Green room, after which it was impossible for the gentlemen to find their ladies, and perspiration was pouring from the faces of the police, who were endeavoring to restore order. Many attempts were made by them to close the door, but when the crowd perceived this, one solid forward movement was made, carrying with it door, policemen and all, till the crowd became so dense that ladies fainted in every direction, and were raised from the crowd and passed horizontally over the heads to the windows for air, many of them having their fine dress torn in shreds, and head-gear demoralized. In the Green room the ladies climbed upon the splendid marble tables for protection, till crushed by the load, down went marble, wood, silk and satin, painted flesh, powdered hair, with fainting and screaming ladies, all in one pile, and when you are told that it was two hours after our company, which had become separated, could get together again with the ladies of the party, you can have a faint idea of the jam. My two sons, being below the current of air, were nearly suffocated, and when they came out their hair was as wet with perspiration as though their heads had been dipped in water.

Such was the experience of getting in and passing by the President. Now came the tug of war—to get out; one entrance being used for ingress and egress, with thousands outside striving to enter. You can in a faint degree imagine the struggle. Policemen were of no avail, being swayed to and fro by the crowd, sometimes the outward bound would, in a body, by a rush forward, gain a foot, then the inward throng, feeling that their onward movement was being stopped, would renew their efforts, and all we had gained would be lost. Thus for hours we stood, with ladies swerving, screaming and fainting on all sides, and when we did get out of the door, part of our company were crowded one way and part the other. Two of our ladies were lost in the crowd, we being unable to get near them to render assistance; they became nearly wild, and when they did make their appearance looked more like maniacs than sane people. Such an experience we never before had. It was in accordance with the administration of Johnson, without order, lawless and disgraceful; was a fit ending of his sojourn at the White House. The credit of the motley crowd was much better than it will average among business men, for we all had strong backers, in more senses than one.

Rejoiced to escape from such a scene, we proceeded to the Capitol to attend the night or rather morning session of the Senate and House, not reaching there till past midnight, and remaining till the adjournment. Wednesday we went with some 400 down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington, full of interest to every American; and when we returned in the evening found every corner of Washington full of strangers Trains had been pouring in all day, some with thirty cars with 1800 to 2000 passengers. Everything was full; 150 cot beds had been put in the billiard room at Willard's for the Philadelphia Invincibles, and an unfinished building near by had been taken by 600 men merely for lodging, at $10 each, making for the building the nice little sum of six thousand dollars for the week. Some pitched tents and dwelt in them. All the halls and parlors at the hotels were filled with beds, but the cry tinued, "Still they come." Thus passed Wednesday night in Washington.

The next morning, notwithstanding the rain, the streets and avenue were black with crowds of moving men and women, and arrangements were being made for the grand procession, amid a sea of umbrellas, the venders of which reaped a rich harvest. There was rain, rain, till past ten, when the clouds began to lift, making bright and joyous faces of all.

Balconies were hired on the avenue, some persons paying as high as $150 for room sufficient for six persons. Our party secured early a situation in the north colonnade of the Treasury building, overlooking the avenue, where we watched the forming of the possession and the rapid moving of the clouds. When the signal gun was fired, and as Gen. Grant stepped from his house with Gen. Rawlins to take his simple phaeton with two of his famous nags, driven by a negro in livery, the clouds opened and the sun poured his cheering rays upon the coming man, amid the booming of guns and the shouts of the multitude. Soon the grand army moved, and Grant was the observed of all observers. Tens of thousands of handkerchiefs waved as he passed, and the shouts of an admiring crowd filled the air. Infantry, artillery, Grant clubs from different states, many fire companies with their splendid machines, the Philadelphia Invincibles, the Boys in Blue, many companies of Zouaves splendidly uniformed, with many Lincoln and Butler guards composed of colored men, (who, by the way, were loudly cheered, it being their first appearance in an inauguration procession), swelled the column The navy was well represented by marines, and a full rigged ship with sailors all over the yards and masts. The procession was over two miles long and was nearly an hour passing a given point. It presented one of the most magnificent spectacles ever seen in Washington. When General Grant arrived in front of the White House, a messenger was sent to Johnson to join, but he had gone to the house of Secretary Welles privately, and took no part in the ceremonies, leaving the office which he had disgraced by the back way. The ceremonies of inauguration were very inspiring, and are already familiar to your readers.

Some of the colored officers were dressed in velvet bound with yellow, and with yellow stripes on their pants, and in giving their orders made a great flourish and display, the avenue being hardly wide enough for them to spread—the spread of the American eagle was nothing to it. It was a happy day for the negroes of Washington, and one that will long be remembered by the race. A greater display of ivory was never before seen. The next grand rush was for the reception ball tickets, nearly 3000 of which were sold for $10 each, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, instead of 1500, as was the understanding. Your correspondent was among the duped ones. The ball, as you know, took place in the new wing of the Treasury building, which was beautifully illuminated by gas jets in large letters making the word "Peace," with an immense star at each end, behind which were passing the gay festivities of the evening. The doors were opened a little past 7, when the charmed and charming mass began to enter. Four stories were opened, beautifully furnished, decorated and lighted for the ceremonies, a description of which would be tedious. On entering, the ladies were conducted to their cloak and dressing rooms on the second floor, where were hair dressers, waiting maids, dressmakers, &c; and the gentlemen's cloak and hat rooms were on the fourth floor, where, on the side of a long hall, were three openings with a shelf at each, like a ticket office, through which each one passed his coat and hat, receiving a check with number

corresponding to the one put on to his bundle. This would have all worked well had there been separate apartments for the bundles, but they were all put promiscuously upon the floor, in an immense room.

Seven of the finest bands that could be procured were in attendance, and six dancing rooms were most beautifully prepared. The grand reception room for the presidential party was the splendid marble room, which is finished in marble of seven different kinds. It is the most beautifully finished room in this country, and with its fine bronze gallery was magnificently decorated with flags, eagles, statuary, &c., and was the great ball room of the evening. The crowd was so dense that for several hours dancing was out of the question, and breathing hardly possible. Such a display of rich dresses were never before seen in this country. Satins, silks and jewelry ran riot in the crowd.

It was understood that the President was to arrive with his party at 10, which he did, when the jam was so intense that it was with great difficulty that the police made a passage for him, and when he reached the grand reception room the doors had to be closed, and the committee for a ruse reported that he was receiving in the next story above, which turned the crowd in that direction, after which the doors were opened, and for two hours a dense crowd passed by and took a look of Gen. Grant, who stood behind a table, with the ends of his fingers gracefully upon it, bowing to the passers by. Gen. Barnum and Gov Hawley continually saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, please not shake hands with the President, but take one look and pass on." The President stood nearest the door, with Mrs. Grant on his right; then Vice President Colfax with his beautiful bride upon his right; immediately behind them stood Mrs. Grant's Master Fred. U. S. Jr., and Jessie and Miss Nellie Grant, her children, Mrs Phelps and Miss Phelps of Galena, guests of the President, Gen. Comstock and ladies, Gen. Badeau, Gen. Porter and Gen. Babcock of Gen. Grant's staff, and others. During this reception the jam was most terrific; swooning ladies were handed about in a matter of-fact way, as if it were a part of the programme and fagged-out committee men tried in vain to keep the procession in line and moving.

During this reception another crowd more dense and damaging, was marshalling for the supper room Such a scene as was there witnessed beggars description. Many ladies and some men fainted by the way, and were passed out over the heads of the crowd, and when the supper soon was gained a grand rush was made for the table, and whole dishes of chicken salad, stewed oysters, ice cream, were grabbed, together with half a dozen forks or spoons, and the lucky grabber would be surrounded by his friends, all eating like so many pigs from one dish. Then a rush was made behind the table a regular stampede carrying all before it, waiter and all, and everything was cleared from the windows and tables; waiters stood aghast with cries of "Sambo," "Cuffy," "Uncle Ned," and "Jim," resounding in their ears. The table being cleared, a rush was made for the kitchen. Down went the door, but here the well dressed mob, not to say gentlemen, met their match, in the shape of a dish ub and dishcloth brigade of negro women, who sprinkled them thoroughly—faces, clothes and all—with dirty dishwater, driving them back, when the committee, with police, came and partially restored order. Stewed oysters, ice cream, and many other things were turned all over the most splendid dresses, from head to foot, completely ruining them, and some of the trails were so long that they were torn in the crowd nearly or quite off of the ladies, three or four men standing on them at the same time. The unfortunate lady would be carried with the crowd, while her dress was left behind.

A Chilian belle was so covered with jewelry that she was escorted by two policemen all the evening. Her attire was a rich orange colored satin dress with beautiful lace trimmings, a magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds, and headdress of the same material. Next to the President she was the attraction of the evening among the ladies. The daughter of Senator Chandler was beautiful, with powdered hair, and the costume and coiffure of the last French regency, and she created universal admiration. Mrs. Senator Morgan wore a set of most magnificent jewels, said to be the finest in America. Column after column might be written in describing the dresses of the ladies, and naming the many distinguished guests who were present, among whom were the British minister, Edward Thornton and lady, Messrs. Fane and Howard of the English legation, the Austrian minister, the Italian minister, with many others of the diplomatic corps, many of the senators and representatives, prominent officers of the army, &c.

After the President retired, about 12 o'clock, with his party to the supper room, and the reception was over, many of the crowd wished to be first in leaving, so hastened to the cloak rooms, where occurred one of the most trying, laughable, swearing and crowding scenes ever witnessed, lasting till daylight. Over two thousand coats and hats had been thrown into a pile promiscuously, and the plan adopted was to call the number of the check on each bundle, waiting for an owner from the crowd. If the person holding such number was not present, he must wait till that number was called again. Suffice it to say some were kept all night, and some 500 went home bareheaded and coatless; and while the men were detained for hours, their ladies were sleeping upon the floor in all parts of the building, others were sitting upon the stairs anxiously waiting to hear the latest news from absent friends. Horace Greeley was in the crowd for two long hours, crowded to and fro, waiting for his white coat and hat, known to all, but his number must be called by the servants pulling over the bundles before he could get it. Thus passed the night, and at daylight hundreds were still there, and many never got their hats or coats. Some 500 were left without owners. Thus ended the inauguration ball and reception given in honor of Gen Grant, our new President, very hurriedly described by your correspondent.

The next morning we were present at the opening of the Senate, and saw Parson Brownlow sworn in by the Vice President, so palsied that one of the door keepers had to hold up his hand for him while he was taking the oath. I also visited the House and saw the new Speaker conducted to the chair, and the new republican Congress organized. Our next business was to get out of Washington if we could. Many were prevented, after getting tickets, from getting into the station, and we were not able to leave before Saturday afternoon, and then five hours late at Philadelphia on account of the length of the train, nineteen cars and every seat being taken, and every aisle full of standing victims, whose only consolation for the week's jam was that they had witnessed the inauguration of Gen. Grant.

T. E.

Washington and the Place of Washington's Rest.

Correspondence of the Traveller.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.

To-day a colored man asked a brother, "What is the difference between this and the day when Washington died?" "Give it up, Sambo." "Well, then, when Washington died the Capitol and White House went into black. To-day the black go into the Capitol and White House."

There is deep philosophy in this, and the whole country feels it. But nowhere is it felt more sensibly than when strolling around the grounds or passing through the wasting buildings of Mount Vernon.

To-day Gen. Grant has been inaugurated President of the United States.

Yesterday we visited the resting place of our great first President. In the light of to-day it is painful to feel as you look upon the ruins of the home of the immortal Washington, that the provision made for the comfort of his horses were quite equal, if not superior, to those made for his slaves. But the evidences are unmistakable. Still, Washington was a good man in his greatness, and if he lived to-day, his humanity would doubtless place him on the advance wing in the work of uplifting and unifying the nation.

Mount Vernon, in the midst of its quiet surroundings, beautifully seated upon the rolling slope of the Potomac, with its commanding and peaceful outlook on the waters above and below, has been so often described that nothing is left of interest which has not been written and read again and again.

Every true patriot will rejoice to know that Congress has just made an appropriation to arrest the ruin and decay which are so manifest through every part of these sacred precincts.

To-day, in the city which bears the name of the great patriot, has occurred one of the greatest events of this eventful age. A modest, unassuming man, lifted from among the people, has by their voice been declared the President of the greatest nation upon which the sun has ever shone. The crown of any monarch upon the earth could not have been so great an honor. It was fitting that beauty and wisdom and valor from every land and from every rank should, as your columns have already announced, meet and rejoice together. But the great want, and the one which justifies the old saying that "coming events cast their shadows before," was the fact that white and black, clergymen, citizens and soldiers, by invitation, mingled together in the throng which welcomed the dawning of a new era. Only the retiring President complained of not being invited.

The inaugurals, both of the President and Vice President, were not only short but direct and pointed. The most beautiful thing which occurred was upon the platform after the inaugural was completed, when the President turned and, in the presence of the vast concourse, kissed his wife and children. A man who has a heart and courage for this, has heart and courage enough for almost anything that is good.

This was in keeping with his conduct when he had taken Richmond, as he turned away from all importunities to go into the city, saying, as he started northward, "There is a little woman over in New Jersey who wants to see me." These things, in a great man and a great soldier, are most touching and beautiful.

May he ever keep his heart tender and full of affection, and make it as pure as it is sympathetic.

How strange, all this lack of pomp, this simple unaffectedness, must seem to the tinselled and ermined diplomatists of other lands! An unostentatious citizen, without prestige or hereditary title, rising grandly to the loftiest pedestal of any human governor.

WELLINGTON.

West Point Stories About Grant, Sherman and Beecher.

A West Point correspondent writes that during the recent examination it was observable, all during the conversation, which was general, how Mr. Colfax and every other person except Gen. Sherman, when addressing the President, would say: "Mr. President," while Gen. Sherman, in the most familiar style, would address him as simply "Grant." They passed jokes and told their stories like school boys, and the scenes around them seemed to bring back their former days when they were such. Grant and Sherman were one year in the academy together. Gen. Grant observed that "Sherman was a tall, fine looking fellow," when Sherman said: "Yes, and Grant was a little runt of a boy, running around here." Neither of them reached the dignity of a sergeant while here, Sherman saying that he was never anything more than a "high private," and Grant adding that he was worse than that, for he "was always at the foot of his class."

The President has a son now in the academy, and Gen. Grant says that he is "following in the footsteps of his father, always at the tail of his class;" "but," said he, "he is not quite so bad as I was, for he is only next the foot in one department, while I was at the foot." This was a little exaggerated, for the register shows that Grant, as a cadet, stood very fair in mathematics, as indeed his son does also. Gen. Grant dined with the board several times, and one thing was observable: that while several of the board drank freely of wine, of which there were several kinds on the table, Gen. Grant abstained. So did Mr. Colfax. He is a thorough-going temperance man.

A good story is told of Henry Ward Beecher, who preached the sermon to the graduates last Sunday. On seeing the cadets at their dress parade, on Saturday evening, he remarked that he "wished Providence had destined him for a soldier, for he thought he would have made a good one." Major Boynton, the accomplished adjutant of the post, said to him, on Sunday, as he came out of the pulpit, "Mr. Beecher, I heard you say you wish you had been destined for a soldier, for you thought you would have made a good one—do you think so still?" "Yes," said Beecher, "I think I should."

"But I think I can prove that you probably would have made a poor one," said the Major. "How so, Major?" said Beecher, "You told us in your sermon, that when Providence wanted to do a great work He chose the best means—selected men who were fitted for the work. Now, we have just come out of a war, and you were not a soldier in it. On your doctrine, is it not a fair inference that you would not have made a good soldier, as Providence did not call you into the service?" Mr. Beecher acknowledged that the application the Major made of his sermon was just.

—James T. Fields, in his new lecture on "Fiction and its Eminent Authors," has the following concerning the habits of novel writers: Hawthorne waited for moods, and mounted his tower stairs for composition only when the fit was on him. Dusky processions constantly moved about him as he walked his piny hill-top, but his characters rarely spoke to him until he had locked his study-door and shut out all ingress from the world of living beings. Anthony Trollope whose novels Hawthorne greatly delighted in, writes every day regularly, when he is engaged on a new story, a given number of manuscript pages before 12 o'clock, and smiles at the idea of waiting until he "feels like writing," as it is called. Thackeray was constantly studying character, and his observation was unceasing. His eyes were alert in the street, in the club, in society, everywhere. I remember one evening he whispered to me in a brilliant drawing-room: "How I envy you fellows who are not in my line and are not obliged to utilize professionally all these fine creatures for your next novel." Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone a moment. He told me that when he was writing the "Old Curiosity Shop" the creatures of his imagination so haunted him that they would neither allow him to sleep or eat in peace; that Little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to any one else. When he was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threaten to have nothing more to do with her, unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.

THE ELECTION

IMMENSE REPUBLICAN GAINS.

DEMOCRACY DEAD!

The Will of the People the Law of the Land!

ILLINOIS	60,000
IOWA	30,000
WISCONSIN	20,000
PENNSYLVANIA	20,000
MAINE	30,000
CONNECTICUT	7,000
WEST VIRGINIA	8,000
INDIANA	12,000
NEW HAMPSHIRE	8,000
NEBRASKA	4,500
KANSAS	10,000
MICHIGAN	25,000
VERMONT	30,000

Official Vote of Worcester.

The election in this city yesterday passed off quietly, and without the usual rallying of voters and its consequent excitement; but the resnlt shows a full vote, and the election of every republican candidate by handsome majorities.

The following is the official vote in the several wards on the national ticket, compared with the vote of 1864:

FOR PRESIDENT.

	1868.		1864.	
	Grant.	Seymour.	Lincoln.	McClellan.
Ward 1	483	114	236	78
" 2	508	52	439	58
" 3	263	224	95	126
" 4	318	396	211	198
" 5	346	199	269	225
" 6	547	115	452	92
" 7	556	59	737	86
" 8	591	48	466	70
Total	3612	1207	2905	933

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 1868.

Victory.

Let us rejoice! The victory is won. In the elections in the several states we have been successful even beyond our hopes. It is needless to repeat the catalogue of those which have given republican majorities or the number of each.

The most exciting political contest in our annals is closed with a signal victory for the party of national integrity, equal rights and human progress. We have not only elected a President in whose ability, patriotism and firmness the whole country can confide, but we have set at rest the questions which have so intensely agitated the people, and threatened to impair the most valuable results of the war.

Repudiation, partial or entire, open or covert, will no longer be threatened or suspected. No man will be deprived of any of his rights on account of race or color, and in every part of the land perfect freedom of opinion and speech will be established and maintained.

The result of this election is even more significant and more honorable to the people of the United States than that of the last, when Lincoln was chosen. The excitement of the war has had time to subside, and the enormous debt and unprecedented weight of taxation have been used with the greatest skill and persistency by our opponents as arguments against the republican party. The people have been wise enough and patient enough to resist the temptations urged upon them, and to reaffirm the principles for which they fought and suffered.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave capable. 2. Behead a large fish, and leave to listen; behead again, and leave a vessel. 3. Behead loosen, and leave want. 4. Behead to draw back, and leave a ledge; again, and leave a measure. 5. Behead a flower, and leave a black substance. 6. Behead a tree, and leave a curved structure.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT OF ILLINOIS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
SCHUYLER COLFAX OF INDIANA

THE MEANING OF THE VICTORY.—There is everywhere and from every quarter, from those who speak with authority, and in the heart of every intelligent man of every party, a similar recognition and assurance of the meaning of the election of Gen Grant. Men who voted against him feel it as truly as those who were his friends. It means PEACE. The common voice expresses it—the common heart feels and welcomes it.—At the rejoicing in Galena, after the result was known, Mr Washburne, the representative of that district, and the next friend in politics of Gen Grant, said:—

The election of Gen Grant means that the country shall have peace; that the people shall have an honest and economical administration of the government; that the flag shall be everywhere respected; that the rights and liberty and property of all men, of all colors and climes, shall be protected and vindicated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

So Mr Colfax, coming east, said more fully and eloquently to a gathering of people at Harrisburg:—

My friends, we have gained a noble, a magnificent, a patriotic triumph—a triumph that means, in the expressive language of your noble president, Ulysses S. Grant, "Let us have peace and protection alike for every man everywhere." It means that every man in this country shall be protected in his rights in every part of this land, and that every man has the right to go South or North, East or West, so long as he is true to the principles which our flag represents. It means that the flag has the power to protect him from outrage and wrong. There may be no place in this nation where the people may be prevented from singing such songs as are found in the lines that our brave soldiers sang:—

"Down with the traitors and up with the stars."

You could sing those songs among the banditti of the Alps, and no one would harm you; they could be sung among the Thugs of India, among the cannibals of the South Sea islands, and none would molest. But heretofore you would not have dared to sing them over the grave of a fallen soldier in the South—over a grave into which a rebel bullet had sent him. Thank God that state of things is ended. We are going to have a chieftain in the executive chair, President Grant, who never failed his men when they stood on the gory battle field with gleaming bayonets against him, and who said, in my hearing, he was for peace, quiet and protection everywhere; and what he says he means. He will bring to the duties devolving upon him as president the same energy, the same ability and the same will, that have hitherto characterized him, and when he says that there shall be peace and quiet and protection everywhere, let traitors beware; for he will be terribly in earnest; while in no spirit of revenge, no spirit of malice or ill will, he is determined that this thing shall be. Every man in this country shall have the right to protection in every part of this land; and you may depend upon it.

1868. 1868. 1868.

For the first time since Presidential elections have been held here the news of the result of such an election was known in Europe the next day, the ocean telegraph taking over the news on Wednesday of what had been done on Tuesday. This is one of the marvels of the age, and shows how immense is the victory that has been achieved over space and time. That victory includes what was done here by the telegraph, which transmitted to its Atlantic brother what had taken place over a vast extent of country. It is probable, too, that the result of the election was known the same day in Africa and Asia, for the news could have been transmitted to Alexandria, which would answer for Africa; and to Constantinople, which has one of its suburbs in Asia,—Scutari. So it was or could have been known in all four quarters of the globe in less than twenty-four hours after the last vote was cast.

Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is application to books.
My 6, 7, is toward, or moving toward.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, is the intellectual power of man.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, belongs to you.
My 16, 17, 18, is to acknowledge.
My 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is employment.
My whole is good advice to all.

THE ELECTION

THE RESULT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

75,000 Majority for Grant!

The result of the Twenty-First Presidential Election, held on Tuesday last, November 3d, was in no important respect different from what was looked for by every intelligent man in the United States, no matter to what party he belonged. The election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency was certain to take place from the moment that he accepted the Republican nomination; and all the incidents of the contest had the effect of strengthening the original convictions of his supporters. The democrats, who might have done much better than it was their luck to do, made the worst possible nominations, and they placed their candidates on the worst possible platform. They announced their purpose to be restoration, not reconstruction,—for their platform provided for the restoration of the very men to political supremacy who had brought civil war upon the Republic; and the American people were sure to put their veto upon so suicidal a policy. The local elections that took place in half a dozen States while the contest was going on showed, through the returns from them all, that the popular enrrent was setting strongly in a patriotic direction, and that the democratic party was about to receive a third successive defeat in the nation; and on Tuesday last that defeat took place. This is the important fact of our political history. For sixty years the democracy never knew what two successive defeats meant. If they failed in 1840, after having succeeded at nine national elections in forty years,—all that were held, but one,—they were victorious in 1844. Though beaten in 1848, they were successful in 1852, and again in 1856. Their defeat in 1860, therefore, was not very discouraging; and they fought hard in 1864 to get back their old ground. To their dismay, a second defeat befel them, and they found themselves situated almost as badly as the federalists had been in 1804. But, though discouraged, they would not give up without making another effort to re-establish their affairs. They were encourged to exertion by the treachery of President Johnson, who had placed the government in opposition to the party that had created it, and whose "policy" was such that the Southern democrats were at liberty to begin and to pursue a system of intimidation and butchery at the expense of the colored population of the reconstructed States, through which it was supposed some fifty electoral votes could be secured, not to mention the twenty-three votes of the three unreconstructed States. With such circumstances in their favor, their prospects, from their own point of view, must have seemed good; and for the greater part of the campaign they labored with zealous industry to accomplish their purpose. But all they did was done in vain. Their third defeat had been set down in the Book of Fate, and now we see them in the occupation of a position that bears a strong resemblance to that which the federalists held in 1808. In 1808 the federalists made a rally, having their third battle with the democrats to fight, but, though they more than trebled their Electoral vote of 1804, they were badly beaten, almost three-fourths of the Electors being chosen by their opponents. In these facts the democrats of to-day can read their own history. They may exist as a political organization for some years to come, and do their country some service as an opposition,—but their day as a ruling party is over. When they went out of power in 1861, after having done their utmost to help the secessionists destroy the old Union, they went out for good and all. Their sun went down on the 4th of March, 1861, and since then it has been deepest night with them. They have been condemned by the people of every quarter of the Republic. The voice of condemnation proceeds as heartily from the Northwest as from the Northeast; from Missouri and Tennessee as from Pennsylvania; and the South add some of its strength to the volume of censure.

85

148

THE INAUGURATION.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1869.

Grant and Colfax had a wet day for their inauguration. It began to rain early this morning, but notwithstanding the disagreeable state of the weather, the avenues and streets were crowded soon after daylight.

A regiment of Philadelphia Zouaves arrived this morning at 4 o'clock, while the House was still in session, and a resolution was passed allowing them to sleep in the hall of the House all night. They were on the avenue among the first this morning, and their bright red uniform attracted much attention. At the time that the sun should have risen a party of Yankees, with a good drum corps, gave Gen. Grant the reveille in army style. The President elect did not make his appearance, but Mrs. Grant came to a window and bowed acknowledgments.

The greatest crowd was at General Grant's headquarters, where a multitude assembled for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the President-elect. He reached headquarters about half-past nine, where the Fifth Cavalry was drawn up to receive him. A military rendezvous in the immediate vicinity of headquarters presented a fine appearance.

At half-past 10 the escort of U. S. troops, under Colonel Wallace, formed on Pennsylvania avenue, facing the Presidential Mansion, to receive and escort President Johnson and the President and Vice-President elect in carriages here provided for them and their suits. Then came the committee of arrangements of the Senate and House in carriages, followed by the Twelfth Infantry preceded by the band of that regiment. The Forty-fourth Infantry and U. S. Marines, together with a battery of artillery, formed the remainder of the escort of honor.

The second division was composed of volunteer armed military organizations, embracing, among others, the Albany Burgess Corps, the Washington Greys of Philadelphia, the Zouaves of Buffalo, and others. The Butler Zouaves, a colored military organization of this district, were about midway of the military organizations. Among other features of the procession were survivors of the war of 1812, the most decrepid of whom were drawn in a four-horse omnibus, while others paraded behind it. The miniature ship Constitution, full rigged and with sailors aloft, attracted much attention. The Boys in Blue made a very handsome appearance, turning out as they did in full force and with complete uniforms. Many of the "boys in blue" marched in the line. The ward political organizations, which made great preparations for the event, did not turn out in great strength, preferring to parade either with the "boys in blue" or with the soldiers' and sailors' union. The rear of the procession was brought up by the fire brigade, which made a very handsome appearance. They had with them their engines and hose carriages. The procession was certainly one of the most imposing ever witnessed here, and was at least an hour and a half in passing a given point.

President Johnson refused to ride in the procession. He excused himself with the plea that his presence was required at the Capitol and repaired thither at an early hour.

All along the line of march, from the corner of 15th street to the Capitol, the President elect was greeted with vociferous cheers. House tops and windows were all thronged, and in acknowledgment of the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs the President lifted his hat and bowed, but the cheers were so frequent that he rode almost all the way bareheaded. In spite of all the precautions adopted, the crowd could not be kept away from the General's carriage, and three or four policemen were accordingly detailed to give it special guard. What was the case at the commencement of the march, was equally so along the route, the President being the recipient of the most flattering ovation in the way of cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The streets were literally lined with citizens and strangers, male and female.

The crowds in the streets here were so great that it was with difficulty they could be kept clear. The windows of houses and the stores, and the roofs of houses, were filled with men, women and children. No such spectacle was ever witnessed at any previous inauguration. Flags and streamers and mottoes decorated the line in profusion, and the general joy of the occasion was manifested in the elaborate preparations made everywhere in honor of the eventful day.

Gen. Grant rode in his phaeton as calm and composed as ever in his life. He was accompanied by Gen. Rawlings of his staff, attired in a major general's uniform. Vice President Colfax, who came next, was accompanied by Admiral Bailey of the navy, one of the committee.

The procession reached the Capitol at about 11½ o'clock.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE CAPITOL.

Before ten o'clock the corridors and stairways of the Senate wing were literally jammed with a brilliant crowd made up in the large proportion of ladies. Their bright spring toilets indicated that they anticipated a change in the weather, or at least were determined to honor and adorn the occasion by lending it all the grace and coloring which their presence and toilets could afford. As the clock struck ten the doors opening into the galleries were opened, and the 1200 seats were soon filled, with the exception of seven or eight in the front row to the right of the diplomatic gallery, which were reserved for the family of the President elect. On the bench behind this one sat Mrs Colfax, Mrs Matthews and Miss Matthews, accompanied by a few of their intimate friends.

At the left of the centre aisle and in the rear of the desks of senators, were seated a large number of the department and bureau officers, the mayors of Washington and Georgetown, ex-governors of states and many others more or less distinguished. To the right of the same entrance were 20 or 30 of the most distinguished officers of the army and navy, prominent among whom were noticed Gens. Sherman, Thomas, Hancock and Terry, who sat next to each other; also Admirals Farragut and Goldsborough. Elsewhere on the floor were Gens. Meigs, Dyer, Sickles, O. O. Howard, and a large number of others, including all of Gen. Grant's staff, besides the various senators elect, who naturally attracted much attention, particularly Hon. R. D. Pratt of Indiana, whose giant size rendered him conspicuous.

There were pointed out many persons distinguished in literary, scientific and commercial pursuits, and distinguished representatives of the learned professions. Among them were ex-Gov. Hamilton Fish of New York, ex-Governor Geary of Pennsylvania, J. Lothrop Motley, A. T. Stewart, Bishops Ames and Simpson, Rev. W. M. Punshon of England, and many others. The venerable Jesse Grant, the father of the President, also occupied a seat on the floor.

The entrance of the President and Vice President elect into the Senate chamber was followed by the entrance of the justices of the Supreme Court, headed by Chief Justice Chase, and clad in their robes of office.

Gen. Grant had meanwhile been conducted to a chair in front of the clerk's, and sat there facing the audience, the target for several thousand curious eyes whose gaze he seemed to all appearance neither to avoid nor to realize, but exhibited his usual self-possession and unassuming demeanor. A seat to the left of that prepared for Gen. Grant was in readiness for Prsident Johnson, but it was not occupied, neither was the latter in the Capitol this morning, but signed the bills as they were sent to him at the White House.

The presiding officer having announced that all was now in readiness for the inauguration of the Vice President elect, Mr. Colfax advanced up the steps of the rostrum, and facing the presiding officer took the usual oath of office, which the latter administered. Turning to the Senate, Mr. Colfax then delivered the following address, which was listened to with the deepest attention, and was distinctly audible to all within the chamber.

RESPONSE OF VICE PRESIDENT COLFAX.

When, senators, in entering upon the duties in this chamber, to the performance of which I have been called by the people of the United States, I realize fully the delicacy as well as the responsibility of the position, presiding over a body whose members are in so large a degree my seniors in age, and by the body itself, I shall certainly need the assistance of your support and your generous forbearance and confidence; but pledging to you all a faithful and inflexible impartiality in the administration of your rules, and earnestly desiring to co-operate with you in making the deliberation of the Senate worthy not only of its history and renown, but also of the states whose commissions you hold. I am now ready to take the oath of office required by law.

GEN. GRANT TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE.

At the conclusion of the address senators elect came forward as their names were called and took the senatorial oath of office, which was administered by the new inducted Vice President. The organization of the new Senate having been completed, it was announced that the Senate, Supreme Court and invited spectators would proceed to the east portico of the Capitol to participate in the ceremonies of the inauguration of the President elect.

A procession was accordingly formed, and the late occupants of the floor of the Senate proceeded through the corridors and rotunda to the place indicated. After reaching the Central Portico the President elect appeared on the platform and was greeted with prolonged cheers. He was followed by the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps in their court dresses, officers of the army and navy, and ladies whose bouquets, ribbons and shawls introduced into the scene the effective element of color. The President elect came to the front of the platform where there was a small table upon which was a copy of the Bible. Near him was the stately form of the Chief Justice and attended by his associates.

The oath was taken reverentially, and then shouts and huzzas from the immense multitude hailed President Grant, while Dupont's Light Battery fired a salute announcing the event throughout the metropolis. It was a spirit stirring sight, full of interest and not to be witnessed without deep emotion.

President Grant then delivered his inaugural, which will be found in full in another column.

After the inauguration President Grant was escorted by the procession to the White House, amid much enthusiasm. Ex-President Johnson left the White House as the clock struck twelve, leaving Gen Schofield in charge of the public offices.

The street from the Capitol, during the progress of the procession, was exceedingly grand in spite of the rain. Before the signal for moving was given, crowds of people flocked towards the White House from every direction, and all the streets leading to the Presidential Mansion were packed with human beings for a great distance. From the Capitol dome, the White House, a mile away, together with the adjacent streets could be directly seen, and when the little puff of smoke and the sharp report of the signal gun gave notice that the President was ready to proceed, the whole mass, like a living sea, rushed towards the Capitol. So dense was the crowd, numbering over 75,000 persons, that the buildings appeared to be afloat in the shifting tide of human beings.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS INAUGURAL.

Gen Grant carried himself modestly, and yet manfully, throughout. Inside the Senate chamber the people were compelled to silence, but the moment he showed himself to the 20,000 people outside, the applause was quick and tremendous. He was as modest in delivering his inaugural as any lyceum youth. Few could hear a word, but an occasional sentence was caught up by the crowd and cheered.

The address is admirable in form and spirit. It is straightforward, manly, independent and intelligent, and cannot fail to increase the general confidence in the wisdom, integrity and firmness with which the affairs of the nation will be administered under his guidance. His

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

During the day the following cable dispatches were received by President Grant:

"MARCH 4, 1869. To President Grant, Washington: In honor of the man and the day. Three cheers for the President.

Members of the Berlin Exchange.

FRITZ MAYER."

"BERLIN, March 4. President Gen Grant, White House, Washington: My cordial congratulations on this solemn day.

BISMARCK."

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

GENEALOGY OF THE GRANT FAMILY.—Nathan Grant, of the county of Devon, England, was one of the company who came in the "Henry and John" to Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, and he was a free man there in 1631. In 1651 he moved to Windsor, in this state; he was among the very earliest settlers there, the second town clerk, and for many years surveyor. He was prominent in the church, and the compiler of its records, a just, conscientious, hard-working Christian man and a model town clerk. His son Samuel, who married Mary Porter in 1658, had also a son Samuel, who married for his second wife Grace Miner in 1688. The descendants of the Grants settled in the towns of Windsor, Tolland, and Coventry, and then intermarried with the Porters, Miners, Huntingtons, and other Connecticut families. The son of Samuel was Noah, who married Martha Huntington in 1717, and had a son Noah, who married Susanna Delano. This second Noah was captain of one of the Connecticut companies sent against Crown Point in 1755, and lost his life in the battle at Lake George, September 8, 1755, in which Baron Dieskau was mortally wounded and captured, his entire army being cut to pieces by Major General Phineas Lyman of Suffield, commanding provincials and provincials only from Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Noah killed at Lake George left a son Noah, who was born at Coventry, and who married Rachael Kelly in 1791. This third Noah, the grandfather of President Grant, entered the continental army as lieutenant from Coventry, rose to be a captain, and served with credit through the revolutionary war. It was good fighting stock. Having married when the cruel war was over, Noah settled in Westmoreland county, Pa., where Jesse Root Grant was born in 1794. The family removed into Ohio, and there, in 1805, Noah died. Jesse, at the age of 11, was left fatherless, and had to make his own way, amid the usual hardships of frontier life and the perils of Indian warfare. When his father died he determined to be a tanner, and went to Marysville, Ky., to learn his trade. His repugnance to slavery, however, caused him to leave Kentucky and settle in Ohio. At Point Pleasant, in 1821, June 21, he married Hannah Simpson, the daughter of John Simpson, who had emigrated from Pennsylvania to Clermont county, Ohio; and in Clermont county, Ulysses Simpson Grant was born April 27, 1822.

GENERAL GRANT.

A New Biography.

Considerable interest has been excited by the announcement of a new life of General Grant, by Mr. Charles A. Dana and General James H. Wilson, which is soon to appear. Although General Badeau's "military history" is, so far as it has gone, complete, authoritative and minute, there is a demand for a briefer and more popular biography.

From Mr. Dana much might be reasonably expected as a biographer of the General of our armies. To his experience as a writer have been added unusual opportunities for observation of the more recent and important events in the career of his subject. As Assistant Secretary of War he was brought in contact with General Grant, both officially and personally, at some of the most critical periods in the war. Not only in his office at Washington but in the field Mr. Dana had occasion to learn the inner history of the decisive movements which mainly brought the war to a close. General Wilson adds the advantages of his military training and experience under General Grant's command. The joint biography by two such authors will, therefore, be generally accepted as authoritative and read with interest.

We give below a few extracts from the advance sheets of the book:

HIS APPEARANCE AND MANNERS.

"Grant is somewhat under the medium size, though his body is closely and powerfully built. His feet and hands are small and neatly shaped; his dress is plain and exceedingly unostentatious; his eyes are large, deep, leonine, and very strong, equally capable of blazing with a resolution that nothing can withstand, and of shining with the steady light of benevolence and amiability. His fibre is like that of steel wire, elastic, close-grained and enduring; his temperament is admirably compounded of the sanguine, nervous and lymphatic, but the last in such proportion as to tone down and hold in equilibrium the other two, perfecting both mental and physical organization. His capacity for labor surpasses comprehension; neither mental nor physical exertion seems to produce the least wear and tear in his case. He rides at a dashing speed for hour after hour, and day after day, with the same ease with which he plans a battle or issues the instructions for a campaign. There is no noise or clash or clangor in the man; his voice is as quiet and orderly as a woman's, and his language judiciously and tastefully chosen. He was never heard to give utterance to a rude word or a vulgar jest; no oath or fierce, fiery imprecation has ever escaped his lips. No thundering order, no unfeeling or undignified speech, and no thoughtless or ill-natured criticism ever fell from him. When angry, which is rarely the case, or at least, he rarely shows his anger, he speaks with a well ordered but subdued vehemence, displaying his passion by compressed lips and earnest flash of the eye. But it must be said of him that of all men he is the slowest to anger. He has been heard to say that even under the severest insult he never became indignant till a week after the offence had been given, and then only at himself for not having sooner discovered that he had been insulted or misused. This arises rather from an unconscious self-abnegation than from any incapacity for choler.

"It is precisely this quality which has made him so successful in the personal questions which have arisen between him and his subordinates. They have usually mistaken his slowness for dullness or a lack of spirit, and have discovered their mistake only after becoming rash and committing a fatal error. Grant is as unsuspicious and pure-hearted as a child, and as free from harmful intention; but he is stirred to the very depths of his nature by an act of inhumanity or brutality of any sort; while meanness, or ingratitude, or uncharitableness, excites him to the display of the liveliest indignation. He is not slow in the exhibition of contempt or disgust for whatever is unmanly or unbecoming.

KINDNESS TO SUBORDINATES.

"In issuing orders to his subordinates, or in asking a service at the hands of a staff-officer, he is always scrupulously polite and respectful in manner, and orders or requests rather as he would ask a friend to oblige him personally than as a military commander whose word is law. His consideration for those about him is admirably shown by the following incident: On the night after the battle of Mission Ridge, while returning from the front to his headquarters at Chattanooga, he desired to know what had become of Sheridan's division, which had been reported at noon as engaged in building a bridge across the Chickamauga at Mission Mills; and although it was then after midnight he requested one of his staff to obtain the desired information. The officer, after a long and tiresome ride, reported at headquarters just at sunrise, and found the General not yet asleep. It seems that in returning to Chattanooga, at about one o'clock, he pose, as he expressed it. Such solicitude for the comfort of others, it is needless to say, was rare, even among the most humane of our generals. Many of them would not have hesitated to save themselves even the slightest trouble at the expense of others; and not a few would have given themselves scarce a moment's thought had an aid-de-camp been killed, much less if he had only gone on a long and difficult ride upon a wintry night.

HABITS, TASTES AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"Grant's personal habits and tastes are exceedingly simple; he despises the pomp and show of empty parade, and in his severe simplicity and manly pride he scorns all adventitious aids to popularity. He lives plainly himself, and cannot tolerate ostentation or extravagance in those about him. His mess was never luxuriously, though always bountifully furnished with army rations, and such supplies as could be transported readily and easily in the limited number of wagons that he permitted to follow his headquarters. His appetites are all under perfect control. He is very abstemious, and during his entire western campaign the officers of his staff were forbidden to bring wines or liquors into camp. He has been represented as one of the most taciturn of men, and in one respect he is such. He never divulges his thoughts till they are matured, and never aspires to speech making; and even in private conversation he falls into silence if he suspects that he is likely to be reported. He is the most modest of men, and nothing annoys him more than a fond parade of personal opinion or personal vanity; but with his intimate friends, either at home or around the camp fire, he talks upon all subjects, not only fluently and copiously, but in the most charming and good-natured manner. His life has been too busy to read history or technical works, but he has always been a close and careful reader of the newspapers. He has a retentive memory, and is deeply interested in all matters which concern the interests of humanity, and particularly his own country. Upon all such subjects, in fact, upon all the vital questions of the day, he thinks carefully and profoundly, and expresses himself with great ease and good sense. His understanding is of that incisive character that soon probes a question to the bottom, no matter how much the politicians and newspapers may labor to confuse it; while his judgment is so deliberate, honest and truthful in its operations that it may be implicitly relied upon to arrive at a fair and unbiased conclusion. His memory is stored with personal incidents illustrative of men and manners in all parts of the country, showing that he has evidently been a profound student of human nature throughout life; his appreciation of men and character has never been surpassed. This was well shown in the reorganization of the army after he became lieutenant-general. It is well known that he did not fail in a single instance, where a change was made, in putting the right man in the right place. This was due neither to chance nor snap judgment, but to his habit of careful observation. He warms towards a bold, outspoken and loyal nature: full of ardor and zeal himself, he naturally admires these qualities in others. He has no patience with a weak, complaining and selfish disposition, and cannot endure double-dealing or indirectness of any sort. Straightforward and frank in all things himself, he respects these qualities wherever they are found. Indeed, the most striking peculiarity of his nature, both as a man and a general, is a profound and undeviating truthfulness in all things. Those who have known him best will bear a willing testimony to the statement that he never told a falsehood, or made a voluntary misrepresentation of fact, and will believe us that it would be almost as impossible for him to do so as for the needle to forget its fidelity to the pole.

MORAL QUALITIES.

"He is a true friend and a magnanimous enemy. His liberality is boundless, and his charity as broad as humanity itself. He has neither vanity nor selfish ambition; no promotion has ever been sought by him, and none has ever turned his head or changed his character in the slightest degree. Naturally a strong believer in the goodness of Providence as exerted in the affairs of mankind, he yet possesses none of that blind fatalism which has at times characterized military chieftains. So confident was he in the moral strength and rectitude of our cause, and the superior intelligence and endurance of the northern people, that he never, even in the darkest hour, despaired of a united and prosperous country. In this respect he is a perfect embodiment of the great American characteristic, faith in the manifest destiny of the Republic.

"'We rarely find,' said Napoleon, 'combined in the same person, all the qualities necessary to constitute a great general. The most desirable is that a man's judgment should be in equilibrium with his courage; that raises him at once above the common level. If courage be a general's predominating quality, he will rashly embark in enterprises above his conception; and on the other hand, he will not venture to carry his ideas into effect, if his character or courage be inferior to his judgment.' By way of illustrating this principle, Napoleon went on to assert that it was impossible for Murat and Ney not to be brave, but added that 'no men ever possessed less judgment.' Speaking of moral courage, he said: 'I have very rarely met the two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage; I mean unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion. Kleber was endowed with the highest talents, but was merely the man of the moment, and pursued glory as the only road to enjoyment, while Dessalx possessed in a very superior degree the important equilibrium just described.'

It was not necessary for me to enjoy the spirited affability, the exquisite conversational powers of Mrs. GRANT, in order to learn that ULYSSES GRANT has a well-developed domestic nature; that his love of home and of family is of the purest, highest order; that his home relations are refreshingly sweet and beautiful. A visit or two at his fireside will disclose these facts, and they are seen, too, not in the grand drama of "family exhibition," (with the astonishing reality behind the curtain,) but in those small, intimate and familiar matters which, combined, form the delightful superstructure of a happy home. Gen. GRANT takes great delight in his children, particularly the youngest—the family pet—Master JESSIE. He is, indeed, a dear bright boy, and worthy any father's affection; but GRANT makes him a companion, and is both a father and a friend to the young scion. Speaking of the coming cares and responsibilities of the Executive Mansion, and of the old-time joys when they lived in a rented brick cottage on a towering ridge in West Galena, Mrs. GRANT said so me:

"Those were the happiest days of my life. We had a sweet little home, with every convenience and comfort; the yard was large; you saw it! Well, it doesn't look half so lovely now as then; the grass grew luxuriantly, and bright flowers and fresh trees made it a little paradise. In the evening Mr. GRANT would come home, and I would have the children all dressed and myself in an evening robe, and we were just as happy as we could wish. Often we would ride out with the children, and I did really love to keep house then."

As she spoke these words her eyes sparkled, and they were uttered with an earnestness which plainly indicated their depth of meaning. She spoke of a published statement in a Paris journal, alleging that GRANT's military discipline was so severe that he even practiced the most painful exhibition of it in his family, and related, as an instance, a certain infliction on a son, which was made severer by his mother for some trivial offence. Mrs. GRANT said it was wholly unfounded, and that "the children are never punished—never, by either of us. We are extremely lenient to them, and try to conquer and rule by love. If Gen. GRANT determined on punishing them I know I should protest." And all that I saw of JESSIE and his older sister goes to confirm my opinion that the domestic peace is never disturbed, and that few, indeed, are the "family jars" which interfere with the marital joys of ULYSSES and JULIA GRANT.

GRANT is great indeed. His mind is broad, comprehensive and incisive. No man in the nation would be better prepared to "accept the situation," whatever might be its novelty or intricacy. Calm, thoughtful without being morose, determined yet anything but obstinate, and possessing reasoning powers of the first magnitude, he would grasp in his wide views the most difficult condition of affairs, and find in the best of great good sense the true, legitimate means for the vindication of cosmopolite justice.

GRANT'S APPEARANCE AND MANNERS.—A Washington correspondent says:—

"The democratic natnre of the President elect is a never ending source of comment here. He is seen on the streets almost every pleasant day, sauntering carelessly along, peering into the stores and shops, and nodding pleasantly to acquaintances whom he chances to meet in his rambles. He is as careless in his dress as the commonest people could desire, while he is criticised by those who believe that a man should be judged by the linen he wears. I have never seen Gen. Grant on the avenue in full uniform, and I have never heard that he ever thus appeared. He generally wears a long frock coat, frayed and worn, of a fashion five years past, a slouch hat of black material, or a tall untidy beaver; his vest is of the military style, buttoning to the throat, of blue cloth and adorned with staff buttons, and his pantaloons are of the dark blue military pattern, without stripes. He does not wear gloves, and his feet, which are small and shapely, are covered with boots innocent of blacking. He wears a heavy vest chain, with a miniature drum, a sword and spurs as charms. Excepting a very large plain ring on his little finger, he wears no other jewelry. In appearance he bears about as much likeness in comparison to Gen. Hancock (who, until recently, was often seen on the streets) as a great military chieftain, as an ordinary wagoner would have borne to Gen. Scott. He often goes to an oyster saloon to get his lunch of raw oysters, and in his walks through the city he is usually unaccompanied. He entertains in the same democratic spirit, never luxuriously, but always plentifully and with homely grace. I hear that he has lately banished wine from his entertainments."

have no other God before him who made the heaven and earth. All nature declares there is no other. Why should we love that one God? The Bible answers, not because he is great and powerful, but because he is good, his authority rightful and his government just. Filial affection in return for parental love. What does this book teach as principles of individual character? To be simple, true, honest, meek, pure, temperate, merciful, just to all, tender to the needy, return good for evil, judge others leniently, and have that charity which fulfils the whole law. These are principles deep rooted and eternal in the nature of moral beings. Power or prejudice may lead astray, but a character based on these Bible principles will be founded as on a rock. The lowest slave and the Grecian sage, the child and the man, always judge such character alike when seen in actual life.

What is right? Take the question over the globe and mean by it what is right in principle of religious character, honesty or dishonesty, justice or injustice, simplicity or craftiness, forgiveness or revenge, and not a moral being would ever mistake, never. But ask what outside act is right, eating this or that, living in such or such a fashion, customs of society, forms of religion, there must be different answers varying according to climate, progress, national prejudices, &c. He alluded to a pamphlet "What is right?" that discused these questions to the extent of sixteen pages, and in a few words showed that it would be absurd to expect from a Bible explicit directions in regard to these individual points. Our Sabbath day as given by the Bible means that one-seventh of our time shall be devoted to rest and worship. Our day is not the seventh, but the first. To the question shall we drink wine, he would say nse your common sense as to its use. Let no man deceive you by quibbling about words; find your principles and there you can stand,

Benevolence is a fundamental principle of religious truth, every man must spend *all* for the good of others, how, and in what manner we are not told; if each man was told all he would be but a machine. Judges, rulers, great men, rich men, come under the same principles of duty as the humblest. Their responsibility extends to the extent of their power, their talent, their wealth, their culture. All are stewards.

The Bible, then, teaches a system of religious truth founded in the nature of moral beings as perfect as any science gathered from the physical creation. In its light we can see how Abraham could be as good a man as Paul. But how different his outward character! If one has not the written law he is a law to himself, or has it written on his heart. God acts with the human race as a wise, merciful father acts to his children. The doctrines of the Bible were briefly alluded to as showing the same perfect, fundamental principles. Sin is a transgressor of the law, a stepping over or falling short of the line of duty—it is an act of will. The 18th chapter of Ezekiel was recommended as bearing on this point. All men are sinners to various extent, and the Bible sets off this world as being pretty wicked. The loving, earnest call all through the Bible to cease to do evil and learn to do well, and that there can be no pardon of a transgressor until that transgressor comes back to law, whether that law be human or divine, this point was urged with great force, and illustrated by a scathing allusion to a recent pardon issued in our own country by its recreant President.

The decrees of the Bible that God in his perfect plan blesses those who comply with his terms, and curses all who turn away from him, finds its parallel everywhere in daily life—if you sow tares you will reap tares—all will reap as they sow, in character as in the field.

Discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript of the Bible.

[Leipsic Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

The most celebrated scholar in Europe is, I suppose, generally conceded to be Professor Tischendorf of Leipsic. I have had occasion to visit him, to ascertain some facts connected with his discovery of the Sinaitic manucript. of the Bible, and may be able to gratify the curiosity of your readers with reference to his personal appearance. In the first place, because the thing which struck me the most forcibly, this man, who has for many years been regarded as the greatest living Greek scholar and judge of ancient manuscripts, is not an old man; indeed, he can hardly be above forty-five. His whole manner is fresh and vigorous, his tones earnest, and he is as approachable as the simplest child. He is so used to be talked about as the "eminent Tischendorf" that he accepts his position as a matter of course, and so has not a trace of that vanity which, in a man struggling to be great, is so obnoxious. He is large and solidly built, and has the appearance of being in perfect health. Never did I see a man having less the appearance of being a dyspeptic bookworm.

Tischendorf, after giving me the particulars which I wanted, related to me in a very pleasant, off-hand, racy way, the story of his recovery of the famous Sinaitic manuscript of the Bible, which is fifteen hundred years old. He saw some fragments of it at the time of his first visit to the convent at Mount Sinai, in 1844. On his second visit, when he went simply supplied by the Saxon government with means for purchasing it, he could not find a trace of it; and when, on the occasion of his third visit, about seven years ago, he went out as the special agent of the Russian emperor, he was for a long time equally unsuccessful. At last, when he was about to abandon the search, the precious relic was discovered in a corner of the cellar, and was committed to his hands to be taken to Russia. The secret charm exerted in this case was due not so much to the influence of Russian gold as to the fact that the established church of that empire is of the Greek faith, the same as that of the Sinaitic Convent.

Tischendorf told me he was hardly able to command himself when he made this discovery. He went instantly to his room, but that night he could neither lie down nor sleep, and so, to work off his excitement, he spent the night in transcribing the whole of one of the Epistles. His reception on his return was such a one as princes show to princes. The occasion was one of great solemnity and magnificence at St. Petersburg, for it was recognized, not only there but all over the civilized world, that the discovery of this manuscript is the most important event of the age, looked at in connection with the authenticity of the New Testament and the whole Bibilical record. The original was photographed with the utmost care, and copies were sent to the leading libraries of the world.

BIBLES. It has been computed that the whole number of copies of the scriptures in existence in the Christian world at the close of the last century did not exceed four millions. Recent investigation has revealed that the aggregate issue of Bibles from Great Britain *every year* is now nearly four millions, or as many as existed in the whole world before the present century.

To Read the Bible Through in a Year,

BY REV. H. W. ROBINSON.

Read 3 chapters daily, and 5 on the Sabbath; that is, 2 chapters in the Old Testament, and 1 daily,—3 on the Sabbath,—in Psalms, Prov., Eccl., Sol. Song, and the New Testament.

The Old Testament, without these 4 books, contains 2 chapters a day for the year; and the New Testament, with the 4 books, has 1 chapter a day, and 3 for Sabbath days, minus 8 chapters.

Read Ps. 119 as 11 chapters of 2 divisions each, and connect the short Psalms 117 and 131 with the next, and 133 and 134 together, thus adding 8 chapters to complete the year.

Five chapters a week will go through the New Testament in a year.

Jan. 1	Gen. 1.	Ps. 1.		July 2	1 Chr. 27.	Matt. 27.	
8	" 15.	" 10.		9	2 " 12.	Mk. 8.	
15	" 29.	" 19.		16	" 26.	Lk. 1.	
22	" 43.	" 28.		23	Ezra 4.	" 10.	
29	Ex. 7.	" 37.		30	Neh. 8.	" 19.	
Feb. 5	" 21.	" 46.		Aug. 6	Esth. 9.	John 4.	
12	" 35.	" 55.		13	Job 13.	" 13.	
19	Lev. 9.	" 64.		20	" 27.	Acts 1.	
26	" 23.	" 73.		27	" 41.	" 10.	
Mar. 5	Num. 10.	" 82.		Sept. 3	Isaiah 13.	" 19.	
12	" 24.	" 91.		10	" 27.	" 28.	
19	Deut. 2.	" 100.		17	" 41.	Rom. 9.	
26	" 16.	" 109.		24	" 55.	1 Cor. 2.	
Apl. 2	" 30.	" 119v145		Oct. 1	Jer. 3.	" 11.	
9	Josh. 10.	" 119v145		8	" 17.	2 " 4.	
16	" 24.	" 127.		15	" 31.	" 13.	
23	Judg. 14.	" 138.		22	" 45.	Eph. 3.	
30	1 Sam. 3.	" 147.		29	Ezek. 2.	Col. 2.	
May 7	" 17.	Prov. 6.		Nov. 5	" 16.	2 Thes. 2.	
14	" 31.	" 15.		12	" 30.	2 Tim. 2.	
21	2 " 14.	" 24.		19	" 44.	Heb. 3.	
28	1 Kgs. 4.	Eccl. 2.		26	Dan. 10.	" 12.	
June 4	" 18.	" 11.		Dec. 3	Hos. 12.	1 Pet. 2.	
11	2 " 10.	Sol. S'g 8.		10	Am. 9.	1 John 4.	
18	" 24.	Matt. 9.		17	Nah. 2.	Rev. 5.	
25	1 Chr. 13.	" 18.		24	Zech. 5.	" 14.	

THE WHITE STONE.—"*To him that overcometh will I give a white stone.*" *Rev. ii, 17.*

It is generally thought by commentators, says the late Rev. Henry Blunt, that this refers to an ancient judicial custom of dropping a black stone into an urn when it is intended to condemn, and a white stone when the prisoner is to be acquitted; but this is an act so distinct from that described, "I will give thee a white stone," that we are disposed to agree with those who think it refers rather to a custom of a very different kind, and not unknown to the classical reader; according with beautiful propriety to the case before us. In primitive times, when traveling was rendered difficult from want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent; of which, indeed, we find frequent traces in all history, and in none more than in the Old Testament. Persons who partook of this hospitality, and those who practiced it, frequently contracted habits of friendship and regard for each other; and it became a well-established custom among the Greeks and Romans to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment wherever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this *tessera* was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or descendants whenever they traveled again in the same direction; while it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the names written upon them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of the persons for whom they were intended.

How natural, then, the allusion to this custom in the words of the text, "I will give him to eat of the hidden manna!" and having done, having made himself partaker of my hospitality, having recognized him as my guest, my friend, "I will present him with the white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, save he who receiveth it." I will give him a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself.

A THOUSAND YEARS AS YESTERDAY.—"*For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.*" *Psa. xc, 4*

It is evident in the Scriptures, that besides these cares, they had watchmen who used to patrol in their streets; and it is natural to suppose that they were these people that gave them notice how the seasons of the night passed away. I am indebted for this thought to Sir John Chardin. He observes, in a note on Psalm xc, 4, that as the people of the east have no clocks, the several parts of the day and of the night, which are eight in all, are given notice of. In the Indies, the parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, in great cities, as by the rounds of the watchmen, who, with cries and small drums, give them notice that a fourth part of the night is passed. Now, as these cries awaked those who had slept all that quarter part of the night, it appeared to them but as a moment.

It is apparent the ancient Jews knew how the night passed away, which must probably be by some public notice given them; but whether it was by simply publishing at the close of each watch, what watch was then ended; or whether they made use of any instruments of music in this business, may not he easily determinable; and still less what measures of time the watchmen made use of.

The First Verse in the Bible.

This simple sentence denies Atheism—for it assumes the being of God. It denies Polytheism and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil; for it confesses the one eternal Creator. It denies materialism; for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism; for it assumes the existence of God before all things, and apart from them. It denies Fatalism; for it involves the freedom of Eternal Being. It assumes the existence of God; for it is He who in the beginning creates. It assumes His eternity; for He is before all things; and as nothing comes from nothing, He himself must have always been. It implies His omnipotence; for He creates the universe of things. It implies His absolute freedom; for He begins a new course of action. It implies His infinite wisdom; for a *kosmos*, an order of matter and mind, can only come from a being of absolute intelligence. It implies His essential goodness; for the sole eternal, almighty, all-wise, and all-sufficient Being, has no reason, no motive, and no capacity for evil; it presumes Him to be beyond all limit of time and place, as He is before all time and place.—*Prof. Murphy.*

there is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord.—Prov. xxi. 30. The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and he bringeth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, to set them among princes: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of his saints; and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail.—1 Sam. ii. 8, 9.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?—Job vii. 1.

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.—Job vii, 9, 10.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war.—Eccles. viii. 8

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—Ps. xxxvii. 37.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—Ps. cxvi. 15.

A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.—Eccles. vii. 1.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—Matt. v. 4.

Let not your heart be troubled. I will not leave you comfortless. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John xiv. 1, Is. 27. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.—John xvi. 33. I am the resurrection and the life. John xi. 25.

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.—Rom. xiv. 8.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them: when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—Eccles. xiii. 5-7.

ADVICE OF A FATHER TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER,

Written immediately after her marriage.

BY PATRICK HENRY.

My Dear Daughter—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a want of reflection or passion may prompt on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have, therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness: it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly, the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whimer caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see, beforehand, what is always the most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim which you should impress deeply upon your mind, is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not, bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns; he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that the difference outweighs them all a thousand, or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection.—Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her indifference? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and with that, all respect for her future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, of her devotion to him. Let nothing upon any occasion ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day: he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities, which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman, when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or furniture, or of any conveniency? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are house-keeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency: it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners, which acts as the most powerful charm! It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast of. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart.

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tease yourself, or them, by scolding; it has no other effect that to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind with the perusal of those books which instruct, while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful and improving in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, geography, poetry, moral essays, biography, travels, sermons, and other well-written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all-ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether inanimate or animate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends, is essential to that harmony, which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife! The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre; it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to everything a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point, is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement in a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honourable means, and particularly by professional exertion, a man derives particular satisfaction, in self applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order, and judgement be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for a hand of charity; and never let your door be closed to suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity: let them be well fed, well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never let them be unjustly treated.

Family Reading.

A Father's Farewell to his Daughter.

COME near to me, my gentle girl;
Come, share a father's parting sorrow;
And weep with me those tears today,
Nor thou, nor I, may weep tomorrow.

Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing;
For another day, and far away,
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea—
The white waves round thy bark are swelling;
Thy lover sighs, for the morn to rise,
And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen:

Yet closer, closer, round me cling,
Though another claim thy love tomorrow:
None, none are here, to reprove the tear,
That flows today for a father's sorrow.

Come, gaze on me, thou darling child,
My fairest, and my fondliest cherish'd,
That I may trace, in thy pallid face,
Thy mother's beauty, ere she perish'd.

And let me hear thy mother's song,
Yet once more from thy sweet lips swelling;
And none again shall sing that strain,
The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say, that when between us lie
Wide lands and many a mountain billow,
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,
And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow
No earthly sun away may carry,
Until I come to my waiting home,
The home where all the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing;
For another day, and far away,
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

Aye, closer, closer, round me cling,
Though another claim thy love tomorrow:
None, none are here, to reprove the tear,
That flows today for a father's sorrow.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than building showy mansion—
More than dress and fine array—
More than domes or lofty steeples—
More than station, power and sway,
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles—
More than fashion's luring glare—
More than mammon's gilded honors—
More than thought can well compare,
See that home is made attractive,
By surroundings pure and bright,
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs,
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belongs.

Make your home a little Eden,
Imitate her smiling bowers,
Let a neat and simple cottage
Stand among bright trees and flowers.
There, what fragrance and what brightness,
Will each blooming rose display!
Here, a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Mem'ries of that pleasant home;
Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control—
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul.

PLEASANT CHILDREN.

Everywhere—everywhere—
Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air—
We meet with those beautiful things!
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby child
By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of the young heart's laughter wi
As the voice of a singing-bird.

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot,
As it rocks in the noble's hall;
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot
Is a gift that is given to all;
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
Is a boon like the common air,
And like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth everywhere!

They tell us that old earth no more
By angel feet is trod;
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,
The oracles of God.
O! each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking, all our hours,
With "angels, unawares!"

By stifling street and breezy hill
We meet their spirit-mirth;
That such bright shapes should linger, till
They take the stains of earth!
O! pray not those a blessed part
To whom the boon is given
To leave their errand with the heart,
And straight return to heaven?

"There is nothing sweeter, nothing purer, nothing richer on earth, than the absorbed, admiring, impassioned affection with which a little daughter often regards her father. To her he is the impersonation of all excellence, and her eyes follow him proudly, yearningly, wherever he goes; while her plans, hopes, thoughts, all centre in and cluster around him. O, the exquisite joy of some Christian households beatified, in this dark and dreary world, by such confidence and such attachment!"

The First Baby and the Tenth.—The first child in a family is its poem,—it is a sort of nativity play, and we bend before the young stranger with gifts, "gold, frankincense and myrrh." But the tenth child in a poor family is prose, and gets simply what is due to comfort. There are no superfluities, no fripperies, no idealities about the tenth cradle.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

1869.

NO. 28.

I SHALL BE A MAN.

I shall be a man! oho! oho!
Do you not see now how fast I grow?
My limbs are getting so tall and strong
I shall not carry this satchel long.

I shall be a man! a few years more
And my school-boy larks will all be o'er;
Free as the wild bird then I shall be
In this broad world that lies before me.

I shall be a man! but, stay, let me see
What *sort* of man I may choose to be;
I will not follow the idle throng,
And live without aim all my life long!

I shall be a man! but 'tis not size
Can make me good, and free, and wise;
My MIND, too, must grow, e'er I can claim
A right to bear a manly name.

I shall be a man! then let me try
Each moment to improve as it passeth by;
Faithfully now the seed I must sow,
Watching ever lest tares with it grow.

How Soon We Lose Our Children.

Hold diligent converse with thy children! have them
Morning and evening round thee, love thou them,
And win their love in these rare beauteous years;
For only while the short-lived dream of childhood
Lasts are they thine,—no longer! When youth comes
Much passes through their thoughts,—which is not thou,
And much allures their hearts,—which thou hast not.
They gain the knowledge of an older world
Which fills their souls; and floats before them now
The Future. And the Present thus is lost.
Then, with his little traveling-pocket full
Of indispensables, the boy goes forth.
Weeping, thou watchest till he disappears,
And never after is he thine again!
He comes back home,—he loves,—he wins a maid,—
He lives! They live, and others spring to life
From him,—and now thou hast a man in him,—
A human being,—but no more a child!
Thy daughter, wedded, takes a frequent joy
In bringing thee her children to thy house!
Thou hast the mother,—but the child no more!—
Hold diligent converse with thy children! have them
Morning and evening round thee, love thou them,
And win their love in the rare, beauteous years!

Wallace and Jennie.

Let us listen to Wallace and Jennie, his wife,
So quietly chatting together of life,
And trust them to pardon our gathering near,
To catch the words falling alone for their ear.
"I have just been reviewing the moments all flown,
Since you turned from the many endearments of home,
And counting the seasons, our journey-marks here,
And find that this evening will close the twelfth year.

"How soon the clouds gathered along our pathway!
But you, darling Jennie, helped turn them astray,
And on as we plodded the close of each year
Found you ever ready to aid and to cheer
As the moment we started, unthankfully told
That care would bring pleasure as pure as would gold,
'Till life in continually varying phrase
Seems flowing with music to mingle thy praise,

"'Twas riches at starting seemed fullest in view,
And none the less certain for greeting so few;
But dreams appear truest that soonest are flown,
And I suppose, Jennie, we may as well own
We are poor, as the world goes, and would be, I ween,
If wealth were the garniture spread to be seen,
But we have got Willie and two little girls
More precious to us than the treasures of worlds.

"The cottage is truly a snug little one
Which yields us a shelter from tempest and sun,
That inward has lacking those touches of skill
Which follow in beauty the artizan's will,
While much is found wanting, when once we begin
Where luxury 's out, but love is within,
And hours of contentment enfold in their flight
The measure of duty, and labor is light."

"In truth," answered Jennie, "'tis well we may say
That the fortune is humble which gladdens our way,
But you, noble Wallace, 'tis you that have brought
The numberless comforts which brighten our lot,
Whilst I have kept busy I scarcely know how
But catching your song as you guided the plow,
And striving to lighten the burden you bear
So smilingly hopeful, unaltered by care.

"And often I wonder that you are so kind
And cause for repining seem never to find,
But shadow or sunlight, good fortune or ill,
The Wallace I wedded seems wooing me still,
And the words that half spoken his love better told
Now ripen in kindness as life is unrolled."
A kiss from the fullness of purity drawn
Gave welcome to slumber unbroken 'till morn.

But Phœbus scarce sent a bright herald along
Ere hillock and meadow swelled Wallace's song,
And Jennie was tripping about the sunny cot
O'erjoyed with the husband who fell to her lot,
And mingling with song and the duties of day
A query if others were happy as they;
And stooping anon, as the cradle she passed,
To kiss the wee cheek that his father kissed last.

And Wallace, in plowing his warm, mellow field,
At the end of each furrow, to temptings would yield,
And glance at his cot, seeming never so fair
As when he remembered the tender ones there.
And thus the bright seasons rolled merrily past,
'Till slumber came hushing their voices at last.
And left us no riches to trumpet a fame;
And few that shall merit their simple good name.

"Big black eyes I care not for,
They say proudly, 'I make war;'
Eyes I like are soft and blue—
They say sweetly, 'I love you.'"

What Shall I Do?

BY MRS FRANCES DANA GAGE.

"What shall I do?" My boy don't stand asking;
Take hold of something—whatever you can.
Don't turn aside for the toiling or tasking;
Idle, soft hands never yet made a man.

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing,
Still standing ready, when one work is done
Another to seize; and thus still pursuing
In duty your course, find the victory won.

Do your best for to-day, trust God for to-morrow;
Don't be afraid of a jest or a sneer;
Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow;
Keep the heart true, and the head cool and clear.

If you can climb to the top without falling,
Do it. If not, go as high as you can.
Man is not honored by business or calling,
Business and calling are honored by man.

Herald of Health.

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.—Let no man practice on woman perpetually the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her very high opinion as if she was not strong enough to maintain it against opposition, nor yet manufacture opinion for her and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon honor or convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev F. D. Huntington.*

WIFE.—There is no combination of letter in the English language which excites more pleasing associations in the mind of man than wife. There is magic in this word. It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjure up the image of a lovely and confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness, to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. This word wife, is synonymous with the earthly blessing; and we pity the unfortunate man who is condemned by fate's severe decree to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.—*Pittsburg Mail.*

CHEERFULNESS IN A WIFE.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually on her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests, but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

MEET THINE HUSBAND WITH A SMILE.

BY MRS. S. TAYLOR GRISWOLD.

MEET thine husband with a smile,
Anxious wife and tearful;
Let thy sorrows rest awhile,
Let his home be cheerful;
Out amid the busy world
Cares have hotly prest him,
Let his spirit's wing be furled
Where thy love has blest him.

Tell him not how borrowed ills
Poison all thy gladness;
Fancy's phantoms pleasure kills,
Shrouding it with sadness.
Wreathe with smiles the knitted brow,
As when skies were sunny;
From the bitter Marah bough
Thou canst gather honey.

With the love of early days
Greet the weary comer;
Let him feel Affection's rays
On his heart like summer.
Shadows from a little tomb,
On the hearth-stone lying,
Give to brows sepulchral gloom,
Lips the breath of sighing.

For thy many blessings left
Chant a glad thanksgiving,
Though of one dear hope bereft,
Dying is but living;
Thou canst meet thy buried one
With this blest assurance,
Till life's work is nobly done,
Bear with meek endurance.

God hath never been unkind—
Keep this truth before thee,
Lo! yon cloud is silver-lined,
Though it frowneth o'er thee.
Meet thine husband with a smile—
Calm amid thy sorrows,
So shalt thou the sting beguile
From Grief's poisoned arrows.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

The Fisherman's Wife.

It was summer-time, and the dawning day
Shone bright on the cliffs of our lonely bay,
And my man went out in his boat to sea,
To win the bread for his house and me.

The day went on—I remember it well—
The rooms were filled with the salt sea smell;
And the sunlight came, like an angel good,
Through the doors and the windows that open stood.

I sang and worked with joy in my heart,
For I hold that a wife should do her part
To clean and brighten the house within,
Praying the Lord to keep her from sin.

I had finished, and just sat down to rest,
When I saw a cloud rise up in the west,
And the moan of the sea grew loud on the rocks,
And the gulls flew landward in shrieking flocks.

Soon the wind blew loud from the hollow skies,
And I watched the waves with frightened eyes,
As they struggled and sprang at the cloud's black frown,
And clutching their broad wings swept them down.

Then I hurried out to the old pier-head,
Through the yard of the church where slept the dead:
And I wished that my man and I had died,
And were quietly sleeping there, side by side.

'Twas an evil wish—I rebuked it, too;
But *one* heart is weak where there should be two,
And *one* voice alone grows weak in prayer,
When it misses another so often there.

Well, I watched for hours in that beat and blow,
Till all the light from the sky did go.
Then I turned heart-sick from the fling of the foam,
And wrestled my way to my vacant home.

There the breath of the storm blew under the door,
And I felt it whisper along the floor;
And the clothes of my man, as they hung on the stand,
Swung as if touched by a spirit hand.

The lights I put in the window small,
Were blown into darkness one and all;
And I heard, as the whirling storm went by,
Shrieks as of souls about to die.

I dropt to the ground with my hands on my face,
For I feared to see some sight in the place;
And I prayed the Lord my soul to keep,
And He heard my prayer, and gave me sleep.

I leapt up at last; 'twas early dawn:
I ran to the door—the storm was gone;
The morning star shone bright o'er the sea:
And my man came home to his house and me.

[*Chambers Journal.*

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

When the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.

All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain—
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across;
See the fountains by the way-sides,
Each one in her house of moss
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
Garden beds, wherein the maidens
Sow their seeds, as love doth hint,
To some rhyme of mystic charming
That shall come back all in print.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,
Weeding out the tangled sentence
From the commas of the dew:
Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lest some day the choice ye rue.

I can see a troop of children—
Merry-hearted boys and girls—
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Racing toward the morning school-house
Half a head before their curls.

—*Harper's Magazine.* ALICE CAREY.

OUR BABY.

Two little feet with sinless tread
Come pattering across the floor;
A little face of innocence
Peeps in at the open door;
Two little hands, with baby touch,
Meet mine with soft caressings,
And, in my soul, a new, great love
Springs up with its waves of blessings.

Two little lips of purity
Whisper "mamma," with love;
A little heart of tenderness,
Eyes like the blue above.
O, God, who gave this darling one,
This dove unto our breast,
Help us to guide its flight to Thee
And regions of the blest.

Help us to lead those little feet
Away from sins and strife;
Help us to keep that little face
Pure with a spotless life.
Dear Father, shape those baby hands
For works of noble usefulness;
O, make them patient, faithful hands,
That earth's children will love and bless.

And when those lips are marble cold—
Marble forevermore—
The precious heart in slumber still,
Her faithful life-years o'er,
O, Father, take unto Thy breast
Our bird to realms above,
And clasp it safe, forever safe,
Within thine arms of love.

S. A. K.

MY BOY.

A lock of golden hair,
Tied with a silken thread;
A tiny shoelet lying there;
A snow-white curtained bed;

A little broken toy;
A book all soiled and torn;
A jaunty velvet cap my boy
Has often, often worn—

Alas, is all that's left!
(Such is the Father's will.)
His joyous laughter sounds no more;
His little heart is still.

SILENT KISSES.

Some strange, sweet chord of kindred feeling,
Some nameless yearning softly stealing,
Earth has no dearer tie than this.
Heart to heart in sacred beating,
Lips in soul-communion meeting,
Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

Without the Children.

O the weary solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more;
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
Faces gone forevermore!
Peeping through the opening door—

Strange it is to wake at midnight,
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it nevermore
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

Mother.

No earthly friend can fill a mother's place,
When the dear one is with us here no more;
No smile so sweet, so loving to the core,
As those which beamed upon that faithful face,
Reflecting every meek, angelic grace;
No words so kind, so potent to restore,
Joy to the soul, where sadness ruled before,
As hers, who held us in her warm embrace;
But when the vesture visible to sight
Has worn away, to set the spirit free,
Then we behold those looks of love and light
In fadeless lines impressed on memory,
And feel that but one mother e'er is given
To guard us here below, or guide the way to Heaven

Baby Ida.

Little baby, just beginning
Life's old problem, sad and sweet,
You don't know the hearts you're winning
With your tiny hands and feet,
With your little mouth and chin,
And your dainty rose-leaf skin,
And your wondrous violet eyes
When their dreamy lids uprise.
All your tender helplessness
Waking Love's most sweet excess.

Happy little one! to be
Nestled closo to hearts that love you;
And I wonder if you see
Your young mother's eyes above you!
While each day new life is bringing,
Do you hear her sweet voice singing?
Do you know her hands' fond touch?
Oh, so fond, she loves so much!
Do you look up in her face,
And instinctive feel its grace?

Almost four weeks old, they say—
Ah, dear baby! Life is long;
You'll not know, for many a day,
How hearts sadden growing strong.
Baby's feet are soft and white,
And they need not travel yet;
Baby's eyes are blue and bright,
Seeing nothing to regret.
As the flowers get sun and dew,
So your life shall come to you.
Trust on, sleep on, without fear,
Angels guard you, baby dear!

AUGUSTA BELL.

Lullaby.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson.

The Child Angel.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter—
Little feet that patter, patter
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little beart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing,
Songs of gladness on a distant shore.

Chambers' Journal.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

Little urchins full of badness,
Little faces full of sadness,
Claim a mother's tender kiss·
Every little childish sorrow
Finds a solace none can borrow,
In a mother's soft caress.

CHILDREN'S KISSES.

Scattered from among the roses,
Where a budding wealth reposes,
Little dimpled lips invite;
Springing from the heart's deep treasure,
With a never-failing measure,
Given with a pure delight.

ROGUISH KISSES.

Muffled footsteps softly tripping
Up behind, and gently slipping
Round your dear familiar arms;
Though warm hearts may touch unbidden,
Where you keep your kisses hidden,
Shelter them from rude alarms.

Only a Baby Small.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft:
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love,
While we are here.

BABY SOLDIER.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

When you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never hear of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for *them* to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than without it, provided it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school-house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was, that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore couldn't laugh and shout, and so nature, in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly,—slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on."

—*Religious Magazine.*

MY DAUGHTER.

She is our lily and our rose,
Our darling little blue eyed girl;
Her golden hair falls round her face
In many a bright and glossy curl;
And soft her baby laughter rings,
It is as when a robin sings.

Her smile is like the light itself,
So very pure and glad it is;
I've seen the brow of pain unbend,
In answer to her sweet caress.
Her tears are like the early showers
Which fall 'mid sunshine on the flowers.

Ah me! how weary were our home,
If aught should still those dancing feet,
And if she never more should come,
Her loving father's step to meet.
My God permit it not to be,
For she is life itself to me!

I'm watching o'er her as she sleeps;
A holy calm is all around;
Her breathing is so soft and low,
I scarce can catch the gentle sound.
With almost awe my spirit bows;
I "have an angel in the house!"

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray haired dame and the aged sire,
  Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
  As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
  Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
  With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said—
  "Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
  In the small, dark room up stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
  That the children went away.
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
  And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
  While Mary her patchwork sews:
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
  So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
  To say a good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more.
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
  And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
  At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
  Where no child goeth away."

—*Mrs. H. T. Perry, in Evangelist.*

A shadow o'er our household rests,—
  A void amid our home,
For we miss the music of little feet
  That nevermore may come;—
The winsome grace, the merry laugh
  That cast all care aside,
The centre of our hope and joy,—
  "The little boy that died."

Years have gone by and Summer oft
  Her garlands fair hath spread,—
And Winter his white mantle o'er
  The little slumberer laid,
And o'er the consecrated spot
  Full many an Autumn sighed,—
Still,—still we mourn our cherished one,—
  "The little boy that died."

"Suffer the little one to come
  To me,"—the Saviour said,—
And took within his arms the child
  Who died,—but is not dead.
Died,—but not dead; gone,—with us still;—
  Life of our lives a part,
Living in memories sad and sweet,
  Within each yearning heart.

Often amid a youthful throng
  Sporting in merry glee,
We seem to hear again the voice
  That now is hushed for aye;
And when the twilight shadows fall,—
  As o'er the gloaming far,
And misty waste of hill and vale
  Smiles down the vesper star,—

Sitting within its pensive light
  As oft in days agone,
A childish face with sunny brow
  Once more is pressed to mine—
A dimpled hand caressingly
  Against my cheek is laid,
While to my heart I fold again
  "The little boy that died."

Only a tiny, silken curl,—
  Mementoes sad and dear,—
The little half-worn garments laid
  Aside with tearful care,—
Only the haunting of a tone,—
  The silence and the pall;—
Only the lone,—the nameless void,—
  Oh life!—can *this* be all?

Ah no!—for in the bright Beyond
  Is a realm to death unknown,
Where hands long parted clasp once more,
  And severed ties are one;—
Where they,—the loved,—the gone before,—
  For us, are waiting now.
And crowns immortal ever deck
  The radiant spirit-brow.

And so we teach our hearts to say
  Humbly—"Thy will be done."—
Waiting beside the River cold
  To cross it one by one,—
In God's own time we too will go
  Over the silent tide,
And clasp again our angel-child,—
  "The little boy that died."

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
  Hold me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
  Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep, so bright,
  Looked up in mine this even:
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
  Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that little ones should love us!
  It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them
  Bring "little ones" to Him.

And said He not "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
  And held them to His breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
  'Tis then they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
  Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say:
  "Those angels are not thine!"

ASLEEP.

My little baby-boy hath cried
Himself asleep at some light childish pain,
And on his face its traces still abide,
  Like shapes of cloud o'er meadows flying,
  Upon his cheeks a tear-drop lying,
As on a leaf a single drop of rain.

See! as I bend above his face,
The shade of grief dies like the hurrying cloud,
And like a gleam of sunshine in its place,
  The shadow yielding to the splendor,
  A smile so sunny breaks, and tender,
It seems the smile will speak aloud.

Say! what is passing in his sleep?
What are the dreams across his vision driven?
Hath one too young to sow begun to reap?
  Doth he, at one light grief repining,
  The worthlessness of earth divining,
Already dream of sweeter things in heaven?

—*Northern Monthly.*

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow
  The landscape smiled;
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
  "Thou hast a child!"

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
  To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even joy
  Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
  Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
  Was this—I wept.

[Thomas Hood.

ABOUT A CHILD.

Mother! watch the little feet
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost;
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask:
"Why to me the weary task?"
The same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
  Prattling eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung,
  By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the words while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessing in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
  Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
  Keep, oh keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripen for eternity.

JESSIE.

Jessie is a little worker,
  Loves to sew and knit,
Rocks the baby in the cradle,
  Loves to sing to it.

Every one may find a helper
  In her willing hand;
Pray don't say you think "supply is
  Greater than demand."

Lovely, lively, happy Jessie,
  Happy all the day,
Play may not be work for Jessie,
  But her work is play.

Idle hands are very apt to
  Make a weary heart;
But right employment true enjoyment
  Ever will impart.—*Little Pilgrim.*

CHILD AND CHERUB.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Baby Nora, peering out
Through the casement, gave a shout
  So full of glee,—
  Its melody
Blending with the thrush's trill,
Like the breeze with rippling rill,—
'Twas a scene so sweet to see,
That I gazed admiringly.

Passing by her home next day,
All is mute,—no child at play,
  No open blind,
  No face I find!
Baby Nora, why so still,
Dost thou sleep or art thou ill?
Hush!—give ear! her spirit is
Hymning heavenly harmonies!

BABY ROSE.

See! the night is drawing on,
  Evening's purple car
Slowly driveth up the East,
  Lo! the sunset star!
Twilight sings her lullaby;
  Daylight's curtains close;
Twilight gathers on thy face,
  Little Baby Rose.

All the little playful wiles
  Half imprisoned lie,
Playing bo-peep round the mouth,
  In the half-closed eye.
Bring the lights, stir up the fire;
  While it cheerful glows,
We must dress thee for thy bed,
  Little Baby Rose!

See the little outspread hands,
  The tiny dimpled feet,
Fashioned by Almighty skill,
  Perfect and complete
Ah! the warm, the living form!
  Here all art must close;
Man could never fashion thee,
  Little Baby Rose!

Ah! what art thou gazing at
  With those open eyes?
Art thou reading in the flames
  Of life's mysteries?
Solemn problems, flickering joys,
  Wavering into woes?
Time enough for thoughts like these,
  Little Baby Rose.

Time enough; yet this we know,
  Thine the common lot
To joy and suffer—earth hath none
  Sorrow findeth not;
He who ruleth earth and Heaven,
  All thy pathway knows;
He must mark it out for thee,
  Little Baby Rose.

Lullaby, sweet lullaby—
  He who never sleeps
Guards the children of His love,
  Israel ever keeps.
Lullaby, sweet lullaby—
  Soft the eyelids close;
God be with thee—bless my child—
  Little Baby Rose!

Without the Children.

O the weary solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O the strange, oppressive stillness
  Where the children come no more;
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
  Faces gone forevermore!
  Peeping through the opening door—

Strange it is to wake at midnight,
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
  Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
  We will hear it nevermore
  On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
  Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
  Where the lambs have "gone before"
  With the Shepherd evermore!

THOMAS STARR KING.

His Last Sickness and Death.

The San Francisco Bulletin of March 4, the day of Starr King's death, gives an account of his last hours, a brief history of his labors during his short residence in California, and describes the sensation caused in the city by the unexpected intelligence of his death, and the unusual and heartfelt honors paid to his memory. To all in California except his most intimate friends, the blow came as sudden as to his old friends at the East, and if possible with more stunning force, for there, his labors were freshest, his trimmphs greatest, and his presence most necessary. The death of no public man ever drew out in San Francisco more tokens of respect and sorrow. The flags on all the public buildings and churches were hung at half mast, the public offices were closed, all the courts both state and national, adjourned, and there was a partial cessation of business all over the city, the citizens gathering in little knots to talk over in subdued tones the calamity which had fallen upon them. The Bulletin gives the following account of the last sickness and death:—

About two weeks before his death Mr King first complained of not feeling well, and of some trouble with his throat. His friends urged him to be more careful, and not expose himself to the air; but he thought it was only an ordinary case of sore throat, and declined to confine himself or call in the aid of a physician until Friday last. In the evening he had his regular reception and between 10 and 11 o'clock went down to a social gathering at the church, though still suffering. On Saturday evening he had invited a number of friends to supper, but when evening came he was unable to appear at table. While supper was going on, however, a bridal party came to be married. Mr King had received no previous intimation of such a visit, and sent down asking to be excused, saying that he was sick and confined to his bed. The party replied that they had set their hearts on being married by Mr King, and would come up to his bedside sooner than be defeated in their desire. With that spirit of self-sacrifice for which he was so remarkable, he then said he would get up and go down into the parlor. He did so, and went through the ceremony, but though it was performed in a very few minutes, he was so weak at its conclusion that he had to be assisted up to his room. On Sunday morning his congregation was alarmed by the announcement that he was unable to preach. The attending physician pronounced it a serious case of diptheria, and said he should have been called at least a week sooner—it had been too long neglected. The disease gained strength, and the patient's prostration increased. On Wednesday, the 2d, however, the complaint seemed under medical control, but so prostrated was the patient that for two days it had been difficult to keep up his vital energies. Thursday he was visited by an attack of pneumonia, and experienced great difficulty of respiration. At 6 o'clock Thursday evening the attack was very severe, and Dr Eckel feared that it might prove fatal, but the patient possessed wonderful recuperative power, and seemed to revive, passing a very comfortable night, during which light stimulants were administered him to keep up the vital forces, and he seemed getting along remarkably well until about half-past 5 in the morning, when a second attack of pneumonia set in.

This second attack was not more violent than the first one, but the patient's strength was so expended that there was little or nothing for medicine to build upon. When taken with the first attack, Mr King had remarked to some one standing by: "I know what this is; it is a severe attack of the pneumonia?" When the second occurred he said to the doctor: "What is this? Is this pneumonia, too?" The doctor replied that it was. Mr King then asked: "Can I survive it?" The doctor told him no; he thought he could not. "How long can I live?" he asked. "Not a half hour." "Are you sure I cannot live longer than that?" The doctor told him he feared he could not. Friends then asked him if had anything to say. He replied: "Yes, a great deal to say; I want first to make my will."

Up to this time, for two or three days he had not been able to speak above a whisper; but responding to the power of his will, his voice now resumed its old power and tone, and he spoke nearly as loud as ever. A friend sat by his bedside, and he dictated the will—it was read to him afterwards, and he assented to its correctness by saying "all right" at the end of each paragraph, exclaiming at the close, "It is just as I want it." He then hesitated a moment, and dictated an important correction. A pen was given him and he signed it in a handwriting as firm and bold as he ever wrote in his life, even punctuating the abbreviation of his name, and putting an accustomed flourish beneath the signature. Then came the sad task of bidding his friends who were present good by. One by one they came up to his bedside; in every instance he greeted them with a cheerful smile, as though he were only going on a journey of a day or two, grasping their hands and saying in that sweet, pleasant voice of his: Good by! Some one asking how he felt, he said: "Happy, resigned, trustful;" then repeated the 23d Psalm in a clear and well-modulated voice. At the verse: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" he raised his finger and his eyes as calmly as though in his pulpit, his voice as firm and strong as ever. After this exertion his strength seemed to fail him. Sinking back in bed he said: "It is all right for me, but she will feel it"—pointing to his wife. Friends again gathered round his bedside and he bade and smiled them good-by. His little son being brought in he said: "Dear little fellow—he's a beautiful boy!" kissing his hand to the child as the nurse carried it away in her arms. This was his last act on earth. Calmly closing his eyes, he seemed to go to sleep. A great, and good, and generous man was dead.

Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Rev. T. Starr King.

Extract from a Sermon delivered in East Boston, on Sunday, March 6th, 1864, by the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, of Roxbury, Mass.

TEXT.—God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.—*St. John* iv—24

These words seem to me peculiarly applicable to the one thought which pervades all minds to-day, and to the one grief which rests upon all hearts. One whose life was given to the study of spiritual worship, and of true holiness; whose name, in our branch of the church, stood high, and bright, and golden, and whose genius has everywhere been conceded, even by those who were widely apart from his theology; one who always reverenced truth, and made his life a consecration to its unfolding; this one has lately gone from our presence, has been lifted up into glory, and has left desolate, and sad, a large multitude of souls.

California mourns for the chaste scholar, the great orator, the earnest thinker, the striking preacher, the unshaken patriot, the good natured, and strong hearted and wonderfully gifted man.

New York feels that one of her noblest sons has vanished, so large a place did he hold in the affections of the people there—and such a strong fellowship had he formed

And Massachusetts! Oh! what shall we say for Massachusetts, where almost every town has been strengthened by his intellect, and enriched by his sweet and genial presence.

You know to whom I now refer; the wires brought the message but a few days ago from that distant land; a message which caused a chill to gather about our hearts. Oh! how hard it is to say, that Thomas Starr King is no more a tenant of the flesh; that we shall never again, here below, grasp his hand; never again catch his pleasant smile; hear his sweet words; or listen to his burning thoughts, and be entranced by his mighty genius.

But putting aside our personal loss, the country can ill afford to loss such a man; by his golden mouth he saved California to the Union; and how many soldiers will bless his name, who have found in the sanitary commission an efficient aid, through his mighty efforts!

He was a most profuse giver; hardly any one went away from his house with an empty hand; for he kept his heart in his hand, and his hand on his purse, all the time.

In his theology, I think, he aimed mainly at spiritual worship, rather than creed worship; he saw good in all sects; he looked at Christianity more as a life, than as a form. When a series of lectures was preached in Boston, upon the different sects, the part assigned to him was one adapted to his genius, viz: "Spiritual Worship," or "Good in all Sects;" and most admirably did he make a mosaic of the different churches, and by his attractive rhetoric melt them into one.

Mr. King was born in the city of New York Dec. 17, 1824; when quite young he moved with his father to Charlestown, Mass.; and there, in his childhood, the marks of his growing mind were quite plain. At 16, in one of the schools, he was made a tutor in mathematics; and at 19 he preached his first sermon. He was at the time a clerk in the navy yard. A committee of a neighboring church, whose pastor was sick, waited upon him—I believe it was toward the close of the week—and asked him to preach for this disabled minister the following Sabbath. But, "I never preached a sermon in my life," said the young man. "Never mind," the committee said; "we have heard you address conference meetings, and we wish you to address us." He consented, on the promise that nothing should be said to his mother till the Sabbath day had passed. So successful was he at this time, that almost every Sunday afterwards was he summoned to a pulpit, and when 21 years of age was settled over the Universalist church, Charlestown. Here he remained but a short time, when he received a call to become pastor of Hollis street church, Boston, where for more than twelve years he stood foremost among the preachers in the city, and was considered one of the most prominent lecturers in the country. Whilst at Hollis street he received several calls to other churches, but the only invitation that he felt inclined to notice was the one from San Francisco; he felt that there he could strengthen his body, which had become weakened by over-work; re-invigorate his over-strained mind, and have time to prepare a book on a subject which had interested his thoughts to a considerable extent; all these things were in his mind, he said to me one day, in his study, previous to his leaving Boston. He went to California, but not to write his book; not to rest his mind and body; not in any way for recreation; his work was doubled there; all his time was mortgaged to the public; and when the civil war broke out, he felt it to be his duty to make all around him loyal; so unwearied he plead for his country, and dedicated all the resources of his mind and heart to her service, till the very moment that death changed his countenance, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

Just previous to his ascent to God, the dedication of his new church took place, and he was quite animated by the success of the movement, and pleased to think that the edifice was free from debt. And now he has gone from this splendid cathedral to the higher and spiritual cathedral above.

THE WILL of T. STARR KING.—The following is a copy of the will of the late Thomas Starr King, made by him upon his death-bed, and filed in the probate court of California. It is understood that Mr. King, although most generous and open handed in his mode of life, was able to leave a very comfortable provision for his family.—*Advertiser.*

Feeling that the time has come for me to be summoned in the presence of the Most High God, and believing in the salvation of my soul, I hereby make this my last will and testament: I hereby will and bequeath to my dear wife Julia, all my real and personal estate of which I am possessed, and all property of every description which belongs to me after my just debts are paid, with the exception of the proceeds of the policies of insurance upon my life, which I wish shall be equally divided among my mother and the mother of my dear wife, to revert to my wife after the death of either, unless it should be the will of my wife that it should revert directly for the benefit of either or both of her children. The proceeds of this policy of insurance I wish to be invested by my executors for the benefit of the above heirs thereto And I hereby name as my executors to this my last will and testament, Charles L. Low, William Norris and Robert B. Swain. My desire is that they shall give no bonds for the performance of their duty.

All other wills are hereby revoked, and in the presence of these witnesses I desire this to be my last will and testament. TH. STARR KING.

San Francisco, March 3, 1864.

E. F. BEALE, } Witnesses.
J. N. ECKEL, }

THOMAS STARR KING.—Nobody can tell how such a man comes by his learning and wisdom. He had in an astonishing degree the most mysterious power of genius of absorbing the best in men, books, nature, society. Weak and envious pedants are always accusing such minds of plagiarism. They plagiarize as the earth in spring plagiarizes from the sun and wind, the rain and dew; as man in his higher states of life may reverently be said to plagiarize from superior intelligences, and they in turn from the Deity. His soul was wide open to all generous and profound impressions, and he could not help it if every scholar, singer, poet, artist, statesman, child or maiden left their best possessions in its wide treasure house. He was educated by hard work; by experiences that to a nature less joyous than his would have been stern and sad; by the school room, the navy-yard and its motley population, the concert and the drama; by rare hours with the best men and women, and solitary nights of study as intense and protracted as the mind could endure; by nature, which always ministered so largely to his spirit; by a communion with God and a love for man as deep and childlike as is often given to any soul to enjoy.

Rev A. D. Mayo.

DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

The country will receive the intelligence of the death of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT with surprise and profound sorrow. He expired at his residence in Boston at half-past four o'clock Sunday morning, at the age of seventy-one years. Only last Monday he addressed with his accustomed eloquence a large gathering at Faneuil Hall in behalf of the suffering people of Savannah. It was his last public appearance, and his last services were rendered in connection with this patriotic charity. To all by whom Mr. Everett was admired the most gratifying thought in connection with his death will be that, almost to the last moment of his brilliant and illustrious life, he was able actively to serve the cause of the future against the convenience of the hour. It was his misfortune to fall out of sympathy with the opinions of a majority of his fellow citizens at a time when experience and wisdom were most wanted in the public counsels; so that with all his natural gifts, and cultured in many ways beyond the lot of any other man of his period, he contributed little to the influence and character of that statesmanship which was destined to guide the nation through civil war and social revolution to a new and permanent glory.

Mr. Everett resigned his seat in the United States senate in May, 1854, and soon after began the peculiar labors in behalf of the Mount Vernon fund, and, incidentally, of other public and charitable associations, which distinguished the closing years of his life. His Mount Vernon work, however much it accomplished, failed in its leading [illegible]

THE LAST LETTER.—Capt. Wise, son-in-law of Mr. Everett, now at the head of the naval ordnance bureau at Washington, has furnished the following letter for publication. It is a copy of a letter to Mrs. Wise, and the last he ever wrote:

"BOSTON, 13th January, 1865.—I have yours of the 8th. I am just recovering from a pretty severe attack of illness, which has kept me in bed most of the time since Monday.

On Monday morning I was at the court room two and a half hours, testifying. I then went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, and till my turn came I sat in a draft of air. When I had got through—though I spoke but half an hour—my hands and feet were as ice, and my lungs on fire.

In this agreeable position I had to go and pass three hours in the court room. This finished me. I came home, sent for Hayward, and went regularly to work. I hardly left my bed next day. I have barely weathered an attack of pneumonia, which was an old-

THE PERRY PICTURES. 1685.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

for governor of Massachusetts. He filled this office from 1835 to the memorable election of 1839, when he was defeated by Marcus Morton with a majority of ONE. He was minister to the court of St. James from 1841 to 1845; president of Harvard University from 1845 to 1848; secretary of state during a portion of Mr. Fillmore's administration; and United States senator in 1853–4, when he resigned on account of impaired health. Here his active and laborious political career ended. There was little public honor left for him to attain, and of that little he was not ambitious. But Mr. Everett was not a great statesman. Though compelled to grapple with many great questions, he never identified himself with any great public policy, nor ventured upon ways where other statesmen had not gone before. He had no faith in moral forces in politics. He distrusted ideas. He shrunk from collision. His political philosophy often compelled him to sacrifice right to expediency, and to stake

of his estate in Medford by constructing a dam on Mystic river.

On Tuesday he became affected with quite a severe cold, but neither his friends nor his family deemed it serious. Saturday evening he appeared about as well as usual, and retired to bed, declining to trouble any one to remain with him. About three o'clock this morning his housekeeper entered his room and found him sleeping naturally. An hour later she was alarmed by hearing a heavy fall in his room, and found him lying upon the floor, breathing heavily. A physician was promptly summoned, but before his arrival Mr. Everett died.

The event was announced in nearly all the churches at the commencement of the morning services, and created a profound feeling of sadness. In the afternoon the church bells of the city and suburbs were tolled.

E. EVERETT.

in any public demonstration agreeable to them. He also transmitted to the Massachusetts senators the following dispatch:

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1865.

Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. Henry Wilson U. S. Senators, Washington, D. C.:—Massachusetts mourns the irreparable loss of an eminent citizen in the sudden death of Edward Everett, which occurred this morning at four o'clock. Please apprise the president, of whom he was an elector; Mr. Seward, whom he preceded as secretary of state, and the Massachusetts delegation, who remember him as a former senator, representative and governor.

(Signed) JOHN A. ANDREW.

The tidings of Mr. Everett's decease, and the President's announcement were received at the consulate general of the United States in Egypt on Monday, February 13. The flags of the consulate general, and also of the American shipping in the harbor, were displayed at half-mast the next day.

THOMAS STARR KING.

His Last Sickness and Death.

The San Francisco Bulletin of March 4, the day of Starr King's death, gives an account of his last hours, a brief history of his labors during his short residence in California, and describes the sensation caused in the city by the unexpected intelligence of his death, and the unusual and heartfelt honors paid to his memory. To all in California except his most intimate friends, the blow came as sudden as to his old friends at the East, and if possible with more stunning force, for there, his labors were freshest, his trinmphs greatest, and his presence most necessary. The death of no public man ever drew out in San Francisco more tokens of respect and sorrow. The flags on all the public buildings and churches were hung at half mast, the public offices were closed, all the courts both state and national, adjourned, and there was a partial cessation of business all over the city, the citizens gathering in

he greeted them with a cheerful smile, as though he were only going on a journey of a day or two, grasping their hands and saying in that sweet, pleasant voice of his: Good by! Some one asking how he felt, he said: "Happy, resigned, trustful;" then repeated the 23d Psalm in a clear and well-modulated voice. At the verse: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" he raised his finger and his eyes as calmly as though in his pulpit, his voice as firm and strong as ever. After this exertion his strength seemed to fail him. Sinking back in bed he said: "It is all right for me, but she will feel it"—pointing to his wife. Friends again gathered round his bedside and he bade and smiled them good-by. His little son being brought in he said: "Dear little fellow—he's a beautiful boy!" kissing his hand to the child as the nurse carried it away in her arms. This was his last act on earth. Calmly closing his eyes, he seemed to go to sleep. A great, and good, and generous man was dead.

Tribute of Respest to the Memory of Rev. T. Starr King.

church, whose pastor was sick, waited upon him—I believe it was toward the close of the week—and asked him to preach for this disabled minister the following Sabbath. But, "I never preached a sermon in my life," said the young man. "Never mind," the committee said; "we have heard you address conference meetings, and we wish you to address us." He consented, on the promise that nothing should be said to his mother till the Sabbath day had passed. So successful was he at this time, that almost every Sunday afterwards was he summoned to a pulpit, and when 21 years of age was settled over the Universalist church, Charlestown. Here he remained but a short time, when he received a call to become pastor of Hollis street church, Boston, where for more than twelve years he stood foremost among the preachers in the city, and was considered one of the most prominent lecturers in the country. Whilst at Hollis street he received several calls to other churches, but the only invitation that he felt inclined to notice was the one from San Francisco; he felt that there he could strengthen his body, which [illegible] by over-work, re-in

4

expended that there was little or nothing for medicine to build upon. When taken with the first attack, Mr King had remarked to some one standing by: "I know what this is; it is a severe attack of the pneumonia?" When the second occurred he said to the doctor: "What is this? Is this pneumonia, too?" The doctor replied that it was. Mr King then asked: "Can I survive it?" The doctor told him no; he thought he could not. "How long can I live?" he asked. "Not a half hour." "Are you sure I cannot live longer than that?" The doctor told him he feared he could not. Friends then asked him if had anything to say. He replied: "Yes, a great deal to say; I want first to make my will."

Up to this time, for two or three days he had not been able to speak above a whisper; but responding to the power of his will, his voice now resumed its old power and tone, and he spoke nearly as loud as ever. A friend sat by his bedside, and he dictated the will—it was read to him afterwards, and he assented to its correctness by saying "all right" at the end of each paragraph, exclaiming at the close, "It is just as I want it." He then hesitated a moment, and dictated an important correction. A pen was given him and he signed it in a handwriting as firm and bold as he ever wrote in his life, even punctuating the abbreviation of his name, and putting an accustomed flourish beneath the signature. Then came the sad task of bidding his friends who were present good by. One by one they came up to his bedside; in every instance

Union; and how many soldiers will bless his name, who have found in the sanitary commission an efficient aid, through his mighty efforts!

He was a most profuse giver; hardly any one went away from his house with an empty hand; for he kept his heart in his hand, and his hand on his purse, all the time.

In his theology, I think, he aimed mainly at spiritual worship, rather than creed worship; he saw good in all sects: he looked at Christianity more as a life, than as a form. When a series of lectures was preached in Boston, upon the different sects, the part assigned to him was one adapted to his genius, viz: "Spiritual Worship," or "Good in all Sects;" and most admirably did he make a mosaic of the different churches, and by his attractive rhetoric melt them into one.

Mr. King was born in the city of New York Dec. 17, 1824; when quite young he moved with his father to Charlestown, Mass.; and there, in his childhood, the marks of his growing mind were quite plain. At 16, in one of the schools, he was made a tutor in mathematics; and at 19 he preached his first sermon. He was at the time a clerk in the navy yard. A committee of a neighboring

San Francisco, March 5, 1864.

E. F. BEALE, } Witnesses.
J. N. ECKEL, }

THOMAS STARR KING.—Nobody can tell how such a man comes by his learning and wisdom. He had in an astonishing degree the most mysterious power of genius of absorbing the best in men, books, nature, society. Weak and envious pedants are always accusing such minds of plagiarism. They plagiarize as the earth in spring plagiarizes from the sun and wind, the rain and dew; as man in his higher states of life may reverently be said to plagiarize from superior intelligences, and they in turn from the Deity. His soul was wide open to all generous and profound impressions, and he could not help it if every scholar, singer, poet, artist, statesman, child or maiden left their best possessions in its wide treasure house. He was educated by hard work; by experiences that to a nature less joyous than his would have been stern and sad; by the school room, the navy-yard and its motley population, the concert and the drama; by rare hours with the best men and women, and solitary nights of study as intense and protracted as the mind could endure; by nature, which always ministered so largely to his spirit; by a communion with God and a love for man as deep and childlike as is often given to any soul to enjoy.

Rev A. D. Mayo.

6

3

MONDAY, JAN. 16, 1865.

DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

The country will receive the intelligence of the death of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT with surprise and profound sorrow. He expired at his residence in Boston at half-past four o'clock Sunday morning, at the age of seventy-one years. Only last Monday he addressed with his accustomed eloquence a large gathering at Faneuil Hall in behalf of the suffering people of Savannah. It was his last public appearance, and his last services were rendered in connection with this patriotic charity. To all by whom Mr. Everett was admired the most gratifying thought in connection with his death will be that, almost to the last moment of his brilliant and illustrious life, he was able actively to serve the cause of the country to which he had given himself up with sincere and absolute devotion.

Mr. Everett was born in Dorchester, April 11, 1794, entered Harvard college at the age of thirteen years, and graduated in course with the highest honors. He was settled as pastor over the Brattle street church, Boston, at the age of nineteen years, winning immediate fame, of which there are many current traditions, for the extent of his reading and the purity and elegance of his discourses. He published a year later a work entitled a "Defence of Christianity"—a work the execution of which he subsequently regretted, and which he endeavored to recall. The same year he was invited to the professorship of Greek literature in Harvard college, and after spending four years in study and preparation abroad, entered upon its active duties. During the five years following, though still young, he found time outside of his professorship for an amount of literary labor which few men even in the maturity of life and genius have been able to compact into so brief a period. He prepared various professional and popular lectures upon art and literature, translated and published text books for the study of the Greek classics, had the entire editorial control of the North American Review, and delivered the first of that series of remarkable orations which afterward placed him among the foremost of the great orators of his time.

Mr. Everett was first elected to congress in 1824 by the whigs of the old Middlesex district. He was now thirty years of age, and this was his first experiment in political life. He remained in congress under successive re-elections for ten years, when he declined re-nomination in order to become a candidate for governor of Massachusetts. He filled this office from 1835 to the memorable election of 1839, when he was defeated by Marcus Morton with a majority of ONE. He was minister to the court of St. James from 1841 to 1845; president of Harvard University from 1845 to 1848; secretary of state during a portion of Mr. Fillmore's administration; and United States senator in 1853–4, when he resigned on account of impaired health. Here his active and laborious political career ended. There was little public honor left for him to attain, and of that little he was not ambitious. But Mr. Everett was not a great statesman. Though compelled to grapple with many great questions, he never identified himself with any great public policy, nor ventured upon ways where other statesmen had not gone before. He had no faith in moral forces in politics. He distrusted ideas. He shrunk from collision. His political philosophy often compelled him to sacrifice right to expediency, and to stake the future against the convenience of the hour. It was his misfortune to fall out of sympathy with the opinions of a majority of his fellow citizens at a time when experience and wisdom were most wanted in the public counsels; so that with all his natural gifts, and cultured in many ways beyond the lot of any other man of his period, he contributed little to the influence and character of that statesmanship which was destined to guide the nation through civil war and social revolution to a new and permanent glory.

Mr. Everett resigned his seat in the United States senate in May, 1854, and soon after began the peculiar labors in behalf of the Mount Vernon fund, and, incidentally, of other public and charitable associations, which distinguished the closing years of his life. His Mount Vernon work, however much it accomplished, failed in its leading purpose, but through no fault of his. It was not in the power of any man living within the last ten years to bridge the ever-widening and deepening gulf between the two systems which sectionalized the country. Since the war Mr. Everett has himself acknowledged that his expectations were fallacious, and his policy a mistake. Since the war the country has wanted no service that he was not willing to render. His spotless personal integrity, his social and political connections extending over nearly the whole Union, and his sometimes peerless eloquence, have united to secure to him a degree and quality of influence such as no other citizen of the republic has enjoyed. If he is fortunate in having lived to win the approbation of all who love their country, he is more fortunate in having lived to contribute his full, imperial share to its safety and just renown. If pilgrimages were still made to the graves of those who in perilous times have done most magnanimous and noble work for the public shrines few would receive more fragrant and grateful tributes than the grave of EDWARD EVERETT.

DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

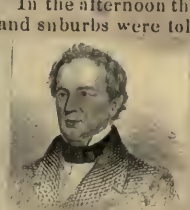
Tributes to his Memory in Boston and in Washington.

BOSTON, Jan. 15.—Edward Everett died this morning at 4 o'clock, at his residence, Summer street, of apoplexy. His age was 70 years and about nine months.

Mr. Everett addressed his fellow-citizens in Faneuil Hall, on Monday last, to aid in sending provisions to Savannah, and during the afternoon of that day was present in court in reference to a claim for damages against the city of Charlestown for overflowing a portion of his estate in Medford by constructing a dam on Mystic river.

On Tuesday he became affected with quite a severe cold, but neither his friends nor his family deemed it serious. Saturday evening he appeared about as well as usual, and retired to bed, declining to trouble any one to remain with him. About three o'clock this morning his housekeeper entered his room and found him sleeping naturally. An hour later she was alarmed by hearing a heavy fall in his room, and found him lying upon the floor, breathing heavily. A physician was promptly summoned, but before his arrival Mr. Everett died.

The event was announced in nearly all the churches at the commencement of the morning services, and created a profound feeling of sadness. In the afternoon the church bells of the city and suburbs were tolled.



THE LAST LETTER.—Capt. Wise, son-in-law of Mr. Everett, now at the head of the naval ordnance bureau at Washington, has furnished the following letter for publication. It is a copy of a letter to Mrs. Wise, and the last he ever wrote:

"BOSTON, 13th January, 1865.—I have yours of the 8th. I am just recovering from a pretty severe attack of illness, which has kept me in bed most of the time since Monday.

On Monday morning I was at the court room two and a half hours, testifying. I then went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, and till my turn came I sat in a draft of air. When I had got through—though I spoke but half an hour—my hands and feet were as ice, and my lungs on fire.

In this agreeable position I had to go and pass three hours in the court room. This finished me. I came home, sent for Hayward, and went regularly to work. I hardly left my bed next day. I have barely weathered an attack of pneumonia, which was an old-fashioned lung fever.

Hayward comes twice a day. *I have turned the corner*, and as soon as I can get a little appetite, shake off my cackling cough and get the kidneys to resume their action, and subdue the numbness of my limbs, and get the better of a sharp neuralgic pain in the left shoulder, I hope to do nicely.

Everett behaves very well, in the somewhat abnormal condition of the household. His new sled—the 'Kearsarge,'—behaves as well as its namesake.

The Arago has got back to New York, so that I think we shall get news from Sid to-night.

Best love to husband and babies.

Your ever affectionate papa, E. E.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17, 1865.

THE DEATH OF MR. EVERETT.—In memory of Edward Everett the Boston city council held a special meeting at noon, Monday, and adopted a suitable expression of respect and sorrow. The mayor was instructed to call a public meeting of citizens at Faneuil Hall at noon, Wednesday, for the purpose of making a public testimony of regard for the memory of the deceased. The flags of all the public buildings in the city were flying at half mast during the day. Various public bodies and learned societies with which Mr. Everett maintained an active or honorary relation are also preparing to take part on the funeral solemnities. No public man in the continent falling at this time, would be more widely and sincerely lamented.

The legislature took appropriate notice of the decease of Mr. Everett, yesterday, and initiated measures for a more formal and elaborate commemoration. Gov. Andrew also expressed to the family of the deceased his desire to co-operate on the part of the state in any public demonstration agreeable to them. He also transmitted to the Massachusetts senators the following dispatch:

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1865.

Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senators, Washington, D. C.:—Massachusetts mourns the irreparable loss of an eminent citizen in the sudden death of Edward Everett, which occurred this morning at four o'clock. Please apprise the president, of whom he was an elector; Mr. Seward, whom he preceded as secretary of state, and the Massachusetts delegation, who remember him as a former senator, representative and governor.

(Signed) JOHN A. ANDREW.

The tidings of Mr. Everett's decease, and the President's announcement were received at the consulate general of the United States in Egypt on Monday, February 13. The flags of the consulate general, and also of the American shipping in the harbor, were displayed at half-mast the next day.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

PRINCE ALBERT is dead. The news comes by the Persia. He died of gastric fever on Sunday, December 15th after a brief illness, which was not thought serious until the Friday preceding his death. This intelligence will create a deep feeling of sympathy in this country for Victoria, now a widow, whose good name and many virtues are held in hardly less esteem on this side of the Atlantic than on the other.

The Prince was born in the Austrian castle of Rosenau, August 26, 1819, in the same year with the Queen, being three months her junior. He received his early education from private tutors, and afterwards entered Bonn University for the study of jurisprudence. He was not a brilliant but laborious student, winning a reputation for methodical habits by keeping diligently to his books ten hours a day. A small house, simple in aspect, hidden by trees, and standing in the shadow of the cathedral of Bonn, is still pointed out as the Prince's modest residence during his university career.

A few months before reaching his nineteenth year, he made a visit to England in the company of the King of Belgium, and, before returning, plighted his troth with the young Queen. The alliance, which was publicly celebrated with many festivities in 1840, proved to be not only a marriage of state, but, so far as the world knows, a marriage of love. 1861.

THE SURREY CHAPEL LECTURES.—The following hymn, composed for the occasion by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., was sung at the weekly meeting of the working-classes, held at Surrey chapel. The immense assembly joined with evident and deep emotion in the chorus of each verse. The rev. gentleman had previously made an affecting allusion to the deceased Prince as the friend of the poor man and the patron of industry. He also read extracts from the leading articles of yesterday's *Star* and *The Times* in reference to the great national loss:

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Lord, heal her bleeding heart,
Assuage its grievous smart,
Thy heavenly peace impart,
God save the Queen!

Our Royal widow bless!
God guard the fatherless!
God save the Queen!
Shield them with loving care,
Their mighty grief we share,
Lord, hear the people's prayer,
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God arise!
Bless England's enemies!
On Thee we call!
Let sorrow whisper Peace,
Bid wrong and anger cease,
Let truth and love increase,
Make evil fall!

In this our Nation's need,
With Thee we humbly plead!
God bless our Queen!
Her life-woe sanctify,
Her loss untold supply,
Thyself be ever nigh
To save our Queen!

Prince Albert's personal appearance is prepossessing in the highest degree. He is one of the finest looking young men I have ever seen. He is tall, and possesses great symmetry of form. His features are singularly handsome; and are lighted up with an intelligence which adds greatly to the pleasing impression they are otherwise calculated to produce. He has a fine dark eye, the effect of which is heightened by his beautiful eyebrows. The general expression of his countenance is that of a serene, an amiable, and intelligent mind. His complexion, seen at a few yards' distance—which is the distance at which I have seen his Royal Highness—is clear and indicative of excellent health. On his upper lip he wears a very small mustachio, which, even to an English eye unaccustomed to such things, contributes to the pleasing expression of his countenance. He has an ample well-developed forehead, which is seen to greater advantage from the circumstance of his beautiful hair, which is something between black and auburn, being carefully parted on the left side. He dresses plainly but with much good taste. When not in regimentals, his favorite coat is a green surtout.

* The first sermon ever preached in Wenham was by Hugh Peters, then minister of Salem, about the year 1636. It was on a small conical hill, on the bank of the pond; and the text was as: "In Ænon, near Salim; because there was much water there."

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT.

INCIDENTS AND COMMENTS.

[MOST of the English papers received at our office by the last foreign mail are printed with black lines of mourning, as a tribute to the late Prince Albert. The religious journals are crowded with reports of sermons alluding to the event. We gather some incidents and comments both from the religious and secular press.—EDS. INDEPENDENT.]

The London Telegraph has the following story of the courtship of the Prince and the Queen:

"On the 10th of October, 1839, Prince Albert and his brother arrived in England upon their second visit. The Prince played the part of a royal lover with all the grace peculiar to his house. He never willingly absented himself from the Queen's society and presence, and her every wish was anticipated with the alacrity of an unfeigned attachment. At length Her Majesty, having wholly made up her mind as to the issue of this visit, found herself in some measure embarrassed as to the fit and proper means of indicating her preference to the Prince. This was a perplexing task, but the Queen acquitted herself of it with equal delicacy and tact. At one of the Palace balls she took occasion to present her bouquet to the Prince at the conclusion of a dance, and the hint was not lost upon the polite and gallant German. His close uniform, buttoned up to the throat, did not admit of his placing the Persianlike gift where it would be most honored; so he immediately drew his penknife, and cut a slit in his dress in the neighborhood of his heart, where he gracefully deposited the happy omen. Again, to announce to the Privy Council her intended union was an easy duty in comparison to that of intimating her wishes to the principal party concerned; and here, too, it is said that our sovereign lady displayed unusual presence of mind and female ingenuity. The Prince was expressing the grateful sense which he entertained of his reception in England, and the delight which he had experienced during his stay from the kind attentions of royalty, when the Queen very naturally and very pointedly put to him the question upon which their future fates depended: 'If, indeed, your Highness is so much pleased with this country, perhaps you would not object to remaining in it and making it your home?' No one can doubt the reply. We tell the story as it has been told to us; and it certainly wears every appearance of probability; for thus it is, according to the accounts which come down to us from the perfumed atmosphere of courts and royal circles, that reigning Queens are wooed, won, and wedded."

"HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM."

Not pyramids, not columnated temples, not conquered territories and enslaved peoples;—no! these monuments of regal pride and folly and crime are not his. With pure strong hand he sustained the arm which held the weighty scepter. With clear, calm understanding, and equable temper, he counseled and upheld, where the weight of an imperial crown might well have oppressed if it did not crush the wearer. A household in which purity and affection, religion and piety, prevailed, and that a royal household, presents a living temple, glorious beyond any that the wealth of pillaged nations could raise to a conqueror. Neither in formal legislative enactments, nor in regal decrees, is the monument of the deceased Prince Consort to be seen. His has been that great and rarely estimated power, the power of beneficial influence—of unconscious and undesigned influence, as well as the influence of act and will. Take the improved laborer's cottage, and take, apparently far remote from it, the Crystal Palace, its conception and objects—place between these the means and aids to higher education which the Prince originated and encouraged; consider these, and then some approach can be made to an estimate of what England owes to him, and of what has been lost to the Queen and to the nation. And it is this which is calculated to inspire a deep and serious feeling when the first sharp and surprising sorrow has passed away. But we cannot pursue this train of thought and illustration.

Doubtless it is a great blow for the nation. The purer the patriotism in the bosom of any Englishman the more enlightened his views, the more religious his sentiments, the more distinct will be his apprehension that a great calamity has fallen upon Britain. We may, in the language of that surpassing, elevated and soul-subduing Service for the Dead, even while we sorrow, give thanks for the Prince and the brother departed; and, amidst our grief and sympathy, rejoice "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." He has gained. He is blessed.

THE late Prince Albert once paid a visit to a school, and heard the teacher make one of the classes go through what is termed in the phraseology of pedagogues an object lesson. "Now, can you tell me anything about heat?" was one of the questions. A bright little man held forth his hand, as much as to say that he could. "Well, now, my boy," said the teacher, "what do you know?" "Heat expands," said the boy, in a jerky style of delivery characteristic of his years. "Heat expands—cold contracts." The teacher looked at the Prince for approval; the Prince bowed his head, and smiled approbation. The teacher, eager for more such smiles, went on. "Very good," he said; "now give me an example." "In summer the days are long; in winter the days are short"

A Trust.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat;
Finding them crimson, and large, and sweet;
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hill-side?

Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching the motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Trembling and twittering, ready to fall,
The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.

"Ah, birdie!" I said, "if you only knew
My heart was tender, and warm and true!"
But the thought that I loved her birdlings, too,
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe;
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.

But oh, if we only, only knew
That God was tender, warm and true,
And that He loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

THE NOBLEST CALLING.

A teacher sat with weary face,
The breeze her brown hair lifting;
While on the floor the checkered light
Through dusty pane was sifting.

Before her stood a sunburned lad,
Who lesson slow was reading;
And, though she heard each droning word,
She gave but little heeding.

Her hands fell idly on her lap,
The tears her eyes were reaching:
A weary life is mine," she thought,
"And thankless task is teaching."

And now, with laughter and with shout,
Without the last one passes;
When backward turn in timid way
Two blushing, sweet-faced lasses.

"Teacher"—and on the upturned face
Was just a touch of sorrow—
"Teacher, I'll surely try and be
A better girl to-morrow.

"And Teacher"—now this maiden was
Of all the least unruly—
And Teacher, I came back to say
I love you very truly."

The teacher turned with smiling face,
O'er which the tears were falling:
"A happy life is mine," she thought,
"And mine the noblest calling."

LAURA UNDERHILL.

'Till G

☞ See.

How Far a Greenback will Go.—Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten-dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying: "Here, my dear, are ten dollars towards the twenty I promised you." Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying: "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note: "That will pay you for your work on my counter." Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill. Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying: "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill; he again returning it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book exclaiming that he "never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far." Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"The Most Bookful of Laureates."

Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey constituted what is called the Lake school of poets. This name was given to them, not because of any common aim or influence, but simply on account of their residences about the lakes in Westmoreland county. These poets were widely different in their aims and pursuits. Wordsworth, with his eye steadily fixed upon the absolute and unchangeable, directed his course to the highest by way of the humblest. Coleridge, intoxicated with his genius, drove his winged Pegasus sometimes recklessly along the verge of unknown precipices, sometimes sleepily to some pleasure dome of Kubla Khan; but all the while, whether asleep or awake, the lavish rider would scatter his wealth of golden words on the chance passers by. Southey's winged steed was a dray-horse, ready to work by the hour, the day, or the job, as occasion required. If poetry paid, he made poetry, if not, he turned to prose.

Robert Southey was born in Bristol in 1774. His father was a linen draper. In his early childhood Southey lived with a maiden aunt, who was so insanely neat that Southey pronounced her case a disease (it was certainly a disease to him) and gave it the name dustophobia. A gift to the boy of twenty volumes of the Giles Gingerbread and Goody-two-shoes order of books relieved the dreary monotony of the painfully clean house, and may have had no little influence in giving to the boy that passionate love for books which characterized him through life. From the Giles Gingerbread sort, Southey soon passed to a translation of Gerusalemme Liberata, and thence to the Faerie Queen. He felt the truth and purity, the love of the beautiful and good which pervades Spencer's poetry, and the author of the Faerie Queen at once became a favorite. This first genuine love of Southey's was lasting. Shortly before his death, writing to a friend, he asks: "Do you love Spencer? I have him in my heart of hearts."

Early as his tenth year Southey commenced his epic dreams, purposing to graft a story upon the Orlando Furioso, and even made some progress in it. Other juvenile efforts of a similar kind followed; three heroic epistles in rhyme, translations from the Latin poets, and an attempt to exhibit the story of the Trojan war in a dramatic form. These were no idle, careless efforts. The boy was diligent in his historical researches, and if his labor was one of love, it was none the less a labor. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Westminster school, but before finishing the course was expelled, because of a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment, which he had published in the school periodical. He then applied at Christ church, but on account of the difficulty at Westminster, the suspicious youth was refused admittance, and he entered Baliol college. Here he pursued a course of reading in English, Latin and Greek so extensive that one of his college friends pronounced him a perfect "bellus librorum." The French revolution was now stirring all Europe, and Southey did not escape the feverish enthusiasm. He gave vent to his feelings in the explosive drama Wat Tyler. The piece poem Joan of Arc soon followed, and at once gave him a reputation, not so much on account of its ability, but because it was seized on by the one party and condemned by the other.

Southey's uncle, Mr Hill, chaplain to the British factory at Lisbon, defrayed the expenses of his nephew's education, with the hope that Southey would enter the church; but the youth was too independent a thinker, and too much of an enthusiast to settle in the forms of the church. Later in life he regretted that he did not take orders, believing it would best have accorded with his nature, "but," said he, "I could not get in at the door." With the purpose of modifying the views of his nephew, both in religion and politics, and more especially to wean him from what he considered an imprudent attachment, Mr Hill proposed that Southey should accompany him to Lisbon. The poet consented, but the day fixed for their departure was also fixed for his wedding day. Cottle, the publisher, furnished the money for the wedding ring and marriage fee. Immediately after the ceremony they separated, Mrs Southey wearing her ring around her neck and keeping her maiden name, Edith Fricker, until the report of the marriage was circulated. On his return he published "Letters from Portugal." His aunt thought it was pretty well in him to write a book about Portugal, when he had not been there six months; for her part, she said, she had been there twelve months, and yet she could not write a book about it.

Southey reluctantly commenced the study of law. He had no taste for it, but he could not feed upon poetry alone. He did not regard law as "heavenly harmony." He called the study of it laborious indolence and said, "I commit willful murder on my own intellect by drudging at law. Law craft, if not a twin fiend with priest craft, is an imp of the same stock, and perhaps the worser devil." His termed hours, if hours stolen from sleep can be called leisure hours, were spent on poetry. A nervous fever was the result of this incessant activity, and for his complete restoration a journey to Lisbon was prescribed. The restless spirit of activity followed him. He spent his time in collecting material for a history of Portugal, and in writing the poems of Thalaba, Kehama, and Madoc. These poems did not sell well. The subjects were too remote to interest, especially at a time when Scott with his chivalrous romances, and Byron with his Harolds and Juans, were kindling the imagination. Even Charles Lamb, who could hug the Latin works of Thomas Aquinas, could not tolerate these oriental almightes of Southey's. "I have a timid imagination," he complained; "I can just endure Moore's, because of their connection as foes with Christians, but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Dervises and all that tribe I hate."

On his return to England he resided near Coleridge and Wordsworth, giving his entire time to literature, writing for the Quarterly Review as a sure means of "making the pot boil," and trying his pen in the most varied ways. Volume after volume rolled from his pen in rapid succession. No wonder he thought he had a "Helicon kind of dropsy" upon him, for he published more than Scott, and burned almost as much as he published.

In personal appearance Southey was the beau ideal of a poet. Byron, with his customary raillery, said, "To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his Sapphics." His library was his home. It was his fancy to have all the books of lesser value, that had become ragged and dirty, covered in cotton prints, that they might keep a respectable appearance. Not less than 1200 volumes were so bound, filling an entire room, which he designated as the Cottonian library. His daughters would often suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a Quaker work in drab, or a volume of poetry in flowery designs.

Southey's domestic relations were particularly happy. He found in the atmosphere of home that quiet contentment and peaceful happiness which it was his ambition to gain. That he had a true idea of the conjugal relation is evident from a single remark: "I never wish people joy of their marriage; that they will find for themselves; what I wish them is—patience." Through the influence of Scott he received the laureateship. The salary for the same was acceptable to Southey; but writing odes for the royal family he pronounced *odeous*. After the death of his wife he contracted a second marriage with Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. Paralysis soon prostrated his intellect, and he sank into a state of insensibility. Southey was a useful man. He has saved less laborious scholars many a heavy task of poring over musty, dusty books. As a historian and biographer his excellence is acknowledged to be of the first kind, but as a poet he must be content with a place in the third rank.—*Chicago Times.*

Historical Notes.

—Savoy was annexed to France in 1792.

—Bonaparte was crowned Emperor in 1804.

—William Cowper, English poet, born 1731.

—The famous battle of Hohenlinden was ght Dec. 3, 1800.

—The Irish Parliament, modelled after that of gland, was dissolved at the union in 1800.

—The Roman occupation of Great Britain, mmencing in the A. D. 85, lasted nearly 500 rs.

—The Welsh and Scottish historians give long s of pretended kings of Britain, commencing ndreds of years before the Christian era. King ar, for example, dated 800 B. C.

—Cymbeline, who gives name to one of Shakesare's plays, was a monarch of great power who gned for many years at Camelodunum, a town ich stood near Colchester, England. Many interesting coins of his reign are still extant.

—The battle of Saratoga, A; D. 1777, in which en. Gates defeated Gen. Burgoyne, and which cided the fate of the American Revolutionists, making France their ally, and other European owers friendly to them, is counted one of the e isive events of our history.

—The battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066, in which William of Normandy was victorious over the nglo-Saxon Harold, and the result of which was he formation of the Anglo-Norman nation, which s now dominant in the world, is considered one f the important periods of history.

—The harp has been the national symbol of Ireland from time immemorial. The Harp of Tara, owned by Brian Boroihme, monarch of Ireland from 1001 to 1014, and still preserved in the museum of Dublin University, has been immortalized by the beautiful melody of Thomas Moore.

—Let us look into the magic mirror of the past and see this harbor of Cape Cod on the morning of the 11th of November, A. D. 1620, as described to us in the simple words of the pilgrims: "A pleasant bay circled round, except the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land, compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet woods. It is a harbor wherein a thousand sail of ship may safely ride."

Maxims for Business Men.

Make few promises.
Never speak evil of any one.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Be cautious and bold.
Make a bargain at once.
Never play at any game of chance.
Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.
Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.
Law is a trade in which the lawyers eat the oysters and leave the clients the shells.
Caution is the father of security.
He who pays before hand is served behind-hand.
If you would know the value of a dollar try to borrow one.
No man can be successful who neglects his business.
Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.
Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.
An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.
Word by word Webster's big Dictionary was made.
Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.
If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day rend you.
Be silent when a fool talks.
Give a foolish talker rope enough and he will hang himself.
Never speak boastingly of your business.
Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.
Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good.
Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity.
Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of existance.
Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to an account.
Do unto all men as ye would be done by.
Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never bid another do what you can do yourself.
Never covet what is not your own.
Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.
Drink no kinds of intoxicating liquors.
Good character is above all things else. Keep your own secrets if you have any.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.
Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind.
Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.
Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Never have anything to do with an unprincipled man.
Large sales and small profits will lead to success.
Read over the above maxims carefully and thoroughly at least once a week.

Read over and over again!

John Albion Andrew was, in the best sense of the word, well born. He came of that good New England stock in which conscience seems to be hereditary as intelligence, and in which the fine cumulative results of the moral struggles and triumphs of many generations of honest lives appear to be transmitted as a spiritual inheritance. Born in Windham, Me., on May 31st, 1818, at the time Maine was a part of Massachusetts, his genial nature was developed in the atmosphere of a singularly genial home. The power of attaching others to him began in his cradle, and did not end when all that was mortal of him was tenderly consigned to the grave. Free from envy, jealousy, covetousness, and the other vices of disposition which isolates the person in himself, his sympathies were not obstructed in their natural outlet, and he early laid the foundation of his comprehensiveness of mind in his comprehensiveness of heart.

Graduating in 1837 at Bowdoin college, he came to Boston, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar. He rose slowly but surely until he gained the very first rank in his profession.—There are some prodigies of legal learning and skill who have not only mastered law, but been mastered by it. Their human nature seems lost in their legal nature. But it was the law of Andrew's mind that his character should keep on a level with his acquirements, and that the man should never be merged in the professional man. The freshness, elasticity and independence, the joyousness and the sturdiness of his individuality, increased with the increase of his knowledge and experience. And in passing from the lawyer to the philanthropist we find no no break in the integrity of the man. His philanthropy was born of the two deepest elements of his being, beneficence and conscience, his love of his kind, and his sense of duty to his kind; and both had received Christian baptism. Andrew's sentiment was ever thoroughly vital, and impelled his whole moral force outward to a palpable object, to secure a practical good. I need not refer to any instances of his public displays as a reformer, for what was obloquy then is glory now. The march of American society is so swift that the paradox of yesterday becomes the truism of to-day, and the short course of one life suffices to give a man the distinction of being mobbed by the same generation by which he is crowned. To be slandered is, in this country, to be famous, and if you wish to keep an innovator obscure, the only policy to be followed is the policy of silence. Andrew doubtless enjoyed his share of the advantages of that publicity which is the direct result of being roundly abused, but there was one precious element in his beneficence which evaded this kind of renown. He loved not only to promote noble causes, but to assist, elevate, counsel and console individuals. The humblest offices of the philanthropist were dear to his kindly heart. The same instinct of humanity which impelled him to the platform, led him to the Sunday school and the conference meeting, to the pauper's sick bed and the prisoner's cell, to the chamber of the stricken mourner and the hiding place of the fugitive slave.—The lame, the halt and the blind, morally as well as physically, he did not treat with the insolent condescension of a superior being, but with the cordial sympathy of a Christian brother. His great human sympathy and his massive manly sense communicated to them new life and energy, touching and unsealing in their breasts the springs of resolution and self-help, and flooding them with cheer—soul-cheer.

But if this sympathy with his kind was, on its serious side, so true and strong, it was no less humane on its humorous side. His large nature embraced the ludicrous aspects of life and character as well as their solemn phase, and his humorous insight softened the austerity of his moral insight. A man of ideas, he still had little of the intolerance so often linked with fervid convictions, and in dealing with human affairs he always allowed for human nature.

His keen sense of humor, indeed, was the most satisfying of all the methods by which he obtained his wide knowledge of men, for it gave him the power to see clear through imperfect characters without despising them, and saved his sagacity from that hard, cynical contemptuousness which is apt to poison worldly shrewdness when divorced from love.

But it must not be supposed that his tenderness or his toleration made him compliant in making him humane. His tenderness did not render him incapable of that moral wrath which is frequently the indispensable condition of moral might. Still less did his toleration relax the tough fibre of his individual integrity. If Massachusetts ever produced a man who was thoroughly incorruptible, who was insensible to bribes presented to vanity, prejudice and ambition as well as to interest, and whom all the powers of the world could not push or persuade into a dishonest action, that man was John A. Andrew. This integrity he prized beyond all earthly goods and all earthly blessings. It was the rock on which his character was built, and it could not be unfixed without bringing down the whole fabric of his being into cureless ruin.

Finally, Governor Andrew had that kindling and animating quality which we call Soul. This pervaded sentiment, conscience, understanding, character, with its subtle but potent essence. This ran, like life-blood, through all "the veins of his intellectual frame." This brought him into direct contact with principles, and opened to him the vital sources of inspiration. This supplied to patience and to hope that great "Army of Reserve" which repeated defeats could not exhaust. This glorified the hardest as well as the humblest toil with a shining motive, and, to use his own favorite quotation,

> "——made drudgery divine!
> Who sweeps a room as for God's law,
> Makes that and the action fine."

And this communicated to his whole nature that power of magnetizing others, which comes from no extent of learning, no breadth of understanding, no heat of mere passion, but is the attribute of a commanding personality alone. This magnetism made his acts and words efficient because it made them contagious, and people caught from him, as by spiritual infection, courage and wisdom, patriotism and philanthrophy, confidence in principle and trust in God.

That such a man should be made Governor of Massachusetts was, of course, an inevitable incident in the logic of events. He could not have prevented it had he tried. But the exact time at which he was elected had in it something Providential. Never did the Ship of State more need such firmness, wisdom, forecast and energy at the helm.

And such a pilot Governor Andrew proved himself to be. Knowing, as he did, the philosophy of the slave system, and knowing, also, the purposes of its champions, the Slaveholders' Rebellion could not take him by surprise. As early as the middle of December, 1860, he had visited Washington, conversed familiarly with the leading public men of the South, and clearly perceived that all the movements relating to compromise were but scenes in a clumsily acted political farce. He looked straight through all the plausibilities to the realities of the situation, and returned to Boston as much convinced that the South meant war, as he was on the day when the first gun fired on Sumpter woke everybody to the fact. From his insight sprang his foresight. It was mainly through his exertions that the active militia of Massacausetts were placed on a war footing, ready to march at the first word of command. You all remember with what sagacity this was done, and you all remember, too, with what sneers and gibes his forecast was then rewarded. His general order to the militia was promulgated in January, 1861, and the memorable 12th of April, which opened the costliest and bloodiest of civil wars, found him all prepared. He received his telegram from Washington, for troops, on Monday, April 15th. He was able to say that by nine o'clock on the next Sunday morning, "the whole number of regiments demanded from Massachusetts were already in Washington, or in Fortress Monroe, or on their way to the defence of the capital." It was midnight on the 19th of April, after the exhausting labors of the day, that he wrote, at his own house, the dispatch to the Mayor of Baltimore which has so endeared him to the popular heart. "I pray you," he wrote, "to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and *tenderly* sent forward by express to me." His activity during the first month of the war was not more marked than his mental self-possession. The rush and whirl of events did not hurry him from his balance.

This unwearied fire of soul burned steadily within him during the whole five years of heroic effort and heroic toil, which made his administration such an epoch in the history of the State. He knew that the disease of which he eventually died might strike him at any moment. Three months before he entered on his glorious career as Governor, he was warned by his physician that any over-exertion of brain would endanger his health and probably his life. He was notoriously as regardless of the warning as a brave soldier going to battle would be regardless of the admonition that he might be hit by a bullet.

He was a democrat, through and through, feeling himself on an equality with all, but never putting on airs of condescension to any. "I know not," he once said, "what record of sin stands against me in the next world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise a man because he was ignorant or because he was black." Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister, once called upon him at the State House, and found the room nearly filled with colored women who had come to the Governor to obtain news of fathers, brothers and sons, enlisted in the black regiments of Massachusetts. Sir Frederick waited, while the Governor, with kindly patience, listened to complaints, answered questions, gave advice, and tried to infuse consolation and cheer into the hearts of his humble friends. After these interviews were all over, the turn of the British Minister came, and he was a man with the nobility of soul to appreciate what he had witnessed. Clasping the Governor by the hand, he declared, that whatever might be the advantages of a Republican government, he had never believed that it could assume a paternal character, but what he had just seen proved to him how much he had been mistaken.

But his character was not merely original, it was originating. He belonged to that class of statesmen of genius who help to shape the history of their times, and whose characters melt into the current of creative forces which determine events. He had that wisdom which results from the vital assimilation of large experience, and which, in practical affairs, operates with some of the celerity of instinct and some of the certainty of intuition. Do you object that he made mistakes? Of course he made mistakes. The age of miracles has passed. But is as true of the statesman as of the general, that he is the best who makes fewest, and Governor Andrew's mistakes are almost forgotten in the throng of his wise judgments. In fine, it is to the honor of Massachusetts that in such a man the State was felt to be individualized; and in respect to the two statues which Massachusetts is to place in the capitol at Washington, it is certainly fit that the statue of the greatest of her governors should stand by the side of the statue of her first.

It was in the height of his reputation and the maturity of his powers, withdrawn from public office, but full in the public eye, with conspicuous abilities seemingly destined to be exercised in the loftiest place, and with that noble ambition which comes from the consciousness of tested capacity for great affairs, that his career of usefulness, of duty, of glory, was suddenly but gently arrested. There was no lingering disease; there was no slow decay;

Mr. Clarke continued: The first time I saw John Andrew was nearly 30 years ago, in 1841. We had just begun a free church here in Boston, and among other little novelties we had a large Sunday afternoon bible-class, conducted by laymen, each man taking his turn. I had nothing to do with it except to attend it, and one day I saw what seemed to me to be a little boy presiding over this bible-class—for he looked a great deal younger than he really was,—a curly-headed youth with bright, sparkling eyes. I asked who it was, and was told that it was a young lawyer named Andrew, who was in Mr. Henry Fuller's office. I soon became acquainted with him, and during twenty-five years learned to know him better and trust in him more fully all the time. He practised law for twenty years in Boston without great deal being known of him by the general public, and I think even his near friends did not know how much there was in him at that time. His character was well rounded. He was no fanatic in any respect. He was not extravagant in any direction. Although a reformer, he was not an extreme reformer; although a student, he was not an ultra student. In every direction his life seemed to flow easily and happily, and unfold itself in entire and perfect harmony.

Seward said, "Governor Andrew, we have been contending for three principles: First, to put down the rebellion by force; secondly, the abolition of slavery, and thirdly, to restore the Union. Now," said Mr. Seward, "I think we shall fail in the two first. We shall not be able to put down the rebellion by force. We shall not be able to abolish slavery. But by means of some compromise with the southern leaders we may be able to restore the Union." Said I, "What reply did you make to him?" Said he, "There was nothing to be said to a man that was in that state of mind, and I took my hat and came away."

FRANCE.

Death of Baron James Rothschild.

PARIS, Monday, Nov. 16,

Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD, head of the house of the ROTHSCHILDS, bankers, died here yesterday.

With the Baron JAMES the second generation of this great family of money-lenders, so often the prop of tumbling thrones, the ready succors of exhausted treasuries, has passed away. There were five sons, who were taken into the "House of Rothschild" by the founder as fast as they became of age. These were ANSELM, SOLOMON, NATHAN MAYER, CHARLES and JAMES. ANSELM was his father's partner and successor at Frankfort; the second son, at first traveling partner, and was eventually established at Vienna; NATHAN MAYER settled in London in 1798, and became the most prominent, as he was generally deemed the ablest, financier of the family; CHARLES settled at Naples in 1821; and JAMES, after being awhile with his brother in Vienna, established himself in Paris. Thus, when the father, MAYER ANSELM, died, his sons had increased the influence of the house, and stood at the head of five immense establishments, united in a copartnership tho most wealthy and extensive the world had ever seen.

JAMES was born in Frankfort on the 5th of May, 1792, and took up his residence in Paris in 1812. A few years later he was appointed Consul-General for Austria in France. During the early years of his life in the French Empire he was interested in railroad affairs to a great extent, and was noted for the boldness of his speculations. After the great famine of 1847 he was charged with having caused much of the suffering of that time by his transactions, and became very unpopular with the people, so that in 1848, when the revolution broke out, a portion of his property, the Castle of Suresnes, was sacked by the populace. He was married, late in life, to his niece, the daughter of his brother SOLOMON. He founded several Jewish charitable institutions during his life, and gave large sums of money at various times to other like institutions. In Paris he was known, on account of his frequent dealings with crowned heads, as "*Le preteur des rois*," "The Kings' money-lender."

His title of Baron was received from Austria. The Austrian Emperor conferred on each of the brothers a patent of nobility with the title of Baron of the Empire, on account of the promptness and courtesy with which they responded to METTERNICH'S application for a loan in 1813.

The distinctive characteristic of the funeral of Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD was precisely the opposite of what the name of the opulent deceased seemed to promise, as it especially impressed the spectators by its extreme simplicity, and formed a striking contrast with the enormous number of the persons who attended to pay the deceased a last tribute of respect. From 10:30 in the morning the hotel of the Rue Laffitte was insufficient to accommodate the crowds who arrived from all quarters of Paris, and who filled the apartments, the staircases and the courtyard, extending to the foot-pavement outside, and even to the carriage-way.

Barons GUSTAVE, ALPHONSE and EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD, with whom were their London relatives who had come over to join them, received the condolences of the visitors in a large *salon* on the ground floor. The deceased lay in the story above, in an apartment converted into a sort of *chapelle ardente*, and in which took place the mortuary ceremonies prescribed by the Israelitish ritual. There was no funeral drapery or ornamentation of any kind on the front of the house.

Somewhat after 11 the coffin was carried down, and placed on a hearse drawn by two horses. Immediately after came the servants of the family in the deepest mourning, about forty in number. A few paces behind were the sons of the deceased, and the other members of the family, and then seven mourning coaches of the ordinary kind; next, the general crowd to the number of about five thousand, and over one hundred private carriages. Within such limits only was confined the prescribed order of the procession, as more was impossible. The multitude belonged to all classes of society, and extended over a length of more than a mile. Political, financial and literary celebrities, eminent persons of every class and profession, of every faith and of all nations, walked intermingled with humble working men, whom a sentiment of gratitude had most probably induced to attend.

The Emperor was represented by the Duke DE CAMBACERES, Grand Master of the Ceremonies; M. FEUILLET DE CONCHES, Introducer of Ambassadors; Gens. DE MONTEBELLO, DE BEVILLE, DE LA MOSKOWA, FAVE and PAJOL, Aides-de-Camp; Count DE NIEUWERKERKE, Superintendent of the Fine Arts, and several Chamberlains and Equerries. The Ministers, being obliged to proceed to Compeigne for the weekly Council, had sent their secretaries and chefs-de-service. Prince DE METTERNICH and the staff of his Embassy were present, as well as Count DE SOLMS, (Prussia,) DJEMIL PACHA, (Turkey,) the Chevalier NIGRA, (Italy,) M. MON, Count DE SEEBACH, and other personages connected with the diplomatic service.

The high officials belonging to the banking interest, companies of credit, and railways, were in great numbers, and among them could be seen M. Rouland, Governor of the Bank of France; the Marquis de Ploeuck and M. Cuvier, Deputy Governors, and MM. Pillet-Will, Darblay Jeune, Durand, Vassal, Ackerman de Waru and Millescamps, Regents; M. Marsaud, Secretary-General; M. Cohen, of Antwerp; MM. Bleunt, Ganneron, Vernes, Schapper, Benic, Adolphe Fould, Delessert, Lacroix-Saint-Pierre, &c. All the railway companies were represented by their Presidents and the majority of the Directors. The whole of the Board of the Northern Company were present, headded by M. Delebecque, the Vice-President; and, in addition, all the employes, who could be spared from the service of the line, attended. The Central Israelite Consistory, of which M. ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD is a member, and that of Paris to which M. GUSTAVE belongs, were all present. The Grand Rabbi of Brussels had come to join those high dignitaries of the Hebrew religion, around whom were grouped the ministers of the Jewish worship, in order to render a last and special homage to the man who had done so much during his life for his faith and his coreligionists.

The cortege did not reach the Jewish cemetery at Pere-Lachaise until nearly 2 o'clock. At the tomb, M. CERFBEER, President of the Central Consistory, pronounced a very effective address; after which M. DELEBECQUE, in the name of his fellow-directors, bade a touching adieu to the deceased. The last prayers were said by the Rabbi of the German synagogue at Paris, who afterward drew an eloquent picture of the manifold acts of charity in which the late Baron had taken a part; he terminated by calling on the dead the mercy of the God of Israel. The crowd then slowly withdrew, deeply moved by the unpretending simplicity of the whole proceedings.

HOW ROTHSCHILD LIVED. One of the characteristics of the late Baron Rothschild, and which, doubtless, contributed most to his great success in the accumulation of wealth, was system. His life, in its every part, was marked by special attention to order and detail. He awoke every morning, winter and summer, at six, when an official came to his bedside with the newspapers. The latest reports from the Bourse and from the Legislature were read to the last word, and when he felt in a good humor even the current gossip of the day was acceptable. During the reading of the papers his valet, Felix, dressed him. Felix was a faithful servant, who had long been in his employ, was very good natured, but somewhat tyrannical, as the following incident will show: "What sort of an overcoat is that Felix?" asked the Baron one morning. "That which Monsieur le Baron will put on to-day," answered Felix. "But that which I wore yesterday pleases me better." "That may be; but Monsieur le Baron does not know that the weather has changed." "That does not matter—I would rather have the other." "But Monsieur le Baron will put this on," and, laughing, M. Rothschild had to put on the coat which Felix had brought him.

At eight o'clock he breakfasted, then received his secretaries, seven or eight in number, and after the whole business correspondence which they brought had been examined, he began his private correspondence. About half-past nine or ten he gave audience to dealers in antiques and paintings, who usually waited on him, as he was very fond of examining and buying rare pieces of art. About eleven o'clock he went to his office, where he received the reports of his exchange agents. After that he attended some of the numerous committees to which he belonged. At one o'clock he was invariably found in his bureau, where he took dinner with his three sons. While eating he discussed the affairs of the house, and received visitors on business. At three o'clock he went out in his gig, or to promenade along the Champs Elysees. Returning in about an hour, he again took up his private correspondence and finished it, and countersigned the business letters whose contents he had indicated to his secretaries in the morning. At about five o'clock he betook him to his club, where he indulged in a social game of whist. At seven he had dinner, and concluded his evening usually at some place of amusement, retiring regularly between eleven and twelve. He could not bear contradiction in his business relations. If an opinion were expressed by any one of his clerks at variance with his own impressions, he would say, "I am master here;" and even were the opinion thus adversely expressed afterward found to be correct, instead of acknowledging his mistake, he would repeat the assertion, "I am master here."

It is related that a person of high rank once entered his private office while he was closely engaged. "Take a chair," said Rothschild without looking up. "Excuse me," answered the visitor, a little taken aback, "you have, perhaps, not heard my name. I am the Baron of ———." "Good," replied Rothschild, without taking his eyes off the paper, "then take two chairs."

ST. PATRICK. St. Patrick was a Scotchman by birth and a most excellent man, and a saint of a most exclusive "extra" sanctity. He was born so long ago, that if he had lived until now he would have been nearly 1500 years old. He was a saint of a strong practical turn of mind, and made fires of ice, boats of stones, and fish of pork—the latter an especially useful power in the time of Lent, though pork rules higher than fish. He could convert mad dogs into stone, and the way he came down upon snakes is one of the best known facts in his history. It is on record that he "was a gentleman, and did behave as sich," which is more than can be said of all the saints. Though, on the whole, he was partial to blessing and was eminently good-natured, as became an Irish saint, and did many kindly things, he could curse upon occasion with due theologic emphasis. When a youth, he was seized by some amiable gentlemen, who wished to civilize and convert him, and for that purpose sold him into slavery, though there is no evidence that he had either black blood or woolly hair. He was owned by some one in Ireland; but some mariners, who didn't have a proper sense of their constitutional obligations, kidnapped him into liberty, and placed him on the underground railroad, on which he traveled to Gaul from the gall and bitterness of the house of bondage. It is a vast pity that he can't be induced to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and tell his experience in slavery to his worshippers here, and prove to them that a fugitive slave isn't necessarily a villain. After a long and useful career, he died at Down, where he now lies, "with his toes turned up to the roots of the daisies." The Irish have much reason to be proud of their holy patron, and we hope they'll everywhere have a good time in observing his day, which they should do without the use of liquor, for the worm of the still is a far more venomous reptile than was any member of the crawling family banished by St. Patrick from the blooming Erin. Were St. Patrick now on earth, he would devote all his powers to the advancement of the temperance cause, and so well earn the honors of canonization.

Boston Traveller.

GARIBALDI—MAZZINI. — Mr. Marsh, the American minister at Turin, recently had a correspondence with Garibaldi, in which he took occasion to thank him for naming his grandson for Mr. Lincoln. To this the Italian patriot and republican replied as follows:

CAPRERA, 27 March, 1865.

DEAR MR. MARSH: The name of LINCOLN, like that of Christ, makes the beginning of a glorious era in the history of humanity, and I am proud to perpetuate in my family the name of the great emancipator. The journals and the men who have opposed the cause of the great republic are like the ass of the fable that kicked the lion, thinking him dead; but now that they see her rise again in all her majesty, they will change their language. The American question is vital for the liberty of the world, and its approaching solution must rejoice the hearts of honest men. With affectionate emotion I kiss your lady's hand, and am yours,

G. GARIBALDI

Mr. Marsh, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

On the 21st of May, Mazzini addressed a note to the London agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, asking for an accurate primary history of the American struggle, which might be appropriately translated for European reading, and adding:

Your triumph is our triumph; the triumph of all, I hope, who are struggling for the advent of a republican era. Our adversaries were pointing to the worst period of the old French revolution as to the irrefutable proof of republics leading to terror, anarchy, and military despotism. You have refuted all that. You have done more for us in four years than fifty years of teaching, preaching, and writing, from all your European brothers have been able to do. * * * Above American life, above European life, there is mankind's life, mankind's education, mankind's progress. That is the common aim in which we are all brothers and combatants. There is our great battle—to which all local battles are episodes—fought on both continents and everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege, right and might, justice and arbitrary rule, good and evil, God and the devil. By these four years of noble deeds and self-sacrifice, you have been enlisted to take a share in it wherever it is fought.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

An American on the Manners and Customs of the People.

Correspondence of The Republican.

GOTHA, September 21, 1865.

As I mentioned in my first letter from Gotha, here one strikes primitive German customs and manners, and has an opportunity of studying them at first hand. Will a letter on this theme be acceptable to the readers of the Springfield Republican?

One of the first things which we noticed on entering a foreign land was the food of the inhabitants, and the time of the various meals. In this the Germans differ widely from us; and a parallel can hardly be drawn between the two nations. In the place of our hearty (indeed too hearty) breakfast, the Germans take a couple of cups of coffee and a bake-roll. This they dip in the coffee and eat without butter. The Germans are early risers, and coffee is taken between six and seven. Sedentary persons take no other refreshment till the dinner hour, which is almost invariably at our good old-fashioned hour of 12 or half-past. Working, farming men and high livers usually take a luncheon at about 10 o'clock, though by no means invariably. The German dinner is the great meal of the day; no other can be compared with it in respect to the number and excellence of the courses. A simple dinner consists first of soup; then of the meat of which the soup was made, eaten with bread and mustard or horse-radish sauce, then a piece of roast meat with vegetables. From the plain dinner of three courses, the ascent is gradual, and those who aim at a more ambitious style of living have four, six and even eight courses, including, in addition to those already mentioned, fish, fowl, pudding, bread and cheese and coffee. Pudding does not take the place which we assign it, but is served midway in the dinner, just before the choicest roast. No stress is laid upon this dish; the taste for sweet things, which has become so enormously and dangerously developed with us, does not exist in Germany, and in many families neither puddings nor cakes, nor confectionery, are things habitually known, even to the children.

The method of cooking the articles already mentioned differs much from ours. The coffee of Germany is always strong and excellent, being made by pouring boiling water upon it when freshly ground, and being allowed to stand a few moments. The custom of boiling it does not seem to be known here. Nor is the use of substitutes common. People do not drink the extract of rye, and peas and barley and wheat and chicory here as they do so freely in England and America. Indeed, I do not think these things are known at all. Those who do not drink pure coffee at breakfast take beer instead. The bread of Germany is always made by bakers, and is uniformly excellent. It comes in little rolls, about as large as a man's hand. There is a baker at about every thirtieth house, for no family bakes its own bread. Indeed, it could not be done. The rude, medieval cooking contrivances of Germany, whose highest attainment is to fry and to boil, are unable to bake anything. The baker's oven must do all that is done in this direction. Hence pies are unknown here; indeed nothing which is baked in our fine stoves is eaten in Germany, unless it be what the bakers can prepare. Yet it must be confessed, the bread is excellent; far finer than the bakers' bread of America, and even surpassing in excellence the home-made bread, which is the pride of our farmers' wives and daughters. The articles served at dinner, too, are not prepared as with us. The soup does not, it is true, materially differ from that which my readers' palates are accustomed to, but the other dishes are widely different from our own. The meat from which the soup is taken is served as the second course, and those who live with the utmost simplicity eat with this a coarse, sour bread, making their entire dinner out of these two courses. When a third is served, as is very generally the case, a portion of the same meat is placed in a stewpan, a thick gravy is made of flour and water and what natural juice of the meat remains, and after a half hour's cooking it is served as the "roast." A genuine roast is impracticable, there being no suitable stoves nor fires for the purpose. Boiling and seething are the only modes of cooking known. Birds are fricasseed or fried, and even goose, the pride of Germany, has no better treatment!

The vegetables are so disguised in the preparation that it is always a hazardous experiment to guess what they are. They are almost never served in a simple fashion as with us; they are chopped and mixed, and then served in a thick paste of flour and water, losing all their freshness as well as their identity. Green peas, (seen even now, late in September) are generally mixed with carrots and lovage, and then, as if that were not sweet enough and nauseating enough, sweetened with sugar and served in a paste of flour and water. Squash and tomatoes and green corn are unknown. Red beets I have not met on the tables, though they are seen in the fields. Turnips are mixed in the most singular manner, entirely defying computation as to the proportions, and the other substances which make up the pasty mess. Cabbages and cauliflower form the sauce. Dumplings are common, but I know not what process is adopted to make them the savagely indigestible and uneatable things they are. Potatoes are served in salad, cold, well oiled and vinegared, with snatches of raw onion and garlic thrown in to give them a delicate flavor. The puddings are usually pancakes, and are not invariably bad.

Yet, even out of this heterogeneous mass it is not impossible to extract a respectably good meal, by keeping close to the meats and eschewing the vegetables. There is such a thing as good meat in Germany, though one may be six months in the country without tasting it. Not that it can be compared with the beef and the mutton of England, for those are incomparable, and we can hardly rival them even in our own excellent markets.

The German sits down to his dinner to enjoy it. You cannot persuade him to make a ten minutes affair of it. It is the one solid repast of the day, and deserves and must have attentive consideration. It must not be hurried, nor must any item be overlooked. He is a happy man while he takes this important meal; his face is bright, his air is that of one, now, at any rate, at perfect ease. He tells his story, has his joke, eats leisurely, then drinks his cup of coffee or his glass of beer, and so repairs to the afternoon work in field or in shop, wherever his avocation may call him.

The tea is a much more simple affair. A roll of bread, a bit of cold meat or sausage, a cup of coffee or a glass of beer is all. It is taken in the garden, or in some pleasant room, and over this meal the German families sit long and chat together in friendly fashion. Many take a cup of coffee at five in the afternoon; indeed so general is this custom that it may be called national.

The state occasion for receiving guests is not at dinner as in England, nor at tea as with us, but at supper, an extraneous meal which makes its appearance but now and then. It differs from the banquets which we give at American "parties," balls and the like, by having the formal appearance of a regular meal. Bating its decidedly dyspeptic tendency it is a very choice affair, and those happy persons who are never conscious of having a stomach, are often tempted to think a German supper the acme of the civilization of this old land. It begins with soup, continues with warm fish, then with cold meats, preserves, then fried potatoes, tea (flavored in the German fashion, with rum), and ends with a grand bowl of punch. A bottle of Rhine wine stands before each guest, but this temperate nation seldom needs a rebuke for any excess in this direction. I do not think it is the abundance of pure wine which preserves them; it does not lie in the German nature to be intemperate in the use of liquors.

So far as the dress of this people is concerned, it does not vary, as a general rule, from that of our own people. That is to say, out of ten persons, men and women, whom you will meet in the street, eight or nine of them will not vary materially from Americans of equal wealth. The fashions of Paris rule the world, and even now they are beginning to have currency in Egypt, Syria and other countries of the "unchangable East." They, therefore, equalize all civilized nations in the matter of dress, and in this respect, if in no other, they have great value. Yet they leave out of recognition a great class, the peasantry, with their children. These everywhere retain, almost unchanged, the dress worn whole generations ago, even if one may not go further and say centuries. They date back to the feudal times, these peasant fashions, and so carry the observer back to the days when the vassals of each petty lord were known by their garb. To describe the fanciful headdresses worn by the peasant women would transcend all my powers of description; such a medley of huge streamers, of broad, black ribbon, loops, sometimes a foot in length, puffs and projections as cannot be paralleled among the fantastic "horns" of the Lebanon Druze women. They are neither like hat nor bonnet, they are like nothing, in fact, that I ever saw; in one word they are indescribable, nothing but a photograph can give any idea of their ludicrous appearance.

In other respects the peasantry dress simply. The gowns of the women extend not much further down than the knees, and the long, blue woolen stockings, worn even in the hottest days of summer, are fully seen. The old fashioned blue goods which the "oldest inhabitants" of Springfield can remember as much worn by our farmers' wives and daughters in New England, are here largely used by the peasants. The men wear blue denim frocks, and on Sundays and other holidays, heavy, high-collared blue broadcloth coats, like those seen in our old fashioned portraits, and not quite extinct in our most remote country towns. The children of the peasantry dress in a manner preposterously beyond their years, and look like men and women shrunk to about a quarter of the life size. The effect of this is more striking than that of the fanciful head dresses of the peasant women.

Student Life at Heidelberg.

We find the following in the Worcester *Spy*, from a correspondent of that paper, writing from Germany:

At our hotel we had a lively young German landlord, who amused us all at dinner, a party of a dozen Americans, with his accounts of student life. "Oh, they don't study at all," said he; "how can they? They get up at ten or eleven in the morning. After breakfast they must have their fighting lesson. In the afternoon they come here for a good dinner, and in the evening they *must* be at the beer garden, you know. After they have spent a year or two this way, they just pay the professor for some papers, and then say they have graduated at Heidelberg University." This story, much the same as the Parker-House waiter would give perhaps of Harvard men, we recognized as the account of the 10 per cent of fast men to be found in every college. And we happened to know of one at least, fitted at Mr. Metcalf's Highland school, son of the Chinese Minister Burlingame, who after an exemplary college career, had recently graduated with very high honor. But with curiosity excited about the fighting lesson, after further inquiry, he assured us they do every week fight in desperate encounters and dead earnest.

Next morning I chanced to learn with ocular demonstration that the sword duel of the German students is no myth, or affair of the past, or rough play at blunt fencing, as I had imagined, but a horrible reality of to-day, a barbarism beside which the roughest hazing of our colleges is pleasant pastime. Of the eight or nine hundred students, some hundred or more form clubs, under the name of corps students, distinguished from each other and from all the rest by caps of special color and style. They lead a life of luxury and dissipation. As we drove by their club house, half way up the hill across the river, among the woods, and quite away from the city, we were curious to go in. With the help of our student friend we were permitted, with some hesitation, to enter for a few moments; for to his own credit I should say, that our friend had no personal acquaintance among them, and only, perhaps, by dress and manner was recognized as a member of the university and a fellow student. Abundant evidence indicated the place as a club house of beer and wine and fast living. Around the door were a half dozen immense dogs, of bulldog and bloodhound species, savage looking, but heavily muzzled, which we imagined to be the students' special pets and playfellows. As we ascended the stairs, a porter coming down with two pans of water deeply dyed with blood, gave us unpleasant suspicions of rough play going on. On entering a room, much like Brinley Hall, divided in two, rudely ornamented, and with a few rough benches, on whose floor were blood stains of various date, from the many encounters, and along the side were the long, straight, slender swords, with blunted ends to unfit them for thrusting, but with edges as keen as a penknife. About forty young men were lounging around, some in half dishabile, others richly dressed, some sipping beer, listlessly lying at full length on the benches, or gathered in little knots chatting carelessly over some event of interest. Many faces were scarred heavily with the hacks and gashes of former encounters. There was nothing to indicate any unusual excitement this morning, so that in spite of my aroused suspicions I was half surprised to learn that a duel had just taken place. In one corner where a small group was gathered, we found a student sitting in a chair, half stripped, having his wounds sponged and sewed up. He had just received a ghastly sword cut over the left eye some two inches in length, and one on top of the head still longer and deeper, the scars of which he will carry till death. He wore spectacles, was pale, but keeping up good courage, and talking very coolly about it. Another man, the centre of a different group, I supposed to be his antagonist, but soon found them dressing two more for another fight. They were heavily bandaging the arms, neck and breast, and covering the eyes with iron goggles, and the person with a butcher's shirt. The face and head are free to be hacked and gashed. Our friend said that formerly they admitted the dogs, but on one occasion, when the end of a nose was snipped off, a dog seized and swallowed it, before it could be sewed on again; so now they are more cautious. And what do they fight for? Nothing at all! It is good discipline for courage. Bismarck was a corps student. And so were some of the best professors in college. The different corps fight each other, men on the most friendly terms are arrayed against each other. Generally, however, some insult is purposely offered and passed to provoke the challenge. I heard of their beautiful fights, and the beautiful cuts they give each other. But reserving this epithet for other uses, I only wished for the strong arm of power to arrest the whole set of young barbarians, who outrage and disgrace civilization, and send them to coal mines for some useful service to mankind.

THE SOLDIERS' MOTHER.

In one of the fern glens of the Upper Alleghanies stands a small log house, which once held a large family: John Riley, the father, Susan Riley, the mother, and children, John, Susan, James, Patrick, Sedwick, and little Bess. Bred to hard living, there was not one in all that little huttful of light souls who would shrink to face a catamount, or a bear, or an Indian, or find fault with hard bread and cold quarters.

At the breaking out of the war, the father, John, James, and Patrick, enlisted, the last as drummer boy. Sedwick cried to go, but was told, to his great grief and indignation, that he would have to wait and grow, as he was only twelve years old, and about three feet, two. The wife and mother had as big a heart as anybody, and there can be no question but that heart gave a sharp twinge when "old John" and the boys left her; but she, nevertheless, declared that she would have gone herself if they hadn't. They might go, and God-speed to them, for there was no help for't: and as for her, she had not a doubt whatever but that it was decreed from the foundation of the world that she should be left to carry on their business, which was farming and shoemaking, according to the season, all alone, just as she was; and she could do it, if worse came to worst; she was sure of that.

So half the Riley family went from the log house to the war, and half stayed at home. Susan took care of what little there was indoors, and the mother, according to her statement, "took care of all out-doors," with Susan's help whenever she was off duty, and with Sedwick's *always*. Little Bess was unanimously voted good for nothing yet, but to keep bread and cheese from moulding. Mrs. Riley plowed the glebe with the old one-horse plow, with Sedwick to ride. Mrs. Riley planted it with corn and potatoes, with Sedwick to drop them for her, and when hoeing time came, she and Susan hoed it, while Sedwick did the best he could at pulling weeds, and Bess ran actively and noiselessly about, picking up angle worms and treading on the hills.

The season wore round thus, and still the indefatigable industry of Mrs. Riley kept appearances very much as they were. The cow shed had several extra windows, perhaps, not left by the carpenter, and the cow herself showed a hide of hair that pointed several different ways, but appearances were, if the truth was known, not so much against Mrs. Riley's management after all. Said cow and cow shed had never been kept in a state of perfect repair. The hens and turkeys always took care of themselves, and of course they looked as well as ever. The old horse, habitually light in flesh, may have betrayed his ribs a trifle plainer, and possibly the pig was a shaving less fat; but let nothing be said about trifles where the only wonder is that the woman, left by her husband and three sons, should keep her family together at all, and, much more, cultivate her farm. When conscription goes through our towns and cities, sweeping every able-bodied man away, we shall see how many women there are like her.

With all this outdoor labor, Sue Riley did not so far forget the "shop" as to justify the taking down of the old shingle:

"Boots & Shus mad & mended heer."

When customers came and left work before they knew that John was gone, she continued to do it, and did it so well that they kept on bringing, and the good woman had all she could do with her cobbling and farming together, you may be sure.

Meantime she was kept informed tolerably well of the movements of her husband and boys, for though all of them were but indifferent writers, she depended on Susan to decipher the letters when they came, for not a word could she read of good or bad writing—yet they made up in frequency and pith what they lacked in penmanship and rhetoric. Their regiments did duty most of the year in western Virginia. The Rileys had enlisted in two regiments, the father and youngest son in one, and John and James in the other, and it fared with them about alike.

In October a letter came from John, bearing in rustic but touching phrase bad news mingled with good.

Camp Greene Ridge, Sep Twenty.

Deer Mother:—A Grate battle's ben fit & wev beat but mother that aint all the 49th got cut up wustn wee did & father's ded I donno nuther what'll becum o poor little pat fur they say hess wounded tu but I cant git leeve to go see him & weer ordird to march to morrer at 4 oclock with 3 days rashuns & God help us coodnt ye cum mother to find pat & leeve Sue long with the childrun o mother war's a terrible thing anyhow but father dyd in the thick of the fite jist as I mabbe God bless ye mother cum if ye can Jim's well and sends love. Your son

John.

There was enough of natural affection in that rough Riley family: deep, genuine, downright *love*. If one member possessed it more than any of the rest it was the mother. Bluntly and coarsely as she always talked, and hard featured as she was to look upon, no poetess ever had a richer vein of human sentiment than Mrs. Riley, and Florence Nightingale herself could not handle a case of aggravated distress more tenderly than she. The news of her husband's death came with a sudden stroke that almost felled her to the floor. But she bore up till her work was done that day, and let the younger eyes shed the tears.

"Why don't you cry, mother?" said little Bess, who was sobbing with Susan and Sedwick over a grief she could not understand; but the pale, thin lips of the mother did not move.

In the middle of that night, long after sleep had stolen over the children's sorrow, Susan was awakened by a groan. She started up, and found her mother sitting in the bed, white, in the harvest moon that shone through the one window, as a shrouded corpse.

"Light a candle, Susan," she heard her whisper, and then the terrified girl obeyed and inquired, hurriedly, of her if she should bring the camphor or heat some water. Mrs. Riley shook her head and said, faintly, "Get the Testament and read."

Susan got the book and asked where she should read.

"No matter much. Open somewhere in the middle."

And kneeling by the bed, with the candle in her hand, the younger daughter read with trembling voice and simple, unlearned emphasis, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

A low, faint cry from the bosom of the suffering woman, and the girl's voice was drowned in the stormy, convulsive sobs that shook the next instant through the strong frame of Mrs. Riley, as if they would rend it asunder.

The deep waters were loosed, and hoarded tears of half a life time seemed now to flow forth in one gush of irresistible sorrow. By and by the paroxysm passed, and she rose from her face breathing long, deep breaths, as if a sweet sense of relief had come over her, and lying down on her pillow, said softly,

"Good Lord, Thy will be done! Put the book by, Susan, and go to bed."

The bulk of the harvest, however, was gathered in (as good a yield as could be expected) when John's letter came. And the very next day, leaving as good directions as she could to Susan, and charging the younger children to mind her, with a promise not to be gone very long, Mrs. Riley was on her way to Green Ridge, to find her wounded drummer boy. The feelings of the wife that had so fiercely struggled, well nigh to breaking her heart, for her recent loss, were now subdued and tranquil, as conscious that the old relationship had passed away with the husband's ebbing blood, to linger only in the silence of his grave, and all the mother awoke within her as she turned from the dead to the living.

She was some nearer to her destination when the cars left her at Shannon Dale Terminus, a village with seven houses. How to get conveyance for the rest of the way was the next question. Not even a cart or oxen could she find. At length an ill-looking negro came along, to whom she applied for information.

"Can you tell me where I'll find a team?"

"Yes'm."

"Where, then?"

"Ise got one."

"Well, what is it—a horse, a donkey, or a pair of steers? and what's the wagon? Tell all about it."

"Mule and cart, missus."

"What'll ye ask to Green Ridge?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Stay to home with yer ole mule, ye wicked, swindlin' nigger, to take advantage of a woman! Ask ten hundred, why didn't ye, when ye was at it? But ye may make yer money out o' somebody else. I'll go afoot."

And off she started, leaving the exorbitant African materially sobered of his grin, and staring after her with an expression of semi-fiereeness, as if he half meditated doing something wickeder still.

Mrs. Riley saw no cause to repent of her resolution. She had gone over but eight or ten of the weary stretch of miles when an army teamster overtook her, and gave her a seat among his powder kegs. The ride, however, was rather a change of exercise than a rest to her, for the road was frightfully bad. From the teamster she learned that the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania was not within twenty or thirty miles of the spot where it was when her son dated his letter, but had moved to or near a place called Sullivan's Pass, taking their wounded with them. The communicative driver furthermore informed her that he was to stop eight miles short of this latter place, and he declared, after he had heard Mrs. R.'s story, that if he were not in the employ of the government he would see her clear to the Pass himself, free of charge.

The next foot journey of the resolute widow was exhausting in the extreme—rocks, gullies, marshes, and, above all, the inevitable and omnipresent tangle of laurel brushwood lay across her path and obstructed her feet at every step. Supporting herself by the thought that her boy had passed over that way, she persevered and struggled through—to find, alas, on arriving, worn out with fatigue, at the place she sought, only ashes and the scattered debris of a departed army! The regiment had been gone two days.

But the persistent woman was not to be discouraged. Resting herself awhile, she set about looking for a team, and after some trouble she procured a man, at a large price, to take her in his cart to the regiment where her boy belonged. As they came within the lines they were hailed and fired on by a picket, but escaped harm, and in due time the flags and white tents of the forty-ninth appeared around the spur of a mountain.

Stopped by the sentinel at the camp line, she inquired for Patrick Riley, the drummer-boy, and was told that he was not there. That was all the soldier knew about it. Whether he was dead or alive he did not say. She was not to be put off, and a corporal of the guard was summoned, who passed her within the camp, and she hastened forthwith to make inquiries of the colonel himself.

"Which way did you come?" said the colonel.

"By the Plummer road."

"You passed your boy within half a mile. I left him with all my wounded at Verrico's Station, to be taken off to Harrisburg as soon as they are able. I think you'll find him there. He was badly hurt in the arm."

With all possible dispatch the widow drove back the Plummer road to Verrico's Station. A company of soldiers were placed around a long, rough-looking house with a flag on it, and she knew it was the hospital. A guard stopped the horse long before they reached the building, but Mrs. Riley snatched the whip from the driver and lashed the terrified beast up to the very door in spite of all opposition, where, springing from the cart, she pushed by the sentinel as quick as thought, and without stopping to hear the epithets of "hag" and "she devil" that were shot after her as she passed in, she stood, in another second, in the very midst of the wounded soldiers.

"Patrick Riley!" she called out almost out of breath, and looking all about her as if afraid her senses would deceive her. There was no mistaking the quick, downright tone of widow Riley. If the boy was there he would certainly answer.

"O, mother," gasped a weak boy's voice, and a tumbled heap in one corner stirred, and rushing towards it, the faithful woman saw her poor little drummer sitting up, but so changed that none but his mother would have known him.

"Poor Pat! you've had a sorry time, that's clear." And here the wonderful energies of the mother which had kept up so long as her child was to be searched for, (God's angels bear up with their hands the strength of mothers in such emergencies,) gave way now that her child was found, and she sank down almost fainting upon the straw pallet before her.

"Look up, mother, and don't ye feel bad. I'm all right," said the plucky little fellow. "My arm's hurt so't I shan't drum no more, but now you've come I feel like I could lick all the rebels with one hand!"

Mrs. Riley soon recovered, and set about nursing her boy.

She came in the nick of time, for his arm had just been amputated, and he was somewhat feverish. Probably his mother's care was the only thing that saved him. In a week he was able to go home with her; and just as the November winds began to blow, Pat took his old place by the crackling fire in the log house, among the Upper Alleghanies, and told his brother and sisters his story of the war.

FORT SUMTER--1861--1865.

Historical Sketch of the Bombardment and Surrender of Fort Sumter in April, 1861.

This day, Friday, April 14, 1865, will be ever memorable for the formal restoration to its legitimate place of the first United States flag captured in battle during our long, but now happily closing civil war. In view of this circumstance, a brief sketch of the main facts concerning the glorious old fort, her defence and final surrender four years ago will be timely reading.

In December, 1860, Fort Sumter was one of the strongest works in the republic. It was erected at the cost of over a $1,000,000 to the nation, and possessed the united advantages of inaccessible position and the superintendence of the best engineering skill. Built upon an artificial island in the harbor of which it was the prominent defence, its pentagonal walls of brick and compact concrete, twelve feet of which at the base and eight at the parapet, rose full sixty feet from the level of the sea. Pierced for two tiers of guns, and strengthened for the upholding of a third *en barbette*, the fortress was prepared for attack on four sides, while its fifth, looking landward and homeward, was unprotected and entirely inoffensive. Up to the 27th of December, 1860, but a small guard was kept on duty at the fort, although Maj. ANDERSON, then stationed at Fort Moultrie, had, with the divination of a watchful soldier, foreseen the necessity of strengthening the works, so that, in case the nucleus of Confederate discontent and treason should grow to offensive proportions, and attempt attack, he might not be wholly unprepared to repel it. So early as the 11th of December, ten days prior to the passage of the ordinance of secession by South Carolina, Maj. ANDERSON was distrustful of all approaches to Moultrie, and no person was granted admittance who was unprovided with the guarantee of good faith from one of the garrison officers. Convinced that it would be folly for him to remain in Moultrie, which was literally at the mercy of Fort Sumter, Maj. ANDERSON, by a skillful endeavor, transferred his force, consisting of nine officers, fifty-five artillerists, fifteen musicians and thirty laborers, constituting a fighting guard of but one hundred and nine men to that fort, and on the 27th of December, 1860, at high noon, he raised the garrison flag, while every knee was bent and every head bowed in silent reverence, after which the band broke forth with the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia,', and the flag was saluted with hearty and prolonged huzzas.

THE EFFECT IN CHARLESTON

was electric. Baffled and outmaneuvered, the rebels, who had expected to quietly or forcibly oust the Moultrie garrison, and enter easily upon the possession of Sumter, found the one beyond their reach, the other sentineled by a determined band, who would, for a time at least, uphold the insignia of the nation's honor, and protect, at the hazard of life itself, the prestige of its stars and stripes. The rapid pace of treason was doubtless quickened by this movement, while throughout the loyal North the pulse of patriotism, and of indignation at the Southern boasts, beat high and fast. Events succeeded with marked significance. On the very day of the occupation of Sumter, the South Carolina troops were ordered out; military assistance was sought and promised by Georgia and Alabama; the first vessel armed, which bore a traitorous flag, was on that day stolen from the United States by Capt. L. C. COSTE, of the revenue cutter *William Aiken*, which lay in Charleston harbor. But two weeks prior to this act, Capt. COSTE had stated that he should resign in case South Carolina seceded, but prefering to act a double treachery, he broke his oath as an officer and violated his honor as a citizen, tearing down the colors under whose protection he had lived, and substituting the palmetto standard of revolt.

Mr. FLOYD, the Secretary of War, urged the President, Mr. BUCHANAN, to direct the withdrawal of Major ANDERSON and his force, but, unwilling to take so grave a responsibility, the President declined, and the Secretary resigned. On the 20th of December, Messrs. R. W. BARNWELL, J. H. ADAMS and JAMES L. ORR proceeded to Washington as commissioners from the State of South Carolina, and laid before the President their authorization papers, a copy of the ordinance of secession, and a request that he would withdraw all the United States troops from Charleston Harbor. The President declined to meet them save as private gentlemen, but entered into correspondence with them, closing his letter of Dec. 30, 1860, as follows;

> It is under all these circumstances that I am urged immediately to withdraw the troops from the harbor of Charleston, and I am informed that without this negotiation is impossible. This I cannot do; this I will not do. Such an idea was never thought of by me, in any possible contingency. No such allusion has been made in any communication between myself and any human being. * * * At

this stage of writing, I have received information by telegraph from Capt. HUMPHREYS, in command of the arsenal at Charleston, that "it has to-day (Sunday, the 30th) been taken by force of arms." It is estimated that the munitions of war belonging to this arsenal are worth half a million of dollars. Comment is needless. After this information, I have only to add, that while it is my duty to defend Fort Sumter, as a portion of the public property of the United States, against hostile attacks, from whatever quarter they may come, by such means as I possess for this purpose, I do not perceive how such a defence can be construed into a menace against the City of Charleston.

To this the commissioners returned an answer filled with the most extraordinary statements, which were deemed sufficiently insulting to warrant the President in returning it unnoticed. The necessity provisioning and reinforcing Sumter was as obvious a duty as its retention. Probably the war which has followed cannot furnish an abortion so absolute, an attempt so absurd, as that evinced by the efforts of the government to supply Maj. ANDERSON with men and rations. The *Star of the West*, a well-known California transport, was chartered by the government and loaded with provisions, carrying also four officers and two hundred men. On the 5th of January, 1861, she cleared for New-Orleans and sailed for Sumter—facts as well known in Charleston as in New-York, where they were public rumor. On the 9th she reached Charleston bar, and upon heading toward Sumter, received the fire from a masked battery on Morris Island. Finding his quarters uncomfortably dangerous, and convinced that further attempt to reach the desired point was futile, Capt McGOWAN put his ship about and arrived in New-York on the morning of the 12th, to the great disgust of the entire community.

With hostile batteries, thirteen in number, ready or preparing for action, Maj. ANDERSON devoted the energies of himself and command to the improvement of the weaker points of the fort. To Gov. PICKENS' demand for surrender he had replied that he had "no power to comply with such a demand," and perceiving the imminent probability of attack, he determined to send off the women and children, and on the 3d of February they sailed for New-York in the steamer *Marion*. On the 1st of March, Maj. ANDERSON notified the War Department that an early attack might be expected, and detailed the preparations made by the Charlestonians for that purpose. Gen. BEAUREGARD, through the spies and friends of the rebels at the North, well knew that the Government of the United States, under the administration of President LINCOLN, was considering the best means of relieving Major ANDERSON, and on the 8th April, 1861, he notified Mr. L. P. WALKER, the Confederate Secretary of War, that Mr. LINCOLN had informed Gov. PICKENS of his determination to "send provisions to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force." In accordance with instructions from the War Department, he made a formal

DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER

of the fort on the 11th day of April, to which Maj. ANDERSON returned a refusal, and verbally intimated to the messengers that, as he was nearly out of stores, his evacuation was but a question of time and endurance. Gen. BEAUREGARD rejoined that he was desirous of sparing the shedding of blood, and that, if Maj. ANDERSON would specify a day on which he would evacuate, he would refrain from an attack. At this time, unknown to the beleaguered garrison, relief from the North was in the offing. The succoring force was as follows: *Sloop-of-war Pawnee*; *sloop-of-war Powhatan*; cutter *Harriet Lane*; steamers *Baltic*, *Atlantic* *Illinois*; steamtugs *Yankee*, *Uncle Ben*; carrying in all 26 guns and 1,380 men. Had Maj. ANDERSON known of this, doubtless he would have given a different reply to Gen. BEAUREGARD, whose aids received an open answer stating that, on the 15th inst., with certain provisos, the fort would be evacuated. The aids on the spot wrote the following

NOTIFICATION OF BOMBARDMENT.

FORT SUMTER, S. C.,
April 12, 1861—3:20 A. M.

To Maj. Anderson:

SIR: By authority of Brig.-Gen. BEAUREGARD, commanding the provisional forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to inform you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

JAMES CHESNUT, Jr., A. D. C.,
S. D. LEE, Captain and A. D. C.

Maj. ROB. ANDERSON, U. S. A., Fort Sumter.

This notification found Maj. ANDERSON comparatively helpless. Of bread there was not a piece, and of pork, his only ration, but an insufficient quantity; there was quite a supply of powder, but only seven hundred cartridges, and the ridiculously small number of three needles with which to sew the canvas bags. The best appointed garrison without provisions or cartridges would be of insignificant use, but in this case there was not even a moderate numerical force. Calling his officers and men together, Maj. ANDERSON informed them in the early hours of that eventful day, that an immediate attack was to be made, and then proceeded to divide them into three reliefs.

THE FORCE

consisted of the following officers

Names.	Rank.	Regiment.	Entry into service.	Born
R. Anderson	Major	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1825	Ky.
S. W. Crawford	Surg'n.	Med. Staff	Mar. 10, 1851	Penn.
A. Doubleday	Capt.	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1842	N. Y.
T. Seymour	Capt.	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1846	Vt.
Theo. Talbot	1st Lt.	1st Artillery.	May 22, 1847	D. C.
J. C. Davis	1st Lt.	1st Artillery.	June 17, 1848	Ind.
J. U. Hall	2d Lt.	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1859	N. Y.
J. G. Foster	Capt.	Engineers.	July 1, 1846	N. H.
G. W. Snyder	1st Lt.	Engineers.	July 1, 1856	N. Y.
R. K. Meade	2d Lt.	Engineers.	July 1, 1856	Va.

and seventy men, of whom fifteen composed the band. Without further preparation, the gallant Commander awaited the bombardment. At thirty minutes after 4 o'clock, when the first grey pencilings of the coming sun were visible in the Eastern sky, the hand of EDMUND RUFFIN, a hoary-headed, hard-hearted Virginian, whose best and worst days had been spent in tireless efforts for secession, fired the first gun of civil war, which discharged a well-aimed shell at the doomed fort. Directly above the inclosure burst the shell, whose scattering missiles did no physical injury, but whose moral effect it would be difficult to over-estimate. The firing continued; the experiments of the eager politicians who quarreled for the dishonor of the earlier discharges, gave place to the actual bombardment of more experienced men; minutes grew into hours, and the clear glass revealed to thousands of spectators the effect of the one-sided contest. Cannon balls rattled upon parapet and embrasure, shells burst with rare beauty above the fortress, hurling swift messengers of destruction down upon it, and great shot found easy access to the very vitals of the defence. The dirt flew from the island, splinters sliced off from the works, stones and mortar parted company, and dismantled guns were eloquent of damage done, but as yet no sheet of flame, no sound of thunder, no stroke of resistance appeared from the fort. At half past six sounded the familiar tune, "Peas upon the Trencher," and quietly the bestormed garrison filed into quarters and partook of their salt pork rations. The fire had now continued uninterruptedly two hours. Major ANDERSON, convinced of the reality of the attack, then gave the order to reply, and at once the

RETURN FIRE

was begun, Capt. DOUBLEDAY, the second in command, firing the first gun, after which the batteries opened upon the attacking posts with vigor. The damage already done to Fort Sumter was great and disastrous. But two tiers of guns were used—that *en barbette* and the lower range of casemates; the former being of the heaviest calibre, capable of crushing the armor of the iron-plated batteries, and the only ones from which shell could be thrown. So admirably directed, however, was the firing of the insurgent batteries, that almost at the commencement of the return Major ANDERSON was compelled to abandon the upper tier and rely alone upon the lowest and least effective battery. In attempting, unbeknown to Major ANDERSON, to use the upper guns, several of our men who longed for a good shot at the rebels, succeeded in firing the large guns, with the only apparent result of dismounting two of them—one by recoil and the other in consequence of a blow from the first. The enthusiasm of our troops was immense; for nearly three hours they had remained quiet, exposed to a fearful fire, unpermitted to return a shot or raise a shout, and when at last, not only permission but the order came, they sprang to their work with such alacrity that the assailants are astonished, and doubted whether or no the fort had been reinforced without their knowledge. But even heroes are but mortal, and ineffective guns in good hands are useless. Courage and skill on the part of the gallant band were insufficient to overcome numbers, position and superior equipments. The unequal contest was continued until about 12 o'clock, when the cheering sight of the Stars and Stripes, floating from the masthead of the relieving ships, met the eye of Maj. ANDERSON. The salute was exchanged and hopes were entertained that in some way the much needed help might be transferred from deck to dock. A storm came up, scattered the fleet, threw the *Baltic* on a bar and rendered the expedition futile. Thus with a fort broken in, guns dismounted, provisions nearly gone, the looked for relief driven off by a wind from the cloud, a determined enemy all about him, and no reasonable prospect of a worse to-morrow, Maj. ANDERSON closed the first day of the bombardment.

All night long at irregular intervals the firing was continued, and when the dawn of

THE SECOND DAY

approached, the storm had subsided, great clouds were driving to the southward, and the sun bright and glorious shone upon the scene of contest. Red-hot shot were showered upon the fort; three times the quarters and barracks were on fire, but the active exertions of the laborers put it out; a fourth time the flames appeared, and with renewed fury. They licked up the barracks and approached the magazine. Men who had stood bravely at their posts amid a shower of red-hot shot, might well be pardoned for shuddering at this new danger, but history is denied even this small variation from the

continuous heroism of the troops. A hundred barrels of gunpowder were removed from the magazine, every one at the peril of life and limb, while the hot shot crashed among the burning beams, and the whistling shells hissed above the parapet. The situation of the garrison, desperate from the first, was now near its last extremity. The gates of the fort were burned out; the chassis of the barbette guns were burned upon the gorge; the shells and fixed ammunition stored in the fort burst by reason of heat, carrying ruin and possible death with every explosion; and the heat of the roaring flame was such as to promise early roasting or prolonged suffocation to all who should escape death from the shot and shell. The sun poured its scorching rays full upon the inclosure; the smoke of the fire, combined with that from the discharge, hung low within the fort; the terrors of Erebus seemed upon them, when a current of air disclosed the startling fact that the flag was down. Up sprang a gallant musician—HALL—and jumping upon the shot-raked parade brought the colors in. A temporary flagstaff was rigged, and PETER HART, with dauntless heroism, climbed up and nailed the colors fast.

Assuming to regard the temporary absence of the flag as an indication of a desire to

SURRENDER,

MR. WIGFALL, of Texas, made his appearance with his handkerchief waving, and desired admission. It was granted, but as the national colors still waved defiance, the rebel batteries continued their fire. After some consultation, Mr. WIGFALL displayed his improvised flag-of-truce, and having heard Maj. AN-

THE CONSECRATION OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.—The President's party arrived Wednesday evening and the President and Secretary Seward were serenaded, and each replied to the compliment.

President Lincoln said he was happy to see so many of his friends present to participate in the ceremonies, but he would make no speech, as he had nothing particular to say. [Laughter and applause.]

Secretary Seward was loudly called for. He said he was 60 years of age and had been 40 years in public life. This, however, was the first time he had ever dared to address people residing upon the borders of Maryland. He anticipated 40 years ago that the battle of freedom would be fought upon this ground, and that slavery would die,—[Loud cheering.] There had been a great issue between the people of the country north and south, and it was now being determined in this contest. He had been anxious to see slavery die by peaceable means, if possible, and now he was destined to see it die by the fate of war. [Applause.] This Pennsylvania, beautiful, capacious rich and fertile Pennsylvania, was an evidence of what the spirit of freedom had done for the Union. He would not abandon this contest until we had one hope, one country, one destiny, and one nationality. [Loud applause.]

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the national cemetery commenced Thursday morning, by a grand military and civic display, under command of Major General Couch. At a quarter past 11 the head of the procession arrived at the main stand.

The President and members of the Cabinet, together with the chief military and civic dignitaries, took places on the stand. The President seated himself between Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett, after a reception, marked with the respect and perfect silence due the solemnities of the occasion, every man in the immense gathering uncovering on his appearance.

The military then formed in line, extending around the stand, the area between the stand and military being occupied by civilians, comprising about 15,000 people, and including men, women and children. The attendance of ladies was quite large. The military escort comprised one division of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, and a squad of infantry, which constituted the regular funeral escort for the highest officer in the service.

The services commenced with a funeral dirge (by Bergfeld) by the band. An impressive prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Stockton. After the prayer an oration by Mr. Everett was delivered, and was listened to with marked attention.

We have room only for an extract from the closing passages of Mr. Everett's masterly address:—

The people of loyal America will never take to their confidence or admit again to a share in their government the hard-hearted men, whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land, but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousand fellow men; they may live, in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the governments of Europe,—some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign powers in furtherance of their own treason. There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier that lies cold and stiff in his grave before us, is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man, who is willing to grovel at the foot of a foreign throne, for assistance in compassing the ruins of his country.

But the hour is coming and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war, for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one People, a substantial community of origin, language, belief and law, (the four great ties that hold the societies of man together,) common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geograpical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products, while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has levelled the mountain walls which separate the East and West compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel, these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious and transient. The heart of the people North and South is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the east and the west of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitols, and their sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity and happiness which they enjoyed under a government whose power was felt only in its blessings.

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again invoke your benediction, as we part, on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country, that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side, on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion louder than that which marshalled them to the combat, shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union;—it is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defence.—The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought the self-sacrifice, the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after times, the wondering ploughman will turn up with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary ridge, the peach-orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous; no lapse of time, no distance of space shall cause you to be forgotten. "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens, who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponessian war, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." All time, he might have added, is the millenium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and navy of the United States, their officers and men—to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page, than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Applause.) Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.—(Applause.) The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but they will never forget what they did here. (Applause.)

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus so far nobly carried on. (Applause.) It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain (applause); that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." (Long continued applause.)

Three cheers were here given for the President and the Governors of the States.

After the delivery of this address the dirge and the benediction closed the exercises, and the immense assemblage separated about 2 o'clock.

Died at Gettysburg.

The following beautiful extract is from a funeral sermon preached in Maine, over a brave young volunteer who fell at Gettysburg:

"We esteem it an honor that one brave, young life has, from this congregation, been yielded up in so great, so holy a cause.

We esteem it an honor (sore, unutterable grief though it be) to those parents who have been called to give up their first-born, the object of their love and their hope to God and their country, to the whole race whom Christ came to save!

Died at Gettysburg! no prouder epitaph need any man covet. Who of all who have occupied these houses, and tilled these fields—building, planting, reaping and returning to the dust whence they were taken—who of them all has earned a nobler memorial? Who of all who now dwell here, will merit a more affectionate, honored remembrance, than the young volunteer who, from this community went forth to fight, and as the event proved, die for his country?

Died at Gettysburg! Do you know what it means? It means "Died to chasten the insolence which had grown inordinate through a series of successes." It means "Died to restore courage and hope to an army saddened and despondent through long-continued disaster." It means "Died to turn back the torrent of invasion and pillage, and wide-spread devastation." It means "Died to still the panic fear which filled all hearts in the great cities of our land." It means "Died that mothers might put their children in security to their night's rest." It means "Died that insurrection and riot, theft and robbery, conflagration and red-handed murder might not rage at will,—not in New York and Boston alone, but in every city, every town, every village in the land." It means "Died that you might assemble in this house without fear that your homes will be plundered and burned in your absence—that you yourselves might fall by the shot or stab of the assassin."

For all that was experienced in New York is but a small sample of what must, in all probability, have been experienced throughout the North, had the men who died at Gettysburg faltered when desperately assaulted by a proud, outnumbering foe.

Died at Gettysburg! It means "Died that the best government on which the sun ever shone might not be bound and powerless, calling in vain for the succor which would not come—as our governments, in all seeming, would have been, had not God, in his mercy, interposed for us, saving us by those who, at Gettysburg, opposed their breasts as the bulwarks of our defence, against the enemy who thought to tread us into the dust!"

Died at Gettysburg! It means "Died for the land's salvation; died for the opening of the prison-doors to them that are unjustly bound; died to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to the oppressed nations of the earth; died that men might still hope and struggle upward to life and liberty, civil and religious; died that a field for missionary enterprise might be opened in our own land, more widespread and more important than any of which we have yet taken possession; died that Christians might not, broken-hearted, retire from the effort for the world's conversion; died that God's kingdom might come, that his will might be done, on earth as it is done in heaven.

That is what it means—Died at *Gettysburg!*"

The Cunard Line.

Give Cunard his due. It's a wonderful line. Punctual as a mail coach—regular as an express train. For twenty-seven years they have met their sailing days—arriving in time, without losing a steamer, a passenger, or a letter. Yes, Shannon lost the Columbia—and one or two passengers may have fallen overboard, a sailor may have broken his leg, an engine snapped the cross bar, but no mortal accident in twenty-seven years. Boston was at its zenith when they started. Their great success is said to have arisen from their taking their departure on the Fourth of July! 'Twas in 1840 they touched our Boston wharves. The Columbia, Acadia, Batavia and Hibernia touched at Halifax. This was the first quartette. Then came the second edition of boats. The Cambria, Niagara, America, Canada and Europa. Then the third edition was launched. The Asia, Africa and Arabia. All the foregoing were wooden boats and side-wheelers. Then came the fourth edition and the age of iron. The Persia and Scotia were put upon the race course. Then came an iron screw—the Australasian—and another, the China, followed by the last edition, the Cuba, Java and Russia, all iron boats. No passage yet made under eight days. Moody, however, ran from Halifax to Queenstown in six days and fifteen hours in the Java, but the Adriatic, an American boat, did the distance from St. John's to Galway in more than a day less. What a world of history!

Twenty-seven years of voyages. Twenty-seven years of bridal parties, poker parties, champagne parties. Twenty-seven years of ocean friendships, acquaintances, confidences, marrying and giving in marriage. How many fortunes have been changed by an ocean voyage. When the World's one hundred thousand readers see these lines, let each recall his or her first voyage over the sea. Shipboard is the place to read character. All there is in a man pops out when he is sea-sick. Each Cunard captain has his admirers. Some like one, some another. But all have their history. The captains in the olden time were kings in their way. But the old stagers are nearly all gone. Nobody but the Commodores Judkins and Lott left. The one has crossed three hundred times, the other three hundred and fifty. Think of it—all gone but these two. Shannon, Harrison, Lang, Ryrie, Miller,—all dead! Poor Harrison, after making so many ocean voyages, goes down in the harbor from a sail-boat bound to the Great Eastern. All the others met a natural death. Anderson is now Sir James, with his three thousand a year for laying the cable. Moody has married a pretty Pittsfield girl, and got a pretty English baby, and gone into manufacturing in Berkshire county with Gen. Bartlett of Port Hudson fame. Stone, the silent, sometimes called the Grave Stone, a prince of fellows, ought to have had the Russia, but Cook got her, and Stone, disgusted, has resigned. So none of all the old chiefs remain but our old friends Judkins and Lott. Lott, who they say has worn one pair of blue trowsers for twenty years, till lately he had them dyed black. Where are the old steamers? The Cambria was sold for $6000 to the Fenian Garibaldi. The original boats when used up for carrying the mails, carried freight from Havre to Liverpool, and when used up for freight were sold to the Spanish government for transports!

Save in size, one sees little change. When England gets in the rut of custom 'tis difficult to get out. Twenty-seven years ago they started with candlesticks and wax candles, and wax candles and candlesticks they have got now. Twenty-seven years ago they gave us stewed prunes, and stewed prunes we had to-day; twenty-seven years ago they started without *napkins*, and we have no napkins to this hour; twenty-seven years ago the Sons of Temperance went up to the larboard side to get their grog, and their grog was given them this morning out of the same ladle. Boston crackers were on the table in 1840, and Boston crackers are spread before us in 1868. The same bill of fare on board the first boat is used on board the last. Englishmen never change. How long have you been waiter, George? I asked at Felton's in St. James street. "Seventeen years, and my father before me, sir," he responded with an air of pride. Twenty-seven years ago the captains got £450 a year—they get the same now. The waiters were paid then £3 a month—that is all they get now. The engineers £200 then—the same now. The perquisites are not gold mines by any means. Even Judkins only gets his dark state-rooms and a commission on specie never to exceed £30; but even now he is *gray* they refuse him a pension. McIver and Cunard only exact the pound of flesh.—*G. F. Train, to N. Y. World.*

Stage-Coaching Revived.—The memory of old associations appertaining to staging thirty years ago in the "heart of the Commonwealth" was revived on Friday last, by the appearance in our streets of one of the conveyances used by Hon. Ginery Twichell for special occasions in connection with his extensive lines radiating from Worcester, before railroads were fairly in vogue. The stage coach was built by Moses T. Breck of Worcester, in the most substantial manner, and is to-day in as good condition for use as when first dedicated to the public. No repairs have been needed through all these years except an occasional coat of varnish and new upholstering.

In 1840, by request of the citizens of the town of Barre, seats were added on the top of the vehicle, so that a party of thirty-two persons could be easily accommodated—twelve inside and twenty outside. The largest load ever carried by the ponderous carriage was a party of sixty-two young women of Worcester, who, uniformly dressed, were driven on a huckleberry excursion to the suburbs, by Mr. Twichell, eight matched horses being required on the occasion. The floor and roof of the coach, and also the baggage rack under the back perch, were necessarily improvised as seats for the company, the leather curtain in the rear being drawn down so as to obstruct their view of surrounding objects.

During the exciting presidential campaign of 1840, the staunch vehicle was much used for conveying the sovereigns to and from political gatherings in the towns surrounding old Quinsigamond, and there are hundreds, doubtless, now living, in all parts of the state, who can recall with pleasure the occasion when they were safely transported in it to Barre, or some other equally inviting spot in the summer season, on their way to recuperate.

On the occasion of the marriage of its distinguished owner, twenty-two years ago, the bridal party were driven from Barre to Worcester in this coach, drawn by a team of beautiful white horses. This association alone, of all others, will doubtless lead Mr. Twichell to preserve this memorial of his early life as long as possible.

For the past fifteen years the stage has been kept in Framingham, where numerous parties have from time to time availed themselves of opportunities to excursionize with its aid. Friday being the fifth birthday of Mr. Twichell's youngest son, was appropriately selected for its appearance in Boston.

Messrs. Hobart and Waller of the Worcester railroad, on its appearance at the depot, took possession, and drove to State street about noon, having as passengers Messrs. Cheney, Fiske, and Gay, of express fame, besides eight or ten conductors well known to the traveling public. The novel team attracted much attention as it passed through the streets, and the wish was often expressed by the friends of its proprietor that a photograph might be taken so as to preserve forever this relic of times gone by.—*Boston Transcript.*

Union Pacific Railroad

Genius, Pluck, Money, and the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Genius to plan, the Pluck to undertake and the Money to do with, are the three grand essentials in all great and successful enterprises. Each is good in its way, but each is powerless without the other. It is but rarely that all these qualifications are combined, either in an individual or a company; but when they are difficulties vanish and magnificent results are obtained. Old Colonel Tom Benton was thought a man of genius, yet he never planned a railroad across the Rocky Mountains, except "where practicable"; but the old hard money senator is dead, and the world and its people and its ideals have moved on. The Rocky Mountains don't look as high as they did, and, like many other difficulties which seemed insurmountable in the distance, they have been *got over* without unusual effort. The locomotive will run up to their highest summit at a grade of only eighty feet to the mile, and down again on the other side upon a slope of but ninety feet, while the Baltimore and Ohio winds its climbing way over the Alleghanies at an incline of 116 feet to the mile, for twenty miles together.

A few men saw that a Pacific Railroad *must be built.* There was no other way to the Pacific, without traversing two oceans at a great cost of time and money. The defiles of the Alps were not higher than Evans Pass, and as they were being tunneled and traversed, why not the Rocky Mountains? So Genius sent out its topographical and engineering corps, and, after two or three years of surveying and mapping, it was reported that a practical line for the great inter-oceanic highway had been found. Genius further saw, that when finished, for magnitude and amount of traffic it would be one of the wonders of the world. But Arithmetic said, "nothing less than a hundred millions of money will create it." Pluck, nothing daunted at these figures, replied, "Let us bring in all the great parties in interest and do our best with them." The United States government wanted it the "worst way." Uncle Sam had an immense farm of millions of square miles lying waste, of which nobody would buy an acre until he made a railroad through it; and then, nothing else would civilize those troublesome Indian tenants. Besides, the old gentlemen was pretty deeply in debt, and his enterprising family were willing to help him out, if he would only open a way to his great gold mines; and so he came down with an offer to lend fifty million dollars in bonds, and to make a liberal donation of land, if Pluck would go to work and "put the road right through."

Pluck accordingly went to work with a will, and Congress chartered the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Most of the "solid" men laughed at him; others would venture but a trifle, while a few brave spirits pledged their fortunes to the result. Two brothers invested a million dollars, and several other individuals half a million each, and the road was begun. But Money, or Capital, was still timid, and Congress wisely gave nothing except as each section of the road was finished. The truth was, that if the child lived, thrived and grew strong, Old Capital was very willing to pat him on the back, and to lend him a helping hand; but he was to be kept out in the cold, to see if he had inherent strength enough to stand it. Then, if he did not freeze to death, he was to be taken in and adopted into the Wall-Street family. He did live; and, under the name of Union Pacific, he became a giant, and has built and is running a longer line of railroad than any other body or company besides in the country. Old Capital now runs after him, and begs that he will borrow his money at the lowest rate, and the public buy Union Pacific First Mortgage Bonds faster than the company can continue to issue them at the present price. It is this united and irresistible power of Genius, Pluck, and Money that drives the work so bravely on, and promises the consummation of our material national union, so long and devoutly wished for, in 1870. If all the world's great undertakings could secure such a combination, we should hear little of delay and less of failure.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN.

I hold it morally impossible for God to have created, in the beginning, such men and women as we find the human race, in their physical condition, now to be. Examine the book of Genesis, which contains the earliest annals of the human family. As is commonly supposed, it comprises the first 2,369 years of human history. With a child-like simplicity, this book describes the infancy of mankind. Unlike modern histories, it details the minutest circumstances of social and individual life. Indeed it is rather a series of biographies than a history.—The false delicacy of modern times did not forbid the mention of whatever was done or suffered. And yet, over all that expanse of time—for more than one-third part of the duration of the human race—not a single instance is recorded of a child born blind, or deaf, or dumb, or idiotic, or malformed in any way! During the whole period, not a single case of natural death in infancy, or childhood, or early manhood, or even of middle manhood, is to be found. Not one man or woman died of disease. The simple record is 'and he died,' or, he died 'in a good old age, and full of years,' or, he was 'old and full of days.' No epidemic, nor even endemic disease prevailed, showing that they died the natural death of healty men, and not the unnatural death of distempered ones. Through all this time (except in the single case of Job, in his age, and then only for a day or two before his death) it does not appear that any man was ill, or that any old lady or young lady ever fainted. Bodily pain from disease is no-where mentioned. No cholera infantum, scarlatina, measles, small pox—not even a toothache! So extraordinary a thing was it for a son to die before his father, that an instance of it is deemed worthy of special notice; and this first case of the reversal of nature's law was 2000 years after the creation of Adam. See how this reversal of nature's law has for us become the law; for how rare is it now for all the children of a family to survive the parents. Rachel died at the birth of Benjamin; but this is the only case of puerperal death mentioned in the first 2,400 years of the sacred history; and even this happened during the fatigues of a patriarchal journey, when passengers were not wafted along in the saloons of railcar or steamboat. Had Adam, think you, tuberculous lungs? Was Eve flat-chested, or did she cultivate the serpentine line of grace in a curved spine? Did Nimrod get up in the morning with a furred tongue, or was he tormented with the dyspepsia? Had Esau the gout or hepatitis? Imagine how the tough old Patriarchs would have looked at being asked to subscribe for a lying-in hospital, or an asylum for lunatics, or an eye and ear infirmary, or a school for idiots or deaf mutes. What would their eagle vision and swift-footedness have said to the project of a blind asylum or an orthopedic establisment! Did they suffer any of these revenges of nature against civilization? No! Man came from the hand of God so perfect in his bodily organs, so defiant of cold and heat, of drought and humidity, so surcharged with vital force, that it took more than two thousand years of the combined abominations of appetite and ignorance; it took successive ages of outrageous excess and debauchery, to drain off his electric energies and make him even accessible to disease; and then it took ages more to breed all these vile distempers which now dwell, like vermin, in every organ and fibre of our bodies!

A Story of the Microscope.

Some time ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. B——, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position, owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round, the negro's oval, the mouse's apparently jointed, the bat's jagged, and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken,—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is thus:—

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh, yes,' I said 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a supœna to attend as a witness on a trial for murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said, but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put in the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science to convince them that they might act upon it.

"One juryman in particular—and old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does thee mean to say,' said he, 'that thee can tell any hair of any animal. I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well, 'said he, 'I'll prove thee.'

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and, in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterward, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine and report on.

"'Is this another murder case?' I inquired; 'for if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work.'

"'No, no,' said he, 'it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time.' Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

"When he was gone and I had leisure I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

"Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my consulting room, an old farmer looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.' 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. Thou has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L—— assizes? I said I would prove thee, and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believe that a thorough dependence may be placed.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

Households cannot indeed be wound up like clocks to go eight days at a time. Some thrifty brain has got to plan three hundred and sixty-five dinners in the year and patiently watch their manipulation by careless and clumsy Bridgets. Looking after servants, tending children, mending old clothes, are not matters of choice, but necessity. Full stomachs and easy digestion go hand in hand with good cheer and robust health. The traps in the kitchen are no mean part of the sunshine-giving machinery of a home. So after all, the highest culture of which woman is capable cannot wisely and safely ignore the performance of the daily duties of common life. She should be taught how best to do what she must do; not to shirk, but bravely meet, disagreeable responsibilities. So, don't you see that the best educated and most refined women make the most efficient and self sacrificing wives and mothers? She who is able to do one thing well can do another well. She who can demonstrate a geometrical problem can cook a good dinner. She who puts her Maker before fashion will train her children as if they were made in His image. The more she knows the more apt she is to set clean rooms and well-cooked dinners against her husband's furrowed brow and hasty words; long sleeves, high necks, against fevers and summer complaints and influenzas; a patient, earnest watchfulness over against all the ills of life. Your strong-minded woman is not she who has gotten and gives much from books; but rather she who, rich in culture, takes with thankfulness and resignation all the allotted joys and ills of her life; she, who, firm and self-reliant, makes the most of every opportunity, and meets with patient assiduity, every added burden. Your strong-minded woman never burns her roast over a new book, or forgets her baby on a charity mission. She never undertakes to demonstrate that cotton hose are warmer than woolen, or that a waspish figure is according to nature. She dares to be independent and comfortable and healthy, with big feet and a stout waist. Her children are plump and robust and full of animal life. They are apt to be rough and slightly dingy as to face and hands, but their superabundant life is a cheerful thing to feel about you.

For drying clothes and "spring's work," the two functions usually applied to March in Germany, the present month has furnished first rate weather, rejoicing the hearts of all housewives and farmers. What the opening of the Reichstag is to the emperor, is the semi-annual washing day to the mistress of a German family. March is a breezy month the world over, and so is one of the periods selected for the solemnization of the saponaceous rites of the wash-tub and pounding-barrel. An express wagon backs up to the door, takes in a birch-basket of "dirty clo'es" large enough to hold a dozen Falstaffs, and drives off to some secret haunt of the nymphs of the soap-bubble, whence after many days it returns, an ark of fine linen. Call in our American friends and we will now show them how it is that we live six months without a washing-day. The house-frau proudly displays her wardrobe, which, if it is not as elegant as Blanche Butler's, is certainly as extensive. With an imperial gesture, she points out the five-and-twenty dozen of napkins, the 14 dozen of handkerchiefs, the 30 chemises, the ditto night ditto (an American lady is reported to have said that they were exactly half as long as the democratic fashion), the 25 shirts for the herr ("and he must have some new ones"), the 100 pairs of women's hose, etc., etc. You see family economy here is based on a different plan from what it is in America. Here a bride, even of the middling order, considers herself not "ready to be married" unless she has, according to a proverb, "a bushel of stockings" and linen enough to run the family a half year without washing. As for dresses and outside trappings, she is not so extravagant, and as to crockery and furniture, she and her "mann" begin with a stock and quality that would be considered decidedly shabby in rural New England,—not only begin so, but continue so, perhaps, all their lives, never attaining the luxury of a stuffed chair, or of a carpet big enough for a kitten to lie on, much less to cover the whole room. But even with so full a store of linen, the towels and the articles of every day use are kept in service a little longer than is pleasant to the delicate sense of the American housewife, and as for washing them six months after use, imagine the imperial scorn with which an Irish washer-woman would hurl back the "censult." But, as was said before, we have had fine weather first this year, a particularly happy thing in Germany, for when the clothes dry not well, "Alas," sighs the wife, "my man is not true."

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, and cut the table-cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress their doll babies to their heart's content, and don't tell them "Tom Thumb" and "Red Riding Hood" are fiction, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make fun of their baby theology, and when you must whip them, do it so that, if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

Gen. McPherson's

From Harper's Weekly.

Nothing to Wear.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris,
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in,
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten thousand francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago,
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest
Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go by* to the duties,
Her relations at home all marveled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry,

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
The merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains, which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love,
Without any romance, or rapture, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
But a very large diamond imported by Tiffany,
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop—don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off there will be time enough
For that sort of a thing; but the bargain must be,
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free.
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder,
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stucket's grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flasbers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend,
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckup's, whose party, you know, is tomorrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade.'
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose colored, then, the best of the beds,"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;" [maker
"The pearl colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-
Has had its week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation." [it
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it.
And I won't appear dressed like a cmit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine:
That superb *point d' aiguille*, that imperial green
That zephyr-like tarleton; that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation, [tion;
When you quite turned the head of the head of the na-
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was potentiously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though, but, to use an expression,
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh you men have no
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures, [feeling,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still high
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar. [er).
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know-what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempist of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door step and sidewalk, past lamp post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace,
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want long continued, of camels' hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India
Till another, whose torture have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation)
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherche* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspectic,
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For the touchingly says that this sort of grief
Can not find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare,
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features,
Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or boquets, [days
Even laughal their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
the consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward tomorrow and head a subscription...?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't PETER COOPER
The corner stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which today links his name
To the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't STEWART, or some of our dry goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash or supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it our brougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their cities have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey;
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the ricketty stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street.
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken, and shudder, and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

LIGHT TO YOUTH.

A DARLING little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;
And striking on the carpet,
It made a golden dot:
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss,
Then stooped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.
O Lord! our heavenly Father,
In the fulness of my joy,
I pray that child-like feeling
May never leave the boy.

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out the light to guide him,
The sunbeams of Thy Truth.
And may his heart be ever
To Thee an open door,
Through which Thy truths, as sunbeams,
Make joy upon life's floor.

Sala

FULTON FERRY.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

Crossing East River at break of day,
Our beards are wet with the flying spray;
For there has been a storm in the bay
All night, and this morning the waves are free;
But the sun is bright on the steeple-tips,
On the masts and rigging and sails of ships,
And red is the foam on the billowy lips,
As the tide comes in from the sea.

II.

The passengers are cheery all,
Men and women, large and small;
The sailors to each other call
Cheerily over the rushing tide;
The marketmen amidships swear,
The horses tramp and snuff the air,
And the strong boat bears her freight with care,
Steadily from side to side.

III.

The voyage of life is little more
Than a ferry plodding from shore to shore,
Each trip the same that was made before
By restless thousands hurrying on.
Strong or fair, the varied throng,
With sigh and groan and shout and song,
Never quite happy, move along,
Contented and grieving anon.

IV.

The rudder-chains clank in the ringing groves,
The laboring engine mighty proves,
The Boat of Life from her moorings moves,
And stems the force of the rushing stream;
Burdens of joys, burdens of cares,
In her throbbing bosom abroad she bears;
There are daily trips and daily fares,
And the days ebb by in a dream.

V.

A dream of monotonous coming and going,
Of hastening, hurrying, backing and slowing,
Of bridges creaking and water flowing,
And the yawning passage from shore to shore;
Till the steam is spent and the hulk is old,
And the bridge-chains rust from their iron hold,
And the ferry-bell at last is tolled
To the bridge we quit no more.

THE TWO COMETS.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

There once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,
For their wild singularities call'd gods and goddesses,—
But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,
Whose name, style and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn
To any thing, every thing genius can learn:
Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, handy,
Well bred, well behaved—a celestial dandy!
An eloquent god, though he did'nt say much;
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and Dutch;
A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,
And of horses in harness an excelllent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,
And he drove up the east every morning but one;
When young Phaeton begg'd of his daddy at five,
To stay with Aurora a day, and he'd drive.
So good natured Phœbus gave Phaey the seat,
With his mittens, change, waybill, and stage horn complete;
To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright locks,
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the box.
The crack of his whip, like the breaking of day,
Warm'd the wax in the ears of the leaders, and they
With a snort, like the fog of the morning, clear'd out
For the west, as young Phaey meant to get there about
Two hours before sunset.

He look'd at his "turnip,"
And to make the delay of the old line concern up,
He gave 'em the reins; and from Aries to Cancer,
The style of his drive on the road seem'd to answer;
But at Leo, the ears of the near wheel-horse prick'd,
And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kick'd;
Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,
And the traces snapp'd short, like the strings of a fiddle.
One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,
And sent it to buzz, like a top, round the pole;
While the other whizz'd back with its linchpin and hub,
Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub;
And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,
He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaeton's coach was a blue one,
And Jupiter order'd Apollo a new one;
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Whoa,"
Letting horses, and harness, and everything go
At their terrified pleasure abroad; and the muse
Says, they cut to this day just what capers they choose;
That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine forth;
That their manes stream along in the lights of the north;
That the wheels which are missing are comets, that run
As fast as they did when they carried the sun;
And still pushing forward, though never arriving,
Think the west is before them, and Phaeton driving.

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

BY W. M. THRCKARAY.

"I am Miss Catharine's book," (the Album speaks);
"I've lain among your tomes, these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace;
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O, Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!

ALBUM.

His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two.
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!

PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.
* * * * * *

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread,
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
O, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that hath long ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half—
Guinea: Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh.

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labor's to be done,
And sure as come the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.
* * * * * *

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears!
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it—joys will end and tears will dry—!
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye,
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you:
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by,
Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

London Keepsake for 1853.

The Doorstep.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

No braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started towards the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended;
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
And yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over?

—*E. C. Stedman.*

and swears he will never come back till he has solved the mystery about the other cheek of the moon, which is never turned towards the earth. Her very clever account of the matter is as follows:—

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON.

BY MERCY MORE.

There sails an astronomer yonder
Through the clouds in his silk balloon.
Now where is he bound, I wonder?—
To the other side of the moon.
He says she has hung around us
In the air for six thousand years,
And with silvery radiance crowned us
That a one-sided light appears.

And now, by the two-faced Janus
He swears he will soon find out
Howe'er the result may pain us,
Why she keeps us in nightly doubt—
Why she tells to Old Sol some stories
She will never repeat to earth,
As if *we* knew not more of his glories
Than people of lunar birth.

But alas for the luckless flyer
Through the realms of drenching rain,
He will fall ere he gets much higher,
For gas is as moonshine vain.
And the world will never be wiser
For him or his gay balloon,
As to what 'neath that crescent visor
Hides the other side of the moon.

Would *that* were the only mystery!
Would *he* were the only fool!
We all, with mortal history
Are babes newly sent to school;
Only never like children, humble,
And glad for each little spark;
By the flare of our pride we stumble,
Choosing every path that is dark.

Down the firmament's cloudy rafter,
Down the blue sky's concave wall,
How would peals of sphery laughter
With the gushing moonlight fall;
Could the lunar people hear us
Heap scorn on the sweet daylight,
Then groan, as if nought could cheer us,
That the sun shines never at night.

When an unskilled touch is shaking
Life's delicate nervous bands,
When a table's joints are quaking
'Neath scores of mesmeric hands;
They whisper of revelations
From the Unknown, coming soon;
And they may—when these mundane nations
See the other side of the moon.

One tells us that good is evil;
One explains just how sin began;
One argues that even the devil
Is a rough sort of friend to man.
Shall we walk by their smoky tapers,
Or the light of a cloudless noon?
Oh, did *reasoners* learn their capers
On the other side of the moon?

Rich and Poor.

BY RICHARD M. MILNES.

When God built up the dome of blue,
And portioned earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the rich and poor;
And till that vault of glory fall,
Or beauteous earth be scarred with flame,
Or saving love be all in all,
That rule of life will rest the same.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are framed for weal or woe—
But to the Eternal law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so.
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
One truth outshining bright and clear,
That wealth abides in hope and joy,
And poverty in pain and fear.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from nature's hand;
The peasant boy as great and gay
As the young heir to gold and land;
Their various toys of equal worth,
Their little needs of equal care,
And halls of marble, huts of earth,
All homes alike endeared and fair.

They knew no better!—would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So power should find and leave us free,
So Pride be but the owners curse;
So, without marking which was which,
Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
What paupers are the ambitious rich!
How wealthy the contented poor!

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours *must* be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way.
Each day may bring sufficient ill;
But we can meet and fight it through,
If hope sustains the hand of will,
And conscience is our captain too.

42

A STRING OF BEADS.

Montesquieu was discussing a question with a counselor of the Parliament of Bordeaux, who was witty but rather hot-headed. The latter, concluding some very fiery remarks, said, "Mr. President, if this is not as I tell you, I will give you my head."

"I accept it," replied Montesquieu, coolly. "Small presents keep up friendship."

Some of the hosts of the olden time were not nice in the treatment of their royal patrons. He was a bold Boniface of the White Horse who charged George II. a guinea for an egg, and who, on being asked by his majesty himself if eggs were scarce, dryly replied: "No, sir, but kings are."

BIDDY, THE TEETOTALER.—A contemporary, referring to aspirants for political office being brought out before the public by means of "calls," numerously signed, instead of coming out flat-footed, in the old-fashioned way, says it reminds him of the story of O'Mulligan and his wife.

"Biddy," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a bad cowld ye have. A drop of the craytur 'd do ye no harrum."

"Och, honey!" said Biddy, "I've taken the plidge; but ye can mix a drink, Jimmy, and force me to swally it."

Dear Miss Chibbles says, even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, some cunning rogue would find his way to it.

A gentleman in going out with a lady on a gloomy day, asked if she would have her parasol.

"No," said she, "it's of no use, there's no Sol to parry."

A PLEASANT SUGGESTION.—A lover, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied: "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhere else."

A poor man who had been ill, having been asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

Phelim explains that he and his wife fall out because they are of one mind: she wants to be master, and so does he!

A contemporary suggests that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because, in so-lacing herself, she is getting tight.

Nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a new pair of boots! To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

LOVE V. TOOTHACHE.—If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache, and the other in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music.

"Wa'al," said the old woman, "I rahly don't know: won't you just take the candle and see?"

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up an area, and hit him with his baton. Several notes were found upon him.

DOUBTFUL ABOUT ITS EFFICACY.—A woman being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "bilin' water," and it didn't do a bit of good. She was rather doubtful about the efficacy of "coals."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he honestly replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

WANT OF TONGUE.

How like is this picture; you'd think that it breathes;
What life! what expression! what spirit!
It wants but a tongue. "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the shoes of another, mostly goes on a bootless errand.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

TO TOLL COLLECTORS.—Can a man with wooden legs be considered a "foot" passenger?

A PARADOX.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot, the first thing he uses is the last.

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife, was brought before Justice Cole, at Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."

"Justice," replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband.

"Plenty of chairs, my dear, but a little too much company," replied he.

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to his apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for awhile."

"Thank'ee, sir."

"Well, now, what part of the business do you like best!"

"Shuttin' up shop and goin' to dinner, sir."

A NATURAL RESULT.—A man being asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "While he was addressing a large out-door assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck."

By the ancient laws of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. As a consequence, the crime was exceedingly rare in that country.

Foote praising the hospitality of the Irish after one of his trips to their country, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork.

"No, sir," replied Foote, "but I have seen many drawings of it."

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason that, when there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness. This is a comfort to people blessed with large families.

A gentleman, having occasion to call on an author, found him at home in his study. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven."

"So it ought to be," replied the author, "for it is here I make my bread."

We rather think that the most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

"Children," said a considerate matron to her progeny, "you can have anything you want, but you must not want anything you can't have."

A writer says that "fathers, remembering their own boyhood, should make some little allowance for their children." But the trouble is that many of our children, after spending their "allowance," go in debt for double the amount.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.—"There are tricks in all trades but ours," as the lawyer said to his client. An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which six dollars were demanded. He offered five dollars.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price."

"*As you live!*" exclaimed the countryman. "Then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out before."

The queen of James II. asked of her confessor if she might not paint.

"Certainly," said the good man, "but not to excess—only one cheek.

Sydney Smith being asked what were his family arms, replied that the Smiths never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.

NO DOUBT.—A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farmyard?
A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

CAMPBELL'S FAVORITE POEM.—It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his compositions was his "Gertrude." He was once heard to say, "I never like to see my name before 'Pleasures of Hope;' why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope."' 'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope."' When I got married, I was married as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope;' and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'" A kind of grim smile, ill subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin: "Thomas Campbell, LL.D., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' died June 15, 1844. Aged 67." The poet's dislike occurred to our memory; there was no getting the better of the thought.

A lady who is opposed to having whist played in her house, recently sent out invitations for a social party, and lest there should be a mistake, she added, "No cards."

"Miss," said a gentleman, proffering his umbrella to a lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau?"

"Thank you for your politeness," was the reply; "and as I have plenty of fair weather beaux, I will call you my *rain beau*."

"Never, my young friend, in whatever situation, you may be placed; in the darker hours of adversity; under the deepest misfortune, never distrust God's providential care. He that feedeth the young ravens and maketh the sparrow that it fall not unheeded to the ground, watches with especial care over those who put their trust in him—thrice blessed is his holy name!"

Words of kindness are like seeds scattered by the wayside, or water poured upon withering plants; if they do not produce pleasant feelings and noble resolves, they revive the one and confirm the other.

Put off repentance till to morrow, and you have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

"When all things are hereafter untied and the contents of various bundles disclosed, it is my opinion that as many noble, self-denying virtues will be found tied up with precise bow-knots in some of those vertical rolls called old maids, as in any other that shall appear."

A young man in Harrisburg, Penn., answered an advertisement in a New York paper, which set forth that "valuable information would be forwarded on receipt of ten cents." The young man sent the ten cents and received the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, etc., please find enclosed advice, which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is, when you use a knife always whittle from you."

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority though he be alone, for God is above all populations of the earth.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—A very valuable pocket-knife was once dropped into a twenty feet well, half full of water. "How shall we get it out? Shall we have to draw the water from the well?" The writer proposed to use a strong horse-shoe magnet, near by, suspended by a cord. "But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife." "Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking-glass," was the second answer. It was done, the knife render visible from the top of the well, the magnet came into contact, and the knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

IS HE GOOD OR BAD?—A certain character is described as follows:

He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the workers of iniquity he takes great delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices at the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always pleased when the poor are in distress he contributes freely to the promotion of evil he is opposed to the gospel he lends his influence to the Devil he will not go to Heaven he will go where he will receive a just recompense of reward.

In the garden at the military hospital at Chattanooga, there were grown one thousand and eighty-eight varieties of flowers last year, and from these floral beauties nearly six thousand papers of seeds were put up and given to the soldiers to send home.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

Don't hug that stove, oh, young man! We have seen more warmth, and life, and animation, encircled in crinoline and mounted on a pair of skates, than ever was contained in all the stoves of Christendom. To be in proximity with one of these beings on a cold winter's day or moonlight evening, will make the cheek glow, the heart light, and keep you warmer than if enjoying a ride "round the heater" in June. If doubtful, try it, as the patent medicine venders say, and we shall be believed.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

A loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, kept him at bay until he attempted to browbeat her.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*Pope.*

* * * Since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the traitors, heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of the unjust shall own,
Forgot the slaughtered brother and the son.
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And on the past oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his honors rest,
His people blessing, by his people blessed.
Alt ALL BE PEACE.

The Odyssey of Homer, 24th Book.

EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust.
Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

"The summer comes and the summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The sparrows go darting through fragrant rains,
And, all of a sudden,—it snows!'

"Dear heart! our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know winter is come—by the snow!"

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.—The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

NEVER buy what is useless because it is cheap; As you sow in the spring, in the autumn you reap.

"He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there's not a guest
But will find something wanting, or ill drest."

Among the beasts
Of prey, not one so vile as favor'd man.
Beasts kill for *food; man* kills for *fame!*

the well known verses said to have been found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster, entitled "Sir Walter Raleigh the Night before his Death":

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us with but age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

"Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In Summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain far away.

"So our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!"

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee."

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

He that good thinketh good may do,
And God may help him thereunto;
For was never good work wrought
Without begining of good thought.

THE ALPHABET.—The following verse contains all the letters of the alphabet, and may be used as an exercise for young children in tracing the letters:

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

A FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The origin of the portrait for the Goddess of Liberty upon our coins is of great interest. Mr Spencer, the inventor of Spencer's lathe, used by the American Bank-note company, was the artist who cut the first die for our American coin. He cut an exact medallion of Mrs Washington, the wife of Gen Washington, and the first few coins were struck with her portrait. When Gen Washington saw them he was displeased, and requested the figure to be removed. Mr Spencer altered the features a little, and putting a cap upon its head called it the Goddess of Liberty. If future artists will bear this in mind, they will always take Mrs Washington's portrait for their guide when wishing to produce the goddess.

There is at the "Gothic Arcade" a niche called the "Seat of the Mummy," where was found some years ago the body of a female Indian, dressed in the skins of wild animals and ornamented with the trinkets usually worn by aborigines, and near her the body of an Indian child. I was informed that these mummies were, at the time they were found, sent to the rooms of the Antiquarian Society in Worcester.

A correspondent of the London Builder gives this useful information: "About twenty-five years ago I was annoyed by finding the backs of several rows of books, some in a book-case having glazed doors which were locked, frequently mildewed. Wiping them carefully cleaned them only for a short time, for fresh crops of mildew speedily re-figured them again. Remembering to have seen my father, who always made his own ink, finish off by pouring a small glass of spirits of wine into the ink jar, in order to prevent its becoming mouldy, I lightly washed over the backs and covers of the books with spirits of wine, using as a brush the feather of a goose-quill. I frequently saw the books during the next five years, and I have occasionally seen them since, and there has not, so far as I am aware, been a single spot of mildew on them since the spirits of wine were applied. I have used spirits of wine to prevent mildew with equally good effect in other cases."

Widow Hannah Cooper of Hamden, over 70 years old and entirely blind, has knit during the past three years *eighty eight-pairs* of stockings for our soldiers, which she has given without any compensation whatever. She can only knit by counting every stitch as it is taken, and if she loses her count, she has to ask some one to tell her where she is before she can continue her work.

Hubert Holcomb of New Hartford lost his voice while serving as a soldier in North Carolina, April 5, 1862, and from that time until last Sunday has not been able to speak a word. Sunday morning a horse kicked him, which injured his feelings so much that he couldn't help expressing himself, and since that time he has been able to talk as well as anybody.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATE OF THE WORLD.—Statisticians have calculated that if the population of the world amounts to between 1,200,000,000 and 1,300,000,000 persons, the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, the deaths each day would be nearly 88,000; 3,600 per hour, 60 per minute, and thus every second would carry into eternity one human life from one part of the world to another. But reproduction asserts its superior power; for, on calculating the probable annual births on the globe, the result shows that whereas 60 persons die per minute, 70 children are born, and thus the increase of the population is kept up.—*London Lancet.*

PROPORTION OF MALES AND FEMALES IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the U. S. census of 1860 there were at that time about 730,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact unprecedented in the census of any other civilized nation. In most of the older States there is an excess of females; in Massachusetts, 37,600 more females than males, while in Illinois there is an excess of 92,000 males; in Michigan, 40,000 excess of males; in Texas, 36,000; in Wisconsin, 43,000; in California, 67,000; and in Colorado there are 20 males to one female.

GENEROSITY. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, by giving to the undeserving, than never experience the pleasure of doing good.

WEALTH. The man who has an abundance of this world's goods, and does not find pleasure in giving must be a poor devil.

BAD TASTE. Living in an elegant brown stone mansion worth £10,000 to £20,000, and selecting cheap meats from a huckster's wagon in front of one's own door.

POVERTY OF SOUL. Living in an elegant mansion worth £10,000 to £20,000 and never giving a shilling for charitable purposes, and never visiting Westminster Abbey, as it involves a gift of a sixpence to a guide. [Sayings and Writings of John Foster.

The largest circulation ever attained by an American book was that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which nearly 400,000 copies have been sold. School books, however, must be excepted, for, of "Webster's Spelling Book," no less than 35,000,000 copies have been sold—the largest run obtained anywhere by any book.

A miniature locomotive and tender, made entirely of pure gold and silver, has been exhibited in Woonsocket. It is twenty-five inches in length. The base on which it stands contains a music box, which, being wound up, carries the moving parts of the engine to a musical accompaniment. It is said to be a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and contains twenty-five hundred dollars worth of the precious metals, and was made for presentation to George W. Perry, master mechanic of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad.

THE INTRODUCTION OF POTATOES INTO EUROPE.—A rich citizen of Berlin proposes, at an expense of ten or twelve thousand dollars, to erect a monument to Francis Drake, to whom Europe is indebted for the introduction of the potato, and has petitioned the common council of that city to grant him land in a suitable place for its construction. The first potatoes seen in Europe were on the table of the Great Elector of Brandenburg in Berlin, in 1651. They had been brought over from Virginia by Francis Drake himself. The potato was first cultivated in Europe at the Charity Garden in Berlin.

A watch consists of 992 pieces: and 23 trades, and probably 215 persons are employed in making one of these machines.

The dials of the English Parliament clocks are twenty-two feet in diameter, the largest in the world. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches.

SPICES.—*Q.* What are nutmegs?

A. The nutmeg is the kernel of a large handsome nut like a walnut. It is enclosed in the same sort of spongy coat as the walnut; the husk opens at one end when the fruit is ripe.

Q. What is mace?

A. That which is found between the coat of the nutmeg and the kernel.

Q. What is cinnamon?

A. The dried bark of a tree which grows in the East Indies and the island of Ceylon.

Q. What is pepper?

A. The produce of a creeping plant which grows in Java, Sumatra and Malacca.

Q. What is ginger?

A. The root of a plant which grows in the East Indies.

Q. What are cloves?

A. The flower buds of a tree which grows in Malacca.

Q. What are carraway seeds?

A. The seeds of a plant growing wild in many countries.

A RARE COIN.—A gentleman in this town has in his possession a curious silver piece. It is the size of an old fashioned quarter, and bears upon one side a fac simile of Washington, which is surrounded by a wreath and the words "He is in Glory, the World in Tears." On the reverse side is a death's head and cross bones, over and around which is the following record:

"B. Feb. 11, 1732; Gen. Am. Armies 1775."
"Re. 1781; Pres. U. S. Am. 89. R. 96."
"Gen. Am. U. S. Am. 98."
"OB. D—5, 99."

This coin has been in the possession of the same gentleman over 30 years, and is of great value. Uxbridge. "H."

Mary by the Cross.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness;
Christians fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the cross beside:

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song or glory
Touches like that simple story,—
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

"ALL-SORTS."

KNOWING THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.—The Eastern flocks still exhibit the beautiful traits from which our Lord drew one of his most touching illustrations of true discipleship. Mr. Hartley, a missionary in Greece, gives a curious illustration of the truthfulness of one of the touching images of our Saviour:

My attention was called, said he, to the words, "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by their names." I asked my guide if it was a custom in Greece to give names to sheep. He replied affirmatively, and assured me that the sheep would come when the shepherd pronounced their name. The next day I verified the truth of this statement. Passing near a flock I asked the same question of the shepherd. He replied, "Yes." I asked him to call one of his sheep by name. He did so, and at the moment he pronounced the name, a sheep left his pasture and companions and came skipping along to the hand of his master, with marks of obedience and gladness which I have never seen in other animals. It is also true, here, that the sheep will not follow a stranger, for they know not the voice of strangers. The shepherd told me that some of his flock were yet *savages*, and knew not their names, but that, in the end, they would all learn them. Those which had learned their names he called *sociable*, or tame.

THE LARGE CITIES.—The various states are now taking a census. The following is a list of all the cities thus far reported which have a population of 10,000 or upwards:—

	Population 1865.	Gain.	Loss.
Boston, Mass.,	192,264	14,362	
Buffalo, N. Y.,	93,000	12,000	
Albany, N. Y.,	62,835	458	
Cleveland, O.,	59,556	16,006	
Milwaukee, Wis.,	55,640	10,844	
Providence, R. I.,	52,787	2,121	
Rochester, N. Y.,	51,260	3,056	
Troy, N. Y.,	39,041		194
Lowell, Mass.,	30,757		6,070
Worcester, Mass.,	30,130	5,170	
Utica, N. Y.,	23,799	1,270	
Springfield Mass.,	22,250	7,051	
Lawrence, Mass.,	21,699	4,060	
Salem, Mass.,	21,197		1,055
New Bedford, Mass.,	20,862		
Covington, Ky.,	20,385		
Newport, R. I.,	12,701	2,181	
Fond du Lac, Wis.,	11,041	4,468	

The census of Chicago, now in a forward state, will not vary far from 170,000, showing an increase in five years of 60,000, or 55 per cent.

THE DAY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LONG.—Last week we showed that the first beginning of the day is somewhere between America and Asia. The precise locality of that somewhere has not been determined. If the Pacific ocean were thickly populated with men, the place of the beginning of the day would be a matter of great consequence, and would probably be settled by statute. The day would start from a meridian line extending from pole to pole, and the longitude of this day line would be so accurately fixed that a man might stand astride it and realize the paradox of having one foot in Monday and the other in Tuesday. Many of the readers of this will live long enough to hear this subject discussed in national councils.

We propose now to show that Monday or any other week day is 48 hours long; we mean that during the whole of 48 hours, Monday is on the earth somewhere to be found. The Monday of this city is of course 24 hours long, but before and after our Monday there is Monday in some other quarter. When Monday begins in New York there have been three hours of Monday in London, and for three hours after our Monday ends there will be Monday in San Francisco. Thus between these places Monday lasts eighteen hours. Now if the day line were at our antipodes, Monday would begin there 12 hours before ours, and end 12 hours after ours. Thus, for the space of 48 hours the earth is not rid of Monday.

MISDIRECTED LETTERS.—According to the Postmaster General's report, not less than a million letters were mailed last year, without signatures, and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was totally unintelligible. These were destroyed. More than a million and a half others—1,611,686—were restored to their writers by the care of the dead-letter office. Thus it seems that at least two and a half million of mistakes were made, in an operation which one would think likely to enlist the sufficient care of the writer, the addressing of a letter. These letters contained nearly $150,000 in money, bills of exchange, deeds, checks, &c., to the value of over $5,000,000, and over 49,000 contained photographs, jewelry, &c.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.—Have courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Man is not to be judged by flaws and imperfections, but by the general tenor of his life. Human nature is weak, and the general current of a life and not its momentary incidents is to be the basis of estimate. The past has reverenced superiors; the democratic idea is a reverence for inferiors. Honor is due to the faithful lowly, while the high and mighty are to be judged in view of both their acts and their opportunities. To act well your part in your own sphere is all that is required; and not to merely act a part, but see to it that the spirit which prompts the act is noble.

Some people may think that amusement is too small and secondary an object to be made a matter of serious attention in a church; but when you consider how large and important an element it makes in the life of man, how legitimate and God-given is the desire for amusement, and how dark and dreary would life seem if this element were entirely taken from it, you can see that nothing is more disastrous to the claims and influence of the church, especially over the young, than to divorce itself entirely from the amusements of its people.

Dr. Clark in his commentary on the 10th verse of the 90 Psalm, under the head of 'Instances of Modern Longevity,' says, Thomas Parr of Winington in Shropshire, far outlived the age of man. At the age of *eighty-eight* he married his first wife by whom he had two children. At the age of *one hundred and two* he fell in love with Catherine Milton, by whom he had an illegitimate child and for which he did penance in the church. At the age of *one hundred and twenty* he married a widow woman, and when he was *one hundred and thirty*, could perform any act of husbandry. He died at the age of *one hundred and fifty two*. He had seen ten Kings and Queens of England.

.....The path of duty is the only path of happiness. All the "goodness which the Lord hath laid up for them that fear him" is strewn along that path; all the flowers, which he has appointed to gladden our way, grow beside it, and wells of living water spring up all along it; while the way of selfish inclination leads through the wilderness and solitary way; it is barren as the desert; owls hoot by it, and the wild beast has his lair there.—*Journal of Missions.*

A poetical pen furnishes the following fanciful ideas: "Insects must generally lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censor! Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer air, and nothing to do when you wake but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes."

GIVE NO PAIN.—Breathe not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expression of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

SPICE ISLANDS,
PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary active, as the great silent powers of greater nature are of consequence than her little disturbance and tumults.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

SATURDAY FROM A SCOTCH POINT OF VIEW.—"No Scotchman," says the Registrar General of the country, "will begin any kind of work on a Saturday if he can possibly avoid it; he fears he should not live to finish it. A Scotchman will not marry on a Saturday; he apprehends that one or other of the parties would not live out the year, or that the marriage would be unfruitful. Except when the last day of the year falls on a Saturday it is the favorite marrying-day in Scotland, but the Saturday superstition prevails over the luck of the end of the year." The detailed report for 1862, just issued from the Scotch Registrar General's office, shows that full a twentieth of all the marriages of the year in Scotland are celebrated on the 31st of December; but, if that be Saturday, they take place on the thirtieth.

EXCESSIVE EATING. In a letter to Lord Murray, Sydney Smith says:

"You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, you should pay more attention to the amount you eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I can live upon, I found that, between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drunk forty-four one horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health. The value of this mass of nourishment is considered to be worth £7000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must have starved to death more than one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but I fear it is true—and I think dear Murray, your system need additional horses."

Truth fears nothing but concealment.

The hypocrite is the deadly-nightshade of humanity.

☞The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unfaltering.

Music is a bridge over which chastened and purified spirits wander into a brighter world. Muller.

In this world, you know things are going backward when they are going forward. For instance, If you take a wheel, and roll it, that half of it which is in front of the centre will go backward, in order that the other half may go forward. And in all things there is a seeming retrocession from progress. In all things there is a going backward as well as a going forward. To sleep is as important as to be wide awake. Sleep is food for waking hours. And many defeats are good for men, and good for the causes in which they work. We are not at liberty, therefore, to judge of the condition of Christ's work by that fragment of it in which we are engaged and most interested.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

LACE AND FEATHERS.—Dr. Franklin wrote thus to his daughter when she asked him, while in France, to send her some French finery: "I send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest; for as you say you should 'have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

GENERAL GRANT'S CHARACTER. Major E. D. Osborn, formerly of Rochester, a member of General Grant's staff, writes to a friend in answer to a question in regard to Grant's character. He says:

"If you could see the General as he sits just over beyond me, with his wife and two children, looking more like a chaplain than a general, with that quiet air so impossible to describe, you would not ask me if he drinks. He rarely ever uses intoxicating liquors; more moderate in his habits and desires than any other man I ever saw; more pure and spotless in his private character than almost any man I ever knew; more brave than any man I ever saw; with more power to command and ability to plan than any man I ever served under; cool to exeess when others lose nerve; always hopeful, always undisturbed, never failing to accomplish what he undertakes just as he expects to.

I have known him intimately--have been a part of his household for two years, and am not mistaken in my estimate of his character."

GEN GRANT'S FIRST SERVICE IN THE WAR. The appointment of Col John S. Loomis, lately assistant adjutant general of Illinois, as special treasury agent in Virginia, gives the Herald occasion to tell the story of Gen Grant's first work in this war, as follows:—

"When the present lieutenant general very modestly tendered his services to the United States government, at the commencement of the war, in any capacity in which the governor of Illinois might think he could render himself most useful, he entered the office of Col Loomis, armed with a letter of introduction, and stated that he had been educated at West Point and served in the regular army fifteen years, but had resigned and turned his attention to other pursuits latterly. Now, however, that his government seemed liable to get into difficulty, he thought it his duty to tender his services. Gov Yates told him the president had called on him for ten regiments; that he did not know experimentally how to organize them and put them into the field, and that Captain Grant would render a great service if he would assist Colonel Loomis in the organization of the adjutant general's office of the state. The captain went at once to work, and absolutely with a pen ruled the first blanks used in that office. Under his guidance the machinery was at work in four days, and the books of the office have the credit of being the most perfect in the country. Grant then established camps of instruction throughout the state, which were numerous and of the most excellent character. Gov Yates, appreciating his talents, urged him to accept the colonelcy of the most troublesome regiment in the state, and sent him to the field, since which time he has written his own history with his sword."

GEN. GRANT, THE VICTOR AT PITTSBURG LANDING.—Major General Grant, who enjoys the classical prenomen of Ulysses, was born at Point Pleasant, in Clairmont county, Ohio. April 27, 1822. He entered the West Point Academy in his 17th year, and graduated with honors in 1843. He served in the Mexican war under Gen. Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, and was with General Scott at the capture of Mexico. His bravery had in the meantime raised him from the position of second lieutenant to that of captain in the fourth infantry of the regular army. Leaving the army in 1854, he settled in Missouri, but in 1860 moved to Galena, Illinois. At the beginning of the present war he was appointed colonel of the twenty-first Illinois volunteers, and on the 27th day of last May promoted to a brigadier generalship. He has seen active service since then in Missouri, and did some service to the state by occupying Paducah, and by stopping communications and supplies to the rebels by the way of the Tennessee river. When Foote reduced Fort Henry General Grant's division, which had accompanied the flotilla, marched over to invest Fort Donelson; and Grant was the commanding general by whom the victory of Donelson was gained. He was made major general for this. There were afterwards some rumors against his character, but he has gallantly set these at rest by the determined and able conduct of the battle near Savannah, where we had great interests at stake, and, as it proved, in worthy hands. Honor to General Grant.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

THE LIEUTENANT GENERAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Speeches of President Lincoln and Gen. Grant.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The president of the United States formally presented to Maj. Gen. Grant his commission as lieutenant general this afternoon.

The ceremony took place in the cabinet chamber, in the presence of the entire cabinet, Gen. Hall, representative Lovejoy, Gens. Rollinos and Comstock of Gen. Grant's staff, the son of Gen. Grant, and Mr. Nicolay, the private secretary of the president. Gen. Grant having entered the room, the president arose and addressed him thus:—

Gen. Grant: The nation's appreciation of what you have done and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant general of the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country reposes in trusts you, so under God it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I shere speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence.

To which Gen. Grant replied as follows:—

Mr. President:—I accept this commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.

The president then introduced the general to all the members of the cabinet, after which the company was seated, and about half an hour was spent in social conversation.

Gen. Grant Assumes Command of the Armies of the United States.

NASHVILLE, March 17.—Gen. Grant formally assumed the command of the armies of the United States to-day. The following is his order on the subject:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, NASHVILLE, TENN., March 17. 1864.—*General Orders No.* 20.—In pursuance of the following order of the president:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 10, 1864.—Under the authority of the act of congress to appoint the grade of lieutenant general in the army, of Feb. 29, 1864, Lieut. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A., is appointed to the command of the armies of the United States. . ABRAHAM LINCOLN;"

I assume command of the armies of the United States. Headquarters will be in the field, and, until further orders, will be with the army of the Potomac. There will be an official headquarters in Washington, D. C., to which all official communications will be sent except those from the army where the headquarters are at the date of their address.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

For one year and part of another I had the honor of being a participator in the councils of Gen Grant's administration, and I desire to testify, and I believe that what I say in Massachusetts will be accepted as fact, that during the whole period in which I was in the cabinet councils I never heard any measures of the administration discussed or considered except with a single reference to the public interest. I never heard a personal suggestion in regard to his influence upon one man or another man, but the consideration simply was what would be the best for the country. And when I remember the simple, clear-headed, practical, modest man, who sat at the head of the table there, and then hear him talked of by Mr Sumner, I think Mr Sumner must be referring to somebody else.—*Judge Hoar.*

General Grant's Congratulatory Address to the Army.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Gen. Grant has issued the following congratulatory address to the armies:

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States: By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defence. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured tde purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs and secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

INTERVIEW WITH GEN. GRANT.

Visit to the Army of the Potomac.

From the New York Evening Post, 5th.

A gentleman of this city returned home this morning from City Point, Virginia, having visited the army of the Potomac to distribute supplies for the soldiers which had been contributed by the congregation under his charge in Thirty-seventh street. After performing his duty, he made a tour of the camps and paid his respects to Gen. Grant. Of this interview he gives the following interesting account:

"I learned that the headquarters of the general were about a quarter of a mile from my own stopping place, and immediately repaired thither. To the person whom I met at the entrance I told my business, stating that I was a member of the committe appointed at the Grant meeting held in New York in June.

"'I think the general will be glad to see you,' said he; 'he is disengaged; go to him there under the fly.'

"I went at once and introduced myself to him. His address is remarkable. He has the faculty of putting everybody in his company immediately at ease, and at the same time never lowers himself. There is not a trace of the affectation that characterizes a man who has stepped into a rank which he feels to have added to his importance; and is utterly destitute of vulgar familiarity of manner. He is a good representative of republican life in this country—where a man may take the place which his good taste and ability indicate, and yet be 'a man for a' that.'

"As soon as salutations had been exchanged I opened my business, referring to the great meeting held in Union Squure in June, where I had the honor of speaking, as well as of signing the address which had been prepared and transmitted to him by the national committee.

"'The sentiment of that meeting, general,' I remarked, 'was to uphold the Union cause and Gen. Grant, even though we that same day had heard of a repulse.'

"'There is no danger of a permanent repulse,' he answered. 'Though seemingly we are taking a great deal of time, yet we are using up the rebel army faster than it can be replenished. It will take more time, but I am fully confident of the result.'

"'General,' I remarked, 'the people of New York now feel that there is one at the head of our armies in whom they can repose the fullest confidence.'

"'Yes,' he interrupted, 'there is a man in the west in whom they can repose the utmost confidence, Gen. Sherman. He is an able, upright, honorable, unambitious man. We lost another one of like character a few days ago, Gen. McPherson.'

How Gen. Grant Received the News of his Election.

A dispatch to the Tribune from Galena says:

"After depositing his vote for congressional and state candidates, Gen. Grant went to the house of E. B. Washburne, where arrangements had been made to receive the telegraph returns. The first report was from J. G. Blaine—'Maine pledged 30,000 majority, and she has kept her faith' The next announcement was received from Wm. E. Chandler, that New Hampshire had gone republican by at least 5000 majority. Soon reports came in thick and fast from all parts of the country, but as yet they are varying. Many of the friends of Gen. Grant came in, anxious to hear the news. Much sport was made by the general, who had written out an estimate of the majorities for either candidates in the different states several days before. This he allowed no one to see except as each state was compared with his estimate, and in nearly every case he proved a prophet. The two states first named gave exactly the majorities he had predicted, and the presidential candidate seemed much more pleased at his political sagacity than at his success. Indeed, during the evening he manifested neither anxiety nor elation, while every one else was excited as the returns came in. The 'inevitable cigar' was as indispensable as ever, and the calm which he had displayed at Vicksburg and at Appomattox was as conspicuous as if he had still been at the head of a million soldiers.

"Galena, which had almost always been strongly democratic, and had given McClellan a majority of 120 in 1864, was announced as having gone for Grant by a majority of nine, at the very moment when dispatches came in proclaiming a republican gain in Seymour's own Deerfield. When Connecticut was certain for the Union, the whole room, Grant only excepted, applauded, but soon the general was doomed to a disappointment. He had calculated on 53,000 majority in Massachusetts, but the old Bay State was announced as giving him 75,000 majority, and he acknowledged the error in his calculations. As the evening wore away, the success of the republicans in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana became sure. Messages from Grow and Colfax declared that all doubt about these states was past. Every New England state was now certain.

"Michigan and California came into line, the Pacific coast responding to the Atlantic, and the Lakes, and West Virginia, with an unexpectedly large majority, took her place, while Nevada and Nebraska reached across the Rocky Mountains, hailing the Alleghanies. Bands of music saluted the victor from the streets; fireworks illuminated the neighborhood, and cannon announced the peaceful victory of Grant. But Grant was still as calm and imperturbable as ever. His adherents were elated, but his equinamity was undisturbed. At length word was brought that North Carolina was loyal once more, the first southern state that had voted since 1860. The room was crowded with congressmen, judges, town and country politicians, army officers, reporters, all apparently more eager than the man on whose account they had gathered.

"While they compared the returns and lingered to receive more, a despatch arrived from Petroleum V. Nasby, who forwarded his resignation as postmaster, and announced that he had gone into the grocery business. After this the torrent of news and congratulations was incessant, interrupted only by the comments of the little party, but more than the requisite number of electoral votes was now secured, and by degrees the citizens dropped away, and a little after midnight the President elect of the United States retired from the scene of his late triumph as modestly as he had left the little house at Appomattox, where four years ago he received the previous surrender of the enemies of his country."

A dispatch to the Sunday *Herald* says that the collector of customs of the port of Georgetown recently received a magnificent collection of solid silver articles intended as presents for President Grant, General Sherman, ex-Secretary Seward, and Mrs Lincoln. They were sent to this country from Mexico in behalf of a modest Mexican who refused to have his name made known, and who said that in his transport of delight at the abolition of slavery he was prompted to prepare these little tokens for some of the principal actors in that great work. President Grant receives a silver coffee set of thirty-six pieces, and some dressed leopard skins; General Sherman an egg-boiler and holder. For ex-Secretary Seward there is an inkstand and penholder, most ingeniously contrived, besides a call-bell. Mrs Lincoln's portion of the lot is a heavy card basket. Some idea may be formed of the valve of these gifts from the fact that the duty on President Grant's was $748, on General Sherman's $164.

WHAT GEN GRANT SAYS.—The general's neighbors at Galena called on him, on Wednesday night, with their congratulations, and he responded with this very long speech—for him:

Friends and fellow-citizens of Galena: I thank you for this additional mark of your kindness. Sufficient, I suppose, has now been heard of the result of the late election to show upon whom it has fallen to administer the affairs of the nation for the next four years. I suppose it is no egotism in me to say that the choice has fallen on me. The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear, if I can have the same support which has been given me thus far. I thank you and all others who have fought together in this contest—a contest in which you are all interested personally as much as, and perhaps more, than I am. I now take occasion to bid you good-by, as I leave here to-day for Washington, and shall probably see but few of you again for some years to come, although it would give me great pleasure to make an annual pilgrimage to a place where I have enjoyed myself so much as I have here during the past few months.

And this is what he telegraphs to Washington in response to the plans for a grand reception on his arrival there:—

I will make no formal reply, but I wish you would say to the gentlemen in charge of the movement, that I would much prefer returning quietly to my home, without demonstration. I appreciate their motives and will take the will for the deed. I do not know, either, what day I will be home. I leave Galena, on Thursday evening, and may not stop on the way.

HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION FROM GEN. GRANT. A gentleman recently from the front tells the following good story of General Grant: A visitor to the army called upon him one morning, and found the General sitting in his tent, smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The stranger approached the chieftain and inquired of him as follows: "General, if you flank Lee and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncover Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?"

General Grant, discharging a cloud of smoke with a "silver lining," from his mouth, indifferently replied, "Yes, I reckon so."

Stranger encouraged by the reply he thus received, propounded question number two:

"General, do you not think Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to reinforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied the General.

Stranger, becoming fortified by his success, propounded question number three, as follows:—

"General, is there not danger that Johnston may come up and reinforce Lee, so that the latter will swing around and cut your communications and seize your supplies?"

"Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar with his little finger."

Stranger horrified at the awful fate about to befall General Grant and the army, made his exit and hastened to Washington to communicate the "news." We give him the benefit of our circulation, and recommend him to the merciful treatment of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.—*Washington Republican.*

His unvaried course of success through four years of warfare shows that he is entitled to be ranked in the category of generals who never lost a campaign or a battle, and the easy simplicity with which he did the most extraordinary things, points strongly to the possession of remarkable genius for war."

THE NEW CABINET.

The Senate, in executive session, received and immediately confirmed the following nominations by President Grant for the officers of his Cabinet:

For Secretary of State, ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, of Illinois.

For Secretary of the Treasury, ALEXANDER T. STEWART, of New York.

For Secretary of the Navy, ADOLPH E. BORIE, of Pennsylvania.

For Secretary of the Interior, JACOB D. COX, of Ohio.

For Postmaster-General, JOHN A. J. CRESSWELL, of Maryland.

For Attorney-General, E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, of Massachusetts.

President Grant was requested to contribute a centennial message to the Philadelphia Sunday School Times, and he sent the following: "Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your centennial number, is this moment received. My advice to Sunday schools, no matter what their denomination, is: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

The Serenade to Gen Grant.

Gen Grant was serenaded, Friday evening, and after the band had played "Hail to the chief," calls were made for Grant, when he appeared at the door of his residence, and was greeted with prolonged cheers. Representative Boutwell of Massachusetts, who was standing at his side, addressed him in terms expressive of his gratification at his unanimous nomination by the Chicago convention, and Gen Grant said:—

"Gentlemen: Being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without the desire to cultivate that power (laughter), it is impossible for me to find appropriate language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is, that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties, you will have to judge for yourselves by my record before you."

Three cheers were given for Gen Grant, and hundreds of the crowd entered the house and congratulated the general.

Speaker Colfax's Eloquent Response.

The procession then moved to the residence of Speaker Colfax, and calls having been made for him, he appeared at the door of his residence in company with Representative Pike of Maine, who, in a few remarks, introduced Mr Colfax. The latter said: "My friends, I thank you with all the emotions of a grateful heart for this flattering manifestation of your confidence and regard. I congratulate you on the auspicious opening of the eventful campaign on which we are entering. In the Chicago convention, repreing the entire continental area of the republic, every state, every territory, every district and every delegate, from ocean to ocean, declared that their first and only choice for president was Ulysses S. Grant. (Great applause). Brave, and yet unassuming, retiecnt, and yet when necessary, firm as the eternal hills, (applause), with every thought and hope and aspiration for his country, with modesty only equalled by his merits, it is not extravagant for me to say that he is, to-day, of all other men in the land, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." (Great applause). His name is the very synonym of victory, and he will lead the Union hosts to triumph at the polls, as he led the Union armies to triumph in the field. But greater even than the conqueror of Vieksburg and the destroyer of the rebellion, is the glorious inspiration of our noble principles, animated by the sublime truths of the Declaration of Independence. Our banner bears an inscription more magnetic than the names of its standard-bearers, which the whole world can see as it floats to the breeze—"Liberty and loyalty, justiee and public safety." Defying all prejudices, we are for uplifting the lowly and proteeting the oppressed. History records, to the immortal honor of our organization, that it saved the nation and emaneipated a race. We struck the fetter from the limb of the slave and lifted millions into the glorious sunlight of liberty; we placed the emancipated slave upon his feet as a man and put into his right hand the ballot to proteet his manhood and his rights. We staked our political existence on the reconstruction of the revolted states on the sure and eternal corner stone of loyalty, and we shall triumph. I know there is no holiday contest before us, but with energy and zeal, with principles that humanity will approve, and that I believe God will bless, we shall go through the contest, conquering and to conquer, and on the fourth day of March next the people's champion will be borne by the people's votes to yonder White House, that I regret to say is now dishonored by its unworthy occupant. Then, with peace and confidence, we may expect our beloved country to enter upon a career of prosperity which shall eclipse the most brilliant annals of our past. I bid you God speed in this work, and now, good night.

LEE'S SURRENDER. A Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser relates these incidents, which though not new, as to the material facts, will serve as a good sample of condensed history:

Mr Clark Mills visited General Grant lately for the purpose of getting from him an authentic account of the particulars attending the surrender of General Lee, to aid him in his proposed work of representation of the event in bas relief for his monument. On this point the President said:—"Lee came in with a flag of truce to see on what terms I would receive his surrender, I stated the terms, and Lee said: 'Please reduce that to writing.' I took some manifold paper and made several copies, and handed one to him saying: 'There I believe that is about as I talked.' Lee read it, signed it, and then passed it back to me, and I signed it. The manifold copies were then distributed to the several generals. The transaction took place in front of my tent, under the tree with a little pine table between us." To the remark of Mr Mills that he had seen a picture representing the surrender as having taken place in a room with a carpeted floor, and in the midst of staff officers of both armies, General Grant replied that "that picture was got up to show off the aids." The real surrender took place as above stated.

Something of Interest to the Old Folks, and to the Boys and Girls.

SPEECHES OF GEN. GRANT.—We doubt if anybody ever heard or ever will hear General Grant "make a speech." He is not one of that kind; but his deeds speak for him. For some days past he has been in St. Louis on a visit to a sick child, and though frequently hard pressed by the people for a speech, he invariably bows his acknowledgments, and apologizes for his reticence. On Friday evening the general was honored by the enthusiastic populace with a serenade. His appearance on the balcony was greeted with the most flattering cheers. In response to calls for a speech, he took off his hat, and amid profound silence said:—

"Gentlemen: I thank you for this honor. I can not make a speech. It is something I have never done, and never intend to do, and I beg you will excuse me."

Loud cheers followed this brief address, at the conclusion of which the general replaced his hat, took a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and stood on the balcony in the presence of the crowd, puffing his Havana, and watching the rockets as they ascended and burst in the air.

"Speech! speech!" vociferated the multitude, and several gentlemen near him urged the general to say something to satisfy the people, but he declined. Judge Lord of the land court appeared very enthusiastic, and, placing his hand on Gen. Grant's shoulder, said:—"I'll tell them you can fight for them, but can't talk to them—do tell them that!"

"I must get some one else to say that for me," replied the general; but the multitude continuing to cry out "Speech! speech!" he leaned over the railing, blew a wreath of smoke from his lips, and said:—

"Gentlemen: Making speeches is not my business. I never did it in my life, and never will. I thank you, however, for your attendance here," and then the general retired.

Subsequently a grand dinner was given to the general, and another effort made to draw him out. While the president proposed a toast to his health, U. S. sat by his side serenely smoking. When he rose and stood upon the chair a perfect hurricane of applause rose from every part of the hall, and prevented him from speaking till it had subsided. Quiet being restored, Gen. Grant merely remarked that he could not find words adequately to return thanks for the compliment offered him, and would not make the attempt.

GEN. GRANT.—"Burleigh," the well known correspondent of the Boston Journal, relates the following ineident in a recent letter:

"Four years ago this very month Mrs. Grant lived in her quiet home in Galena. Her husband was Mr. Grant, the leather dealer, a plain, modest, reliable man, without much apparent force, who attracted very little attention anyway. The war had commenced. The flag had been shot away from Sumter, and shot out of a rebel cannon at Memphis. One morning Mr. Grant called on Congressman Washburne, who resides in Galena. He told Mr. W. 'that he did not feel right—that he could not sleep nights, that he felt that he was not doing his duty.' Washburne asked him what was the matter. Mr. Grant replied, 'I am doing nothing for my country. I have been educated at the nation's expense; but here I am at home doing nothing. I don't know what to do. I am no politician. I don't seem to be wanted anywhere, yet I feel as if I was fit for something if I could only find my place.' Mr. Washburne invited his neighbor to accompany him to Springfield where an important consultation was to be held at the request of Gov. Yates. On the morning of the fourth day Gen. Grant called at Mr. Washburne's rooms, and said to him—'Nobody knows me here—there is nothing for me to do—I am going home.' 'Hold on a day longer,' said Washburne.' The next day an important discussion was held in the council chamber. At Mr. Washburne's request Gen. Grant was called in. He held an interview with the state authorities for thirty minutes and then went out. As the door closed, Gov. Yates cried out, 'Good God, Washburne, who is this man? I have learned more about troops in these thirty minutes than I ever knew in all my life. All I can do for him now is to put him on my staff.' 'You go home and raise a regiment and I'll commission him as colonel.' The thing was done. The rest of the story the world knows by heart."

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE OF GEN. GRANT.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says that soon after Gen. Grant's return from Galena to the Capital, a southern gentleman not long in the city, happened to pass by the stables of the President elect, and having a curiosity to look in, faced toward the place and entered. A plain looking little man in his shirt sleeves was sitting on an inverted water bucket, quietly smoking a cigar. To this plain little man went the inquisitive gentleman, when the following conversation took place:

"Good day to you," said the gentleman.

'Good day," responded the plain little smoker.

"This Grant's stable?"

"This *is* his stable."

"Any objection to looking at Hiram Ulysses' horse flesh?"

"Not a bit; quite welcome to look sir."

"Heard so much about the General's fast beasts that I thought I would like to view them. By Jove! this *is* a fine animal, and no mistake (looking at one of them). Grant is very fond of his horses, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is rather given that way," answered the little smoker, with an unaccountable twinkle in his eye.

"Rather drive a fast team any day than get serenaded, I suppose, or hold a Cabinet?"

"That's rather a broad question," replied the little man, with another curious twinkle.

Something in the twinkle disconcerted the questioner, just at this juncture, and prompted him to utter.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir, but I don't mean to be inquisitive."

"No occasion to beg pardon at all," answered the little man in shirt sleeves.

This reassured the curious gentleman, who recommenced his questioning, while he kept eyeing the horseflesh.

"How does Grant take his election now? Does he really take it so coolly as the newspapers say? I have never seen him you know, and know nothing of him except by report."

"Well, yes; the newspapers are about right there anyhow. The General does take the election about the same as anything else," said the little man.

"Well, now, he must be a wonderful fellow. By Jove! sir, the man who can bear every honor so easily and coolly as Grant must be something above the rest of mankind."

"Did you ever see Grant's likeness?" dryly asked the little man.

"Oh, yes; of course. They say he's uglier than the prints make him. I suppose you know him well now. He talks to you, of course, a great deal about his horses, and I wouldn't wonder if he told you a good deal more than most people about him."

"Well, I am supposed to know a good deal about Grant; that's a fact. You say you have seen Grant's likeness, and that people say he is uglier than his pictures. Now, what do you think? Do I look anything like his pictures?"

A flood of light overwhelmed the curious gentleman in an instant. The little man in shirt sleeves and smoking was Grant himself.

GEN. GRANT AS A CHECKER-PLAYER.—The Watertown (N. Y.) Daily Reformer relates an anecdote of Gen. Grant: "When the general was a young lieutenant he was stationed for some time at Sackett's harbor, and in those days paid frequent visits to our village. He was a famous checker player, and was wont to spend many an hour at the old American hotel in this absorbing game. But there was one of our citizens, (whose name we are forbidden to mention) who could beat the lieutenant at his favorite game. But young Grant would never give up, and would insist on his competitor playing with him till he came out ahead, which he would, at last, always do. To secure this end, he sometimes kept his friend up nearly all night, and would stay in town three days, studying his long-headed moves, and forcing his opponent to play until he beat him in the end. If the man declined playing when he was ahead, the lieutenant was offended, and thought him ungentlemanly in the extreme. Grant is now playing checkers in the same style with Lee on the Virginia board."

☞ The poets of the past have spoken in advance of the heroes of to day. Homer makes the following allusion to Ulysses S. Grant:

> Ye Gods! what wonders has *Ulysses* wrought,
> What fruits his conduct and his courage yield.
> Great in the council, glorious in the field!
> Generous he rises in the State's defence,
> To curb the factious tongue of insolence,
> Such just examples on offenders shown,
> Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

UNSELFISH HEROISM.—One of the most attractive features of Gen. Grant's career is the apparent self-forgetfulness with which he has received the distinction forced upon him. Honors, which would have turned the heads of men who have filled a much larger space in the world's esteem, he has borne with marvelous unselfishness and reserve. The only recorded allusion to his own merit has recently come to light. "I did not desire to be placed where I am," he is reported to have said to a friend; "it was none of my seeking; but the task has been put upon me, and I believe God has called me to it—therefore I am confident that I shall succeed."

How General Grant Lives in Camp.

A military friend says of General Grant's Headquarters, near Culpepper, that he messes with his staff in the village; and at his table sits familiarly every member of his military family. The expenses of the mess are divided among the ten, not in equal proportions exactly, but in a manner satisfactory to all. The crockery is scanty and of the plainest, and the fare, though sufficient, homely. A chop with a cup of coffee for breakfast; a bit of roast beef, with potatoes and "hard tack" confronting a dish of pork and "greens," served for the 5 o'clock dinner, concluded without pastry or dessert. A cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter at half past eight o'clock finished up the day. The beds were simply cots, some with and others without mattresses; and all the toilet apparatus anywhere visible were a few tin wash basins, a moderate supply of towels, a bit of looking glass, and a horn comb. Distilled liquor or wine is permitted. The inventory of the General's baggage when he made his brilliant campaign in the rear of Vicksburg, it may well be remembered, was a briar-wood telescope and tooth brush. His clothes are worn threadbare, and despite the steady brushing of his servant, they will have an untidy look, due, no doubt, to the General's habit of going everywhere and seeing everything for himself. He never swears. No man in his camp has ever heard him give utterance to profanity. He rarely laughs, either, but he has a sort of grim humor which is not without its effect.

THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

"In the routine and detail of duty, and in the minor matters of discipline and organization, the army of the Potomac was undoubtedly superior to either of the others. But in the surbordination of its generals, in the promptitude, zeal and energy of its lower officers, in the self-reliance, earnestness and physical characteristics of the rank and file, in short in every moral military quality, the army of the Tennessee has never been excelled. No general ever more successfully impressed his own character upon an army than Grant did his upon the one which grew up so silently under his care. No army was ever more loyal to its chief, or more clearly embodied the spirit of the people from which it sprung. It is a curious fact, too, not otherwise sufficiently accounted for, that it is the only army organized with the war, and continuing in existence until the establishment of peace, which, as a whole, never suffered a defeat. Its endurance and conrage were unconquerable, so much so that before the war had terminated, it came to be a boast in its ranks that it was sure to win any battle that lasted over one day, no matter what the odds or who the enemy. Officers and men seemed to be endowed with the gift of persistency to a degree never surpassed except by their commander. As an organizer, Grant's reputation must continue to increase the more his performances in this direction become known.

"No modern general except Bonaparte ever wielded such vast and prolonged power; and not even that great conqueror displayed such remarkable sagacity in his organizations and selections of subordinates. Massena and Soult were driven from Spain; McDonald was overwhelmed at Katzbach; Marmont was defeated at Montmartre, and Napoleon himself was driven from Russia, beaten at Leipsic, and, finally, after a series of unaccountable blunders, was hurled from his throne, recovering it again only to repeat his blunders and meet an ignominious fate.

"But Grant knew that no genius, however remarkable, could sufficiently command the national armies in a war of such magnitude without the assistance of lieutenants who could be trusted 'to make their own orders' for the emergencies that were sure to arise. He therefore gave more thought to the proper organization and direction of armies upon the vital points of the enemy's territory and lines, and to the selection of men competent to command them, than to issuing the detailed orders of the battle. Neither Sherman, nor Sheridan, nor Thomas, nor Canby ever failed him, and had circumstances enabled him to devote himself exclusively to the command of the army of the Potomac, he would doubtless have displayed as much skill in the tactics of battle as he did in the strategy of campaigns.

The Wife.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From school and ball and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Hor step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing.
There's iron in our northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common,—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady:
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
"'Tis well," he said "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle-time
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot at your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison-walls about me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender;
"And if I give you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?

"I love you: on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Thomas Starr King.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The great work laid upon his two-score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ with its lottiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West, O morn and sunset twain
No more forever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

To the Thirty-Ninth Congress.

O people-chosen! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do His will and speak His word?

From that loud thunder-storm of war
Not man alone has called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And, not by coil, or gallows-stair,
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep
Your manhood; bend no suppliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?
What tears wash out that stain of death?
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty
Of Union, freedom, peace, we claim:
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours
We bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hand from off the negro throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To Labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old, heroic will,
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
Its memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all:

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome—
Stretch hands and bid ye welcome home!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1865

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not, all our way
Is night: with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burthen up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our ago supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

Whittier to Colfax.

Colfax!—well chosen to preside
O'er Freedom's Congress, and to guide,
As one who holds the reins of fate,
The current of its great debate;
Prompted by one too wise and good,
And fair, withal, to be withstood,
Here, from our northern river-banks,
I send to thee my hearty thanks
For all the patience which has borne
The weary foot of Bunkum's horn,
The hissing of the Copperhead,
And Folly dropping words of lead!
Still wisely ready when the scale
Hangs poised to make the right prevail,
Still foremost, though secession's head
Be crushed, with scornful heel to tread
The life out from its writhing tail!
As wise, firm, faithful to the end
God keep thee, prays thy sincere friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

An Agricultural Ode.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grapes by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut, trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the pow-wow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born,
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blessed;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as a bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow;
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

J. G. Whittier.

After Election.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how!
As on the thronged, unrestful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first:
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst!
Hark!—there the Alleghanies spoke;
That sound from lake and prairie broke!
That sunset-gun of triumph rent
The silence of a continent!

That signal from Nebraska sprung,
This, from Nevada's mountain tongue!
Is that thy answer, strong and free,
O loyal heart of Tennessee!
What strange, glad voice is that which calls
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls?

From Mississppi's fountain head
A sound as of the bison's tread!
There rustled Freedom's Charter Oak!
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke!
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set
Of sun. We have a country yet!

The praise, O God, be thine alone!
Thou givest not for bread a stone;
Thou hast not led us through the night
To blind us with returning light;
Not through the furnace have we passed,
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain!
November's moon, be slow to wane!
Shine on the Freedman's cabin floor;
On brows of prayer a blessing pour;
And give, with full assurance blest,
The weary heart of Freedom rest!

THE MAYFLOWERS.

Sad Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be prised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the Sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, though dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A Note from John G. Whittier.

A ship recently built at Newburyport, something in the seafaring line as well as in can make her. With renewed thanks to the ...ge., has received the name of *Whittier*. In re- Spanish castles, but unfortunately my ships rare- owners and builders, for the complimentary use ply to a note, asking liberty to use his name, they come to port. It is a satisfaction, therefore, of my name, I am very truly thy friend, poet says: to feel that I have now an interest in a stauncher JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE PUMPKIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and the red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth;
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before;
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin Pie?

Oh! fruit loved of boyhood—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved on its skin,
Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

WHITTIER'S SONG OF THE FREE.

Messrs. Editors,—The following patriotic song was written by the gifted poet WHITTIER, twenty-five years ago, and as no more appropriate national hymn has been produced in the present crisis, it ought to appear again. T.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Pride of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all craven-like,
When the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where's the New Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy
Around us are lying,—
Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
Paddocks and scourges!
Go—let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges!
Go—let him silence
Winds, clouds and waters—
Never New England's own
Free sons and daughters!
Free as our rivers are,
Ocean-ward going—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace—
"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

Oh Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll
Or any flag the winds unroll.

What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

Oh brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be.
What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun
When human rights are staked and won.

I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
By open foes or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

Nov. 1861

The Reward.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?—
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servant servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindful of his creed
Or home hath bent—

He hath not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart;
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

Forefathers' Day.

The following letter of Whittier to the meeting of New England residents of Washington assembled to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims will be read with interest:

AMESBURY, 18th of the 12th month, 1868.

R. D. Muzzey, Esq.,—Dear Friend: I cannot at such brief notice do more than express my hearty sympathy with your festival, and the hope that you may not only do justice to the good old New England dishes on your table, but to the faith, courage, self sacrifice, and reverence of the days when

"——an honest grace would hold
Till the hot pudding grew at heart a cold."

Quaker as I am by birth and connection, I have the heartiest respect for the sterling virtues of the Puritans. I used to feel somewhat hardly toward them for their treatment of my religious predecessors, but I have learned to judge them more leniently. Their persecution was simply a matter of logical sequence. If I really believed as they did, that the precise dogmas of my creed were essential to salvation, and that the slightest deviation from them meant nothing less than eternal torment, I might be tempted from sheer humanity to do as they did. At any rate the charge of intolerance can scarcely be urged against New England at the present time. Whatever we may have been formerly, we are no longer what Dr. Johnson said he liked—good haters. Calvinism listens to Emerson's radicalism, to Park and Bushnell, and in no case is the self-respecting individuality of the speaker a cause of complaint. Neither politics nor theology are with us grounds for personal animosity. A southern planter, who visited Boston just before the attack on Fort Sumter, said to me: "I thought you Yankees hated us as badly as we hate you, but I'll be hanged if I can see that you hate us at all!" The planter was right. Even now, much as we have suffered from the most causeless rebellion since Satan's revolt in Heaven, clothed as so many of our homes are in mourning for the slain of our people, we certainly have no hatred for the inhabitants of the south. On the contrary, we are thankful for any opportunity of aiding them in restoring their waste places. I have no doubt but at this moment a majority of our people would heartily agree with me in supporting the motion just made by a New England senator to remove the disabilities of those at present disfranchised in the revolted states, and make amnesty and suffrage universal.

You do well, then, to keep alive the memories of the old home and the old faith. Puritanism with all abatements for its faults, is not a thing to be ashamed of. The tree is known by its fruits. Of it a poetical Bostonian, the precursor of Lowell and Holmes and Longfellow, said wisely and well, nearly two centuries ago:—

"At this tree's foot Astrea sits and sings
And waters it, whence upright Justice springs;
Which yearly shoots forth laws and liberties,
That no man's will or wit may tyrannize.
True Liberty's there ripe, where all confess
They may do what they will save wickedness.
Peace is another fruit which that tree bears—
The chiefest garland that the country wears.
Forsaken Truth, Time's daughter, groweth here,
More precious fruit what tree did ever bear?
Whose pleasant gifts aloft hath many fed,
And what falls down knocks Error on the head."

May that goodly tree which the fathers planted, its strong old stock engrafted with the liberal ideas of our age, grow and overshadow the land, and wherever its shadow falls may its leaves be leaves of healing. Very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or die for Thee.
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Farewell to the Year.

TRANSLATION FROM THE SPANISH BY J. G. LOCKHART.

Hark friends, it strikes the year's last hour;
A solemn sound to hear—
Come fill the cup and let us pour
Our blessings on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high—she brought us both of weal and woe;
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way;
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey;
The oaks broad leaf, the roses bloom,
Together fall, together lie:
And undistinguished in the tomb,
Howe'er they lived, and all that die,
Gold, beauty, knightly sword and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear,
Since round this board we met,
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star has not forever set!
Alas! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, which now are damp and cold.
For us no more her lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not; being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
And God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart—
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb so dark to mortal view
Is Heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, the cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

A Psalm For New Year's Eve.

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land.
Even as the sower,
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by;
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh and half gasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers twine;
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the old year go.

O New Year, teach us faith;
The road of life is hard;
When our feet blend, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's, who saith
"Make straight path for your feet," and to the oppressed,
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

NEW YEAR.

BY R. F. FULLER.

The old year closes; and the new
Opes wide the welcome door;
But, though the past is plain in view,
We cannot look before.

Beyond the portal of the year,
The future vista lies;
And still unseen, although so near,
To unprophetic eyes.

Yet, if we make the Lord our light,
No darkness veils the view,
And faith, a surer guide than sight,
Shall lead us safely through.

With duty our concern alone,
And hearts of Christian cheer,
Still we may walk the path unknown
Of each approaching year.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! hark to the sound of the silver bells
In the midnight still and clear;
Wide over the land their music tells
The birth of the glad New Year.

Not on the wings of the beautiful Spring,
As she glides on her radiant way;
Not with the hours of the Summer's flowers,
Comes the New Year young and gay.

Not in the time of the Autumn's prime,
With a regal glory crowned;
But wrapped in the folds of the vesture cold
Of the Winter's depths profound.

All soft and white, like a mantle light,
On the landscape lies the snow;
And the icy breeze through the forest trees
Sweeps creamily to and fro.

The fair child listens with earnest ear,—
A wondering heart hath he;
"Thou hast many a beautiful gift, New Year!
O what hast thou brought for me?"

The red rose mantles the maiden's brow,
And her heart is thrilled to hear;
Life never before was so sweet as now,
For this is her bridal year.

The merchant wakes in the midnight dim,
To muse on the fame and gold,
Which the circling months shall bring to him
Ere the New Year will grow old.

The Christian listens with hope and fear,
For a humble heart hath he,—
"What can I do for my Lord this year,
Who hath done so much for me?"

O ye to whom on the shores of Time
Are the golden circles given,
Not unto self is the boon sublime,
But to work the will of heaven.

So live that when all the years are past,
Which God in his grace shall send,
Eternity's joy shall crown the last
With the bliss that knows no end.

THE NEW YEAR.

Upon the breast of his white-robed mother,
Lies the new-born, stainless year,
Where, one moment since, his dying brother
Lay him weary—death so near
Comes oft to life, as oft the living one
Fills up the place of him whose work is done.

Joy in the present dispels all sorrow,
Earth a New Year greets anew,
And clasps her hand with that of the morrow,
Whose light her darling first shall view.
She buries the Old Year quickly and well,
And changes to ringing the passing bell.

Winter, who, by the bedside of the old,
Wept white snowflakes o'er the land,
Now stand with glittering smiles his robe to fold
'Bout the New Year's dainty hand.
Places upon his baby brow the seal
Of royal power o'er earth, through woe or weal,

Until, his twelve months' work all done, he goes
To join the numberless band
Of brother years, by the river which flows
Away to the shadowy land
Which the Past calls hers, and where Memory paints
O'er the flowers which from year to year she paints.

The days glide on—the infant year has grown
To boyhood, and blooming Spring
On white clouds floating, by the west wind blown,
On his white brow binds a ring
Balmy with fragrance, which dies out as Time's
Firm still finger the fading wreath untwines.

It falls from boyhood's brow, and in its place
Appears the seal of manhood.
Earth smiles upon her son with dimpled face,
While hill, dale and whispering wood,
Tell of the glories of his passing days,
And on the air sweet summer's spirit plays

An anthem loud and clear of past good done,
Of joys to earth now given,
Of promises of honored age to come:
And floats away toward heaven
As days glide by, and solemn Autumn binds
The whitening head with purple hanging vines,

And ties about his throne the golden sheaves;
Spreads around his weary feet
Ripe mellow fruits, and wafts upon the breeze
Perfume to his faint heart sweet.
And old age creeps on with the falling leaves,—
The gate is near of which Death holds the keys.

Once more Earth clasps him to her snowy breast,
While aged Winter, weeping,
Unwinds his robe and lays him down to rest;
Then turns from where he's sleeping
To greet a new-born year, who shall lie down
In turn, and to a brother yield his crown.

THE NEW YEAR.

It is strange to write, for the first time, at the head of one's letter-sheet, the date of a New Year. The figures have an unwonted look. They confuse the eye, like the spelling of a new word. But all words have a place in the lexicon; one knows where to go to find their meaning. So all years have a place in history; yet where can one go, in history, to learn of these new figures 1862? Who knows what they signify? Who can tell what hidden meaning they cover? Where may one search for the message they bring?

It is an arbitrary decree that brings the year's change in mid-winter. The natural year begins with spring. A true calendar would make the Year twin-born with Nature. But the new year, with us, has birth in January, that it may have bleak winds for infant's wails. Yet, withal, it has its cheeriness; its blazing fires on old hearths; its social circles; its nut-crackings; its merry games; its blindman's buff. In these neighborly cities of ours, it has the genial custom of friendly visits from house to house, and hospitable welcome at every door. It is the end and crown of the special season of good wishes; of gifts from friend to friend; of streets thronged with buyers; of shop-windows aflame with purchasable glories; of that brief gala day when the purse flows freely, like a winter brook under a sudden thaw. It is a day when extra friends come to one's table, and extra fatness cumbers the board. It is a festival of thanksgiving under another name.

We do not give it religious celebration, like Christmas, or like the Feast of the Pilgrims. But it brings Christian thoughtfulness even in the midst of its festivities. In some churches, it is ushered in with vigils at midnight. We all give it welcome as Holiday; and that once meant Holy Day. It is the most signal of the year's days. It is the fit season not only for men's congratulations, but for men's reflections. The New Year is a Mountain Top: a point for looking backward and looking forward. So this day belongs of right to both years; for, like a ripened seed, it bears in itself a tale of two harvests; of the year gone, and of the year to come.

A year's history would be a cyclopedia too great to be written in books. Count over the last twelve months! What have they wrought in families? The many-handed year has been busy, from the beginning, opening the gates of the world for entrance and exit to all who have had birth or death! A soul comes into the world, and a soul goes out of it, every minute; so says the register of our mortality. How many children's cradles did the last year stop rocking? How many graves did it cover with leaves? How varied, for the full twelvemonth, has been the great round of common life! The year has crumbled down one man's fortunes and built up another's from the fragments! It has sundered one man's friendships, and healed another's enmities! It has kept full record of the cunning duplicities of selfish men, and of the pure thoughts of the upright in heart. It has attended, unbidden, many a wedding-feast, and has watched, unseen, by many a sick-bed. It has carried, day and night, prayers to heaven from many a mother's heart, storing the future so full of God's answers that many coming years will be too narrow to contain the blessings that shall follow from one faithful mother's prayers.

Then, what a history a year makes in Nature? The four seasons widened the girth of the young oak, and rotted the trunk of the old; painted the grapes purple, and straightway spoiled their leaves with rust; dropped blood on all the maples, till they blushed at their beauty, and then in their pride were made desolate; laid their fingers upon the grain-fields, like Midas, touching them into gold; filled barns so near to bursting, that the long winter cannot make them empty or bare.

Then, too, what a rummager and ransacker is Time! How eagerly it seeks after every beautiful thing, to gnaw at it, and taste of it! How it intermeddles with Art! It touches and retouches the works of all the masters! It is rubbing out colors from Titian, and will one day ruin him. It is making chinks in St. Peter's, and means some time to destroy it.

How busy are the years among the nations—breeding wars and rumors of wars! What a struggle in this land the old year left unended! What a battle the new year finds waging! Who can recount the wonderful history of a year? Does it pass as a tale that is told? It passes also as a tale that cannot be told!

What of this new comer among the years? In some respects it will have a like history with the last. It will lead forth a like train of seasons; seed-time and harvest; heats and frosts. It will carry on the same great mysteries of life and death. It will visit equal perplexities upon the nations of the earth. It will keep men in suspense between hope and fear. It will be inscrutable to their most anxious wish to know events before time is ready for the disclosure.

It is a happy thing that the history of to-morrow has never yet been written. Part of the Curse was withheld from man when God mercifully restrained him from knowing the future. Who would feel comfortable to know, all his lifetime, the day of his death? Who would feel grateful to read to-day that to-morrow at noon he will fall and break his arm? Who would like to see so far ahead as to know that, with the next midsummer, his little child is to sicken and die? They who seek so eagerly and so vainly for glimpses of the future, forget what bitterness would be in their knowledge, if they could only know.

But if we cannot have knowledge of the New Year, we can have wishes for it. So, in case our wishes should be held to have any virtue, we waft to every human creature, by breath of mouth and word of pen, the cheerful accost of a Happy New Year!

We wish it, first, to all to whom the old year was unhappy; to the poor, that they may be clothed and housed against the winter's wind; to the beggars in the street, that now they may have plentiful basket and store; to all honest men who have had bad luck, that they now may have better. We wish it to all the brave men who are watching, these wintry nights, around camp-fires, thinking of battle and of home; we wish it to the sailor in foreign seas, that fair winds may speed his good ship back; we wish it to the thrifty farmer, that the seed may yield the sheaf; we wish it to the toiling mechanic who, after to-day's holiday, will go back to-morrow to his bench and tools—to whom may a good day's work bring a good day's wages. We wish it to all who are struggling against any enemy within themselves, and seeking after a better life; may they have victory by God's grace. We wish it to all God's ministers in Christian pulpits, that the year may bring a harvest of many souls. We wish it to all missionaries in foreign lands, that their heroic labors may have divine rewards. We wish it to all who bear the burden of any grief, that they may have the oil of joy for mourning. We wish it to all who are sick and in prison, that they may be visited and comforted. We wish it to every sorrowing slave in his bondage, that the New Year, with shadowy hands, may unbind his chains, and set him free. To these, and to all, may the coming days bring cheer, and plenty, and liberty, and the peace of God!

A year goes, and a year comes; both are shod with soft sandals; neither makes noise in coming or going. The clock in the church-tower, keeping even race with both, gives unheeded warning at what rate they run. Men look at their watches to remember the flight of the hours, but forget the flight of the days. So the years pass away almost unawares. We all say, Time is short. But though time is short, it outlives the longest life; not, however, by great measure; for life, after its respite of death, shall yet outlive time. This is a day, therefore, for the Christian to remember the warning of Job, "*When a few years are come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return.*" May every New Year be happy, until that Unmeasured Year that follows these shall be happiest of all.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH

During the past few days how often have the words, "A happy new year," been uttered by the lips of hundreds and thousands among us! the gleeful shout of the little child, as the bright sun of the opening year gilded his whole future with its rays of golden light, and the calmer, yet still joyous greeting, as friend met friend, in the home-circle, the street, or the mart of business.

To some, the words struck those deeper chords of feeling and sad remembrance, whose only response was tears, as the desolate home, the vacant seat, the silent voice, whispered of bereaved affection and hopes whose earthly light was quenched in darkness. To others, the greeting was full of bright anticipation and human joy, with no shading cloud to dim the glowing future. But again and again uttered, repeated and echoed through all our homes, how few have realized their deep significance, and from how few lips was the utterance a true expression of the *soul's* deep wish and prayer!

We use these common expressions of our daily life,—we meet and part, and call ourselves true and sincere,—but how much of all this intercourse is merely outward, the forms of a common politeness, the greetings of formal friendships, hiding the deeper soul-life, or blinding us to its great realities! Were our common words and daily intercourse the simple utterences of the heart, too pure to need the gloss of mere civilities, too real to seek the mask of cold conventionalities, how much truer, higher, more Chirst-like, would be our lives.

"A happy new-year!" but not necessarily a year all cloudless, serene and joyful, free from sorrow, care, sickness and anxiety;—not such is our wish here and to-day. We wish you, indeed, a happy year, yet should God take from you the health that now pulses through your veins and animates you with life and vigor, laying you on the couch of weariness and pain, it will be because in his perfect wisdom He knows that sickness may conduce to your soul's truer life and lead you nearer to Him than days of painless joy and ease.

We wish you a happy year, yet should sorrow cloud your sky, and anxiety fill your heart, and the touch of God's chastening hand rest heavily on you, we know that through sorrow, rightly met, the soul is made more strong, Christ-like, and enduring; and so we dare not ask to have the cup all pass from you.

We wish you a happy year, yet should riches fade, and anxieties for the means of daily subsistance press heavily upon you, and many sources of outward enjoyment and ease be taken away, yet through the fading of the earthly treasure *may* be revealed the heavenly riches.

Happy, through a closer walk with God,—the Father's love overshadowing your daily path, and his hand recognized in all the daily duties and joys of each passing day. Happy—through a deeper soul-life, conscious of the indwelling Spirit, and realizing more and more fully the deep meaning of the promise, "We will come and make our abode with him."

LINES TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, departing year;
Thy waning shadow lingers on the hill,
And through the dim woods, desolate and still,
Thy dying voice to hear.

Storms ushered in thy birth;
Yet thy brief reign hath brought us Spring's sweet flowers,
Summer's ripe fruits, and her gay sparkling showers
That gladden the green earth.

And Autumn, led by thee,
Came with her waving fields of golden grain,
Her laden orchard boughs—her harvest's strain,
Her liberal hand and free.

And now thy course is run;
The wintry winds, with wild and eddying blast,
Thy requiem sing, and withered chaplets cast
Thy cold bleak grave upon.

Ah! light is the farewell
Breathed forth by thoughtless hearts to thee, Old Year,
From midst the festive throng,—while in their ear
Low sounds thy passing knell;

Mindless that thou dost bear,
On thy still wings, a record dread to heaven
Of wasted thoughts, of high affections given
To trifles light as air.

Precious are thy lost hours;
And we may weep, sadly, but, ah! in vain,
To win them back,—yearning yet once again
To call those treasures ours.

Yet not with gloom we speed
Thy parting flight—but solemn thought we blend
With our farewell, as to a dying friend,
Who warns us in our need.

For thou to some must bound
Their being's term upon this changeful earth,—
And thousands ne'er who hail the New Year's birth
May tread its circling round.

Therefore these musings sad
Blend with our gayer thoughts their sombre hue,
And with a kind and gentle power subdue
Hopes that were else too glad.

Thus, then, Old Year, we part,—
Grateful for all the mercies by thee brought,
And for thy chastenings, which were kindly fraught,
With blessings to the heart.

E. L. C.

A strange, non-descript time is the interval between the 24th of December and the 2d of January. It is the bridge between the Old and the New, where every traveller would fain lean over the parapet and muse a little upon the stream that rushes beneath; or, wearying of this, lift his face to the star so far off and yet so near. But in a great city the human tide rushes too fast; the present is too full, the future too importunate, and whether he will or not, he is hurried forward. Work thrusts aside reflection, gaiety leaves no room for retrospection; and yet the most worldly feel a touch of sentiment as the old year with all its experiences slips away to be numbered with those that were but are not. It is a haunted time, and even the busiest cannot quite exorcise the phantoms, nor is it well that we should. It is better that we find a quiet hour and give them hospitable entertainment. Let the long-buried joys and sorrows be recalled while we reverently question their significance; let the friends that have left us return; let us look again into eyes that were once dear to us, and question ourselves of the whither of our footsteps since their lights were withdrawn. Let the dead friend once more sit beside us, and the friend that is estranged lay his hand in ours; for in that presence our failures and wrong-doings will be revealed; the bitterness will fade out of our hearts, and the enemy that had wronged us will be remembered with pity rather than with resentment. Now, if at any time during the year, our good angels are on duty, doing their utmost to soften the hard heart, to uplift the grovelling and selfish nature, to remind us of our allegiance to God and our kinship with humanity. Let us yield ourselves to these gentle influences, and in this holy time between the years, pause and commune in silence with our own souls.

A Thanksgiving.

For the wealth of pathless forests
Whereon no axe may fall,
For the winds that haunt the branches—
The birdling's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the sound of waters, gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies—
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies—
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the buds that throng to gladden
The toiler's plodding way;
For the bursting of fresh roses
With every new-born day;
For the bare twigs, that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence giant cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtains
Of heaven's blue windows be;
For the burning bars of twilight
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty—
The sky, with all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
Which our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth, saved from Eden,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the hidden scroll o'er written
With one dear Name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human—
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank thee, oh, my God!

A Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Oh join all ye people!
To the Ancient of Days
A hymn of thanksgiving
Unitedly raise.

Thanksgiving for life,
Thanksgiving for health,
Thanksgiving for freedom,
Thanksgiving for wealth,
Thanksgiving for sunshine,
Thanksgiving for rain,
Thanksgiving for harvest
Returning again.

Oh join all ye people!
To the Heavenly King
A hymn of thanksgiving
Unitedly sing.

Thanksgiving for heroes
Both living and dead;
Thanksgiving for all who
For country have bled;
Thanksgiving that men
Proved true to their trust
And feared not to fight
For the cause that is just.

Oh join all ye people!
And sing to the Lord
A hymn of thanksgiving
In one *full* accord

Remember the poor
And turn not away
The widow, the orphan,
And those far away;
Remember the soldiers
On land and on sea,
Our brothers, the soldiers,
Wherever they be.

Oh join all ye people!
Give thanks to the Lord
Who richly bestows
His blessings abroad.

Thanksgiving day! the joyful sound!
Time-honored. In its annual round,
Still with the Pilgrim son is found,
As with the sire.
A day of recollection sweet,
When dearest friends again do meet
The absent long,—once more to greet,
And kindle higher,
The sacred flame of holy love,
For kindred and for God above,—
The true New England heart to move
With patriot fire.
Sons of the brave! sons of the free!
New England's sons! where'er ye be,
At home, abroad, on land or sea,
Your voices raise;
And echo through our broad-spread land
Thanksgivings to the bounteous hand,
Which guided well the Pilgrim band
Of other days."

Let us Give Thanks.

Let us give thanks! the day is breaking,
The tide of life is in our hearts,
And blessings of our Father's making
Gather around, and care departs.

Let us give thanks to Him who renders
The highlands beautiful with bloom;
Gives music to the brook that wanders
Amid the forests' wondrous gloom.

Let us give thanks to Him who streweth
With dazzling snow these blooming banks,
And when the wild wind loudly bloweth
And the storms rage—let us give thanks.

He in whose hands thy Fate is holden,
He to whose throne thy prayers arise,
Hath made thy life a pathway golden
With rainbows set amid the skies.

Oh, when around thy flashing ingle
Gather at night thy household band,
Let gratitude with gladness mingle,
Let prayer and peace go hand in hand.

Let us give thanks! So full of blessings
Has been this pilgrimage of ours,
So shadowless have been the heavens,
Our upward path is bright with flowers.

A CALL TO THANKSGIVING.

Come home to Thanksgiving! dear children come home
From the north and the south, from the west and the east,
Where'er you are resting, wherever you roam,
Come back to the sacred and annual feast.

What though the wild wind of November doth roar,
Like a trumpet blast, loud o'er the country so drear,
And the cold rain of autumn unceasingly pour,
In this cloudiest, gloomiest month of the year.

We heed not, nor *hear* it, with fires burning bright
On the ample old hearths where you sported of yore.
Ye will know the glad faces revealed by their light,
And fond hearts will welcome you e'en at the door.

Your father is here, and your mother, whose love,
Though homely and plain, is more precious than gold.
And your shy little sister, with eyes like a dove,
And your brother, so tall and so sturdy and bold.

And when you shall miss from your circle a face,
Which for many a year was like light to your view,
Do not mourn for the aged! for oh! in her place
A glorious angel is waiting for you.

Come home to Thanksgiving! we pray you come home.
From the north and the south, from the west and east,
Where'er you are resting, wherever you roam,
Come back to our sacred and annual feast.

Our ripe fruits are gathered, our corn in the barn,
All ready for "husking" and brisk "apple-bees."
And Mary is knitting her snowiest yarn
Into mittens for fear that your fingers would freeze.

The chestnuts, alas! are all gone from the lea,
But our walnuts and butternuts always are fine;
They were carefully culled from each favorite tree,
And our elder (speak softly) is sparkling as wine.

The turkeys, entirely resigned to their fate,
Stalk quietly around, with a gobble or so—
And the chickens their doomsday in silence await,
Asking nothing but plenty to eat as they go!

Our pumpkins are golden as golden can be,
All ready to mold into delicate *pie*,
With a tempting crust white as the foam of the sea,
And light as the snowy flake wandering by.

Come home to Thanksgiving! But oh, if you come,
Bring back the warm heart of your earlier youth;
Let it shed its old light on the altar of home,
Untainted in feeling—undimmed in its truth.

Cast away from your soul all the dross of the world,
And worship with us as you did when a child,
In our solemn old church, with your golden locks curled
And your roguish eyes glancing demure and mild.

Let us thank God together, for home and for health—
For the friends he hath left us and those that are gone,
For His fatherly bounty in giving us wealth,
Or His merciful justice when wealth is withdrawn.

And oh, let us pray that when life shall be o'er,
And the last earthly rites unto us have been given,
We may meet those we love on eternity's shore,
And keep a more joyful Thanksgiving in Heaven.

THANKSGIVING,

AND WHAT IT MEANS.

"Thanksgiving is coming!" exclaimed little Mary, in whose imagination roast-turkey and plum-pudding figured largely,—'Thanksgiving is coming; then we will go to grandfather's. Aunt Annie will be there to tell us stories, and Cousin Alice will go, and Frank, and the baby; and oh, we will have such a nice time playing hide-and-seek and blindman's buff—won't we, father?"

And little Mary's eyes sparkled, and her pretty flushed face, peeping through her tangled curls, told how much interest she felt in the coming Thanksgiving.

Her father looked down upon his little girl as she sat upon his knee, and smiled to see her innocent happiness; then he asked, "What does my little daughter *mean by Thanksgiving?*"

Here was a poser, for Mary, like a great many other little girls, never had a thought about it beyond the good *things* and good *times* she always had at grandma's; so no wonder she looked puzzled when asked the meaning of Thanksgiving!

Her father, seeing her perplexed look, said, "Shall I tell Mary a story?"

The happy look stole back to her sweet face, as she said, "Oh yes."

"A great many years ago," began her father, "when this country first began to be settled, there was a little settlement formed at Plymouth. The people were good, pious Puritans, and every morning and evening asked God to bless them in their new home. They had not been long settled before their stores began to give out, and many suffered for the want of bread. This was very early in the spring.

"In April they planted their corn, and it sprang up, giving promise of a plentiful harvest, and they began to feel encouraged that they yet should be happy in their home in the wilderness. But God was going to try their faith in himself; and soon the earth began to be dry and parched, the promising grain drooped, and looked as if it was going to die; six weeks went by, and still no rain. The Puritans resolved to appoint a day on which all should assemble and pray to God to send them rain.

"The day came, a fair, beautiful day, not a cloud dimmed the sky, yet sadder hearts never beat than on that bright day. Nine hours passed in which they prayed unceasingly, yet brightly the sun shone on, and the air was close and sultry; still they prayed with renewed fervor, and toward evening clouds overspread the sky, and *rain*, cool, refreshing rain, fell in abundance from the windows of heaven. The dry and withered plants lifted up their drooping heads, as if to thank God for the cooling draught; and from the prayerful faith of these pious Puritans a plentiful harvest was reaped. And in remembrance of God's goodness to them, they appointed a day of Thanksgiving—the day which my little Mary has so earnestly been wishing for; and I hope *when* it comes *she* will not forget to thank her heavenly Father for all his blessings to her."

Mary thanked her father for the story, then kissed him "good-night," and went to rest with more solemn thoughts of Thanksgiving than she ever had before.

May my little readers likewise remember that Thanksgiving is appointed for the purpose of returning thanks to God for his goodness to us, and not *alone* for the purpose of meeting those we love, and eating roast-turkey and plum-pudding. Ecdora.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mysterious mountains of the moon. It was not until 1776, that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed a million and a-half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those grand exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers Europe combined. Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the great event of history in the two worlds in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts were then scarcely foreshadowed. The United States were then the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America, steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered the mind of man.

WORCESTER:

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1863.

No PAPER will be issued from this office to-morrow.

Thanksgiving.

"The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones; the sycamores have been cut down, but we will change them into cedars."—*Isaiah* 9: 10.

The president this year unites with the governors of many of the states in giving a national sanction to the secular Sabbath of the Puritans. It is the crowning of a year of sacrifices more than compensated by triumphs, and is worthy to be welcomed with the outpouring of all grateful hearts. If the prophet himself could now look down from that higher light in which he is rejoicing, and apply his inspired dialectics to *our* strife of dispensations, he would have scarcely less cause for prophetic joy and exalted thanksgiving

"To the dear God who loveth us—
Who made and loveth all,"

than when he foresaw the true Christ coming, and foretold his own people's redemption. Providence is no respecter of times or peoples, and to those who work for right and duty and justice and truth, it comes as near, this late November morning, as it ever came to seer or prophet in the ancient days. Now, as then, there is preparation to be made for the new dispensation just beginning to streak the east with fair morning light; and now, as then, there is grateful and beneficent work waiting for those who are worthy of the reward of faithful service to country and mankind.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had songht the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"O, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"O, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said,

"O, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the Dew and summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"O, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.
It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good."

—*Christian Radical.*

The President's Hymn.

SIR—Inclosed you will find a hymn written by our beloved and revered fellow citizen, Dr. Muhlenberg, founder of St. Luke's hospital, and writer of the immortal hymn, "I would not live alway" Will you not give it a place in your columns, and use your editorial influence to induce our people throughout the loyal states to sing it in the churches on the approaching thanksgiving, as "The President's Hymn."

It has a right to that designation. It is, as a comparison of the two will prove, a metrical version of the president's proclamation, which this year, for the first time, made our "Harvest Home" a national festival—a significant and blessed augury of that "more perfect Union," with which with God's blessing, the war shall leave us as a people.

Solicitious to have the highest authority given to the use of this national hymn, I obtained the reluctant consent of its writer (author also of the music to which it is set) to ask our chief magistrate's permission to style it "The President's Hymn." The secretary of state, through whom the application was made, telegraphed me a few hours afterward the president's leave, in the decisive style which has now become so familiar to our people—"Let it be so called."

May we not hope that millions of our people will, on November 26, be found uniting in this National Psalm of National Thanksgiving, and that "The President's Hymn" will be the household and the temple song of that solemn and joyful day? It will help to join our hearts as citizens, thus to blend our voices as worshippers; and the blessings of Union, liberty and peace will sooner descend for a people that can thus unite in its praise and hosannahs.

Respectfully yours,
HENRY W. BELLOWS.

New York, Nov. 17, 1863.

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE:
Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health:
Give thanks—

For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—

In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Where the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His Ocean domains chant His name with the gales:
Give thanks—

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks—

Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts;
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory,—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part;
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more!
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore;
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand;
Be the banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.
And the Banner of Union, &c.
Give thanks—

All hail, Thanksgiving day! Let the church bells ring, and the parsons preach, and the anthems sound, and the turkeys sputter, and the mince pies smoke! Let it gather to itself all fragrant and pleasant memories! Let its morning go forth with joy, and let it lead in the night with peace!

An English cook recently lost an opportunity to enter a good place by saying, "Oh, by the way, ma'am, there is one thing I forgot to mention; I hope there will be no objection to the family's dining early twice a week, as on Tuesdays and Thursdays I take dancing lessons in the evening." The lady, far from being grateful that the lessons were only taken twice instead of thrice a week, with the usual selfish arrogance of employers, declined to make the slight concession asked, and the cook went on her way indignant at the unreasonableness of "misuses."

THE OLDEN TIME.

A Thanksgiving Proclamation One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

We copy from the Providence Journal, for which Dr Parsons dug it up, the following proclamation for a Thanksgiving in the province of Massachusetts Bay, one hundred and fifty years ago, which we reproduce with as much accuracy as our modern types will allow:—

[English Coat of Arms.]
By HIS EXCELLENCY,
SAMUEL SHUTE, Esq.;

Captain General and Governour in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the *Massachusetts-Bay* in *New-England*, &c.

A Proclamation for a General
THANKSGIVING.

FORASMUCH as amidst the various awful Rebukes of Heaven, with which we are righteously afflicted, in the Contagious and Mortal Sickness among us, especially in the Town of *Boston;* The long and immoderate *Rains*, which have been so hurtful to the Husbandry and Fishery; And the threatening Aspect of Affairs with Respect to our Frontiers: We are still under the highest and most indispensible Obligations of Gratitude for the many Instances of the divine Goodness in the Favours vouchsafed to us in the course of the Year past; Particularly, For the LIFE of our Gracious Sovereign Lord the KING, Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of *Wales* and their Issue, and the increase of the Royal Family; The Preservation of His Majesty's Kingdoms and Dominions from the terrible and desolating *Pestilence* which hath for so long a Time been wasting the Kingdom of *France*; And the happy success of his Majesty's Wise Counsils for Restoring and Confirming the Peace of *Europe*; For the Continuance of our valuable Privileges, both Civil and Ecclesiastical; and the divine Blessing upon this Government in their Administrations; Particularly, In succeeding the Methods taken to prevent the Insults of the *Eastern Indians*; For giving so great a Measure of Health within this Province, and Moderating the mortality of the *Small Pox*, so that a great Number of Persons are Recovered from that Distemper; and for granting us so comfortable a former harvest, and so hopeful a Prospect of the latter:—

I *have therefore thought fit with the Advice of His Majesty's Council, to Order and Appoint* Thursday, *the* Twenty-sixth *of* October *next, to be Observed as a Day of Publick* THANKSGIVING *throughout this Province, strictly forbidding all Servile Labour thereon, and Exhorting both Ministers and People in their respective Assemblies on the said Day, to offer up humble and sincere* THANKS *to Almighty* GOD *for his many Favours, as aforesaid, and for many other Blessings bestowed on a Sinful People.*

Given at *Boston*, the Eighteenth Day of *September*, 1721. And in the Eighth Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord GEORGE, by the Grace of GOD, of *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, KING, Defender of the Faith, &c.

By Order of the Governour,
with advice of the Council,
Josiah Willard, Secr. S. SHUTE.

GOD Save the King.

Thanksgiving is preëminently a domestic feast, and sacred to the hearth-stone. It is planted in the fruitful soil of home-bred affections and fireside joys. In the old world, they chant Te Deums at the birth of princes and at the coronation of kings, but this is the American people's festival, to render thanks to the Almighty King for all religious, civil, domestic and material blessings. It much resembles the Hebrew feast of Tabernacles or of the Ingathering. Their genial skies permitted them to go abroad in the open air and celebrate the harvest festival in booths. But like our Thanksgiving, it was also sacred, to family reunions, to abounding hospitalities, and to the outgoings of friendliness toward the stranger, the widows and the fatherless. It brought with it a vast interchange of kindly offices, and was effective in promoting a common patriotism. So our Thanksgiving powerfully tends to strengthen the sentiment of nationality. It finds the people of different states in the amity that results from the wide ingathering of family connections. Reuniting in closest congeniality the many hearts scattered by the separate interests of life, and kindling to a friendly glow all affectionate sympathies, it gives play to the noblest and most refining sentiments. It is jocund with the innocent glee and mirthful prattle of happy children, and radiant with the serene satisfaction of delighted old age. Celebrated and enjoyed in the humblest homes, it lifts up the poorest citizen to a higher level of self-respect and the dignity that he and his are entitled to.

"GOOD BYE!"

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
When'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have for ever nigh;
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows
In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts, and fears,
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! good bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream:
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
A long—a last "Good bye!"

GOOD-BYE.—Fervently, falteringly, tearfully, how many times it has been said, since they went out of Egypt, of old. There is a tone in the word, like the tone of an evening bell, a great way off, very sweet but very sad. "Farewell" may do as a harmony for "knell" and "tell;" there may be something a little grander about it, but then "good-bye" is a dear, homely word, that we must keep in the homestead, for so it is ordained, but only used in its full significance three or four times in the course of a life. And all it means is a *good going*, a single Saxon wish; but what more can we say, or what matter if we could. Were "adieu" only *our* tongue; if only we had heard it when we were young; if our dear old mothers had said it, and knew precisely what it meant, "adieu" would be the word; for in its *to God* is comprised everything we can do, whose arms of love cannot encircle the world.

Good Night and Good Morning.

(A Child's Song.)

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! Good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

—*Richard Monkton Milnes (Lord Broughton.)*

HYMN OF NIGHT.

Night and darkness cover all
Heaven and earth with cloudy pall.
But the light comes in, and, lo,
All the sky is in a glow!—
Christ has come, the Star of day:
Night and darkness flee away!

Cloven by the piercing gleam
Of the day-star's rising beam,
Earth's long gloom is rent; and, lo,
All creation is aglow,
With the colors hither borne
From the radiant lamp of morn!

Thee, O Christ, alone we know;
Other suns are none below;
All the night to thee we cry,
Hear our tears, our song, our sigh;
Watch our senses through the night,
Keep us till the morning light.

Night's hues thickly round us lie,
Blotting earth, and sea, and sky.
Star of morning, send thy light,
Purge these deep-dyed stains of night;
Show thy face, and, with its ray,
Shine these shadows into day!

GOOD NIGHT.

BY KORNER.

Good night!
To each weary toil worn wight;
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully this morning light,
Good night!

Home to rest!
Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "haste!
Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep!
Eden's breezes round ye sweep:
O'er the peace forsaken lover
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep,
Sweetly sleep!

So good night!
Slumber on till morning light!
Slumber till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night!

SABBATH MORNING.

Hush! 'tis the call to prayer;
Oh come away;
For a brief hour from care
Gather to pray:
Like as a land-breeze sweet
Unto the homeward bound;
So is this call to meet
Where God is found.

Aged, with locks of snow,
Weary and worn;
Youth with the glorious brow,
Manhood so stern;
Life hath enough of care
In store for all,
Ye need this hour of prayer—
List to its call.

Ye from your happy homes,
Cheerful and glad;
Ye that all homeless roam,
Desolate, sad;
Ye with hard hands of toil,
Turn for an hour,
From life's harsh turmoil,
Its feverish power.

Great Father! glad we come
Thy name to bless;
Bend to us from thy throne
Of holiness;
Break from each heart the chain
Sin bindeth fast;
Let us all meet again
In heaven at last.

ATHERTON.

MORNING PRAYER.

For the dear love that kept us through the night
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway;
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the East with prophecies of day,
We thank Thee, oh our God!

For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide, to strengthen and to bless;
For calm, sweet thoughts, up-springing from repose,
To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise Thee, oh our God!

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of Thy power and glory! so would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
And at still eve, upon the bended knee,
Adore Thee, oh our God!

Thou know'st our needs—Thy fullness will supply;
Our blindness—let Thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
One prayer—one only—"*Let Thy will be done,*"
We breathe to Thee, oh God!

MORNING.

The morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all, below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.

[Henry Ware, Jr.

Night-Song in Lent.

Mournful night is dark around me,
Hush'd the world's conflicting din,
All is still and all is tranquil—
But this restless heart within!

Wakeful still I press my pillow,
Watch the stars that float above,
Think of One—for me who suffered—
Think and weep for grief and love!

Flow ye tears! though in your streaming
Oft yon stars of His grow dim!
Hallowed is the grief He wakens,
Blest the tears that flow for Him!

Richard Storrs Willis

Evening Prayer.

I come to Thee, to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine,
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of the evening breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praise of the glorious sky,
The earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their blessings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of the Son alone
Thy scepter to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray,

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings, with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew:
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years,
Has watched to soothe afflictions, grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

Hymns of Ages.

EVENING HOURS.

The human heart has hidden treasures
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in dull confusion,
And nights in noisy routs may fly,
While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then, in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause some gentle tears to flow.

And feelings once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations
The taste of others' suffering seem;
O! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How it longs for that time to be,
When through the mists of years receding,
Its woes live but in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shades and loneliness,
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Heed no unmeasured woe's distress—
Only a deeper impress given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

—*Charlotte Bronte.*

EVENING SONG FOR THE WEARY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father of heaven and earth!
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell
Have shut around the sleeping wood-lark's nest;
The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'er-wearied one,
O'er-wearied and o'er-wrought one,
Bless thee, O God; O Father of the oppressed,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven,
I bless thee, who has given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night—
The soft, still, holy night!

Now shall the streamlet bubble,
The lily blow;
Now in the heart of the forest
Shall come and go.

Now shall the rose-buds kindle,
And laugh in tears;
Now shall the fondling sunshine
Banish their fears.

SEASONABLE WORDS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"And a word spoken in season, how good it is."

I.
A *gentle* to the little child
In kindly accents given,
Lest we with angry words should blight
The lily buds of heaven.

II.
A *loving* to the bright-haired boy,
Upon whose sunny face
A brave and noble beauty sets
Its purest seal of grace.

III.
A *tender* to the blue-eyed bride,
Who from the mother nest
Flies to the dream-land of a love,
Warm fluttering at her breast.

IV.
A *patient* to the wayward youth;
The barque by tempests tossed
Oft comes to harbor, whilst the ship
Less tempest-tried be lost.

V.
A *cheery* for the white-haired man;
The frost upon his brow
May hide as warm a heart as thine,
Though winter crowns it now.

VI.
A *timely* to the wearied soul,
Beneath life's noonday sun;
That fainting sinks upon its way
Ere yet the fight be won.

VII.
Good words, true words, *good deeds, kind deeds,*
Oh! 'tis a glorious part
To shed upon our fellow-man
The sunshine of the heart.

VIII.
Then, though the chain that binds us here
By Death awhile be riven,
Its golden links shall join again
God—beautified in heaven.

—*Churchman's Magazine, London.*

BORROWING AND LENDING.

Borrow and lend in ceaseless strife,
In every land and every clime:
The shuttle moves, and works of life
Are woven in the loom of time.
We borrow health where nature stands
Dispensing from her ample store,
We take the blessings at her hand,
And reason can demand no more.
But when disease the debt demands
For broken laws of heart or head,
We trust that prayer or physic stands
To save us from the foe we dread.
Our borrowed azote from the trees
Supplies the greatest want we know,
Our breath is scattered on the breeze
With carbon for the trees to grow.
To generous Earth we lend the seed
In payment for our borrowed grain,
As nature prompts us to the deed,
We thank her for the sun and rain.
We gather fruits our fathers sow,
And grateful for the rich bequest,
We drop our seed for those we owe,
And nature will perform the rest.

Our net is thrown to gather wealth,
That floats unguarded in the stream,
We lend in payment broken health,
While dotage fondles o'er the dream.
We borrow learning for the power
To wrestle for the meed of fame,
We lend to Earth each passing hour,
To grasp the record of a name.
We roam the Earth for pleasures rare,
That often are too dearly bought,
While mental powers are left to share
The conflict in the realm of thought.
We borrow hope, to stem the tide
That bears us forward to the grave,
We find no aid in human pride,
Though wrestling with the fates to save.
From Holy Writ we borrow light
To guide us o'er the earthly way,
We lend our faith without the sight,
In trust to find the brighter day.

All life is borrowed from above—
The mortal pays beneath the sod.
We borrow spirit-life of love,
And leave a sinful heart to God.

G. A.

An Old Sermon with a New Text.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
Her husband to infold,
For 'tis a joy to woman true
To cover from the cold:
My daughter made it a new text
For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
Ready with bootless aid.
"Lily will make one for papa,"
The tiny woman said.
Her mother gave the needful things,
And a knot upon the thread.

But, alas! the knot would not come through.
"Mamma! mamma!" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
And she was satisfied,
And pulled the thread right through and through,
Working in joy and pride.

Her mother told me this; and I
Straightway spied something mere:
Great meanings often hide themselves
With small words on the door;
And I brooded over this my text,
Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
A little sermon, low:
Is it not thus a thousand times
As through the world we go?
Do we not pull, and fret, and say,
Instead of *"Yes, Lord," "No?"*

Yet all the rough things that we meet,
That will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
The *crook in every lot*—
What mean they, but that every thread
Has at the end a knot?

All men must make a kind of clothes
To shield their hearts from frost;
And *circumstance* is God's great web
To clothe the trembling host;
Shall we, because our thread is fast,
Think all our labor lost?

If He should cut away the knot,
And grant each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
From the needle of my child.

For as the lines that hold the sail;
As, in my verse, the rhyme;
As mountains on the low green earth,
So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
The quiet flow of time;

As blows of sculptor's mallet, struck
Upon the marble's face;
Such are God's *yea* and *nay* upon
The spirit's growing grace;
So work His making hands with what
Does and does not take place.

We know no more the things we need
Than child to choose his food;
We know not what we shall be yet,
So know not present good;
For God's Ideal, who but God
Hath ever understood!

This is my sermon. It is preached
Against all useless strife.
Strive not with anything—to wish
To cut it with thy knife;
Thou art but pulling at the knot
That holdeth fast thy life.

—*London Good Words, for June.*

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file, by the million, the rain-lancers dash
Over mountain and river and town;
Thick the battle drops fall—but they drip not in blood;
The trophy of war is the green, fresh bud;
Of the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement and sweep from the eaves!
Of the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws wide his one swinging pane,
The kind drops dance on the floor;
And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain,
On the step by the half-open door;
At the time on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles the poor cripple lad on the hospital bed;
Of the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower
And little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-headed heather nods to the shower,
And the hill torrents lift up their voice;
And the pools in the hollow mimic the flight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light;
Of the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet;
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows and thick growing wheat!
So the voice of hope sings in the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears;
Of the rain, the plentiful rain!

—*Dwelling, in London Spectator.*

DRINK, AND AWAY.

[There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a larg basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink, and away!" fro the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—*Dr Shaw.*]

Up, pilgrim and rover!
Redouble thy haste,
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste:
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,
Oh, drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay!
He waits for the slaughter;
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still waters;
Then drink, and away!

With toil though thou languish,
The mandate obey:
Spur on, though in anguish:
There's death in delay.
No bloodhound, want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they;
Pass by it untasted,
Or drink, and away!

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay;
Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay;
But, rapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When fountains elysian
Thy thirst shall allay.

Then shalt thou for ever
Enjoy thy repose,
Where life's gentle river
Eternally flows.
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
For ever and aye,
With none to molest thee:
Then drink, and away!

—*Dr. Croswell.*

MY BLESSING.

I lay my hand upon thy head,
And bow my own above, and shed
A tear or two thereon, instead
Of love's caressing;
A kiss hath not so tender touch;
Smiles say of kindness ne'er so much;
What is the import, then, of such
A heart-full blessing?

Not a light wish of loving mood
To compass only worldly good,
My heart would not be understood
In want so shallow;
Not what is termed a life of ease,
Perpetual sunshine, changeless peace,
Nor, whatsoe'er the charm, a bliss
Heaven doth not hallow.

I bless thee with a quiet mind,
Obedient, steadfast, and resigned,
That scorns in trifling things to find
Its fullest measure;
I bless thee with a generous heart,
That will not shrink from care or smart,
So to enlarge or to impart
Its choicest treasure.

I bless—oh, friend, forgive the strain,
Since loss is often richest gain,
And joy is sweetest after pain—
Thy life with sorrow;
Some clouded days, some nights of tears,
Some sacrifices, conflicts, fears,
Showers where the bow of hope appears
For God's to-morrow.

I bless thee with a work to do,
A holy purpose to pursue,
A faith to keep and to renew
By love and duty;
With strength to climb a toilsome hill,
With patience for thy Father's will,
Or the stern strokes that polish still
The gem to beauty.

I bless thee with a constant ray
Far down the future's doubtful day,
And heaven-lights all along the way
For guide and warning;
And when earth's sun shall sink to-night,
I bless thee with the promise bright,
"At evening time it shall be light,"
And heaven at morning.

I bless thee thus in wish and prayer,
Content if thou the portion share
Thy Father sees thee fit to bear:
And, so confessing,
To Him would I commend thy youth,
Thy life and love, sorrow, joy, and truth—
All to all-perfect Love; in sooth
This is my blessing.

—*Sabbath at Home.*

The Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British Foreign Bible Society, never appeared. And 25 of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upward of 43,000,000 of those copies of God's word are circulated among not less than 600,000,000 of people.

The first division of the Divine orders into chapters and verses is attributed to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, in the latter part of the twelfth century, or the beginning of the thirteenth. Cardinal Hugo, in the middle of the thirteenth century, divided the Old Testament into chapters, as they stand in our translation. In 1661, Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, divided the sections of Hugo into verses—a French printer had previously (1561) divided the New Testament into verses as they are at present.

The entire Bible contains 66 books, 1,188 chapters, 31,185 verses, 774,692 words, 3,566,480 letters. The name of Jehovah, or Lord, occurs 6,555 times in the Old Testament. The least verse in the Bible is John 11:35. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and Isaiah 36 are the same. In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra are all the letters of the alphabet, I and J being considered as one.

The Apocrypha (not inspired, but sometimes bound between the Old Testament and the New) contains 14 books, 183 chapters, 15,081 verses, 152,185 words. There is a bible in the library of the University of Gottingen, written on 5,476 palm leaves.

A day's journey was 33 1-5 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. Ezekial's reed was eleven feet, nearly. A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was $8.09. A talent of silver was $516.32. A talent of gold was $13,809. A piece of silver or a penny was thirteen cents. A farthing was three cents. A gerah was one cent. A mite was one and a half cents. A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints. A hin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A cab was three pints. A dog was one-half pint.

The divisions of the Old Testament are four: 1. The Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses. 2. The historical books, comprising Joshua to Esther, inclusive. 3. Poetical or doctrinal books, from Job to Songs of Solomon, inclusive. 4. Prophethical books, from Isaiah to Malachi, inclusive.

The New Testament is usually divided into three parts:—1. Historical, containing the four Gospels and Acts. 2. Doctrinal, comprising all the epistles from Romans to Jude. 3. Prophetical, being the book of the Revelations of St. John.

The commemorative ordinances of the Jews were:—Circumcision, the seal of the covenant with Abraham. The Passover, to commemorate the protection of the Israelites, when all the first-born of the Egyptians were destroyed. The Feast of the Tabernacles, instituted to perpetuate the sojourning of the Israelites for forty years in the wilderness. The Feast of Pentecost, which was appointed fifty years after the Passover, to commemorate the delivery of the Law from Mt. Sinai. Feast of Purim, kept in memory of the deliverance of the Jews from the wicked machinations of Haman.

In 1272, it would have cost a laboring man thirteen years of labor to purchase a Bible, as his pay would be only 1½ pence per day, while the price of a Bible was twenty pounds.

THE SAILOR'S CHART.

The following lines are supposed to have been written by a Sailor on a blank leaf of his Bible.

While down the *stream* of life I *sail*,
Christ be my *ship*, and *grace* my *gale*,
Hope be my *anchor*, while I *ride*,
This *Book* my *compass* o'er the *tide*.

THE BIBLE.

When the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was, "Because they are ignorant of the Bible." If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason which may be assigned, doubtless, is they are not aware of its interesting variety. This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract from her recent work, entitled the "Poetry of Life."

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scripture a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his cyry in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the crystal stream, gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clothed in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blest—from the still, small voice, to the thunders of omnipotence—from the depths of hell to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and of sympathy comprehended in the language or the spirit of the Bible."

CURIOUS REMARKS ON THE BIBLE, BY A WIDOW at 65, who had nothing to do, and could not sleep.

The Bible contains 3,566,489 letters, 810,697 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,227 times; "Lord" 1,854; "Reverend" only once, and that in the 111th psalm. The 27th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph, 50th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse. No where but in the 1st chapter, 2d Timothy, is the name "grandmother" mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read you will find are the 2d of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.—*English Paper.*

The texts relied upon in defence of slavery, in the New Testament are, Matt. 18: 23—30. 1 Cor. 7: 21. Eph. 6: 5—9. Coll. 3: 22—25. 1 Timothy 6: 1, 2. 1 Peter 2: 18. Titus 2: 9. Philomon 1.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

The following brief history of the Apostles we have never seen in popular print until a day or two ago. It may be new to those whose reading has not been exangelical, to know that

St. Mathew is supposed to have suffered martrydom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death! He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Phillip was hanged against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive, by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Mathew was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salina.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.

"Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—James, v., 7, 8.

How passing beautiful come home to us the oft-quoted words of the Psalmist, and with how much added significance in the light of modern astronomy:

"When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

But at once up—start in the breast those ravishing words:

"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

And we implore,

"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the life everlasting."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Thy Name be hallowed everywhere,
Thy kingdom come. Thy perfect will
In earth as heaven let all fulfil.
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand,
From evil shield us by thy hand.
Now and for ever unto thee
The kingdom, power, and glory be. *Amen.*

"COME unto me all ye that are weary and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I will give you rest."

The Crowning Musical Triumph of the Year.—The Abbe Liszt has addressed to the Messrs Chickering the following letter, the only testimonial in favor of a piano-forte maker which he has ever given in Europe or America:—

[Translation.]

Messrs Chickering:—It is very agreeable to me to add my name to the concert of praises of which your pianos are the object.

To be just, I must declare them perfect, and *perfectissimo* (superlatively perfect.)

There is no quality which is foreign to them. Your instruments possess in the supreme degree nobility and power tone, elasticity and security of touch, harmony, brilliancy, solidity, charms and prestige; and thus offer a harmonious ensemble of perfections to the exclusion of all defects.

Pianists of the least pretensions will find means of drawing from them agreeable effects; and in face of such products—which truly do honor to the art of the construction of instruments—the role of the critic is as simple as that of the public the one has but to applaud them conscientiously and with entire satisfaction, and the other but to procure them in the same manner.

In congratulating you sincerely upon the great and decisive success obtained at the Exposition at Paris, I am pleased to anticipate the happy continuation of the same in all places where your pianos will be heard, and I beg that you accept, gentlemen, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments of esteem and consideration.

(Signed) F. LISZT.

Rome, December, 26, 1867.

THE PIANOS.—*Conclusive Proof of the Highest Award to Chickering & Sons.*—The following letters have just been received from Paris by Messrs Chickering & Sons, which clearly and very plainly prove that the Gold Medals at the Paris Exhibition were *all alike* and of *equal value*, and that the Cross of the "Legion of Honor *was* awarded by a higher power than the Juries, viz: by the *Emperor*, as a "Superior Award" over Medals for the *superior merit* of the Chickering Pianos:

Copy of a letter from *Monsieur Fetis*, Member and Reporter of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867:

[Translation.]

BRUSSELS, Nov. 19, 1867.

Mr Chickering:

Sir—I cannot refuse to declare, as member of the Jury of the 10th Class, that which is undeniably established by the Moniteur of July 2d, 1867, viz:

That there is one single class of Gold Medals for the Exhibitors; that the Decoration of the Legion of Honor constitutes a recompense of a superior order, and that it has been accorded to you by the Emperor for the merit of your instruments.

Accept my salutations.

(Signed) FETIS.

Member of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

Copy of letters from Ambroise Thomas and F. A. Gavaert, members of the Jury:

Gentlemen:—I must tell you that whatever may be the order in which the names have been inscribed in each kind of recompense awarded in the 10th Class, the Gold Medal—to speak of this one—is the *First Medal*. There are not two classes of Gold Medals

Receive my salutations.

(Signed) AMBROISE THOMAS.

I am completely of the opinion of my confrere Thomas.

(Signed) F. GAVAERT.

Entirely in accordance with my confrere. M. M. Thomas & Gavaert, I declare that there is but one class of Gold Medals, which are all Prize Medals. Any Exhibitor honored with this distinction, has therefore the right to announce that he has received the *First Medal*.

(Signed) GEORGES KASTNER.

Paris, Oct. 22d, 1867.

PIANO-FORTE

When the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied:—"I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned in me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

There is no language that can tell
Of mysteries which in music dwell,
The soul to charm and bless;
It is a gift of love divine,
A flower, whose heavenly tendrils twine
In perfect loveliness.

THE DEAD LETTERS.—Of all the official work done at Washington, none is regarded with more interest by the transient visitor than the dead letter office. Here sit some fifteen or twenty men—for it is a fact disgraceful to humanity that women cannot be employed, so many obscene letters poison the mails—continually engaged in opening the four or five millions of letters that annually find their way there. More than 15,000 letters are daily emptied on their desks, asking to be opened. When the letter is found to have valuable contents, those contents are indorsed upon it, and the letter returned to the envelope. A record is made of all such letters, and they are at once returned to their writers, without return postage. So perfect are the arrangements that it is hardly possible that a valuable dead letter, which has once reached the office, should fail of revisiting the writer, if it is in the power of the department to discover him.

During the past year 35,000 letters, inclosing $142,234, were received at this office, and nearly 29,000 of them, containing $130,620, were restored to their owners. But besides these money letters, there were 21,000 dead letters, containing bills of exchange and other valuable matter, appraised at over $5,000,000; over 49,000 containing photographs, jewelry, &c.; and 97,000 containing stamps and articles of small value; nearly all of them were returned to the original writers, and the reason why any of these letters fail of being returned is not the fault of the department, but of the writers, who either send an unsigned letter, or who will subscribe herself "your loving Susie," or "your affectionate Adie;" and as government knows no first names, all such letters are consigned to the chopping box and then to the paper mill to reappear as white paper.

Since writing thus far, I have once more visited the dead letter office—a visit that always gives pleasure and gratifies curiosity. Here I saw clerks taking about $500 a day out of the letters so profusely scattered over their desks, and among the various articles recently taken out of their envelopes, I noticed the following: slippers, valentines, a duck's head, thermometers, false teeth, pistols, mittens, fern leaves, false hair, laces, paper collars, epaulets, horns, pipes, watch-cases, hoops, albums, dolls, (one of them two feet high; it must have required a monster envelope!) butterflies, mats, medicines, silver goblets of full size, ear-rings, butter knives, spoons, gold and silver watches (very little gold or silver about them however), shells, purses, soap, sugar, tea, coffee, bows and arrows, books, pictures, a box of cigars, a bottle of Jamaica ginger, a squirrel's tail, prisms, combs, boxes, &c.—*Hours at Home.*

INDIA RUBBER.—The first accounts we have of this important product date back to the year 1735, when some French astronomers, who had been sent out to Brazil to make observations, returned to Europe with some of the gum. The article attracted but little attention, however, and as late as 1770 it was only to be obtained in one obscure place—a little shop in London—its use at that time being confined to the simple purpose of erasing or rubbing out pencil marks, and hence its name, India rubber. About the year 1820, experiments began to be made with India rubber. It was first used as an ingredient in blacking and varnish, its elasticity subsequently suggesting its availability in the manufacture of suspenders. The next important step was taken by a Scotchman named Mackintosh. He spread the rubber, dissolved in coal oil, on pieces of cloth, which were placed together, and passed between rollers, thus forming the material from which the celebrated water proof Mackintosh coats were made. It was not till a later period that the material engaged the attention of inventors and manufacturers in this country. The grand obstacle to its general use was its susceptibility to heat and cold, by which it was either melted or made rigid. It was to obviate this peculiarity and render it indifferent to all ordinary temperatures that Charles Goodyear devoted so much time and money and labor, and finally with such complete success in the invention of vulcanized rubber, which now enters into the composition of a thousand different articles. He accomplished this great result by uniting sulphur with the rubber while it was in a state of fusion—an idea which had its origin with Nathaniel Hayward of Boston, but was carried out to a successful issue only by the patent genius of Goodyear.

The tree from which rubber is obtained grows to a height of 80 or 100 feet, some fifty of these being without branches, the top spreading out like an umbrella, with thick, glossy foliage. On tapping the trunk, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. The contents are then emptied in large earthern jars, in which the liqued congeals, and is kept until wanted for use. Sometimes a tree is cut from the bottom to the top, the incisions being made about a foot apart; and from all these wounds the milk will flow. The tree will bear this operation once a fortnight. It is tapped in the morning, and at each cutting runs about a gill of rubber or gum a day, which is fit for use as soon as collected. The gum can be gathered during the entire year, but is best in the dry season, during May, June, July and August.

THE CENTRAL FOOD MARKETS OF PARIS.—The recent disastrous fire in the butter, cheese and egg vaults of the great central market of Paris, has called public attention to those enormous structures, and to the almost incredible amounts of food heaped up within them daily. By the fire alluded to, about 160,000 pounds of butter were turned into a lake of boiling grease on the stone pavement of one of these vaults.

The *Halles Centrales*, or Central Markets of Paris, are enormous structures, commenced in 1851 and not yet completed. The plan embraces fourteen pavilions, with a boulevard between them. Ten of them are completed, six on one side of the boulevard and four on the other. They are all covered by an immense zinc roof, supported by iron pillars, and are separated by streets. They occupy more than 60,000 feet of land.

Under these pavilions are immense vaults where are stored and prepared for market the butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, &c., &c., which are retailed above. These vaults are of stone and iron, and abundantly furnished with water and gas, and provided with every convenience required by the market men.

About 6000 carts are daily employed in bringing provisions to this market, and the quantity of edibles brought may be estimated by the returns of 1866, when 22 millions of pounds of butter were sold, and nearly 3 millions of pounds of cheese, and 232 millions of eggs; 600,000 of which have daily to be inspected in these vaults. Here too all the vegetables are prepared for market; and when we are told that Paris requires during their season, 80 million quarts of peas alone, it may be supposed that this labor is not light. All the butter is here worked over at immense marble tables, furnished with water in abundance, and with the needful implements and preparations for giving the butter the proper color and taste.

The poultry is here picked and prepared for sale, and the fish are kept alive in reservoirs supplied with running water. Water cresses are an important article of trade carried on in these vaults, some 12 million bunches being annually sold here.

One peculiarity of this market is, the sale of remnants of food here carried on. They are gathered from the hotels, restaurants, and grand houses of the city every night, then carefully sorted out, arranged on plates, and sold for a few cents a plate. There are seventeen sellers of this food in this market; and the demand for their articles is so great, that several of them have become independently rich by the traffic.

THE following table will be found very valuable to many of our readers:—

A box 24 by 16 inches square and 28 inches deep, will contain a barrel (five bushels).

A box 24 by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain half a barrel.

A box 26 by 15½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one bushel.

A box 12 by 11½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel.

A box 8 by 8½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck.

A box 8 by 8 inches square, and 4½ inches deep, will contain one gallon.

A box 7 by 8 inches square, and 4½ inches deep, will contain half a gallon.

A box 4 by 4 inches square, and 4½ inches deep, will contain one quart.

POPULATION AND AGE OF THE WORLD.—According to the calculations of Professor Caralis de Fandence, the present population of the world is 1,300,000,000. Allowing for increase in population at an annual rate of 1,292, it is shown that the present population would be reached in 5,863 years. This is putting the increase at a low rate. In France it is 1,227 annually. Calculated on the latter basis, the present number would be reached in 4,207 years from Noah, allowing that he left the ark with three sons and three daughters. Thus another proof is added to the chronological accurrcy of the Scriptural record and the foundation laid for a successful argument against one of the many infidel theories respecting the antiquity of the human race.

THE WAY THEY GO.—The Newburyport *Herald* reminds us of facts calculated to diminish individual consequence. A thousand millions of people, averaging only the age of thirty years, requires 91,000 to die every day, or one in every second of time, and as many to be born to keep the number good. Half of those born disappear before the seventeenth year, or before they come to maturity, as half the blossoms on a tree will fall worthless to the ground; but six in a hundred live to be sixty years old; but one in 500 reaches eighty, and but one in 1000 one hundred.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN BOSTON.

The following is the hymn written for the Festival by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which will be sung in unison, to the music of Keller's "American Hymn:"

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis midnight: through my troubled dream
Loud wails the tempest's cry;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound?—The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.
—The good ship Union, Southward bound:
God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And fields of starry blue?
—Ay! look aloft! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from the sky
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark!
May I thy peril share?
—O landsman, these are fearful seas
The brave alone may dare!
—Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me nought to save!

O landsman art thou false or true?
What sign hast thou to show?
—The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart-blood's flow!
—Enough! what more shall honor claim?
I know the sacred sign;
Above thy head our flag shall spread,
Our ocean path be thine!

The bark sails on; the Pilgrim's Cape
Lies low along her lee,
Whose headland crooks its anchor flukes
To lock the shore and sea.
No treason here! it cost too dear
To win this barren realm!
And true and free the hands must be
That hold the whaler's helm!

Still on! Manhattan's narrowing bay
No Rebel cruiser scars;
Her waters feel no pirate's keel
That flaunts the falling stars!
—But watch the light on yonder height,—
Ay, pilot, have a care!
Some lingering crowd in mist may shroud
The capes of Delaware!

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
Whose sentinels look down
From moated walls that show the sea
Their deep embrasures' frown?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
But these are friends, we know,
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
And this is?——Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore?
—The traitorous wrecker's hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
Along the Hatteras sands.
—Ha! say not so! I see its glow!
Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milder skies,
The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
The breath of Beaufort's rose.
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls the orphaned walls,
The twins of Beauregard?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?
How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
To redder wreaths of flame?
How from Rebellion's broken reed
We saw his emblem fall,
As soon his cursed poison-weed
Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! On! Pulaski's iron hail
Falls harmless on Tybee!
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,
She strikes the open sea;
She rounds the point, she threads the keys
That guard the land of flowers
And rides at last where firm and fast
Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings;
Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore,—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation, evermore!

PARTING HYMN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Dundee."

Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
We seek Thy gracious throne;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known!

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms!

Though from our darkened lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share;
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace!

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,—
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule Thou our throneless land!

Now or Never.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
Yet whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hand's clasping,—
"Off for the wars" is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast! sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged with the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last angel-trump—Never or Now!

The following timely and spirited war lyric, by Dr. Holmes, will be read with interest:—

THE LAST CHARGE.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite—
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield;
True honor to-day must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white, with a blazon of red,—
The life drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh,
The dog star of freedom grows dim in the sky.
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn—
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smile the proud parricide down from his throne,—
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Brothers, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome! welcome! eyes can tell
What the lips in vain would spell—
Words that hearts can understand,
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn!
We, the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poets' dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams—
Let us thy shadowed form behold—
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide
Scourged by passions, doubts and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years!

Looking from thy turrets gray
Thou hast seen the world's decay—
Egypt drowning in her sands—
Athens rent by robbers' hands—
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away:

Looking from thy turrets gray
Still we see thee. Where are they?
And lo! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the golden gates
That glitter by the sunset sea—
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So *may the girdle of the sun*
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Nevada's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta-Sieue-Shan—
Till Erie blends its waters blue
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu—
Till deep Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

Our Oldest Friend.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Read to "The Boys of '29," Jan. 5, 1865.

I give you the health of the oldest friend
That short of eternity, earth can lend,—
A friend so faithful and tried and true
That nothing can wean him from me and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone;
While we were changing, he altered not;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class,—
Little cared he for the steward's pass!
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four times each of the seasons four;
And with every season, from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

He never leaves us,—he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still;
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New Year's too,
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little present is sure to send;
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us! he pats our heads,
And, lo! they are gleaming with silver threads;
And he's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
"My child, your labor on earth is done;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother,—Eternity!"

And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last,—
Never a boy alive but he
Of all our goodly company!

When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
That writes in the day-book kept above
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest classmate, Father Time!
May our last survivor live to be
As bald, but as wise and tough as he!

—[Atlantic Monthly for March.]

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Words by Professor as follows:

O Thou of soul and sense and breath,
The ever present Giver,
Unto Thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh Thou dost deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With Him, so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to Thy sovereign will,
Our best loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which Thou, through trials manifold,
Art shewing Thy salvation!
O let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out Thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation!

Be Thou Thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake Thy people never,
In One our broken Many blend,
That none again may sever!
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless Thy name forever!

THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

Devoutest of my Sunday friends,
The patient organ-blower bends;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering eyes!)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salams
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,—
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine!
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys!
Though all unmatched the player's skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and still.
Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits
Behind his temple's folded gates;
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,
He breathes, he sighs, he shouts, he fills
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,
And all the slumbering echoes wake!

The preacher from the Bible-text
With weary words my soul has vexed;
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray
To find the lesson for the day;)
He tells us truths too plainly true,
And reads the service all askew,—
Why—why the—mischief—can't he look
Beforehand in the service book?

But thou, with decent mien and face,
Art always ready in thy place;
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,
As steady as the strong monsoon;
Thy only dread a leathery creak,
Or small residual extra squeak,
To send along the shadowy aisles
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,
Comes from the church's pulpit end!
Not all that bend the knee and bow
Yield service half so true as thou!
One simple task performed aright,
With slender skill, but all thy might,
Where honest labor does its best,
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,
Through which the breath of being strays,
Whose music makes our earth divine,
Has work for mortal hands like mine.
My duty lies before me. Lo,
The lever there! Take hold and blow!
And He whose hand is on the keys
Will play the tune as He shall please!

O. W. Holmes in Old and New for January.

THE CROOKED FOOT-PATH.

Ah! here it is, the sliding rail,
That marks the old-remembered spot—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail;
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, the woodbine green—
The broken mill-stone at the mill—
Though many a road may stretch between,
The truant child can see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
With shaking knee or leaping heart—
And so, it often runs astray;
With sinuous sweep or sudden start,

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled;
And since our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still—
To walk unswerving were divine.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
O, rather let us trust the more;
Through all the wanderings of the path
We still can see our Father's door. W.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[*From the Atlantic Monthly for November.*]

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;—
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The Organ-Blower.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Devoutest of my Sunday friends,
The patient Organ-blower bends;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me Heaven, my wandering eyes!)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salaams
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,—
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine!
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys!
Though all unmatched the players' skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and still.
Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits
Behind his temple's folded gates,
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,
He breaths, he sings, he shouts, he fills
The quivering air with raptuous thrills;
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,
And all the slumbering echoes wake!

The Preacher from the Bible-text
With weary words my soul has vexed;
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray
To find the lesson for the day;)
He tells me truths too plainly true,
And reads the service all askew,—
Why—why the—mischief—can't he look
Beforehand in the service book?

But thou, with decent mein and face,
Art always ready in thy place;
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,
As steady as the strong monsoon;
Thy only dread a leathery creak,
Or small residual extra squeak,
To send along the shadowy aisles
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,
Comes from the church's pulpit end!
Not all that bend the knee and bow
Yield service half so true as thou!
One simple task performed aright,
With slender skill, but all thy might,
Where honest labor does its best,
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,
Through which the breath of being strays,
Whose music makes our earth divine,
Has work for mortal hands like mine.
My duty lies before me. Lo,
The lever there; Take hold and blow!
And He whose hand is on the keys.
Will play the tune as He shall please!

—*From Old and New for January.*

[From the Atlantic Monthly for March]

THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Meridian moments! grandly given
To cheer the warrior's soul from heaven!
God's ancient boon, vouchsafed to those
Who battle long with Freedom's foes,—
Oh, what in life can claim the power
To match with that divinest hour?

I see the avenging angel wave
His banner o'er the embattled brave;
I hear above Hate's trumpet blare
The shout that rends the smoking air,
And then I know at whose command
The victor sweeps the Rebel land!

Enduring Valor lifts his head
To count the flying and the dead;
Returning Virtue still maintains
The right to break unhallowed chains;
While sacred Justice born of God,
Walks regnant o'er the bleeding sod.

POEM FOR THE JUBILEE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The following Hymn, written for the Jubilee at Music Hall, on Saturday night, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," the congregation rising and joining in the melody:

Giver of all that crowns our days,
With grateful hearts we sing thy praise!
Through deep and desert led by Thee
Our Canaan's promised land we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause!
If we have kept thy holy laws,
The sons of Belial curse in vain
The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance! Israel's Lord!
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,
And make thy righteous judgments known
Till all thy foes are overthrown!

Then, Father, lay Thy healing hand
In mercy on our stricken land;
Lead all its wanderers to the fold,
And be their Shepherd as of old!

So shall one Nation's song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend;
While Heaven's wide arch resounds again
With Peace on earth, good will to men!

THE PURITANS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
That made folks' heads look queer;—
O the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffling round the door
Whene'er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the but of the old ram's horn,
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shapes of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves was stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little schoolhouse shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the college rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat tails whistled by:
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *hominy*
Were smoking on the board;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough!

New York

Trade in Dry Goods.

Grand Re-Opening at the South and West.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF H. B. CLAFLIN & CO.

[From the Washington Republican.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1865.—In 1834, all the dry goods trade in New York city was concentrated in Pearl street, and the two houses that then did the largest amount of jobbing business were Greenway & Co. and Silas Brown & Co. It is estimated that probably those two houses, at that time, did by far a larger trade than any other two or three houses in that street. Singular as it may now appear, the two houses named did not sell during the whole year of 1834 as many goods as the single house of Claflin & Co. frequently sold in a single day during the last year ending May, 1865, and the whole dry goods jobbing business of New York city in 1834 did not equal that now done by Claflin & Co. in a single year!

* * * * *

Some idea can be formed of the magnitude of the business of this house, without entering largely into the details of its internal working, when the facts are known that the building occupied by Claflin & Co. covers sixteen ordinary building lots, which is one hundred by four hundred feet. It fronts on Church and Worth streets and West Broadway. It is five stories high, with a basement and sub-cellar, and is as beautiful in its architectural design and exquisite finish as it is spacious, substantial and useful. This structure not being sufficiently large even to accommodate the house at present, they have purchased a large estate on Thomas street, adjoining the present building, and are making the necessary additions. During the year ending May, 1865, the trade of Claflin & Co. amounted to forty-two and a half millions of dollars. The increase this year will be over twenty-five per cent. This is not owing, however, altogether to the demand from the south consequent upon the fall of the rebellion. A portion of it is directly attributable to such cause. But it is a fact that the demand for goods is great from every part of the country, this spring, in part, no doubt from the generally conceded fact that the entire country is at this time highly prosperous, and also because there is positive no surplus of goods in the western country, and *none whatever in the south.* Traders here understand and are acting upon the fact, that while the rebellion leaves the south poor in certain localities, it is, as a whole, reasonably wealthy, there being between one and a half and two million bales of cotton remaining in possession of the leading traders and planters of the south, which at present prices is equal in value to six million bales before the rebellion! This, it is believed, will give the south a large margin with which to pay off old debts and procure new supplies. If the south will reconstruct their system of labor in good faith, doing justice to the freedmen upon the basis indicated and sincerely hoped for by Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, it is estimated by those who are good judges in such matters that in ten years they will be worth more than they were before the war, and with a much brighter prospect ahead Shrewd business men here argue that, as the war forced a wonderful and unexpected development of resources in the rebellious states, as surprising to the southern people themselves as to any others, that they will heed the lesson administered, and turn it to good account in the future. They have been forced to learn that they *can* produce something besides cotton and tobacco, and that they can produce it *themselves*, if necessary, without the aid of slaves.

* * * * * *

This house is probably more familiar, by the nature of its organization, with the trade and wants of the south than any other in the north. This is shown, in one view, by the fact of the enormous debt due them when the rebellion broke out, (upwards of one million dollars,) and the honorable record in favor of the south, as manifested towards Claflin & Co., that 75 per cent. of that debt has been realized within the last few months. The house of Claflin & Co. support about two thousand persons, which includes, of course, the families of all its employees at home and abroad—agents, salesmen, cashiers, clerks, workmen, &c. The tax paid to the government last year by Claflin & Co. is the best and most unerring evidence of the enormous business transacted by them, namely the sum of over *one hundred thousand dollars!*

The natural question arises in the mind of all who read this brief yet wonderful history of the power and magnitude of a single mercantile house in the great commercial capital, "who is the master-spirit of this gigantic and princely establishment?" We can answer this question no better, perhaps, without doing injustice to his able partners, than by saying that H. B. Claflin, the principal of the firm, is that man. He gives his personal attention, each day, to the general supervision of the business of the house. He is a man of great energy and industry. At one moment we have seen him at his desk, examining half a cord of checks, notes, drafts, bills of lading, &c., making memorandums, reading and answering letters, consulting with traders, and instructing cashiers or salesmen. At another, he would be away down in the sub-cellar, looking after the arrival of some new article which he proposed to precipitate on the market that day; or else we behold him on the first floor mingling among his salesmen, the humblest-appearing among them all, chatting with country merchants, up to his waistbands in dress goods; or else on the second floor inspecting "Yankee notions" and examining a new lot of laces; or upon the floors still above, explaining to some southern trader the difference between calfskin and cowhide, or between a pegged boot and a sewed one.

Mr. Claflin was born in Milford, Worcester county, Massachusetts. He comes of the original Pilgrim stock. He is a compact made man of medium size, about five feet six inches in height, of light complexion, a sharp, quick moving, expressive eye, of the hazel and blue mixture. He has reached the age of fifty-two. His hair has begun to turn grey. In dress he is rather a model of neatness than fashion. He discards the new style of collar and scarf, and adheres to the old-fashioned stand-up dickey and plain black neck handkerchief, which is always tied neatly in front. A plain vest, with rolling collar, displays a neat linen bosom, adjusted with a small diamond pin, evidently worn more for use than for ornament. Add a black sack coat and black pants and a neat, soft felt or Kossuth hat, stone color or black, and you have the full costume and general appearance of the "master spirit" of the house of Claflin & Co., with the exception that not unfrequently he appears in an entire business suit of gray or stone color, looking not unlike a Quaker farmer. He is very regular in his habits. He is at his desk every morning at eight o'clock. He sees the business of each day *closed* before he leaves. He never allows the accumulated business of one day to lap on the business of the next. He has evidently been a devoted student of human nature. He understands men and things, analyzes both with the greatest ease and accuracy, showing in this respect, as in all his other business transactions, that he possesses remarkably quick perceptive faculties. He will write a letter and answer twenty questions in twenty minutes on as many different subjects about his business. He is always cordial, and never seems irritated or annoyed at an interruption in the midst of his most important business dispatches. Such are some of the characteristics of the principal man of by far the foremost mercantile house on the American continent. He is a model of that peculiar type of men which goes to make up American enterprise, American worth, American courage and, as a whole, American greatness.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE VAULT.—The largest vault in the world is in the Stock Exchange building. It is in the basement, with a granite foundation, which rests "upon the centre of gravity." The room is 106 feet long by 20 wide, and contains 408 safes, each one foot and a half square. There are 204 safes on each side of the room, and down the centre of it a row of marble columns. From the iron ceiling there is a row of gas lights. A passageway, running entirely round the ontside of the vault, is patroled night and day by a special police. These safes are rented to members of the board and other well known individuals for $100 per annum, or more, as places of deposit for their valuables. People going to Europe send their wills, bonds and other valuable papers hese for safe keeping. It is estimated that something like $200,000,000 are upon deposit here. The vault is heated by steam, and in this way kept perfectly dry. The doors which open into it might weigh more than two tons each.—*New York Gazette.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

FAREWELL SPEECH IN NEW YORK

A GRACEFUL AND CHARMING ADIEU.

NEW YORK, April 21.—Charles Dickens read for the last time in America, at Steinway Hall, last evening. At the conclusion of his reading, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen: The shadow of one word has impended over me all this evening, and the time has come, at last, when the shadow must fall. It is but a very short one, but the weight of such things is not measured by their length, and two much shorter words express the whole of our human existence. When I was reading 'David Copperfield,' here last Thursday night, I felt that there was more than the usual significance for me in Mr Peggotty's declaration, 'my future life lies over the sea;' and when I closed this book just now, I felt keenly that I was shortly to establish such an alibi as would have satisfied even the elder Mr Weller himself. (Laughter.) The relations that have been set up between us in this place, relations sustained, on my side, at least, by most earnest devotion of myself to my task, sustained by yourselves on your side by the readiest sympathy and kindliest acknowledgment, must now be broken forever. But I entreat you to believe that in passing from sight, you will not pass from my memory. I shall often, often recall you as I see you now, equally by my winter fire, and in the green English summer weather. I shall never recall you as a mere public audience, but rather as a host of personal friends, and ever with the greatest gratitude, tenderness, and consideration. Ladies and gentleman, I beg to bid you farewell, and I pray God bless you, and God bless the land in which I have met you." (Great applause,) the audience rising and with waving handkerchiefs and loud voices, cheering the distinguished reader, until he had passed from the room.

On the 4th inst. Mr George Wilkes sent a letter to Mr Dolby, who was then in Boston, suggesting that Mr Dickens give a reading for the benefit of the dramatic fund association of New York. Mr Dolby replied, saying that Mr Dickens regretted his inability to favor the suggestion, owing to the fact that he had, for four months, contended against severe catarrh, which rendered it very difficult for him to complete the engagements he had already made. Mr Dickens, however, contributed $150 and Mr Dolby $100 toward the fund of the association.

Mr Dickens sails from New York for Liverpool, tomorrow, in the Cunard steamer Russia.

From present appearances the number of immigrants landing at New York in the first six months of 1869 will not be less than 145,000, of whom about two-fifths are Germans, about one-fourth Irish, one-sixth English, and one-seventh Scandinavians, chiefly from Sweden. The Irish immigration is numerically greater than last year, but relatively less, and the same is true of the Germans; while the English immigrants have doubled, and those from Scandinavia more than doubled. The total increase over last year at this one port is nearly thirty per cent. The immigration from France and Switzerland has fallen off this year, and will not much exceed 3000 from both countries for the six months ending July 1. In proportion to the population the Irish emigration is nearly a hundred times as great as that from France.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The Anglo-American telegraph company announce their gross receipts from the Atlantic cables since the landing of the first one, July 27, 1866, at upwards of £645,000 sterling. The number of messages has steadily increased from a daily average of 29, under the twenty pound tariff, to 230, during last month, the first of the two pound tariff, while the daily average of dispatches in June, 1869, is more than double that of June, 1868, under a five pound five shilling tariff, and the daily average of receipts shows by the same comparison, an increase from £447 in June, 1868, to £521 in June, 1869.

The Banquet to Prof. Morse.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—The following was sent to the Morse banquet last night by Gov. Bullock of Massachusetts:

Cyrus W. Field and others, Committee for the Morse Banquet:

I regret my inability to accept your invitation. Massachusetts honors her two sons, Franklin and Morse. (Loud applause.) The one conducted the lightning safely from the sky, the other conducts it beneath the ocean from continent to continent, (applause); the one tamed the lightning, the other makes it minister to the wants of human progress.

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

Minister Thornton responded to the toast, "To the Queen of England." In the course of his remarks he said: "I am confident that there is no one in England that is more anxious than the Queen for the maintenance and improvement of the harmony and good understanding which ought to exist between the two nations, (applause,) and which are of such vital importance to both of them. Justice should be done to so great a benefactor of the human race as the distinguished professor, to show our high appreciation of whose character we have assembled in this place. I am unwilling, however, to fall into what seems to me the error of talking too much about peace. A good deal has been said upon this subject, both in this county and in Europe, more perhaps than is either absolutely necessary or useful. (Applause.) Peace is not always purchased by talking about it."

Professor Morse in his speech referred to the early days of telegraphing, and made extended remarks relative to his endeavors then to have government adopt it as a part of the postal department, proving his sincerity by offering his invention to the government for its exclusive use for the sum of $100,000. He had no doubt if the government now appreciated his original proposition Congress would deal justly in the matter so far as the public and others interested were concerned. The Professor closed his interesting remarks as follows: "I have claimed for America the origination of the modern telegraph system of the world. Impartial history, I think, will support that claim. Don't misunderstand me as disregarding or disparaging the labors and ingenious modifications of others in various countries employed in the same field of invention. Gladly, did time permit, would I descant on their great and varied merits. Yet in tracing the birth and pedigree of the modern telegraph, American is not the highest term of the series that connects the past with the present; there is at least one higher term, the highest of all, which cannot and must not be ignored: "If not a sparrow falls to the ground without a definite purpose in the plans of infinite wisdom, can the creation of an instrumentality so vitally affecting the interests of the whole human race have an origin less humble than the Giver of 'every good and perfect gift?' I am sure I have the sympathy of such an assembly as is here gathered, if in all humility and in the sincerity of a grateful heart I use the words of inspiration in ascribing honor and praise to Him to whom first of all it is pre-eminently due. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to God be all the glory. Not what hath man, but what hath God wrought.'"

NEW YORK SURNAMES. The New York Directory contains the names of 929 Browns, 521 Joneses, 252 Robinsons. The volume also certifies that the city has 34 Barbers, and only 13 Beards; 278 Bakers, no Bread and 1 Cake; 90 Carters, and no Cart; 5 Carvers, 11 Fish and 1 Fowl; 38 Dyers, and no Clothes; 123 Masons, and no Bricks; 738 Millers, and only 1 Grain; 115 Porters, and no Loads; 99 Hunters, and no Game; 3 Lawyers, and 27 Cases; 3 Widows, and 3 Husbands: 1 Lover, and no Mistress; 2038 Smiths, and no Forge. In addition to these there are 7333 "Mc.'s."

THE PLOT TO BURN NEW YORK.

Martial Orders from Gen. Dix.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Gen. Dix has issued the following order:

A nefarious attempt was made last night to set fire to the principal hotels and other places of public resort in this city. If this attempt had succeeded it would have resulted in a frightful sacrifice of property and life. The existence of an extensive combination has been disclosed to-day, and it is shown to have been the work of rebel emissaries and agents.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The investigations into the incendiarisms on last Friday night are still going on by the authorities. Fires were discovered in twelve hotels, besides the Museum and some of the vessels at the wharf. The woman who was arrested has been discharged. She gives a satisfactory explanation of her movements.

Thus far four of the principal parties have been arrested, and with them so much of the means that had been provided to carry on the work as had not yet been expended. The money was in gold, and was found in the possession of the treasurer of the organization, who is now under arrest.

MONDAY, NOV. 28, 1864.

Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1868.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

SMUGGLING.

Mr. Schenck, the Government auctioneer of this city, sold yesterday a large quantity of valuable goods recently taken from the persons of travelers returned from Europe. Watches, diamonds, rings, chains and bracelets were among the goods sold. It is easy to see how such valuables can be secreted. But other things seized were a mystery. Forty bags of coffee were brought on shore and evidently could not have been put in any one's pocket. A thousand boxes of cigars, and silver foil enough to gild Broadway. This matter of smuggling is reduced to a science, but is watched by the keenest of detectives when they choose to be keen. The searches are made very rigidly, and silks and satins no longer pass the Custom House free because run into breadths. As a punishment the clothes in which diamonds and laces are sewed up are taken off of the wearer and sold under the hammer.

VALUABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The other day Marshal Murray went to the Post Office and took a letter directed to a gentleman in this city. He took it to his office and addressed a note to that gentleman, requesting him to call on him at a certain hour named. He came. The Marshal handed him the letter and the gentleman put it in his pocket as it was addressed to him. "I would like to have you open that letter," the Marshal said. The man demurred; he preferred to open it at home. Finding resistance useless the envelope was reluctantly broken. It held nothing but a photograph, and quite an ordinary one at that. There was not a scrap of writing in the envelope, nor any intimation from whence the photograph came. The only thing about it which attracted attention was its thickness. It was stout and firm, unnecessarily so for transmission through the mails. After examining it carefully the Marshal took his knife and separated the parts. In the centre was ingeniously inserted a thin layer of the finest kind of velvet cork. The cork was studded with diamonds, about seventy in number. The Marshal placed the photograph in his safe and the gentleman retired.

SHREWD HIDING PLACE.

The other day a gentleman stepped ashore from one of the Cunarders, and as soon as he landed an officer from the Marshal's office asked him to accompany him to a carriage. Not a word was spoken by the insulted citizen, whose trunks were taken possession of by the revenue officers. The gruff official whistled a low tune and drummed on the window-pane of the coach as it passed up Broadway. On reaching the Marshal's office the indignant gentleman demanded the cause of the rude treatment he had received. The Marshal politely requested him to take off his right boot, which he did with some hesitation. The heel was struck off, and it was found to be hollow, and in it snugly and carefully stowed away were diamonds to the value of $8000. Cattle, it is said, cannot get used to the speed of locomotives. Before they get ready to move it is too late. Rogues and smugglers have not yet got used to the Atlantic cable. Still, cart-loads of coffee and like material cannot be smuggled ashore without the connivance of officers. After all, the extent of smuggling is perfectly enormous.

BUNKER.

NEW YORK, May 13.—The American Bible Society held its fifty-third anniversary to-day at the Reformed Church, Lafayette place. Norman White presided. The annual reports show: receipts $731,700; total amount of books printed during the year in the Bible House, 1,081,820; in foreign lands, 262,000; entire circulation 1,386,611 volumes; books sold, 929,000; gratuitous distributions and appropriations amount in value to $181,881, of which $72,912 were for foreign lands. The restoration of the Bible Society in the southern states has been accomplished. Freedmen have received constant attention. The re-supply of the whole country with Bibles has been conducted with success; during the past three years 1,800,000 families were visited, and 157,000 Bibles distributed.

The Assistant Treasury.

From Harper's Weekly, Sept. 30.

The leading financial institution in the United States, is the United States Assistant Treasury at New York. Though it is only an assistant treasury, and the treasury proper is at Washington, yet the transactions of the former are so vastly greater in volume than those of the latter, that the chief work of the Washington office is keeping record of the business done by its New York branch. Nineteen-twentieths of the public creditors are paid here; nearly all the public loans are disposed of here; by far the greater part of the revenue from taxes and customs is received here; and here is paid, on the days fixed by law, the interest on $2,000,000,000 of United States securities. A business of from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 daily is done here—done quickly, quietly, and without errors or disputes. No institution in the city is better worth inspection than the sub-treasury; and be it said, in simple justice, no man is more willing to have it inspected than Mr. Van Dyck, the sub-treasurer.

The vaults are a sight which cannot be witnessed elsewhere in this country. There are two of them; but one is comparatively empty, as it only holds some $10,000,000. The other contains over $60,000,000, one-half in coin, the other half in paper. How many readers have ever seen $1,000,000 in paper or in gold? We remember one of the oldest of our judges, a man of large experience and profound wisdom, interrupting a party of talkers who were chattering about millions of gold, with the naive questions: "How big is a million of gold? Would it rest on this table? Would it go under this chair? How many men would it take to carry it? What does it look like?"

His honor might have gratified his curiosity by a visit to the sub-treasury. There $30,000,000 of gold lie dormant, awaiting the resurrection of specie payments. They are put up in bags containing $5000 each, and weighing say forty-five pounds. These bags are piled one upon another in closets, which line the inner wall of the vault; a hundred bags filled a closet. When filled the door is closed, locked and sealed with the cashier's seal; a ticket attached specifies that in that dark and narrow hole $500,000 in gold lie hidden. Fifty or more such closets may be seen, duly closed, locked and sealed. But in that vault, whose wealth far outshines the wildest fables of Oriental story, bags of gold lie around in every corner. You kick one as you enter. Others rest on trucks waiting sepulture in the closets. They are so plentiful, and so seemingly despised by the officials who handle them, that insensibly the spectator loses his respect for them, and forgets that the possession of a few such bags would realize his life-long dream of material prosperity.

These bags are the products of custom duties. Every day, between between 3 and 4 o'clock, a little hand-cart, ark-shaped, painted red, covered over and locked, may be seen travelling up Wall street, propelled by two stout men, and wending its way from the custom house to the sub-treasury. There are but two men ostensibly engaged in pushing the little red cart, but a careful observer may discover two other men, likewise stout and very watchful, who lounge up the sidewalk in a parallel line. They look as if they carried revolvers. In these days, when the custom duties are heavy, the little red ark sometimes contains $750,000—a prize worth the attention of robbers. But it is never attacked. When it reaches the sub-treasury it is unlocked, and the bags handed in. Each bag is then counted by the sub-treasurer's clerks. They count with both hands, and with a rapidity and accuracy truly wonderful. They seem to possess a sort of instinct—the product of long experience, which enables them to discover a false coin at a glance. Pieces which have been split open, the inside filed out, the cavity filled with iridium, the two halves soldered together, and remilled on the edges, are so like genuine coins that the best judges are often deceived by them. They weigh precisely the same as genuine coins. They have the ring of pure gold. Their external surface throughout is gold. Yet these counterfeits are detected at a glance by the experienced clerks of the treasury. It used to be said of Mr. E. H. Birdsale, the present cashier, that when he was a clerk he could, in emptying a $5,000 bag, at the first dip of his hands into the glittering mass, pick out all the spurious coins.

There is a quantity of silver in the sub-treasury, in bags and kegs, but after one has been handling millions of gold, it seems a poor sort of metal. A silver closet holds $40,000; there are a few dozen of them full to repletion. Within a short time considerable amounts of silver have arrived here from New Orleans—the product of duties or of the confiscation act. Many of the coins are rusty and dingy, and it is shrewdly suspected that, during the dark days of rebel supremacy, these pieces slept the sleep of the just in damp underground holes. One of the New Orleans banks is known to have buried its coin when confederate shinplasters made their appearance, and the plan was doubtless adopted by many private individuals.

Of paper money the sub-treasury in New York holds some forty millions. Of this over eighteen millions are in fives, tens and twenties, and are piled on a shelf in the vault. As nearly as we could calculate by the eye, there is about a cord and a half of this money. It might fill a two-horse hay-cart. When a paymaster calls with a draft, the clerks give him a trunkfull or a

bushel basket. The notes are legal tenders and national bank notes mixed indiscriminately—some old and worn, showing evidence of long service, others new and crisp.

The larger notes, $100s, $500s and $1,000s have the honor of closet room. There is a closet there which contains half a dozen millions. Lying on the top of a mountain of these notes was a package which we examined. It could easily have been put in the coat pocket and carried away without inconvenience. It contained one thousand $500 legal tenders, and was, therefore, worth just half a million. But for the contempt for money which the inspection of these enormous sums is apt for the moment to inspire, one might have coveted this little package. How many able and successful men toil for a lifetime in the hope of acquiring just such a parcel!

But, if you are going to steal, gentle reader, let us recommend coupons as the most convenient article to "convey." Seven-Thirty coupons are so small that you can easily put $50,000 in your waistcoat pocket, and as to Ten-Forty coupons, a pinch of them, between finger and thumb, is a small fortune. These little bits of paper, no bigger than apothecary's labels, or half the size of a five cent in fractional currency, represent sums varying from $25 in gold to $365 in currency. As interest-day comes round they pour in from all quarters—from the far West and the lately rebellious South; from Germany and Holland; from crowned heads in Europe and from industrious washer-women in this country. To examine and sort these little bits of paper is no slight task. One of the richest men in New York is said to keep his daughters, married and single, busy cutting off coupons for a whole afternoon and evening before interest-day; when the cutting is done the eldest daughter herself sweeps out the room to intercept waifs and estrays.

The vaults of the sub-treasury may really be said to defy burglars. In the first place they are built on thirty-five feet of solid masonry, so that digging under them and working by a tunnel to the door would be impracticable. Then, they stand in the main hall of the treasury building, in which a watch is always kept, and into which it would require no small labor to intrude after nightfall. The vaults themselves are iron chambers, with iron floors, roofs and walls. The latter are two feet thick, and hollow; the hollow being filled with musket-balls, which defy the burglar's drill. Four doors, of massive iron, close the entrance to the vault; each door is locked with two locks, so that eight different keys of peculiar mechanism are required to open sesame. Uncle Samuel, poor fellow! is not likely to be robbed at this office, however he may fare elsewhere.

We remember the sub-treasury when Mr. Cisco was first appointed its chief, in two rooms of the assay building—a quiet, retired establishment, in which nobody spoke above a whisper, and a few clerks leisurely counted their gold, and demurely paid the salary of the President and other public functionaries. People went there to chat with the sub-treasurer—a man of leisure and considerable information—and twice a year called to collect their interest. It was so slow and so old-fogy an institution, that even the small Wall street bankers used to laugh at it.

In these days the sub-treasurer at New York has his grip on the throat of nearly all the bankers in the country, and we notice that none of them are disposed even to smile when the name of Mr. Van Dyck is mentioned.

A First-Class Funeral.—Margaret Killoran, a dry-goods peddler of New York, who had accumulated some property, died in that city lately, and on her death-bed, being fearful that her relatives would not give her so fine a funeral as she desired, sent for the undertaker and arranged the details herself. Her instructions were faithfully carried out, and the undertaker presented his bill, $1395. The executor refused to pay, and was sued by the undertaker, who made out a very good case and of course got his money. As it is not often one can get at the details of a first-class funeral, though everybody knows in a general way that they are expensive, we give the bill in this case entire:—

To one extra size casket, locks and hinges, manufactured to order expressly,	$350.00
Two silver-plated plates, engraved,	18.00
Black cloth covering,	75 00
Silver head-mounting, plated,	75.00
Silver-plated diamond mounting,	25.00
Satin upholstering and trimmings,	90.00
Eight silver-plated handles,	22.50
One lead casket,	80.00
One French plate, oval bent, full length glass top, specially to order	225.00
Mourning decorations for house,	52.66
Preserving body on ice,	18.00
One lady's robe,	65.00
One wreath, and loose natural flowers,	22.50
Nine linen scarfs,	72.00
Fifteen pairs black kid gloves,	30.00
Serving fourteen notices by hand,	7 00
Interment in vault,	7.00
Sealing vault,	5.00
Four-horse oval hearse, plumes and blankets,	35.00
Eight coaches,	52.00
Use of wagon with lid of lead casket,	3.50
Seven porters to cemetery,	42.00
Gloves for porters,	2.45
Box candles,	4 50
Ferriage on 21 coaches and 2 wagons,	11.00
One man to solder lid of casket,	5.00
Total amount,	$1,395 11

NEW YORK.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.

The Central Park is bounded on the south by Fifty-ninth Street; on the north by One Hundred and Tenth Street; on the east by Fifth Avenue; on the west by Eighth Avenue. Its lower end is 4¾ miles from the Battery; its upper end 5½ miles from Spuyten Duyvel Creek. It lies almost exactly midway between the East and North rivers, and thus occupies nearly the geographical centre of the island. Its form is a rectangle, the longer sides being nearly 2¾ miles (13,508 feet); the shorter sides something more than half a mile (2718 feet). It covers 862 acres, of which the New Croton Reservoir occupies 107 acres, the Old Reservoir 35 acres; ornamental waters take up 44 acres, the principal being the Lake 20 acres, Harlem Lake 13 acres, the Pond 5 acres: in all, 151 acres of water. Of the 711 acres of land, 115 are occupied by roads and walks, 24 by rock, 524 are laid out in trees, shrubbery, and lawns. There are 25½ miles of walks, 9½ of carriage road, 5½ of bridle road; or 40½ miles of roads and paths. There are 43 bridges and archways of various forms and materials, wood, brick, stone, and iron.

A series of tables in this Report furnishes some curious statistics as to the visitors to the Park. Four persons come in carriages for three who come on foot. There is one equestrian for every thirty-four pedestrians. The average number of visitors for every day, fair and foul, is a little more than 20,000. The largest number was on the 4th of July, when there were 75,000 pedestrians; on that day there were probably not less than 120,000 visitors. The smallest number was the stormy 21st of November, when there were but 74 pedestrians; but about 100 sleighs ventured out, so that there were about 400 people in the Park. The largest number of pedestrians in any one month was in January, when there were 658,000. The greater part of these were attracted by the skating, the ball being up almost every day. In January, 1863, there were but two days skating, and only 51,000 pedestrians entered. The largest number of visitors on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, was in August, when there were 950,000. Then come July, 914,000; January, 891,000; September, 890,000. The smallest number in any month was December, 282,000; in this month the carriage people outnumbered the foot folks more than three to one. More than one-third of the pedestrians come on Sundays, the Sunday average being nearly four times that of any week-day except Saturday. The Sunday attendance of carriages and equestrians is considerably above the week-day average. The entire number of Sunday visitors of all classes is about twice the week-day average.

No account is kept of visitors between 11 at night and 5 in the morning. Hardly a person enters between these hours. From 5 to 6, during nine months of the year, from October till June, only two pedestrians appeared; during the other three months 2000 pedestrians, 500 equestrians, and 5000 people in carriages came. From 6 to 7 the equestrians come out to the number of 10,000, almost as many as during any other hour of the day. They keep up this number till 9, when there is a sudden falling off of half or two-thirds, which lasts until 3, when they again begin to appear in force, reaching 13,000 between 4 and 5. The horsemen thus are men of business, mainly engaged from 9 till 3.

The pedestrians, during the year, increase from hour to hour, thus: From 6 to 7, 10,000; 7 to 8, 22,000; 8 to 9, 41,000; 9 to 10, 79,000; 10 to 11, 113,000; 11 to 12, 140,000; 12 to 1, 165,000; 1 to 2, 267,000; 2 to 3, 479,000; 3 to 4, 586,000. Here it reaches its maximum, and begins to decrease thus: From 4 to 5, 501,000; 5 to 6, 290,000; 6 to 7, 135,000; 7 to 8, 107,000; 8 to 9, 60,000; 9 to 10, 16,000; 10 to 11, 3000. The largest number during a single hour in any month was 112,000, between 2 and 3, in January.

The rush of vehicles comes on later. They increase thus: From 5 to 6, 2000; 6 to 7, 12,000; 7 to 8, 22,000; 8 to 9, 30,000; 9 to 10, 38,000. Up to this hour there have been more carriages than pedestrians in the Park; and thus three or four times as many persons have entered in vehicles than on foot. From 10 to 11, 43,000; 11 to 12, 38,000; 1 to 2, 56,000; 2 to 3, 120,000; 3 to 4, 212,000. The next two hours are the great driving time: From 4 to 5, 301,000; 5 to 6, 305,000. Then the carriages fall off rapidly: From 6 to 7, 171,000; 7 to 8, 90,000; 8 to 9, 25,000; 9 to 10, 7000; 10 to 11, 2000.

The Fifth Avenue is the favorite approach to the Park for vehicles and equestrians. More than one-half of these (716,000 carriages and 56,000 equestrians) passed through the entrance on Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. In all, not less than two and a half millions of visits were made through this one entrance.

All told, the Park has, up to January 1, 1866, cost the city a little more than nine and three-quarter millions of dollars; five millions for the ground itself, and four and three-quarter millions for construction.* Never, even in a mere pecuniary point of view, was money more profitably expended. The interest paid on the bonds issued to defray this cost amounts to $581,400; the maintenance of the Park cost last year $221,166: the entire annual expense of the Park is therefore $802,566; say, in round numbers, eight hundred thousand dollars. The assessed value of the property of the three wards which immediately surround the Park was, in 1856, $26,400,000; in 1865, $61,000,000: an increase of $34,600,000. The taxes paid to the city upon this increased valuation amount to $1,034,000.

* *Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, for the Year ending with December 31, 1865.*

† The pedestrians and equestrians are counted individually; the vehicles are counted, and an average of three persons is allowed to each. The following is the exact number of visits to the Park, as thus made out:

Pedestrians, individually counted	3,219,056
Equestrians, individually counted	98,360
Vehicles, 1,425,241, three persons to each	4,275,723
Total visits in 1865	7,593,139

But we think the estimate of three persons to a vehicle is too low. We should give the average at fully four. On the other hand, as we shall have occasion to notice, about 400,000 vehicles passed into the Park at its lower entrances, went through and beyond it, and again re-entered, and so were counted twice. Many persons also came into the Park outside of the regular entrances. The incidental errors on one side will about balance those on the other; so that we may safely say that during the year 1865 there were between seven and eight millions—nearer eight than seven—visits to the Central Park.

New York, June 11.—The unveiling of the Morse statue in the Central Park yesterday afternoon was one of the memorable events in the history of this city in commemoration of the achievements of science. The statue cost $12,000, and was purchased by the subscriptions of the telegraphers, varying in amount from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, although the greater number were of sums less than five dollars. The pedestal is the gift of a few private citizens. The statue is of heroic size, and was modelled by Byron M. Pickett, and cast at the National Fine Art foundry, by Maurice I. Power. The face is a striking likeness of Mr. Morse. The beard is made quite full, and the stiffness of modern dress is relieved by a cloak with a heavy fur collar. This cloak, falling from the left side, is held up by the left hand, which also holds a telegraphic dispatch. The right hand rests upon a small telegraphic instrument upon a column. The attitude is easy and natural. Prof. Morse had received in this country up to the time when this statue was suggested by the telegraphers, no public recognition of his eminent services beyond that of a complimentary dinner, although he had had at the hands of European sovereigns honors of the most marked character, as will be seen by the subjoined list:

1. By the sultan of Turkey, the "Nishan Iftichan," or Order of Glory.
2. From France, the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.
3. From Italy, the Cross of a Chevalier of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus.
4. From Portugal, the Cross of a Chevalier of the Order of the Tower and Sword.
5. From Spain, the Cross of a Knight Commander (*de numero*) of the Order of Isabella the Catholic.
6. From Denmark, the Cross of a Chevalier of the Order of the Dannebroge, also to be a Knight Commander in the same order, of the first-class.
7. Austria, Prussia and Wurtemberg conferred on him the scientific gold medal of their respective nations.
8. A special congress of ten European nations, in 1858, voted Professor Morse an honorary gratuity of 400,000 francs.

Harper's Bazar states the numbers and wages of needle-women in New York city, and at the same time gives an account of the great American bazar of Messrs. A. T. Stewart and Co., of New York, in which every branch of needle-work is extensively carried on:

"Here we found," says the writer, "at least 800 young ladies engaged in making every thing that is worn by humanity except boots and shoes. In the 'Ladies' and Children's Department,' to which an entire floor is devoted, and in which are made full suits for females of all ages, and embracing every thing from under-linen to bonnets (not forgetting the monogram of the customer if desired), regular employment is given the year round to about 400 women, who make on an average $8 per week. Cutters and forewomen are paid from $12 to $15 per week; these have their assistants, who receive from $10 to $12 per week; the operatives are paid by the 'piece,' and receive, according to their industry and intelligence, from $6 50 to $12 per week. In the 'Cloak Department' are about 200 girls, who get about the same as the operative in the 'Ladies' Department.' In the 'Shawl Department' various descriptions of shawls are made and repaired; and there we saw dextrous and nimble fingers repair splendid India shawls which had been worn threadbare at the folds in such a manner that the seam and patch could not be detected. The same fairy-like artisans removed from the same costly fabrics dark and unattractive shades and replaced them by colors which were in demand in the market, and that in such a way as to really improve the shawls. Here about 25 women are employed at about $8 per week each. Nearly as many find equally remunerative labor in the 'Skirt Department.' In the 'Boys' Department' for the manufacture of youths' clothing the operatives to the number of 75 are paid by the week at an average of $9. About 60 women are constantly at work in the 'Upholstery Department' in making curtains, mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases, napkins, towels—in short, all the furnishing goods for house, hotel, steamer, and sleeping-car. They get from $6 to $9 per week. In the 'Fur Department' as many as 70 persons are employed in the busy season at wages averaging $8, but as the winter is just over we found only half a dozen employed in taking care of the stock. In the carpet room about 60 girls are employed, and make about $7 50 per week. On this floor, but intended for the benefit of other departments, we were surprised to come across about 35 washer-women, ironers, and fluters, engaged in making up and preparing for customers, and for display in the store, all sorts of linen and other goods. These are paid by the week at $7 50. This establishment at times employs as many as 1500 women, a good proportion of whom do not work in the building but at their own residences. Besides those enumerated above there are also to be found a few saleswomen, and young women with good figures who 'try on' the patterns of cloaks, etc., etc., while neat and pleasant-looking telegraphic operators of the gentle sex are engaged constantly in communicating between the retail and the wholesale establishments."

NEW YORK, Nov. 25th, 1869.

Life in the city—and, for that matter, life everywhere—exhibits a perpetual tragedy; and a perpetual comedy, as well. Half a dozen lines, or less, in the morning paper, read carelessly and without a thought by thousands, have that in them which turns to darkness the light of a once happy home, and lays a life-burden of sorrow upon many hearts; or, even worse than this, may link a name once honored to enduring infamy, and show us how bitterer than the tears which are given to the dead are those which are often shed for the living. The thought is suggested by a hasty absorption of the contents of the daily journal before me. Here are records of casualties—deaths from accidents—deaths from criminal carelessness—from violence — from utter destitution — of crimes—of shames—of despairs,—and all that these involve—every fact of which represents suffering and sorrow too deep and terrible for human language to portray. Here, for instance, is the story of a whole family consumed in the flames of their burning home; here, an account of the murder of a husband and father, in a quarrel instigated by whiskey; and here, the record of a trust betrayed, of a name blighted, of shame, of ruin and of infamy. To the casual reader they are simply items of news; but to many they are the doom-word that changes the aspect of the whole world, and casts over the future the shadow of a great darkness.

This is the tragedy of life. Its comedy I find also in my morning journal. Not only in amusing blunders, ludicrous complications, laughable incidents, humorous narratives, jokes, *bon mots*, anecdotes, &c., but in much that doesn't aim to be the least bit funny—grave speeches, heavy with their want of thought; disquisitions that aim to be philosophical and are simply nonsensical; criticisms on art or literature that demonstrate that the writer knows nothing of either; and "sensational" reports of ordinary matters that exhibit a very pronounced disproportion between words and things. The most comic passages in a newspaper are not those which are intended to be so; but not unfrequently the gravest utterance of some titled and dogmatic ass is far more provocative of laughter.

I have sandwiched these thoughts between my morning paper and my cup of coffee; and as I empty the latter, and throw the former upon a pile of its fellows, "Such is life!" is my brief comment upon all that I have read.

NEW YORK CITY.—One realizes from Mayor Hall's late message what a great city New York is. Its debt in round numbers is $127,000,000, twice as much as that of Philadelphia, and more than that of the nation before the war. Its tax levy for the current year is $30,437,528.01, and its tax rate $2.78. The population is now nearly 1,000,000, the area of the city twenty-four square miles, and the water frontage twenty-nine miles. It has 300 miles of paved and 160 miles of unpaved streets. Twenty thousand gas-lights nightly burn in the streets and public places, at a public expense of $43 per year for each lamp. There are 350 miles of Croton water pipes, and 277 miles of sewers. One hundred and seventy-five miles of sewers are yet to be made. There are over 2000 men on the police force, and 600 firemen, whose salaries together amount to a round sum of $3,000,000. An average number of 3000 workmen are employed each day of the year upon public works. The city contributed to the support during the past year of 51,466 criminals. It alleviated during the same time, by out-door and institutional charity, the sufferings of 195,334 of the poor and the sick. It contributes to the support, under private auspices, of 50,000 children in the private schools of various denominations. It expends $250,000 for salaries of judges and court attachés. More than two millions of dollars are expended for educational purposes, and a hundred thousand children attend school every day.

He makes men steel pens and says they do right!
Gillott.

At precisely four o'clock the ceremonies began. Governor Hoffman presided. After an overture by the band of Fort Columbus, Governor Hoffman made the introductory address, at the conclusion of which the statue was unveiled by Governor Claflin of Massachusetts and Mr. Wm. Orton. This was followed by music by the band, and this in turn by the speeches of the occasion, delivered by William Cullen Bryant, and Mayor Hall. Mr. Bryant, in closing, said: "But long may it be, my friends—very long—before any such resemblance of our illustrious friend shall be needed by those who have the advantage of his acquaintance, to refersh the image of his form and bearing as it exists in their minds. Long may we keep with us what is better than the statue—the noble original—long may it remain among us in a healthful and serene old age—late, very late, may He who gave the mind to which we owe the grand discovery to-day commemorated, recall it to his more immediate presence that it may be employed in a higher sphere and in a still more beneficial activity." Mayor Hall closed as follows: "The city of New York pledges herself to the donors who make her their trustee, to guard with pride this statue of her honored citizen; of him who achieved indeed eminence among her artists, and won respect and love in her social life before he was awarded those special honors which the civilized world now render him, and which this day's ceremonies so appropriately emphasize."

The meeting at the Academy of Music last evening took the form of a public reception or levee of the distinguished guest. An evening's entertainment of the most attractive kind had been prepared, and a memorable feature of it was the transmission of a dispatch to all the principal stations in the world taking leave of the profession, by Prof. Morse himself. On the platform was seated Prof. Morse in the centre, flanked by Cyrus W. Field, Wilson G. Hunt, Peter Cooper, William C. Bryant, Horace Greeley, Samuel Sinclair, Gov. Claflin and staff, Hon. N. P. Banks, Dr. George B. Loring, William Orton, Henry Ward Beecher, C. F. MacDermott of San Francisco, Gov. Hoffman, Ben. F. Butler, and others. Gens. Lefferts, E. S. Sanford, Jr., W. K. Applebough and several assistants were the committee of arrangements. Horace Greeley came in late, and when he made his appearance he was greeted with great applause as he took his seat.

Speeches were made by W. Orton, Dr. Loring, and President Sampson of Columbia college, Washington. At the conclusion of the latter's address, Miss Sadie E. Cornwall was led to a telegraphic instrument on the platform, when she sent the following message from the venerable Professor Morse: "Greeting and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity. Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man." As the young lady concluded this, Prof. Morse was escorted to the instrument by Mayor Hall, and manipulated the key, sending his signature with a firmness that was not expected by those who knew how tremulous his fingers are at this time of excitement. As the father of telegraphy arose the whole audience greeted him by rising en masse, cheering, applauding and waving handkerchiefs for full five minutes. The old gentleman seemed quite overcome, and covering his face with his hands evidently considered that this was at least nearly the last time he would be called upon to sign his name by a telegraphic key. The dispatch was sent to various parts of the world, and several responses were received during the evening. Hon. N. P. Banks was here introduced and delivered a forcible address upon the telegraph as a national defence. It was received with frequent manifestations of applause. Other speeches followed.

Among the responses to Prof. Morse's dispatch was a reply from the president at Long Branch. A large number of dispatches from San Francisco, Cincinnati, Halifax, Bombay, St. Louis, New Orleans, Boston, and nearly every other city in the Union, congratulating Prof. Morse upon his proud position as father of the telegraph, were also read. The assembly dispersed at a late hour, the telegraphers stepping forward and shaking hands with the professor.

John B. Gough's Silver Wedding.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gough, was celebrated at their residence at Boylston, yesterday, by a large gathering of friends and acquaintances. It was the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Gough to celebrate the anniversary without publicity, but their friends casually learning the fact insisted on a change of programme, and taking the matter into their own hands brought the affair to a happy consummation. Preparations for the event were put in train some weeks since, Rev. J. O. Peck and Messrs. P. L. Moen, Henry Chapin and Edward Earle acting as a committee of the citizens of this vicinity in making the necessary arrangments, issuing cards of invitation, &c.

The invitations received prompt and favorable responses from all quarters, and the weather being favorable yesterday, the affair was consummated under favorable circumstances. A large number of our citizens paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Gough during the day, and offered their congratulations. The more formal exercises were allotted to the evening, and the ample residence at "Hillside" was crowded with guests at an early hour, including besides many of our most substantial citizens, large delegations from Boston, New York, and other cities. Ample entertainment was furnished by the generous hosts, and there was as little as possible of formality during the evening.

At eight o'clock the guests, to the number of two or three hundred, were assembled in the gymnasium, and the gifts being arranged on a large table and covered from sight, Mr. and Mrs. Gough and the members of their family were conducted thither. Rev. J O. Peck, of this city, in behalf of the committee, briefly addressed them, offering the congratulations of their friends, present and absent. He referred to the record of the past quarter of a century, and to the love which Mr. Gough has won in both continents, represented on this occasion by their gifts and written congratulations, and by the thoughts and prayers of thousands more. Rev. Horace James, of Lowell, offered a fervent prayer, and an original hymn by Rev. William Phipps, of Paxton, was sung; after which the formal presentation of gifts took place.

The most prominent among the gifts were a massive solid silver centre piece, designed to hold either fruit or flowers, and an ice cream set of fourteen pieces, silver, lined with gold, the offering of the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Gough in Worcester and vicinity, and friends who had sent their donations in money to the committee. The centre piece is about 24 inches in height, the pedestal being a statue of an Indian chief, standing upon a base ornamented with Indian figures in various attitudes, chased in the silver. Upon the head of the chief rests a basket, which with his upraised hands supports a large basin or plate, 18 inches in diameter, lined with gold. The ice cream set was of solid silver, lined with gold. The value of both the above was $1,000. Each bore the inscription "John B. and Mary E. Gough, Worcester, Nov. 24th, 1868; from neighbors and friends."

These were presented by Hon. Henry Chapin of this city, in behalf of the donors, accompanied by the following letter:

WORCESTER, Nov. 24, 1868.

JOHN B. GOUGH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Allow us, your friends, and most of us your neighbors, to congratulate you upon the auspicious circumstances of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your wedding. It is with no ordinary emotions that we refer to the history of the last twenty-five years, during which you and your noble and true hearted wife have

"Clam the hill thegither."

Beginning in weakness you have grown in strength; beginning with small means you have arrived at affluence; beginning in comparative obscurity you have won a world-wide fame; beginning with a voice feeble and tremulous you have made that voice heard in tones of resistless eloquence throughout the civilized world; beginning modest and distrustful of your ability to influence others, you have marked your course with words of love and power, which have dried the tear of the child worse than orphaned, and caused the heart of the wife of the reformed inebriate to leap for joy; beginning with faint hopes of success and abounding fears of failure, you have proved yourself one of the world's benefactors, and made your name known and honored wherever the English language is spoken.

More than this: "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." In the midst of temptations which once obtained over you such fearful mastery, and with a temperament strangely ardent and impulsive, you have been enabled, by the grace of God and the sweet aids and the angelic influences of your home, to stand erect and sure, diffusing around you the light and joy of a truly Christian example. You have not only been what you professed when the eyes of admiring multitudes have been fixed upon you, but in those quiet moments which are the trial-hours of the soul, we are proud to believe and to say that you have been simple, artless, earnest and pure, a true friend, a kind husband, a Christian gentleman and an honest man.

It gives us sincere pleasure to ask you and Mrs. Gough to accept this silver ice cream service and this silver centre piece, as slight testimonials of our respect and affection.

Yours sincerely.

Signed by the committee of arrangements and one hundred and fourteen others.

A number of Boston friends presented an elegant and costly bronze clock of exquisite taste in design and finish, accompanying their gift with a memorial, a remarkable specimen of penmanship, bearing the autographs of fifty-two of the most prominent Boston merchants, clergymen and others. This memorial is in itself an interesting and valuable gift, and to the recipients will probably contribute as much permanent pleasure as any of the gifts of the evening. The memorial was in the following words:

BOSTON, Nov. 24, 1868.

To John B. Gough: The undersigned desire, on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your marriage, to express their high appreciation of your eminent services, not only in the cause of temperance, but of true morality. Your field of labor has extended from ocean to ocean, and thousands and ten times ten thousand men and women in all the varied walks of life have been strengthened and sustained by your noble utterances. Young men just entering upon active life, and exposed to temptations of almost every name, have been checked in tendencies to evil, and have been incited to lofty endeavor and to high and holy purposes. God has in His providence endowed you with the power to sway vast assemblies of people—to provoke to laughter and to melt to tears, and we thank the Author of all good that in your public efforts you have never allowed the standard of morality or religion to trail in the dust; and it is our prayer that you may be spared for many years to come to assist in lifting up those who have fallen, and to cheer and encourage all in bearing the burdens of life.

Accept then, on this anniversary day, for yourself and for her who has been for these many years the light and joy of your household and the comfort and support of your heart, our hearty congratulations, and our best wishes for your prosperity.

Signed by WM. CLAFLIN and over fifty others.

In presenting the clock and the memorial, Mr. B. W. Williams of Boston indulged in some reminiscences of Mr. Gough's early career as a speaker, when he was engaged to speak at eight dollars per night and pay his own expenses, which were evidently relished by the audience.

Another prominent gift in value was an elegant gold watch, from friends in Chicago. It was accompanied by the following pithy letter:

CHICAGO, Nov. 20, 1868.

J. B. Gough, Esq., Worcester Mass: Dear Sir—A few of your Chicago friends, learning that you were to have a *good time*, decided to *watch* you. A *minute* record would show on its *face* that in your *day* you have already enjoyed *twenty-four hours* of this kind, and judging from the invitation you are now determined to make a *night* of it.

While it is stated astronomically that the west is *behind time*, we desire not to be *slow* in expressing our thanks for the benefits we have received, and the pleasure we have enjoyed from your visits to our city.

Although this token is of *western manufacture*, it is, like your own efforts, not sectional but *national*, and its reputation, like your genius, is reflecting honor on our country.

The occasion is a silver one to you, but gives us a *golden* opportunity of testifying our warm friendship for you and your work. Permit us also, with this *timely* memento, to express the hope, when life's *hours* are passed, of spending the *day* of eternity with you in our Father's Kingdom, through the grace and mercy of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Very truly yours,

Signed by D. L. MOODY and twelve others.

The faculty and students of Phillips Academy, Andover, sent a fine four volume copy of the "Wickliffite Versions of the Holy Bible," Oxford University Press, a rare and valuable work.

The lecture committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia sent an elegant silver fruit dish, lined with gold; the Shrewsbury Monumental Association sent a fine silver nut dish, the Sunday School in Berlin sent a pair of choice silver vases, and individuals from Boston, New York, New Bedford, Dubuque, Iowa; Ypsilanti, Michigan; Rochester and Hudson, New York; Cincinnati, Ohio, and other places, also remembered the occasion by valuable gifts of silver, elegant and costly pictures, flowers, &c., most of which were accompanied by letters of congratulation. The chairman said he had over eighty of these in his hand, but proposed to hand them to Mr. and Mrs. Gough without reading them to the audience. Among them were letters from Mr. Gough's father and George Cruikshank, of England, and many prominent Americans. All the gifts were of sterling metal, and were very costly, the whole amounting to over $3,000.

In response to the several addresses Mr. Gough spoke briefly, feelingly expressing his thanks and appreciation for the unexpected manifestations of favor, and referring briefly to his own experiences during the years since his marriage. He spoke in the highest terms of his wife, and said that to her is largely due the credit of whatever he has been able to accomplish. He alluded to the confidence which his Worcester friends have always reposed in him, and to their steady good will and kindness, in grateful terms, and in closing, again expressed his obligations to his many friends for their kind remembrances.

At the close of his remarks the assembly returned to the house, and many, who were obliged to take the late trains, hastened to the city, while a large party remained to enjoy still further the hospitality of their host. The occasion was a worthy tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Gough, and under the efficient management of the committee the anniversary was celebrated in a creditable and highly satisfactory manner.

The gifts which were presented will be displayed for a few days in the windows of Blake & Robinson, corner of Main and Foster streets, from which house the gifts of the friends and neighbors of Worcester were purchased.

SIPPINGS FROM "PUNCH."—*A Point Unsettled in History.*—Lucy (to her elder sister, who has just been relating a thrilling episode in the life of William Tell): "And was the little boy allowed to *eat* the apple afterwards?"

Leap-Year Reading of an Old Proverb.—La femme propose, Dieu dispose.

Fairly Walked off his Feet.—Mrs. Malaprop writes to sympathize with poor Payson Weston on his great walking feet having come off! She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had!

A SAILOR'S wife had just received intelligence that her husband had perished at sea. She was visited by a neighbor who sympathized with her on her loss, and expressed a fear that she would be poorly off. "'Deed will I," said the widow; "but he did all he could for me—he's saved me the expense of his burying."

I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that wilt complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain,—
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain
—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

A CHICKEN STORY,

WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE ABOUT A DUCK.

"Susy," said George, "let's go and tell stories."

"Well," said Susy.

So George and Susy went down the garden and through the barn-yard, and climbed up by a rail fence to the roof of a shed that was built against the west side of the barn. This was the place where they often went to tell stories. They liked it because they were sure to be free from interruption, mounted up so high, and also because it commanded a very pleasant view. They could see from here the great poultry-yard, and the round pond that bordered one side of it, and, across the pond, the woods which edged its further bank.

"What kind of stories shall we tell?" said Susy, when they were comfortably seated on the shed.

"We will tell chicken stories," replied George, looking down on the clucking, squawking throng in the poultry-yard.

"Well," said his sister, "you begin."

George looked all round among the chickens, and ducks, and turkeys, to find a proper subject for his story. Finally he began thus:

"Early one spring morning, an old duck that had a nest in the bushes on the very edge of the pond, hatched all her ducklings. As soon as they were fairly out of the shell she gave them some breakfast, and then made them go to sleep in the nest. You see, Susy," said George, going back a little, "that the nest was not in our poultry-yard, but on the other side of the pond, near the woods. She made her nest over there to be quiet. Well, when the ducklings were all asleep, as she was very tired of sitting still, and as it was a warm morning, she thought she would just take a swim. So away into the water she went, clear out to the middle of the pond. As she was ducking, and diving, and splashing there, what should come out of the woods but a most dreadfully hungry, savage fox, hunting for his breakfast! He smelt out the nest, and spied the fat old duck, swimming about just beyond his reach in the water. Now, you know, Susy, the fox did not care to eat the ducklings, because when they are just hatched they are not much else but bills and legs—though, I suppose, if he had chosen, he could have gobbled them, bills and all, at a mouthful; but he was determined to have the old duck. He was afraid to venture into the water after her, for he was as mean a coward as he was a thief; and so he set all his wits at work devising a plan to make her come on shore." Here George stopped a little, and began to set his own wits at work.

"Well," said Susy, much interested, "what did the fox do?"

"First," continued George, "he hid himself behind some bushes, for fear the duck should see him, and set up such a squawking as would bring somebody down to the pond to see what was the matter. And then he began to consider his plan. It happened, Susy, that he had been prowling round here so often that he had heard you when you had sometimes come very early to feed the chickens; and he thought he knew just the way you always call them: 'chick,' 'chick,' 'chick.' He was an awfully conceited fellow, who thought himself so clever and cunning that he could do anything, and he concluded that he could make the call just as you did. So this was the plan he formed, that he would call—chick, chick, chick; and when the duck, thinking you had come to feed the fowls, came to take her ducklings over to breakfast in the poultry-yard, he would spring upon her from behind the bushes, and carry her off to his den to devour her. He was so pleased with this thought that he waved his bushy tail to and fro, and his mouth watered, and he licked his jaws with his tongue.

"Well, his plan was all very good; but when he tried to work it, don't you see? he could no more call 'chick,' 'chick,' than you can sing like the canary. 'Cr-r-ock, cr-r-ock,' he barked, and it sounded so much like his own natural voice that the duck fluttered in the water, quite alarmed, and glanced fearfully around; but as she saw no fox, she soon went on again with her dashing and diving.

"When the fox saw his plan had failed, he almost growled out loud with disappointment, but was afraid to make a noise because he did not want the duck to discover him. So he set himself to thinking of some other way to get her ashore. This time he concluded he would cry like the young ducks. He knew that if their mother heard them crying, she would come in a minute; and he said to himself that if he could not call like a young duck, it was no reason why he should not cry like a young duck. So he squeezed down his voice to make it as thin as possible; but when he had done his very best, it sounded most like Bozzy whining at your chamber-door in the morning, only a great deal more shrill and hoarse, and the old duck took no more notice of it than she would of the wind or the cat-birds. The fox was terribly enraged; but as he stood snarling to himself in his anger, a very ugly thought came into his wicked old head. 'If I can't cry like the ducklings,' he growled, 'I'll make the ducklings cry for me.' He went down to the nest, that was built on a mass of dead leaves and sticks lodged round the roots of the old tree that hangs over the water, and put his great, rough paws right among the little soft ducklings, rolling up asleep."

"Dear me!" said Susy.

"Yes," said George, "and the young ducks waked up terribly frightened to see such a horrid monster glaring at them. They screamed loud enough, you may be sure. Their mother flew toward them; but when she saw the fox, she began to scream too. She went as near the nest as she dared, and there she fluttered and screamed. It was not of any use for her to scream, for it was so very early in the morning that no one was about but John, and he was on the other side of the barn feeding the pigs, and could not hear her. I believe the fox would have killed the little ducks, and caught the mother, too, if something very lucky had not happened."

"What was it?" said Susy.

"Why, you see, the sticks and leaves on which the nest was made had accumulated in a sort of platform right over the water. This platform was strong enough to bear the duck and her ducklings, but the fox's great heavy fore-paws coming on it were such a weight that suddenly down went the nest, and the ducklings, and the fox all into the water! The cowardly fox was so frightened by the souse that as soon as he could contrive, splashing and dashing, to scramble up the bank, he ran off shaking his wet sides, and barking and howling till the wood rang.

"Good!" said Susy.

"And the duck," continued George, "gathered her ducklings together, and brought them home to our poultry-yard; and I hope after that she knew enough not to make her nest in the woods and meadows, where nobody could take care of her. It is a wonder the fox had not eaten her up weeks before."

"George," said Susy, "was that the fox that was caught in our trap last night?"

"Yes," said George; "and I am going to have a pair of mittens made out of his skin."

DID UNCLE TOM DO RIGHT?

BY FRANCES LEE.

There were footsteps in the kitchen, evidently made by a small boy in stout boots. Mrs. Greenwood looked up from pouring the coffee as the breakfast-room door opened, and said, "Oh, it is Creeper Gant. Good morning, Creeper."

"Morning," answered the boy.

"Holloa, Creeper," said Phinny Greenwood, peering over his mug of water. He was answered only by a broad smile.

"Your Uncle Thomas came home from New Orleans last night, didn't he?" asked Mr. Greenwood.

Creeper nodded as a horse might do if he wanted more length of check-rein.

"What does he say about things down South?" inquired Mr. Greenwood.

"Don't know," was the reply.

Now he didn't mean he really did not know, on this was the way Creeper had a habit of answering and that wasn't really his name, either—he was named Thomas, for his uncle, only everybody called him Creeper.

Pretty soon he said, "I want to know if Phinny can go blueberrying in the hill pasture along with me."

He meant Anna, though he said Phinny—but that it made no difference, for Phinny never went anywhere without Anna, if he could help it. Phinny spoke up directly, "Yes, we'll go as soon as we finish breakfast, can't we, mother?" Mother had no objection, so in time the children started, each with a tin pail, in high spirits, and then Creeper Gant's bashfulness all left him and his power of speech returned.

"Uncle Tom didn't bring me a single thing this time," he said; "he couldn't, he had such an awful bad time getting away."

"Did he?" said Phinny solemnly.

"Oh yes. I don't suppose he could have come away anyhow if he hadn't talked all the time on the side of the South and made them believe he thought just as they did," sagely returned the namesake of Uncle Tom.

"He isn't a rebel, is he?" asked Phinny, still more solemnly.

"No, of course he isn't; but then you see he had to pretend to be, or like enough they would have hung him, and he is afraid he shall lose his cargo of sugar as it is," replied Creeper.

"Well, I know I wouldn't be a rebel, and I wouldn't say I was when I wasn't, if they did kill me!" said Phinny stoutly; "would you, Anna?" He never was entirely positive until he had his sister's opinion.

"I don't think," mildly returned Anna, "we can tell certainly what we should do if we were very badly frightened. You know Peter was a good man but he said once he wasn't one of Christ's followers when he was, because he was afraid of getting into trouble."

Phinny looked thoughtful. "You know," said he, "Peter cried when he came to think over about it and didn't pretend it was right for him to tell the lie and I don't believe Mr. Beecher would have told one any way."

"I tell you Uncle Tom had to talk that way to finish his trading and come off," said Creeper decidedly, "and he couldn't but just get here then, because they knew he was a Northerner. He wouldn't have staid there so long if he had known what a bad time he should have of it, and lose his sugar, too, like enough."

"Well," said Anna, "we can't be sure what we should do, and I guess it is safer for us to keep away from temptation. But mother says we oughtn't to tell a lie even to save our life, and the Bible says so too."

"There now, the Bible says so!" exclaimed Phinny triumphantly, delighted to find Anna on his side after all. "Do you expect Daniel would have said he was a 'Cessionist to keep out of the lion's den? And Paul, what do you think Paul would have done about it? Why, mother told me Sunday that every one of the twelve apostles, excepting John, was killed just because they wouldn't give up to what they thought was wrong. I suppose they might be alive now if they had told lies about it!"

"Why, Phineas Greenwood, what a story! Of course they couldn't be alive now! That would make them older than Methuselah. But you see those old fellows would have died ever so long ago, any way, and it don't make much difference about them," replied Creeper, in a satisfied tone.

It didn't seem really polite to Anna to continue blaming Creeper's Uncle Tom, so she began talking about the blueberries. But she thought to herself that as everybody must die sometime, a few years more or less wouldn't make so much difference as doing right.

Creeper, however, was too full of Uncle Tom's coming home and all he had heard him say, to forget the subject, and by the time the tin pails were half full of blueberries, and the little red mouths and white teeth pretty well stained black, he began again:

"Uncle Tom says the rebels tell dreadful lies about us at the North, and about the fighting. They always pretend their side beats every time, and when the news came of that big battle, and how the Union men ran, Uncle Tom had to wear a secession cockade and have an illumination in his room at the hotel to make the old rebels think he was all right. But he was mad enough to blow up the whole city, and he says he knows there are lots of folks there feel just as he did, but it wouldn't answer for them to do any other way, and they all make believe they think Lincoln is a dreadful wicked man."

"I wouldn't wear a 'Cession cockade if they roasted me, I know I wouldn't!" exclaimed Phinny indignantly.

"You might change your mind when you came in sight of the fire," returned his more experienced sister. "Don't you remember what a fuss you made when you burnt your hand in the tea kettle steam last week?"

"That's nothing," Phinny answered, "I wasn't being burnt for anything I had said then. Now there are ever so many pictures in my grandmother's great martyr book of people burning to death for their religion, and grandmother said some of them could have saved their lives by just making a cross on their foreheads and bowing, and they wouldn't do it."

Creeper began to have misgivings, but he was anxious to defend his uncle, and after thinking awhile he said, "It was different about the martyrs. Uncle Tom didn't deny his religion, and I don't expect he would do that."

"Well," returned Phinny sturdily, "my grandmother says there can't anything make it right to tell a lie."

Creeper could think of nothing to say to this, for he was troubled by what the children had said, and yet very glad Uncle Tom was safely home again. So he made no reply, but turned with great havoc upon a blueberry bush at some distance, while Anna went on filling her pail, and silently wondering in her mind if Creeper's Uncle Tom had never heard this saying of a very wise and rich king, "And a poor man is better than a liar."

Miscellaneous

LIVING BY RULE.—As if a Medo-Persian law, inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. We have given a great multitude of counsels on the subject of health and disease, and in connection with the statement that we have not lost an hour from our office, on account of sickness in a quarter of a century and more, many have inquired with a good deal of interest "Do you live up to the rules you give others." Certainly not; man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which he can live healthfully on land or sea; in the valley or on the monntain top; in the tropics or at the poles; on the barren rock or in the rich savannas. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, onr occupation and the peculiarities of our constitution. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and encouragingly remunerative occupation, which keeps him a little pushed, and they are happiest who are in this last catagory; at the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck or get into a stew if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later, now and then; and so with eating, exercise and many other things. No one ought to make himself a galley slave to any observanee; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial; they impart a pliability to the constitution, give it a greater range of healthful action. Don't go into a fit if dinner is not ready at the instant. Deliver us from a machine man, a routinist, "for which we ever pray."—*Hall's Journal os Health.*

TWO MEALS A DAY.—If any man or woman of forty-five or over, not engaged in hard natural labor, especially the studious, sedentery and indoor livers, would take but two meals a day for one month, the second being not later than three in the afternoon, and absolutely nothing afterwards, except it might be in some cases an orange or lemon, or cup of warm drink, such as tea, broma, sugar-water, or ice cream, there would be such a change for the better in the way of sounder sleep, a feeling on waking of having rested, an appetite for breakfast, a buoyance of disposition during the day, with a geniality of temper and manner that few, except the animal and the glutton, would be willing to go back to the flesh p ts of Egypt.

"Ben Wade," as he is familiarly called, one of the political lions of the west, has taken but two meals a day for twenty years; and if all sedentary persons, those who are in-doors a greater part of their time, would, after the age of forty-five, observe the same inflexible rule, there can be no doubt, other things being equal, that long years of happy exemption from the ordinary ills of life would be the result. The reason is that the stomach would have time to rest, for recuperation, and would thus be able to perform its part more thoroughly, making purer blood, giving better sleep and securing a good appetite for breakfast. Let any man try it for ten days, taking the second meal seven hours after the first, and abandon the practice if he can.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATHS.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origiu of sudden death, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden deaths were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who died of disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room, into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. The disease is supposed to be inevitable, hence many may not take the pains they ought to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are not able to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious cholic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

IMPORTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.—1. If a man faints place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison might remain, swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cob-web, flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spirts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant before the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by coagulation or cooling of the hardening blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished or great headway gotten, lie down on the floor and roll over and over; or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, rug, bed-cloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie die down in a warm bed, remain there and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile, drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year both in the city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

USES OF ICE.—To drink any ice-cold liquid at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestions. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean, and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crushing between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhœa, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp, has allayed violent inflammations of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there. Water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest, with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up well in the bed-clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber. All inflammations, internal or external, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or ice water, because it is converted into steam and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part. A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.—Get in the first place the requisite funds, after having paid the newsman, the milkman, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor, and the dress-maker the very last cent due; for summer is a hard time for them all, by reason of the general decrease of business, and how could you enjoy anything justly with money which belongs to them? Our wives and daughters lose three fourths of the pleasures of summer travel by the inexcusable, the execrable perversion of true taste and common sense, in dressing for a rail car or a steamboat as if they were going to a court reception. It does not seem that they have any more sense of the fitness of things than idiots. Cannot some few gentlemen have their own way for once, and thereby set the fashion by dressing in the families for a summer travel in plain, substantial garments, allowing no member anything beyond what a small carpet-bag would contain, and which should be the sole article which each one was to take care of. Let us all "put ourselves upon our behavior," and not on our dress. To children and young people, spending the summer in the country may be made highly advantageous; but it is questionable whether those who have passed forty-five are not better off in their own homes in the city, enjoying their undisturbed routine, and the quiet comfort which attaches to sameness at the change to the down hill of life. To such, an excursion for a day or two has its advantages; but beyond that, it is for the most part, ordinarily, a penance and a bore, unless in the few cases where a "home" in town can be exchanged for a "home" in the country.

Hall's Journal of Health.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.—*Jacob.*

Doring the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat, and liver, are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass, like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our lungs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doubling, furnishes several more—then over all thick, padded furs; while their *legs* have one thickness of cotton under a balmoral. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday, one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your feet and legs that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go! It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course, the head and chest must have an excessive quantity. So they go 'bumpety-bump,' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of the blood. In the coldest season of the year, I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather, men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

Ezekiel, 47th Chapter, 12th Verse. "By the river upon the bank thereof, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

VENTILATION AND CONSUMPTION.—A physician of long practice writes respecting pulmonary affections:

The lungs are made to breathe cold as well as warm air—indeed, air of any temperature from zero to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, just as the face is made to bear exposure to the external atmosphere. How could the lungs be protected? if they require protection, which they do not. Domestic animals that live out in the open air winter and summer are freer from colds than those that live in warm stables, and men who are much exposed, and constantly breathe air at low temperature, are less liable to colds and influenza than those who live constantly in warm rooms. All who have horses are aware that to keep a stable warm is the surest way for the inmates to suffer from constant colds.

I may mention two facts that aptly illustrate the evils of defective ventilation. Some years ago I was riding in the Highlands of Scotland with a local proprietor, when we came upon a village of well built stone houses with slated roofs, which strongly contrasted with the miserable shantics or hovels generally met with. On my complimenting him on his rebuilt village, he told me that he had acted for the best in erecting these good weather-proof houses for his tenants, but that, singular to relate, they had proved more unhealthy than the miserable dwellings which their occupants previously inhabited. Fever and other diseases had proved rife among the latter. On examination I found that the windows were fastened and never opened; and I have no doubt that their comparative unhealthiness was in reality owing to their being quite weather-tight, and consequently unventilated. In the miserable hovels they previously inhabited, if the rain of heaven came in, so did the pure air.

The other fact is narrated by Professor Hind in a recent interesting work on Labrador. Consumption appears to be all but unknown to the natives living wild in the fastnesses of this desolate region, in tents made of spruce branches imperfectly lined with skins, and more or less exposed on all sides to the external air, although they are exposed to famine and every species of hardship. But when these same natives come down to the St. Lawrence to take a part in the fisheries, occupy well-built houses, and, being well paid, live in comparative luxury, most of them in the course of a year or two become consumptive and die miserably. I am fully impressed with the idea that the development of the disease under these circumstances is the result of their living in close houses in a vitiated atmosphere, as it no doubt is in our own towns.

TREATMENT OF SUNSTROKE. As we have again reached the season when many deaths are occurring from excessive heat, the following suggestions of an intelligent and experienced physician of Philadelphia in regard to the treatment of cases of sunstroke are worth preserving:

In every instance where a person is found fainting in the street on a hot day, the first thing is to remove the person to as cool and shady a place as can be found; and, if possible, to where a draught of air is blowing at the time. Bystanders and mere curious idlers should be kept from crowding around. The next is to send in all directions for a doctor or a skilled apothecary. But as it frequently happens that neither a doctor nor an apothecary can be had in time, those who take charge of the sufferer should know how to act for they may save life. For their information the following treatment is suggested:

They should understand that there are two morbid conditions resulting from excessive heat. These differ somewhat in their symptoms, and require a somewhat different treatment. The first of these occur during hot weather, after undue exertion on the part of the person thus affected. The man is faint, perhaps unable to move, though he can generally be roused; he has a feeble pulse and a *cool* and *moist* skin. Here there is simply a loss of nervous power and relief is promptly afforded by removing him to a cool, shady place, applying cold water or ice to the head, and administering iced brandy and water, iced wine and water, or other stimulant. In the other and more fatal form of this affection, a different set of symptoms show themselves. Here the patient suddenly falls to the ground, completely unconscious, his skin is pungently hot and dry, his breathing hurried, convulsions are not uncommon, and if proper treatment be not promptly resorted to, death soon takes place. In this case, also, the patient should be promptly removed to a cool and shady spot, perfectly private, so that the crowd may be kept off. His clothing should be stripped off and his whole body should be rubbed with ice from head to foot, and pieces of ice should be kept under the armpits. This should be steadily persevered with until the patient is restored, or until a doctor arrives, or until it is plain that the case is beyond recovery. This treatment has been found to be so eminently successful by one of our best physicians that he feels justified in saying, from his own knowledge and observation, that if applied promptly recovery is almost certain.

AN EASY CHAIR.—A delightfully easy sewing chair can be made in a few hours from an old cane seat chair, from which the canes have been broken away, by sawing off the front legs about two inches, the back ones three or four; tack a bit of old strong carpeting, canvas, or something of the kind across the seat; make a curtain of an old small-figured dress or of pretty print, fasten it to fall around the sides of the chair, fit a cushion to the back and one to the seat, cover it with the same, and you will have a comfortable and pretty chair in which you can rest while you work. This fashion of chair—in the particular of having the seat slope backwards a little was the invention of a friend of mine suffering from a prolonged illness. Rocking chairs did not suit; she grew tired of them even faster than in an ordinary chair, and lounges were no better, while in this chair, manufactured under her superintendence, by a brother, she found just what she desired. Chairs and rocking-chairs, as ordinarily made, give no support to the back below the shoulders, and thereby tend to make a person round-shouldered by throwing them forward; a chair made in this way, on the contrary, allows a person to sit, giving support to the small of the back, in which case the shoulders will look out for themselves, and instead of being placed in an unnatural position with the support in the wrong place entirely, you will find yourself just right in all respects, and will rest in your chair almost as well as in lying down.

Checking Perspiration—Facts which Everybody Ought to Know.

Edward Everett became overheated in testifying in a court-room, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draught of air until his turn came to speak: "But my hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition I had to go and spend three hours in the court-room." He died in less than a week from thus checking the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man.

Professor Mitchell, while in a state of perspiration in yellow fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into another room, became chilled in a moment, and died the same night. If while perspiring, or while warmer than usual from exercise or heated room, there is a sudden exposure to still, cold air, to raw damp atmosphere, or to a draught, whether at an open window or door, or street corner, the inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which waste and impure matter, which were making their way out of the system, are compelled to seek an exit through some weaker part. The idea is presented by saying that the cold had settled in that part. To illustrate:

A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit-stand, she ran up the banks of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water and her clothes soon felt cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A Boston ship-owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would lend a hand in some emergency, and pulling off his coat worked with a will, until he perspired freely, when he sat to rest awhile, enjoying the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting to rise he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two months, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

A lady, after being unusually busy all day, found herself heated and tired towards sundown of a summer's day. She concluded to take a drive to town in an open vehicle. The ride made her uncomfortably cool, but she warmed herself up by an hour's shopping, when she turned homeward; it being late in the evening she found herself more decidedly chilly than before. At midnight she had pneumonia (inflamation of the lungs) and in three months she had the ordinary symptoms of confirmed consumption.

A lady of great energy of character lost her cook, and had to take her place for four days; the kitchen was warm and there was a draught of air through it. When the work was done, she, warm and weary, went to her chamber, and laid down on the bed to rest. This act was repeated several times. On the fifth day she had an attack of lung fever; at the end of six months she was barely able to leave her chamber, only to find herself suffering with all the prominent symptoms of confirmed consumption, such as quick pulse, night and morning cough, night sweats, debility, short breath, and falling away.

Multitudes of women lose health and life every year, in one or more ways, busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps change the dress for a common one, as soon as they entered the house after a walk or a shopping. The rule should be invariably to go at once into a warm room and take off all the clothes for at least five or ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk and ride on any occasion, do the riding first.—*Hall's Journal.*

SMALL BEDCHAMBERS.—There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere in any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight-by-ten rooms; that is, in rooms the length and breadth of which multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic feet for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air in a sick room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for the complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required. Four thousand feet of air an hour! and yet there are multitudes who sleep with closed doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window. Multitudes thus perish prematurely and infan children wilt away like flowers without water.

NIGHT AIR NOT INJURIOUS.—There is a popular prejudice concerning the evil effects of night air, about which a word must be said. In her admirable writings on hygiene and the management of the sick, Miss Nightingale has done much to correct this mistake. It was formerly the universal belief that the air of night was very injurious. But the fact is, that, except under certain circumstances, it is as healthful, or even more so, than that of the day-time. The night air of large cities such as London, when the bustle and commotion, which cause it to be loaded with dust particles, is comparatively quelled, and the numerous fires which contaminate it with their smoke are mostly extinguished, is purer than that of the day. Nothing conduces more to healthy sleep than good ventilation, and no mode of ventilation surpasses that obtained by opening a window at the top, by which the influence of draught is avoided, while the upper stratum of air, to which impurities ascend, is constantly renewed. But there is still another reason for at times adopting night, even in preference to day, ventilation. In sultry weather it is a common mistake to open the windows instead of keeping them altogether closed, as is the case in very hot climates. But a little reflection will show that since the hight of the thermometer in the sun always greatly exceeds that shown at the same time by another thermometer placed in the shade, by opening the windows we admit air much heated into our rooms. The proper time under such circumstances for ventilation is during the night, when the external atmosphere has cooled down. By adopting this plan in hot weather, the temperature of a room may always be kept several degrees lower than if the opposite course is pursued.

Good Health.

Maxims for Young Ladies.

Never make your appearance in the morning without having first bathed, if only with a sponge and a quart of water, brushed and arranged your hair, and dressed yourself neatly and completely.

Keep your clothing, especially your underclothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do duty as buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands.

Examine every garment when it comes from the wash, and, if needed, mend it with neatness precision.

Do not sew up the holes in your stockings, as we have seen some careless, untidy girls do; but take in a broad margin around the hole, be it small or large, with a fine darning-needle and darning-cotton, and cover the fracture with an interlaced stitch so close as to be as strong as the body of the stocking, and fine enough to be ornamental. Stockings mended in this way need darning but a very few times in the course of their existence.

Never carry coarse embroidered or laced handkerchiefs. Fine plain ones are much more ladylike.

Avoid open-worked stockings and very fancy slippers. Fine, plain white hose, and black kid slippers, with only a strap or rosette in front, are more becoming.

Train yourself to some useful occupation. Remember it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness as a habit of idling and never having anything to do.

If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other, interfere with the performance of your duty.

Let your pleasures come in as the recreation, not as the business of your life.

If you want to marry, do not court or try to attract the attention of gentlemen. A little wholesome indifference, real or assumed, will be much more likely to accomplish the object. Consider, moreover, that it is better to be a woman than a wife, and do not degrade your sex by making your whole existence turn on the pivot of matrimony.

If you can, cultivate to perfection some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood. Do it, whether there is a necessity for it or not. Do it quietly, if you will, but do it. There is no telling when, or under what circumstances, you may need it.

READ!—IT WILL TAKE YOU BUT A MOMENT.

Eat Bread.

When beef is worth twenty-five to thirty cents per pound, potatoes two dollars a bushel, and other articles of food in proportion, it becomes important to know what possesses the most nutriment, and is at the same time the most economical. Without doubt that article is bread, as the experience of all who live to man's estate abundantly proves. It is the first and almost the only food known to childish appetites, and of which children of a larger growth seldom tire. A stronger argument in favor of bread could not be given, than that natural, unsatisfied longing for it—which, as the horse craves oats, shows it to be nature's main support.

As to its nourishing properties, it is asserted that it contains three times as much *meat* as roast beef. Five hundred pounds of flour give to the body thirty pounds of the substance that makes bones, while the same quantity of bran gives one hundred and twenty pounds This bony substance is one of the indispensable elements of the human body, and which is thought to be imparted by bread in a greater degree than by any other food. As to its economy, flour is hardly ever so expensive, relatively, as meat. Even at the present time, the price of one pound of meat would buy three pounds of flour, or bread, and those three pounds of bread furnish as much nourishment to the eater as nine pounds of good roast beef. In dollars and cents, three pounds of bread are worth about twenty-five cents, and nine pounds of beef are worth two dollars and twenty-five cents—leaving a balance of two dollars in favor of the bread.

A person once tried the experiment, to see how cheaply he could live for a certain length of time, and from which food he derived the most benefit at the least cost. The result was—he lived for thirteen weeks, and ate three meals a day, at a cost of only fifty cents a week, or six dollars and fifty cents for the whole time, and bread was his principal article of food. His health was remarkably good during that period, and his fate was not like the horse that died when his food was reduced to one oat per day. It is but just to state that the above experiment was made at a time when flour was much cheaper than at present, although the relative difference in the cost of articles now would make the test equally fair. The kind of bread used is not so essential, although a certain portion of meal mixed with the fine flour and a little of the bran from which the Graham crackers are made, added to it, probably makes a more wholesome bread. The subject is worthy of serious attention at this or any other time, as well for the benefit of health as that of our over-taxed pocket-books.

Fire on the Hearth.—"A hard coal fire, burning fiercely, flat on the hearth on a level with the floor, warming the feet delightfully, with an oblong fire-place, nearly two feet across, with no blower, no dust, and absolutely no gas; the ashes need removing but once a year, while by the extra heat, pure air direct from out-doors, is conveyed to a upper room without the possibility of meeting with any red-hot metallic surface, or with any corrupting surface whatever—it is simply pure air warmed. A correspondent who has used one of these low-down grates in a room 18 feet square, for six years, says: 'I have never known a day that a fire was made in the morning was not equal to the day, no matter what the temperature was outside.'

To those who dislike furnace heat, and who wish to have at least one room in the house where there are absolutely all the advantages of a wood fire—the oxygen which supplies the fire being supplied from the cellar, and not from the room itself—this open, low-down, easily-regulated grate, or rather fire-place, with its large, broad bed of burning coals, or flaming, Kentucky or Liverpool cannel, will be a great desideratum. No one who has a wise regard for the comfort, cheerfulness and health of a family of children, should be without one for a single day. This Patent Parlor Grate consumes about the same amount of coal as would a common grate, giving out, however, as is supposed, near one third more heat—the soft, delicious heat of an old-fashioned wood fire (the oxygen being supplied from without.) It is equally adapted to burning soft coal, hard coal or wood."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

This improved Grate and Walter Bryant's Patent Furnace manufactured by Ballou & Co., 112 Portland, near Chardon street, Boston.

Advice to Consumptive Persons. Eat all you can digest, and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure healthy blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night. Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change, hot or cold, keep you in-doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need of you going out, because you eat as much on a rainy day as upon a clear day; and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom or ill feeling is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors, do not muffle your nose, eyes, and mouth in furs, veil, woolen comforters, and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator; that is, two lips: shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly a few rods, and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chillness, and taking cold will be impossible. What are the facts of the case? Look at a railway conductor going out of hot air into the piercing cold of winter, and in again, every five or ten minutes, and yet they do not take cold oftener than others; you will scarcely find a consumptive person in a thousand of them. It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of cold air, the very thing that would cure them, the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it, especially if it is cold, when it is known that the colder the purer it must be; yet if people cannot go to a hotter climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves a whole winter in a room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption I would live out of doors day and night, except it were raining or mid-winter: then I would sleep in an unplastered log-house. My consumptive friends, you want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certificates.—*Dr Hall.*

Colds and How to Treat Them.—When you are attacked again with a hard cold treat it as follows: Eat no supper. On going to bed drink two tumblers of cold water. On rising in the morning drink freely of cold water. For breakfast eat a piece of dry bread as large as your hand. Go out freely during the morning. For dinner eat about the same as you ate at breakfast. During the afternoon take a sharp walk, or engage in some active exercise which shall produce a little perspiration. Go without your supper and retire early, drinking, before you jump into bed, as much cold water as you can swallow. The next morning you are nearly well. If, instead, you feed the cold, it will stay a week or ten days, and wind up with a hard cough and expectoration. A cold is not, as many think, the result alone of exposure to a sudden change in the atmosphere. It is the product of two factors: one is a certain condition of the within, and the other is a certain condition of the without. The only soil in which this plant can grow is a certain condition of the system, the prominent feature of which is a deranged stomach. Those who have good digestion very rarely have colds. So, to prevent colds, you must keep your stomach in good condition; in other words, you must keep yourself in high health. There are some habits which give a general tendency to colds. For example, the use of hot drinks, which, in addition to flooding and weakening the stomach, open the skin, and increase thereby sensibility to the influence of external changes. The use of warm baths, especially warm foot baths. Sleeping in close, unventilated rooms. Wearing the same flannels during the night that have been worn during the day. Using fat meats and pastry, thereby deranging the stomach and liver. *Dr Dio Lewis.*

—Directions for Fainting.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view.

How People Take Cold.

Not by tumbling into the river and dragging home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours over shoe-top in mud; not by soaking in the rain, without an umbrella; not by scrubbing floor until the unnameable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet they are all the time telling us how they "caught their death-cold by exposure."

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and, feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and, before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chillness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street-corner, for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: When you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your out-door clothing on, you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds I have ever known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors and our nice "spare room" help to enrich many a doctor.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Prof. Blot on When Not to Eat.—When one is exhausted by severe exertion of any kind at any season, it is not well to eat heartily until the body has somewhat recuperated its strength. Broth, either cold or warm, may be taken in a limited quantity; or a cup of chocolate, or even a little milk or sugar; lumps of sugar may be dipped in water and eaten with a little bread. The body should rest for an hour after partaking of this slight nourishment; the system will then be able to bear a full meal. Coffee or tea should never be drank when there has been excessive fatigue. So one should abstain from drinking long draughts of cold water when much heated; ice-cold water is quite tantalizing to a parched tongue, but a little strength of mind and exercise of reason will restrain the indulgence. It is better to moisten the wrists with cold water, and then apply a wet towel to the forehead; water then may be sipped by the tea-spoonful.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

How Death May be Indicated. Great efforts have been made by scientific men to discover some rule by which death may be infallibly indicated. For years the French government has held out a standing reward of a large amount of money to any one who would discover and communicate a satisfactory test, other than that of actual decomposition, indicated by the skin turning to be black and blue and green, which is conclusive on the subject; but in cold weather this may not take place in many weeks, and to keep the body so long would be inconvenient and objectionable on several accounts. A method has recently been given to the French government which will probably take the prize. Hold a lighted candle to any portion of a body and a blister will soon rise; if on puncture it gives out a fluid substance, death has not taken place; if it emits air only, it is perfectly certain that life has become entirely extinct, for which we offer but one reason among others: In case of actual death the blood is congealed—in a sense, there is no moisture, simply a little air: this being rarified under a flame, raises up the skin; if there is life, the flame causes inflammation, and nature, in her alarm, sends increased material there for repairs, a kind of glairy fluid, and this, being sent there in excess, causes the skin to rise. Inability to feel the pulse or heart beat, cold skin, or dew on a bit of glass, none of these are conclusive, as there has been life when none of these were observed.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Hygienic Rules.

Never eat when much fatigued; wait until rested.

Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise.

Never eat while in a passion, or when under any great mental excitement, depressing or elevating.

Never eat just before taking a bath of any kind, or just before retiring at night,

Never eat between regular meals.

Ten Commandments of the Body.—1. Secure, if possible, a vigorous constitution

2. Eat a good supply of the best food.
3. Take a proper amount of physical exercise daily.
4. Use pure water to drink.
5. Secure abundance of pure air for the lungs.
6. Take eight hours of good sleep out of every twenty-four.
7. Observe cleanliness.
8. Observe regularity in all your habits.
9. Take wise but not excessive recreation.
10. Work at some useful and congenial employment.—*Herald of Health.*

Those Head Colds.—Everybody has a cold now and wonders how he got it, when the thermometer hasn't been below 80 degrees for a month, and cool draughts have been unheard of. The extraordinary number of colds probably corresponds to the unusually hot, moist air prevailing for a number of days, which prevents the change of perspiration into vapor, or cooling off. The moist and heated air, a good conductor, allows the electricity to pass from the body, leaving a "most gone," debilitated feeling, the pores of the skin are all open and a trifling change in temperature produces a cold. If the air was just as hot but not moist, the perspiration would evaporate too fast for much danger. Now, an ounce of prevention is offered. Change damp clothes when exercise is through, or if inconvenient, keep the heat in the body by a woolen coat, or shawl, until perspiration has ceased. Probably more of these colds are taken at night than by day, because the bedclothes that were insupportable before midnight, become insufficient soon after. An easy and efficient remedy is a loose, woolen robe, worn over the ordinary night clothes, which will prevent too sudden change of temperature.

What to Do in Emergencies.—If a person falls in a fit, and begins to snore loudly, with very red face, it is apoplexy. Let him be seated so as to favor the blood going downward, away from the head; apply cold cloths to the head, or cushions of equal quantities of snow or pounded ice and common salt. If the person is perfectly still, face pale, and there is no perceptible breathing, it is a fit of fainting. Do not touch him, except to loosen the clothing; then keep off five or ten feet distant, so as to allow the air to come in; make no noise, and there will very soon be a calm, quiet return to consciousness and life, for it is only a momentary cessation of the circulation of the blood to the head. But suppose there is a very violent motion of the hands and feet, and all sorts of bodily contortions, it is epilepsy. Let the man contort until he is tired; you can't hold him still; all your efforts only tend to aggravate the trouble and to exhaust the strength; all that ought to be done is to keep the unfortunate from hurting himself. There is no felt suffering, for as soon as he comes to he will tell you that he remembers nothing whatever of what has passed, appears to be the only calm and self-possessed person in the whole crowd, and is apparently as perfectly well as before the occurrence. Dizziness often comes instantaneously, and we begin to reel before we know it. Shut the eyes, whether you are walking along the street, looking over a precipice, ascending a ladder, or climbing to a ship's mast-head; the fear or dizziness disappears instantly if you look upward.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The following simple method for ventilating ordinary sleeping rooms and dwelling rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use:" A piece of wood three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draft in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part: but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draft, will enter and leave the room.

Dr Bowditch is not a teetotaller, he belives that after the age thirty or forty years, moderate use of alcohol is a prophylactic against consumption, and counsels sherry or beer. He does not, however, believe in alcoholic beverages for young people. Recreation, vacations, whether for young or old, he deems one of the most efficient preventions of consumption. In regard to exercise, Dr Bowditch, like every other authority, sets walking first. Fast running is bad; dancing at proper times and under unexciting circumstances is very beneficial, otherwise, otherwise. Horseback riding is highly commended for consumptives, and an easy pacer or galloper is to be preferred to a trotter. Rowing is highly commended. The residence of the patient should be high, dry, sunny, and open to the south and west.

Air tight stoves are declared inventions of the devil, and Dr Bowditch declares he would not prescribe for a consumptive who refused to give them up and adopt the open fire of coal or wood. Where open fires cannot be used, the windows should be left open enough to secure ventilation, a crevice, at least being left all night.

HEALTH.

How the presence of sickness changes the complexion of a home. Health is a synonym for happiness. A mind housed in a healthy body has no business to get jangled and out of tune. I have no patience with fretting health. Though your fare be of the humblest, if you hunger after it, you have no cause to envy your neighbor his spiced banquets. Though your house be built of logs, if you dwell in God's world and not by its narrow hearth, your lot is more to be desired than that of the rich man with flaccid muscles and feeble nerves. What is the reason we cannot all of us be strong and hearty and happy, instead of being the puny, sickly, nervous race that we are? Our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made, all interwoven, underlaid and overshot with delicate tissues and veins and fibers; but they are most easily kept in tune if rightly and tenderly managed. What people, especially women, lack is, a knowledge of the laws of their being. Physiology should lie next to the Bible upon the nursery table. People need to be told, not in Latin, but in crisp English, how their bodies are put together; that they last and grow with use, rust through laziness and decay with abuse. They need to be told how gorging corrupts the blood, puffs the heart and palsies the brain; how lack of sleep and excess of pleasure weaken the nerves and enervate the will; how exposure and imprudence of any kind tell in some depletion of vital power; how every aggression upon nature is revenged by some physical or mental weakness. When I look about me and see how flesh is mangled and maltreated I wonder that it is as silent and patient as it is, that it does not oftener rebel against its abuses. Scholars boast to me of how little sleep they take and need; public men of the ease with which they recuperate from the wear of their exciting life; fashionable women of the impunity with which they invert nature's laws. I hear them in silence, for I behold lying in wait for their future years, sure and painful retribution. It may be that they will forget to set their palsied and rheumatic limbs, their dim eyes, wrinkles and gray hairs over against their late suppers and mental overwork.

How Long to Sleep. There has been a great deal of trash written and labelled "Hygienic;" but the following (we are sorry we do not know who wrote it) so entirely accords with our own experience, both as a working farmer and a working editor, that we commend it to the readers of the Rural New Yorker as sensible:—"The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising becomes impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours' sleep will do very well for a plowman or bricklayer, or any other man who has no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over, the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening, with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest."

Visiting the Sick.—Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty, for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is next the window. When you come away, take some food, change your clothing, and expose it to the air.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A LAY SERMON.

My text is the twenty-seventh Psalm, especially the last verse. My discourse will be divided into a preamble, six heads and a few remarks on what has been said.

We all want to be happy; in early youth we all expect to be, as a matter of course. We look forward into the future with eager, confident eyes, so impatient, we can hardly wait, for that vague but glorious something we feel sure awaits us there. The days, the months, the years slip away and we find ourselves living common, prosy, work-a-day lives like everyone else; we are constrained, hemmed in by circumstances against which we are helpless; we find we must give up the plan, the hope in which our heart, our very life is bound up; the thing that is most distasteful and dreadful to us happens to us nevertheless, and death takes the dear friends so much a part of ourselves it never occurred to us to imagine life without them. And this is the realization of that splendid future we so longed for! One of the most critical as well as bitterest moments of existence is when the heavy burden of life first falls consciously on the careless, happy heart of youth, merrily dancing down the "long path." Scales seem to fall from our eyes. Suddenly we notice how few people look happy, how every middle-aged face bears deep lines, how the light and sparkle has faded out of the eye, how often the voice has a complaining, at best, a resigned tone. These faces were all young, bright, expectant, once. Thoreau says, "The man builds a wood-shed from the material the youth collected for a golden bridge to the moon." Is it all really true then that we have read in poetry with a half-sad, half-sentimental pleasure? Is life a "fleeting dream, for man's delusion given?" Is all its song "endure and die?" Is "man made to mourn?" Is that miserable saying of somebody really true—"Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret?" And what shall we do under this new aspect of life? Shall we grow bitter, sneering, cynical? Shall we rush from one excitement to another in the mad pursuit of happiness? Or shall we sit down despondently, fold our hands, and wait for the end, not far off at the longest?

The answer we give to these questions is a turning-point in life. For my part, believing fully in the possibility of happiness even in this "vale of tears" if so we must call it, I shall proceed to give my recipe therefor.

Firstly, if possible, be well, and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle is already half gained. Many soul and heart troubles are really located in the stomach, unromantic as it sounds. Ill health causes the blues, and the blues cause ill health, so we should cultivate the body's health for the spirit's, and equally *vice versa*.

Secondly, be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles, that "the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night fall full of repose." Make interests for yourself in life. Realize that you are a living soul, with responsibilities, glorious opportunities now and eternity hereafter, and be ashamed to find life vacant, tiresome.

Thirdly, forget yourself. People cannot be happy who are constantly dwelling in thought upon themselves, their own perfections, their own short-comings, what people think of them, and so on. The heaviest burden of life is often ourselves,—self-disgust. From everything else we can escape; but there is no getting away from ourselves. It is, too, a burden we must bear alone. To keep ourselves to ourselves is a lesson we learn early in life. The only way to attain peace is, having done our best, whether the result be a success or a failure, forget it, think no more about it. Nothing more surely produces a morbid, diseased tone of mind than the habit of constant self-contemplation.

Fourthly, expect little. Expect little of life, not too much of your friends. Living solely in to-day, not venturesomely intermeddling with the future, any pleasure it has for us will come wearing the added charm of surprise, and we shall have to mourn no "might-have-beens," ruins of air-castles we have built only to crush us in their fall.

Fifthly, be determined to be happy. Make the most of every happiness that comes to you. Look on the bright side of everything. Cheerfulness is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts, may unconsciously be a public benefactor; for the "merry heart doeth good like medicine," not alone to its possessor.

Lastly,—and herein, after all, lies the great secret of happiness,—trust in God. Believe that God is, that He really knows what is best for you; believe this truly, and the bitterness is gone from life. Half our troubles we make ourselves by resisting, rebelling against our misfortunes. As soon as we can accept them, can say and believe they are for the best, their sting is gone. Trusting in God, we shall not fancy we should be happy were we only somewhere else, had we only that something else which seems to us wanting in our lives. We shall feel that God put us exactly where we are, sent or withheld whatever was right, and our part is only to do the best we can with the "talents" He has lent us, be they ten, five, or only one. I notice Christ did not say, "If any will come after me, let him take up a cross and follow me;" no, it is, "Let him take up *his* cross," that thing which is most disagreeable, painful to us; that thing whose shadow darkens all our lives, that is the very thing we are asked to bear, and to bear not complainingly, not stoically, but trustingly, and, if possible, cheerfully. The soul that "waits" on God, believing firmly whatever comes to it from Him is right, that walks straightforward on the path of life with no backward glances at yesterday's stumbles and wanderings, at peace with itself, at peace with God, knows a happiness beyond the disturbing power of all the outward accidents and changes of life.

So ends my sermon. If practising were only as easy as preaching! P. THORNE.

Would you die happy? Live well. A selfish man, and the man of pleasure, are never prepared for death, and never would be if life were lengthened out a thousand years. A little more sport—a few more dollars—is their cry—and thus it would be continually;—wisdom is crowded out of life and they hurry on, till in a moment unexpected, the icy hand is upon them. To die well, we must live well. Nothing will bring more peace to a dying bed than the reflection of a well-spent, useful life.

THE STORM OF LIFE.—Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its glassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home: the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our view; the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the infinite and the eternal.—*Bishop Heber.*

LIFE'S AUTUMN.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

LIFE is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah More.*

LIFE.

STRUGGLE not with thy life!—the heavy door
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave:
Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb
Thou shalt go crushed, and ground, though ne'er so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrowed brow,
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven
—*Francis Anne Kemble.*

---

coat.

HOW TO DO IT.

Wherever Christianity has been preached with zeal and faith it has gained important victories and established itself in the hearts of men. We have an illustration of this in the origin and growth of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Fifty years since it began in a loft over a blacksmith's shop, with only a dozen for a congregation. With the energy of men who have positive religious convictions, this handful continued their meetings. With the simplicity of Christian consecration, the Word was preached. In a half century this congregation of a dozen has grown to five hundred churches, embracing a membership of about two hundred thousand; over one hundred thousand in the former slave-holding States. These churches are scattered over a vast extent of country, as may be seen by the following named conferences: New England, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Louisiana, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and California Annual Conferences. To this must be added one million of persons comprised in their congre-

Morse the Pioneer.

Samuel Morse, who invented the telegraph, would indeed be amazed if he could see to-day to what his great idea has grown. His first line from Washington to Baltimore has become more than one and a half million miles of telegraph in the United States alone. Cables under the ocean connect all continents, and the newest and greatest marvel of all, radio, springs directly from Morse's invention. Morse was a poor man, a struggling portrait painter. He labored for years in perfecting his invention, being determined not to place it before the public until it was as good as he could make it. When confronted with new difficulties, he always prayed for more light. The first message which he sent over the first telegraph-line was typical of the man; it was, "What hath God wrought!"

have been powerfully excited by their music and the scenes of the evening conference. Their religious ideas, at best, are very scanty and crude. Their emotions flame and burn in consequence of their intense heat. Their fervor often is fed by the coarse excitement of animal passions. Still, underneath all this will be found the fresh and cooling streams of a better piety. Few can pray with a more fervent unction. Their devotions are a talk with God. Their confidence is unfaltering that the Infinite Father will lead their race out of ignorance and slavery into intelligence and freedom. They believe with an equal fervency and trust that his divine spirit is always present to them to quicken and regenerate. The primary elements of piety are received by them without a doubt; and with God as a co-worker in their souls, they are filled with the assurance that Christianity will yet win greater triumphs in the individual and the world. Thus have they a vitality which sends the blood currents through their religious organizations. God aids such by the power of his spirit.

GOD IN HISTORY.—The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it fares with our search for him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim; "Lo! God is here and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away "proclaim their original;" and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries, as they roll into the dim distance of departed time, perpetually chanting "TE DEUM LAUDAMUS," with all the choral voices of the countless congregation of the age.—*Bancroft's History Discourses.*

A RATIONAL, CHEERFUL, INSPIRING FAITH FOR THE MASSES.

Give to these multitudes a rational, cheerful, genial, inspiring faith—make them to know that the Christian religion has no necessary relation to, or connection with, the old theological systems of the past, and that of all the monstrous assumptions or errors of churchmen, that is one of the most absurd and groundless which holds that only Calvinism can best enshrine the pieties and sanctities that are so acceptable to God—teach them that, however they may have hopelessly surrendered the inherited beliefs of their early life, or the antiquated dogmas of Orthodoxy, they have not therefore parted with the saving truth and grace of God—but that something better than what they have had may still be theirs, and theirs forever—present to them the nobler type of Christianity in all its ample breadth, inspiring power, and winning beauty, and there will indeed be a spiritual revival, and the church will at last claim and have its own.

The age, the country, in which we live, demands of the Christian church that it shall proclaim a God of infinite love, everywhere and always present in nature, and forever immanent in the souls of men. It must declare the sacred dignity and inestimable worth of every child of the Father, and must emphasize the value of the [illegible] of the soul as well as [illegible]e lights and helps [illegible]It must read the [illegible]he precious pages [illegible]volume of the out- [illegible]r unfolding book of [illegible]fully, joyfully rec- [illegible]ry pure sentiment, [illegible]ry noble thought, [illegible]l set forth that the [illegible] in having the mind [illegible]the spirit is greater [illegible]e than creed—prac- [illegible]service better than [illegible]e the enfranchise- [illegible]e, inculcate the doc- [illegible]od of the race, and [illegible]ome to all who will [illegible]ve. Insisting that *sin*, even more than *error*, is the one intolerable yoke and cruel burden of the soul, and that the most solemn and imperative duty that devolves upon the disciples of Jesus is to lift the world up out of its woes and wrongs—the church must hereafter lead and not be led, in serving the great moral enterprises and reforms of society—waging still a relentless war of extermination against every law or custom that authorizes or tolerates the enslavement of human beings—seeking to remove the legal disabilities and popular prejudices that restrict the right and sphere of woman, and to give her a full share of the opportunities and privileges of the age—redeeming our towns and cities from the terrible vices of drunkenness and licentiousness, and from the evils of reckless habits and fashionable excesses—befriending every class of earth's unfortunates, the poor, the sick, the bereaved, the tempted, the fallen, the imprisoned and the outcast, and raising them all up to some better and happier condition—silencing the atheistic cry that religion has nothing to do with the secular world, by entering boldly and with more than imperial authority into all the affairs and relations of human society wherever sin has gone before it, no longer to fight abstractions and contend against shadows, but to give deadly battle to the enemy of all good in whatever form or guise he may appear, and make disloyal or corrupted politicians and Presidents to understand that they too are terribly held to the stern and instant requirement of repentance and prostration before God. And, finally, it must ever be kept in view that whatever may be the sorrows and evils of the earthly state, they all have a disciplinary and gracious mission to fulfil, and that in the ultimate consummation of things, good, and good alone, shall befall the great family of the infinite Father.

OF THE OPEN SKY.

"It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of men, is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them, if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright nor good for human nature's daily food.' Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricous, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions—spiritual in its tenderness—almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too painful to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration."

NOTHING IS LOST.

The drop that mingles with the flood, the sand dropped on the sea-shore, the word you have spoken will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be left till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy who return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred more, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak; speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt wider and still wider, as year after year passes away. Who, then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?—*Selected.*

But suppose we have nothing to give. Suppose that prior claims such as lie in our family relations, and a prudent regard for future contingencies, leave no margin for either giving or lending, what then? It is still, "Give to him that asketh of thee." Money may be only one of the things, perhaps the least thing, that he needs. He may be perishing for want of sympathy—the "fellow feeling" which not only makes us wondrous kind, but divinely helpful. There are better things than money—honest work, fair play, good advice, and, best of all, yourself.

"Not what we give, but what we share;
The gift without the giver is bare."

But these thoughts should keep nobody's money in his pocket and out of the hands of the needy. We should give when we can, and we should do it heartily, and as unto the Lord—not as patrons of Christ, but as privileged to minister to His poor.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A LAY SERMON.

My text is the twenty-seventh Psalm, especially the last verse. My discourse will be divided into a preamble, six heads and a few remarks on what has been said.

We all want to be happy; in early youth we all expect to be, as a matter of course. We look forward into the future with eager, confident eyes, so impatient, we can hardly wait, for that vague but glorious something we feel sure awaits us there. The days, the months, the years slip away and we find ourselves living common, prosy, work-a-day lives like everyone else; we are constrained, hemmed in by circumstances against which we are helpless; we find we must give up the plan, the hope in which our heart, our very life is bound up; the thing that is most distasteful and dreadful to us happens to us nevertheless, and death takes the dear friends so much a part of ourselves it never occurred to us to imagine life without them. And this is the realization of that splendid future we so longed for! One of the most critical as well as bitterest moments of existence is when the heavy burden of life first falls consciously on the careless, happy heart of youth, merrily dancing down the "long path." Scales seem to fall from our eyes. Suddenly we notice how few people look happy, how every middle-aged face bears deep lines, how the light and sparkle has faded out of the eye, how often the voice has a complaining, at best, a resigned tone. These faces were all young, bright, expectant, once. Thoreau says, "The man builds a wood-shed from the material the youth collected for a golden bridge to the moon." Is it all really true then that we have read in poetry with a half-sad, half-sentimental pleasure? Is life a "fleeting dream, for man's delusion given?" Is all its song "endure and die?" Is "man made to mourn?" Is that miserable saying of somebody really true—"Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret?" And what shall we do under this new aspect of life? Shall we grow bitter, sneering, cynical? Shall we rush from one excitement to another in the mad pursuit of happiness? Or shall we sit down despondently, fold our hands, and wait for the end, not far off at the longest?

The answer we give to these questions is a turning-point in life. For my part, believing fully in the possibility of happiness even in this "vale of tears" if so we must call it, I shall proceed to give my recipe therefor.

Firstly, if possible, be well, and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle is already half gained. Many soul and heart troubles are really located in the stomach, unromantic as it sounds. Ill health causes the blues, and the blues cause ill health, so we should cultivate the body's health for the spirit's, and equally *vice versa*.

Secondly, be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles, that "the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night fall full of repose." Make interests for yourself in life. Realize that you are a living soul, with responsibilities, glorious opportunities now and eternity hereafter, and be ashamed to find life vacant, tiresome.

Thirdly, forget yourself. People cannot be happy who are constantly dwelling in thought upon themselves, their own perfections, their own short-comings, what people think of them, and so on. The heaviest burden of life is often ourselves,—self-disgust. From everything else we can escape; but there is no getting away from ourselves. It is, too, a burden we must bear alone. To keep ourselves to ourselves is a lesson we learn early in life. The only way to attain peace is, having done our best, whether the result be a success or a failure, forget it, think no more about it. Nothing more surely produces a morbid, diseased tone of mind than the habit of constant self-contemplation.

Fourthly, expect little. Expect little of life, not too much of your friends. Living solely in to-day, not venturesomely intermeddling with the future, any pleasure it has for us will come wearing the added charm of surprise, and we shall have to mourn no "might-have-beens," ruins of air-castles we have built only to crush us in their fall.

Fifthly, be determined to be happy. Make the most of every happiness that comes to you. Look on the bright side of everything. Cheerfulness is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts, may unconsciously be a public benefactor; for the "merry heart doeth good like medicine," not alone to its possessor.

Lastly,—and [illegible]
secret of happ[illegible]
that God is, th[illegible]
for you; believ[illegible]
is gone from lif[illegible]
ourselves by r[illegible]
misfortunes. A[illegible]
can say and bel[illegible]
sting is gone. [illegible]
fancy we should [illegible]
where else, had [illegible]
which seems to u[illegible]
shall feel that G[illegible]
sent or withheld [illegible]
part is only to [illegible]
"talents" He has [illegible]
only one. I noti[illegible]
will come after m[illegible]
and follow me;" [illegible] "Let him take up *his* cross," that thing which is most disagreeable, painful to us; that thing whose shadow darkens all our lives, that is the very thing we are asked to bear, and to bear not complainingly, not stoically, but trustingly, and, if possible, cheerfully. The soul that "waits" on God, believing firmly whatever comes to it from Him is right, that walks straightforward on the path of life with no backward glances at yesterday's stumbles and wanderings, at peace with itself, at peace with God, knows a happiness beyond the disturbing power of all the outward accidents and changes of life.

So ends my sermon. If practising were only as easy as preaching! P. THORNE.

Would you die happy? Live well. A selfish man, and the man of pleasure, are never prepared for death, and never would be if life were lengthened out a thousand years. A little more sport—a few more dollars—is their cry—and thus it would be continually;—wisdom is crowded out of life and they hurry on, till in a moment unexpected, the icy hand is upon them. To die well, we must live well. Nothing will bring more peace to a dying bed than the reflection of a well-spent, useful life.

THE STORM OF LIFE.—Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its glassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home: the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land recedes from our view; the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the infinite and the eternal.—*Bishop Heber.*

LIFE'S AUTUMN.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. [illegible]

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

LIFE is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah More.*

LIFE.

STRUGGLE not with thy life!—the heavy doom
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave:
Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb
Thou shalt go crushed, and ground, though ne'er so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrowed brow,
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven
—*Francis Anne Kemble.*

HOW TO DO IT.

Wherever Christianity has been preached with zeal and faith it has gained important victories and established itself in the hearts of men. We have an illustration of this in the origin and growth of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Fifty years since it began in a loft over a blacksmith's shop, with only a dozen for a congregation. With the energy of men who have positive religious convictions, this handful continued their meetings. With the simplicity of Christian consecration, the Word was preached. In a half century this congregation of a dozen has grown to five hundred churches, embracing a membership of about two hundred thousand; over one hundred thousand in the former slave-holding States. These churches are scattered over a vast extent of country, as may be seen by the following named conferences: New England, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Louisiana, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and California Annual Conferences. To this must be added one million of persons comprised in their congregations. For the past four years they have sustained seventy-four missions among the freedmen, supported sixty schools, and co-operated with the Freedmen's Aid Commission and other associations at work in the South. Forty thousand children are in their Sunday-schools, and as many books are in their libraries. They collected for church and kindred purposes from the colored people alone during the last fiscal year more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and are now engaging in more enlarged plans for the education and evangelization of the colored people.

Here is an encouraging record. With no wealth or luxuries, and a great majority of them with only enough for scanty clothing and the coarsest food, these have given of their earnings with a munificent hand. When we examine their religion we see many defects. They have been powerfully excited by their music and the scenes of the evening conference. Their religious ideas, at best, are very scanty and crude. Their emotions flame and burn in consequence of their intense heat. Their fervor often is fed by the coarse excitement of animal passions. Still, underneath all this will be found the fresh and cooling streams of a better piety. Few can pray with a more fervent unction. Their devotions are a talk with God. Their confidence is unfaltering that the Infinite Father will lead their race out of ignorance and slavery into intelligence and freedom. They believe with an equal fervency and trust that his divine spirit is always present to them to quicken and regenerate. The primary elements of piety are received by them without a doubt; and with God as a co-worker in their souls, they are filled with the assurance that Christianity will yet win greater triumphs in the individual and the world. Thus have they a vitality which sends the blood currents through their religious organizations. God aids such by the power of his spirit.

GOD IN HISTORY.—The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it fares with our search for him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim; "Lo! God is here and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away "proclaim their original;" and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries, as they roll into the dim distance of departed time, perpetually chanting "TE DEUM LAUDAMUS," with all the choral voices of the countless congregation of the age.—*Bancroft's History Discourses.*

A RATIONAL, CHEERFUL, INSPIRING FAITH FOR THE MASSES.

Give to these multitudes a rational, cheerful, genial, inspiring faith—make them to know that the Christian religion has no necessary relation to, or connection with, the old theological systems of the past, and that of all the monstrous assumptions or errors of churchmen, that is one of the most absurd and groundless which holds that only Calvinism can best enshrine the pieties and sanctities that are so acceptable to God—teach them that, however they may have hopelessly surrendered the inherited beliefs of their early life, or the antiquated dogmas of Orthodoxy, they have not therefore parted with the saving truth and grace of God—but that something better than what they have had may still be theirs, and theirs forever—present to them the nobler type of Christianity in all its ample breadth, inspiring power, and winning beauty, and there will indeed be a spiritual revival, and the church will at last claim and have its own.

The age, the country, in which we live, demands of the Christian church that it shall proclaim a God of infinite love, everywhere and always present in nature, and forever immanent in the souls of men. It must declare the sacred dignity and inestimable worth of every child of the Father, and must emphasize the value of the deep instincts and intuitions of the soul as well as the importance and need of the lights and helps of history and experience. It must read the Scriptures of God not only in the precious pages of the Bible, but in the ample volume of the outward universe and in the ever unfolding book of human life, while it must gratefully, joyfully recognize and adopt, as it own, every pure sentiment, every devout aspiration, every noble thought, every beautiful deed. It must set forth that the Christian faith and life consist in having the mind of Jesus, and must teach that the spirit is greater than the letter—character more than creed—practice nobler than profession—service better than ceremony. It must announce the enfranchisement of man's spiritual nature, inculcate the doctrine of the divine brotherhood of the race, and open wide the doors of welcome to all who will faithfully work and truly love. Insisting that not the religion of Christ, but *sin*, even more than *error*, is the one intolerable yoke and cruel burden of the soul, and that the most solemn and imperative duty that devolves upon the disciples of Jesus is to lift the world up out of its woes and wrongs—the church must hereafter lead and not be led, in serving the great moral enterprises and reforms of society—waging still a relentless war of extermination against every law or custom that authorizes or tolerates the enslavement of human beings—seeking to remove the legal disabilities and popular prejudices that restrict the right and sphere of woman, and to give her a full share of the opportunities and privileges of the age—redeeming our towns and cities from the terrible vices of drunkenness and licentiousness, and from the evils of reckless habits and fashionable excesses—befriending every class of earth's unfortunates, the poor, the sick, the bereaved, the tempted, the fallen, the imprisoned and the outcast, and raising them all up to some better and happier condition—silencing the atheistic cry that religion has nothing to do with the secular world, by entering boldly and with more than imperial authority into all the affairs and relations of human society wherever sin has gone before it, no longer to fight abstractions and contend against shadows, but to give deadly battle to the enemy of all good in whatever form or guise he may appear, and make disloyal or corrupted politicians and Presidents to understand that they too are terribly held to the stern and instant requirement of repentance and prostration before God. And, finally, it must ever be kept in view that whatever may be the sorrows and evils of the earthly state, they all have a disciplinary and gracious mission to fulfil, and that in the ultimate consummation of things, good, and good alone, shall befall the great family of the infinite Father.

OF THE OPEN SKY.

"It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of men, is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them, if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright nor good for human nature's daily food.' Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricous, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions—spiritual in its tenderness—almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too painful to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration."

NOTHING IS LOST.

The drop that mingles with the flood, the sand dropped on the sea-shore, the word you have spoken will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be left till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy who return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred more, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak; speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt wider and still wider, as year after year passes away. Who, then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?—*Selected.*

But suppose we have nothing to give. Suppose that prior claims such as lie in our family relations, and a prudent regard for future contingencies, leave no margin for either giving or lending, what then? It is still, "Give to him that asketh of thee." Money may be only one of the things, perhaps the least thing, that he needs. He may be perishing for want of sympathy—the "fellow feeling" which not only makes us wondrous kind, but divinely helpful. There are better things than money—honest work, fair play, good advice, and, best of all, yourself.

"Not what we give, but what we share;
The gift without the giver is bare."

But these thoughts should keep nobody's money in his pocket and out of the hands of the needy. We should give when we can, and we should do it heartily, and as unto the Lord—not as patrons of Christ, but as privileged to minister to His poor.

A MOTHER'S TALK WITH HER CHILDREN.

BY COUSIN KATE.

A happy, pleasant group of children were seated around a table, pleasantly lit by gas, in a simple, pretty cottage-parlor, all intent upon a promised talk with their mother before bed-time. Precious are the moments, eager the attention, for fear of losing a single word from mamma's lips; and great the wonderment as to the subject of the present conversation.

"My own darlings," began the busy mother, "I want you all to understand what I am going to talk about, and also to feel it truly in the very depths of your souls; for without the treasure of which I am going to speak, none of you can ever be happy."

"I have to-day seen several clouded brows, and heard many utterings of impatience at the stormy skies, all reflected in your faces, because, forsooth, you could not get out to play. Now, why couldn't you be satisfied with the pleasures of home for a day or two, and recollect that in the domestic circle as many hearty pleasures can be gleaned as in a whole summer's day ramble. While the rain is pouring from the skies,—seeming as if the very fountains of heaven were unsealed,—you can rest your limbs for a season, do up a lot of little chores so often put off till that favorite time, 'by-and-bye'; read pleasant stories, play pretty games, keep house, write letters, and, in fact, bless the rainy day that gives you so much time for everything in-doors that is too often neglected in the gorgeous sheen of a summer's day. Do not be *discontented*, no matter what befalls you; whether the confinement of a rainy day, or the disappointment of some favorite plan or promised visit; for all things work together for good; and our Heavenly Father is preparing to balance everything justly in the scales of his eternal mercy and foresight. While you are murmuring, just think of the poor hackman's radiant smiles and positive gains. Think of all the wells and cisterns filled up, instead of the terrors of drought, the dry, dusty roads, the parched fields, and all creation panting for moisture in cool, refreshing showers, and all their consequent blessings. Recollect the terrible pest of cholera kept at bay by the thorough washing of the streets, and, still better, by the entire cleansing of the sewers underneath the busy crowds, breeding a most pestiferous atmosphere and engendering the very seeds of infection and death among our crowded population. And now, my good, attentive little listeners, tell me for what else you should be grateful and contented on this sultry, rainy day?"

"Why," said a bright little boy of the number, "that my garden will grow so beautifully, and that my evergreen, just planted, will take nice root and grow fast, and soon make a beautiful curtain to cover our house."

"Then my ivy and roses will grow, too, in the pots in which I have just transplanted them, and we shall have something pretty for the bay-window next winter," said another.

"And I like the rain, too," said the little one of four years and a half, "because it will make me grow when I run out, and help curl my hair, and I can wash my dolly's clothes so nice."

All laughed at her perfect contentment and very novel application of the text, and wanted to kiss her for her cunning remarks and extraordinary sagacity.

"Then," said the little boy again, "the rain will swell the rivers and make the ocean larger, besides all the earth's being greener with the thick grass."

"But, mamma, what must we say to the potatoes rotting in the ground, and the hay all spoiled?" said an older and wiser member of the home circle.

"O, my dear, plenty more will grow again; the quantity will not be materially shortened, as other crops will be gathered in, hastened on by these very copious rains; and when the sun again shows his face, the whole land will be teeming with plenty, and the merry harvesters will sing for joy. Those who have had a sorry time at their favorite haunts of recreation, with but little sunshine to enjoy themselves in, will be recompensed in a magnificent autumn, with clear skies, a bracing, pleasant atmosphere, and the glorious ending of a beautiful year, so like the close of a good life, after the storms and adverse weather the most patient are called upon to endure. The great Father is ever watching over us, bringing good out of evil; so, always be *contented* in every lot and condition to which He calls you; for true contentment is a thank-offering to God, and, though so small a virtue, will surely ascend to heaven, evoking its choicest blessings. An humble position, contentedly filled, has as many delights and enjoyments as the highest and seemingly most prosperous; and I trust my darlings will always remember this when they compare their own home with those of their more wealthy companions. Never envy the lot of others, nor think your own so miserable, so mean, or uninviting, for your own happy spirit can make it the very abode of peace, and your discontent may turn it into a very den of demons. *Be contented with little things*, with simple pleasures, and love Nature's ever-changing beauties, rather than the artificial excitements of social life. By them the very sap of contentment is dried up, as there is such a strain to emulate others, such an exhausted energy after the foolish exactions of fashionable life. Be contented with a little in a quiet, simple home, and debts will be few, more happiness equally distributed over the land, and you can all, by your independent, courageous example, help to install this cheerful divinity in every homestead. Be little apostles while you are young, and your influence will be tenfold when you are grown-up men and women."

"Can we be apostles?" said the children, almost simultaneously; "well, I should like that; only tell us what we must do."

"Do, my dears? well, if you understand all I have said, or even only one-half, be cheerful at your work and in your play, because you know your Heavenly Father loves you, your earthly parents care for you. Therefore, whatever happens to you as ordained by Him, and belonging to your especial condition in life, is the very best thing that could happen to you; the very lot most suited to your capacities for usefulness and enjoyment. Be contented, be happy, be grateful, and you will smooth the hardest road and make the most painful condition bearable.

THE BOY AND THE TIGER.

The following account is by the Rev. Mr. Lacroix, an excellent missionary at Calcutta:

Bees are very numerous in India; but they are not kept there as they are here, in hives; for they store up their honey in hollow trees in the forests and jungles. But although it is difficult to enter these wooded places, and those who do so are in great danger from serpents and savage beasts, there are many poor men who get their living by gathering and selling the wild honey. Now, a few months before Mr. Lacroix wrote his letter, four of these men, and a boy eleven years old, went from one of the stations of the London Missionary Society, for this purpose. They got into a boat, and rowed into an inlet of a river, where the banks on both sides were grown all over with high trees and thick shrubs, which formed a part of what is called in India a jungle. When they came to the place where they intended to land, the men jumped on shore, and left the boy to take care of the boat while they were gone after the honey. As the tide was running then out of the creek, in a little while the boat was left dry upon a bank of deep mud. The sun was hot and the place was very silent, as the boy sat quietly in the boat, looking about him and wishing that the men would come back; when lo! all at once the poor little fellow stared as he saw a very large tiger standing upon the bank just above the boat looking right down upon him with his great glaring eyes! You may fancy how he felt as he beheld the savage beast first fix his fierce look upon him, and then crouch and crawl along the ground, preparing to spring and make him his prey.

The boy was very much frightened, as you may suppose, but he had his wits about him; and, therefore, without losing a moment, he crept under the deck of the boat, for fortunately the boat *had* a deck. But no sooner had he entered his hiding-place, than down came the tiger at one great leap; and such was the force with which he sprang, that one of his legs went right through the deck, and got jammed in between the planks, just over the place where the boy lay.

Without loss of time, and with wonderful presence of mind, the little fellow snatched hold of a rope which was lying near him, and twisting it quickly around the tiger's leg, he tied it firm, and held it fast. Not understanding this treatment, and never having been trained, like a dog, to give his paw to boy or man, the ferocious creature groaned and tugged, and tried in every way to get his leg out; but the boy knew well that the only chance of saving his own life was to keep the rope firm, and therefore he held it as fast as he could. After twisting, and turning, and pulling for a long time, without getting away from the boy, the tiger was quite cowed, and laid himself quietly down on the deck. Now you may suppose how the poor boy must have felt, as he peeped up through the broken deck, and saw the red eyes and the great jaws of this fierce monster.

But at last, the honey-gatherers, having finished their work in the jungle, made their appearance upon the bank. Seeing the tiger lying upon the deck of their boat, they at once concluded that he had killed and gobbled up the boy, and that he was now getting a quiet nap after his dinner. They therefore raised a great shout, which so frightened the beast, that he made one more desperate tug; and as the boy this time was not quite so watchful as he had been before, the tiger jerked out his leg from the hole, and leaped clean off the boat. Fortunately, he jumped right into the deep mud; and as he was floundering about and trying to get out of it, the four men rushed down upon him, and with great sticks which they happened to have in their hands, they labored away with all their might at his head, till they first stunned and then killed him.

How glad they were when they saw the boy, who they thought had been killed and eaten by the tiger, quietly creeping out from under the deck, safe and sound, you may easily suppose; for he was the son of one of the men, and the nephew of another.

What a Little Boy Thought About Things

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the choppin' knife and told her a big dog came along and bit it off, and swallowed it down before kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry and it must have been a very naughty dog, but my mother didn't believe me and said she was afraid I had told her a lie, and I'm afraid I had. So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to and I said yes—that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—they went to the bad place where was nuthin' but a lake of fire and brimstone, and she asked me if I would like to go there and I said no, for I didn't think there'd be much skatin' or slidin' on that lake, and the boys couldn't snow-ball each other on shore, and she said it was more than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nuther. Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be a nangel and have a harp, and I said no, I'd rather be a stage driver and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be a nangel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimmin' and play tag and leap frog, and besides it must be hard to fly when one ain't used to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage driver and have a long whip and touch up the leaders, and say "g'lang there, what are ye doin' on!" I should like that much better'n flyin'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said that he "guessed I was on it," and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole hat full of doughnuts and they thought it was the cook stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she did not make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said goff darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and I was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good little boy, and told me about George Washington who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and besides it would have been a great deal jollier to let the trees be so he could have stole apples off in the fall. I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I'll bet you the boys in our schools would cheat him out of his eye teeth swoppin' jackknives, and I could lick him and hardly try, and I don't think he was very healthy either for I never see a good little boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measels, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil, and tar-water, and couldn't eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till the hair was rubbed out by everybody that came to his mother's, and be asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he had been studyin' at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism, no, I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, I'd just as lief be a nangel and be done with it, I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he said that was right and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys there were in the class, and I said there was only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back the quarter and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I get enough of that home; and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I ain't like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead o' a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a soap-boiler like him, and I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress, and being President, and all that sort o' thing, but I don't want to be President; there's Lincoln he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now, and there's Andy Johnson, I guess he don't like it much either; and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there's John Morrissey, he's made money and he's gone to Congress, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't do any work either; I shouldn't like to be a fighter like he is, for I shouldn't want to have my nose smashed as his is, for it looks just as my mother's big squash did after the crow bit a chunk out of it; but I should like to have nice curly hair, nice clothes, and lots of money and a cane, and have people look at me when I walked down street and say that's him, and don't care who knows it, for I don't want to be a soap boiler like Uncle John, nor a tanner like Uncle Hiram, and all the good people I know of are soap boilers or tanners, except Mr. Stebins, and he's a school teacher and that's worse than either, for he has to board round the neighbors, and they never put apple sass on the table when he's at the house. I heard Miss Spriggins tell Aunt Polly so, they wait till he's gone to spelling school or to see the minister's wife and talk about rheumatiz and red flannel and hot poultices for sore chests, and after he's gone they bring out the nice things and eat them by themselves, with lots of pickles. He don't get anything but bread and cookin' butter, and stale doughnuts that are left over from Saturday's bakin'; oh, I know how things are done; but there's Bob callin' me, and we're goin' birdsnestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs; mother says its cruel and the birds don't like it, that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should, but I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to being a stage driver and a pirate I'd like to be an editor, for you fellows don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to circuses without payin'.

JOHN PAUL.

MRS. ROYAL PURPLE JONES.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

You, madam, and all your associates, have, in your devotion to the dressing and bedizening of your persons, degraded yourselves pitifully. The whole number of fashionable female souls are but slaves to the fading bodies in which they live. When I look in upon a fashionable watering place, and see how dress and personal adornment absolutely monopolize the time and the thought of the fashionable women assembled there—when I witness the rivalry among them—the attempts to outshine each other in diamonds and all the tributaries to costly dress—when I see their jealousies, and hear their ill-natured criticisms of each other, and then realize that these women are mothers and those of whom mothers will be made, I have opened to me a gulf of barbarous selfishness—a scene of gilded meanness and misery—from which I sink back heart-sick and disgusted. Good Heaven, madam! what and who are you? Are you all body and no soul? Is it decent business for a decent soul to be constantly engaged—absorbingly occupied—in ornamenting and showing off for the gratification of personal vanity the body it inhabits? Do you realize how low you are fallen? Do you realize that you are come to the small and indecent business of getting up your person to be looked at, admired, praised,—that the most grateful satisfactions of your life are found in this business, and that the business itself is but a single moral remove from prostitution?

Perhaps you will follow me into a contemplation of a few of the natural consequences of your infatuation upon your character and happiness. Will you look among your fashionable female acquaintances, and find one who is making any intellectual progress. The thing is impossible. There is nothing more conducive to mental growth and development in devotion to the keeping and dressing of the person of a woman, than there is in the keeping and the grooming and harnessing of a pet horse. Look at a man who devotes himself to a horse. He may be a very pleasant fellow, and ordinarily intelligent, but if he is enamored of his animal, and gives himself up to his care and exhibition, becoming what is known as a "horse man," that ends his intellectual development. When horse gets highest in any man's mind, culture ceases Now, madam, it would make no difference, practically, whether you were devoted to the person of a horse or the person of a pet dog, or the person of Mrs. Royal Purple Jones. The mind that engages in no higher business, or that finds its highest delight in no higher pursuit than that of grooming and displaying a beautiful body, can make no progress into a nobler life. Practically you will find this the case everywhere. You will find that your fashionable friends do not grow at all. They move along in the same old ruts, prate of the same old vanities, go the same old rounds of frivolity, and only become less sprightly and agreeable as the years pass by. Just what you see in these people, madam, I see in you.

There is another very sad result which comes naturally from this devotion to your own person. You are already grown supremely selfish. You have permitted your personal vanity to control you so long, that you can really see nothing in the universe but yourself. It seems proper and right that everybody should serve you. Any labor that would soil or enlarge your small white hands—any toil that would tax the powers of your petted body—any service for others that would draw you away from service of your own person—is shunned. Your mother, your sisters, your friends, are all laid under tribute to you, and your petulance under denial has made them your slaves. Absorbed by these thoughts of yourself, devoted to nothing but yourself, making room for no plans which do not relate to yourself, you have come to regard yourself as the world's pivotal centre. It does not occur to you at all that the kind people around you can have any interests or plans of their own to look after. All the fish must come to your net, or you are unhappy; and if those around you are not made unhappy, it is not because you do not try to make them so. Sometimes you act like a miserable spoiled baby, and then, under the spur of jealousy, you act like an infuriated brute. The tendency to this shameful selfishness is natural and irresistible in all who devote themselves, as you have done, to the care and exhibition of their persons. Others may cover it from sight more than you do, by a more cunning art, but it is there. It cannot be otherwise, and I cannot conceive of a type of selfishness more nearly perfect than that which the character of almost any fashionable woman illustrates.

As I write, there comes to my memory the person of a woman whom everybody loved and admired—the most thoroughly popular woman I ever knew. She was welcomed alike in fashionable and refined society, and behaved herself alike in both. She was not beautiful, but she was charming. She never ornamented her person, but she was always well dressed. A simple, well-fitted gown, and hair tastefully disposed, were all one could see of any effort to make her person pleasing, and these seemed to be forgotten, and, I believe, were forgotten, the moment she entered society. When friends were around her she had no thought but of them—no desire but to give and receive pleasure. If she was asked to sing, she sang, and, if it ministered to the pleasure of others, she sang patiently, even to weariness. She was as intelligent and stimulating in sober conversation as she was playful in spirit, and though she loved general society, and mingled freely in it, not a breath of slander ever sullied her name, and not an emotion was ever excited by her that did not do her honor. Every man admired and honored her, and every woman—a much greater marvel—spoke in her praise. Many a belle, dressed at the height of fashion, entered her presence only to become insignificant. Diamonds were forgotten and splendid dress was unmentioned, while her sweet presence, her self-forgetful devotion to the pleasure of others, and her gentle manners, were recalled and dwelt upon with unalloyed delight.

Madam, I have been painting from life. I have painted you from life, and I have painted this friend from life—a friend so modest and so unconscious of her charms that she would weep with her sense of unworthiness if she were told that I had attempted to paint her. How does the contrast strike you? Do you not see that you are a slave and that she is a free woman? Do you not see that she has entered into the eternal realities of things, and that you are engrossed in ephemeral nothingnesses? Do you not see that she is a refined woman and that you are a coarse one? Do you not see that her unselfish devotion to the happiness of others is beautiful, that her unconsciousness of her charms is beautiful, that her simplicity is beautiful, and that your selfishness and your devotion to dress and your jealousy and your rivalries are all vulgar and ugly and hateful?

It is complained of by many of your sex that men regard woman as only a plaything — a creature to be honored and petted and controlled, and indulged in as a troublesome luxury. It is complained of that woman does not have her place as man's equal—as his friend, companion and partner. Are men entirely in the blame for this opinion, to the limited extent in which it is held? Suppose men are to take you and such as are like you as the subjects of their study: what would be their conclusions? Suppose they were thoroughly to comprehend your devotion to your own person—to realize the absolute absorption of all your energies and all your time by the frivolous and mean objects that inthrall you—what would be their decision? What does your husband think about it? Excuse me for mentioning him, madam. I am aware that he occupies a very small share of your attention, but, really, the man who finds you in money has a right to an opinion upon this point. You do not care what his opinion is? I thought so. You have ceased to love him, and he has ceased to oppose you. It is impossible for your husband to love you. It is impossible for any man either to love or to honor a woman so selfish as you are; and your sex may blame you and those who are like you for all the contempt which a certain class of men feel for women. You degrade yourself to the position of a showy creature, good for nothing but to spend money. You teach men contempt for your sex, and it is only the modest and intelligent women whom you despise that redeem it to admiration and love.

I admire a well dressed woman. I admire a beautiful woman, and I thoroughly approve all legitimate efforts to render the person both of man and woman agreeable. Men and women owe it to their own dignity to drape their persons becomingly and well, and they can do this without an absorbing passion for dress, or giving any more than the necessary amount of thought and time to it. The fact is that a woman who is what a woman should be has no need of elaborate personal ornament to make her attractive. A pure, true heart, a self-forgetful spirit, an innocent delight in innocent society, a wish and an effort to please, ready ministry to the wants of others, graceful accomplishments willingly used, sprightliness and intelligence,—these are passports to personal power. Relying upon these, there is no woman whose person is simply and becomingly dressed who is not well dressed. With any or all of these, the person becomes pleasing.—*Springfield Republican.*

"Who Shall Roll away the Stone from the Door of the Sepulchre?"

'Yes, who? There it lies—hard, cold, inexorable; the stone of silence—the stone of utter hopeless separation. Since the beginning of the world there it has been—no tears have melted it—no prayers pierced it—the children of men, surging and complaining in their anguish of bereavements, have dashed against it only to melt hopelessly backward, as a wave falls and goes back into the ocean.

Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead inflexible *silence*.—Could there be after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased. There is always something left unsaid even when death has come deliberately, and given full warning. How much more when it has fallen like the lightning and the beloved has been wrenched from life without a parting look or word!

Walter Scott after the death of his wife, wrote, 'What shall I do with that portion of my thoughts that I have always been in the habit of telling only to her?' And after death, for many and many a weary day, the heart throbs and aches with things unsaid—and which can be said to no other—for each friend takes away a portion of ourselves. There was some part of our being related to him as to no other and we had things to say to him which no other would understand or appreciate. A portion of our thoughts has become useless and burdensome—and again and again, with unvoluntary yearning we turn to the stone at the sepulchre. We lean against the cold silent marble—but there is no answer—no voice—neither any that regardeth.

There are those who would have us think that in our day this doom is reversed—that there are means which have the power to restore us to the communion of our lost ones. How many a heart, wrung and tortured with the anguish of this fearful silence, has throbbed with strange, vague hopes at the suggestion! When we hear, sometimes, of persons of the strongest and clearest minds becoming credulous votaries of certain spiritualistic circles, let us not wonder. If we inquire, we shall most always find that the belief has followed some stroke of death, it is only an indication of the desperation of that heart-hunger which in part it appeases.

Ah were it true! were it indeed so, that the spiritual and material is growing thin, and a new dispensation germinating, in which communion with the departed blest shall be among the privileges and possibilities of this our mortal state! Ah, were it so that when we go forth weeping in the gay dawn, bearing spices and odors which we long to pour forth to the beloved dead, we should indeed find the stone rolled away, and an angel sitting on it.

But for us, the stone must be rolled away by an unquestionable angel, whose countenance is as the lightning, who executes no doubtful juggle, by pale moonlight or starlight, but rolls back the stone in fair, open morning and sits on it. Then we could bless God for his mighty gift, and with love and awe and reverence take up that blessed fellowship with another life, and weave it reverently and trustingly into the web of our daily course.

But no such angel have we seen. No such sublime, unquestionable glorious manifestations. And when we look at what is offered us, ah, who that had a friend in heaven could wish them to return in such wise as this? The very insect of a sacred sorrow seems to forbid that our beautiful, our glorified ones should stoop lower than even to the medium of their cast off bodies to juggle, and rap and squeak, and perform mountebank tricks with tables and chairs, to recite over in weary sameness, and harmless truisms which we were wise enough to say for ourselves, to trifle and banter and jest, or lead us through endless moonshiny mazes,—sadly and soberly we say, if this be communion with the dead we had rather be without it. We want something in advance of our present life, and not below it. We have read with some attention, weary pages of spiritual communication, professing to come from Bacon, Swedenborg, and others, and long accounts from divers spirits, of things seen in the spirit land, and we can conceive of no more appalling prospect than to have them true.

If the future life is so weary, stale, flat and unprofitable as we might infer from these readings, one would have reason to deplore an immortality from which no suicide gives an outlet. To be condemned to such eternal prosing would be worse than annihilation.

Is there, then, no satisfaction for this craving of the soul! There is one who says, 'I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of hell and death;' and this same being said once before, 'He that loveth me shall be loved by my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him.' This is a promise direct and personal; not confined to the first Apostles, but stated in the most general way, as attainable by any one who loves and does the will of Jesus. It seems given to us as some comfort for the unavoidable heart-breaking separations of death, that there shall be, in that dead unknown, one all-powerful Friend, with whom it is possible to commune and from whose Spirit there may come a repose to us. Our Elder Brother, the partaker of our nature, is not only in the spirit-land, but is all powerful there. It is He that shutteth and no man openeth, and openeth and no man shutteth. He whom we have seen in the flesh, weeping over the grave of Lazarus, is He who has the key of hell and death. If we cannot commune with our friends, we can at least commune with Him, to whom they are present, who is intimately with them as with us. He is the true bond of union between the spirit world and our souls; and one blest hour of prayer, when we draw near to Him, and feel the breadth and length and depth and height of that love of His, that passeth knowledge, is better than all those incoherent, vain, dreary glimpses with which longing hearts are cheated.

They who have disbelieved all spiritual truth, who have been Sadduceic doubters of either angels or spirit, may find in modern spiritualism a great advance. But can one who has ever really had communion with Christ, who said with John, 'Truly, our Fellowship is with the Father and Son,' can such an one be satisfied with what is found in the modern circle?

For Christians who have strayed into those enclosures, we cannot recommend the homely but apt quotation of old John Newton:

'What think you of Christ? is the test.
To try both your state and your scheme.'

In these so-called revelations, have there come any echoes of the new song which no man save the redeemed of earth could learn—any unfoldings of that love that passeth knowledge—anything, in short, such as spirits might utter to whom was unveiled, that which 'the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered the heart of man to conceive?' We must confess that all the spirits that ye have spoken appear to be living in quite another sphere from John or Paul.

Let us, then, who long for communion with spirits, seek nearness to him who has promised to speak and commune, leaving forever this word to His church: 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.'

H. B. S.

Familiar Songs and Hymns.

Why do we find prefixed to almost every volume of poetry some account of the author? Are we not more interested in any work, by knowing something of the writer, and the circumstances in which it was written? And does not the same reasoning apply to the words we sing?

No attempt will here be made to give authorities, as these items have been gathered from various sources, and at different times.

Perhaps Yankee Doodle, our National Song, should first claim our attention. We have seen this account of its origin:

In the month of June, 1775, while the British army under Abercrombie were encamped on the east bank of the Hudson, a little south of Albany, they were re-enforced by Yankee recruits. As they poured into camp, their peculiar dress and equipments excited the mirth of their English friends. One Dr Shacksburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words dedicated to raw recruits. The joke took, and, like the name Puritan, which was at first given in derision, it was accepted and became our National Song. We know it has been said that the tune existed before this time, in England; but it matters not,—the words and the tune have become one, and will be whistled, sung and played, while our nation lives.

The Star-Spangled Banner, which has been so popular during the present war, was written by Francis S. Key, at Baltimore, while that city was being attacked by the British fleet, in 1814. Mr Key having gone on board one of the British vessels upon some important errand, was detained there during the battle. Anxiously he strained his eyes as the morning light appeared, to see if our flag was there, and when he caught sight of the banner floating from the walls of Fort McHenry, he is said to have taken an envelope from his pocket, in the absence of better material, and scribbled the thoughts expressed in this hymn.

The words of America, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," &c., were written by Rev. S. F. Smith, a Baptist clergyman residing in Newton, Mass. He is also the author of that beautiful missionary hymn, commencing, "Yes, my native land, I love thee." Sure, he would have accomplished a noble work, if these two hymns were all, which is not the case.

"Auld lang syne," and "Scots wha hae," as is well known, were written by the poet Burns, whose life is too familiar to need recording here.

Rouget de Lisle, it is said, composed the Marseilles Hymn, in the night, when intoxicated.

Heber (afterwards Bishop) went on Saturday to preach for his father-in-law the next day. It was in North Wales, and this was to be the first sermon preached for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing in the evening, the Dean said to him, "Now as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." He set himself to the work, and produced the missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.

He read it, and asked, "Will that do?" He replied "Ay," and said they would have it printed and circulated in the pews, that the people might sing it—it seems they had congregational singing. "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" "Oh," he replied, "it will go to,

"'Twas when the seas were roaring."

And so he wrote those words at the top of the page. The hymn was printed and sung accordingly.

The author of those sweet words that have encouraged so many desponding hearts,

"Just as I am," &c.,

was Miss Charlotte Elliot, who resides near Portsmouth, England. She has published two small volumes, "Hours of Sorrow," and "Hymns for a Week," besides other short poems.

"I love to steal awhile away," &c.,

was written by Mrs Phebe H. Brown, of Monson, Mass., mother of the Rev. S. R. Brown, so long a missionary teacher in China, and now missionary of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in Japan.

Dr. Watts, complaining of a want of suitable church psalmody, was requested to write something better, and commenced his valuable services in that direction by writing the hymn commencing,

"Behold the glories of the Lamb."

Is this the reason why this is the first hymn in many of our hymn books?

Cowper, in one of his fits of derangement, thought it the will of God that he should drown himself. He accordingly hired a coachman to take him to the river Ouse for that purpose. But a mistake was made in regard to the way—the spell was broken. and he acknowledged the providence of God by writing the beautiful hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

The author of

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our souls in Christian love," &c.,

was Dr. John Fawcet, an excellent man. While young, he had a call to a large society in London, and accepted it. His people begged him to remain, but the wagons were packed. At length his wife exclaimed,—"O, John, John, I know not how to go." "Nor I either," said he, "nor will we go. Unload the wagons, and put everything in its place as it was before." The people wept for joy. The hymn mentioned was written on this occasion. He labored among them till his death, on a salary of less than two hundred dollars.

Rev. Robert Robinson wrote

"Come thou fount of every blessing," &c.

Afterwards he became a backslider. Riding in a coach at one time, a lady spoke of that hymn, saying she had derived much benefit from it. He burst into tears, acknowledging himself the author, and saying he would give worlds, if he had them, to enjoy the feelings he then had.

A Presbyterian minister in New Orleans went to visit a dying man who refused to converse on religious subjects. Feeling discouraged, the minister walked to the window, singing half unconsciously

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

The dying man listened. "My mother used to sing that," he said. The fountains of his heart were broken up, and he began to prepare for that happy home. The hymn was written by Rev. David Dickinson.

Well has the poet said of the reading of beautiful poems:

"Some songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benedictlon
That follows after prayer."

And so the voice of singing shall be heard from the time

"When the fawn and the spotted leopard,
The wolf and the young gazelle,
Came close to the sound of the singing,
As Eve's voice rose and fell,"

till we join the great chorus in our Father's house above.

Lines on Leaving Europe.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
You clouded line, come hurrying back:
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
O, what has changed that traveler-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind, his weary heart speeds home.

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven;
Those forms of beauty, seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
O, still the enamour'd sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever;
And, could I live for this alone,
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slave's can be;
Held not the West one glorious star,
New-born and blazing for the free,
Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet,
Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to forget

Adieu, oh faderland! I see
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And, though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore;
As spreads the rain drop on the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from clime more fair,
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm at last in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light,
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to her!
He comes to shore who sails with me!
The wind-tossed spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze!
And by a thread from heaven unbroken
I know my mother lives and prays.

Dear mother! when our lips can speak,
When first our tears will let us see,
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have laid:
For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
But there's a change, beloved mother;
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
I come—but with me comes another,
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven;
Thou, who hast watch'd one treasure only,
Water'd one flower with tears at even:
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darken'd to make light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers;
She was their light, their very air—
Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer!

The Patriot Dead.

—"A sacred cause,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves.
Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring."

This day is set apart for a special commemoration of the patriotic dead. This day, throughout our country, the surviving soldiers of the armies of the Union will crown the graves of their companions in arms with chaplets of flowers. This thirtieth of May, the first fruits of the floral season are to be gathered, not for the boudoir or the ball room, not to adorn lovely woman's brow or bosom, but to deck those grassy mounds beneath which lie the true-hearted whose memories shall forever

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

They died for our country. If they had not died our country would have died. And so they left the dear delights of home and went forth to the sacrifice. Mother and wife yearned over them, and poured an unceasing flood of tenderness after them, but did not call them back nor weaken their resolve. From plow and anvil and workshop, from the tradesman's counter, from academic hall, from the pulpit and the bar, from every lowly and every lofty habitation they went forth to their heroic death. Self sank out of sight, and our country in mortal peril filled the whole field of their vision. The Star Spangled Banner waved them on, and around it they rallied under one common inspiration. Ah! how shall we ever forget the unutterable emotions that swelled all hearts when the first fruits of this new birth of heroism marched on to death at dead of night in that fated month of May, just seven years ago. How profoundly then did we all feel that our country must indeed be worth dying for, since her sons were so willing for her to die. How did our souls bow down and reverence those consecrated ones! How glorious in our eyes appeared each boy in blue!

They died that our country might live. And behold! our country lives a nobler life.

Some died on the stricken field, and some in the dreadful prison. Some fell at the cannon's mouth, some lingered long on the hospital cot. To some death came in the swift sabre stroke, or the shrieking shell, or the covert rifle ball; to others it was the ripening of the seeds sown in malarial camps. But however or wherever, in battle or in bed, each one gave his life for our country. And no less heroic was the death by disease than was that by the weapon of war. And so, of this day's commemoration, all, all must be accounted worthy.

Wide as our country will be the theatre of this floral solemnity. Not battle fields and national cemeteries alone, but every village churchyard will witness to the beautiful rites. With tender scrutiny will each obscurest grave be searched out, that none may fail of its votive flowers. And if no name can be pronounced it will yet be enough if only it can be said of the nameless sleeper beneath, "He died for his country."

Of right the soldiers of the Grand Army will lead in this commemorative service. But do not our hearts bid us all join with them? Let us then go forth this day with flowers of red and white and blue, with crosses and chaplets and unwrought wildings, and deck the graves of our patriot dead. And as the fragrant offerings fall, more fragrant still will rise the memory of the great sacrifice they commemorate.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay!
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

6.40 7.00 Obs. 9.00 1.000

(From Chambers' Journal.)

Curious Wills.

"Some, who in life would not have given a cup of water to a beggar, by their wills leave enormous sums to charities, to secure for themselves a kind of posthumous admiration. Others allow not their resentments to sleep with them in their graves, but leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest feelings and animosities among their surviving relatives. Some wills are remarkable for their conciseness and perspicuity; others for their unprecedented shapes and curious contents. One man provides for a college, another for a cat; one gives a legacy to provide bread-and herrings to the poor in Lent, and kid gloves to the minister; while others provide for bull-baiting, the welfare of maid servants, and the promotion of matrimony. John Hodge has kept his name ont of oblivion by giving twenty shillings a year to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysall during sermon time to keep people awake and dogs out of the church.

Henry Greene of Melbourne, Derbyshire, gave his property for providing green waistcoats for four poor women every year, such waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace.

In the same neighborhood, and inspired by a similar feeling, Thomas Gray provided gray waistcoats and gray coats.

John Nicholson, stationer, of London, was so attached to his family name that the bulk of his property was given in charity for the support and maintenance of such poor persons in England as should appear to be of the name of Nicholson.

David Martinett of Calcutta, while giving directions to his executor, says: "As to this fulsome carcass, having already seen enough of this worldly pomp, I desire nothing relative to it to be done only its being stowed away in my old green chest to save expenses." He then bequeathed to one man all the debts he owed, and to another his sincerity.

A Lancashire gentleman, in the last century, having given his body to the worms of the family vault, bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the authors of the London Journal and Free Briton, giving as his reasons for the smallness of the legacy, that he was "convinced that an ounce will be found more than they'll ever make use of."

Another testator, after having stated at great length in his will the number of obligations he was under, bequeathed to his benefactor ten thousand—here the leave turned over, and the legatee turning to the other side, found the legacy was ten thousand thanks.

A testator, who evidently intended to thwart his relations, and be a benefactor to the lawyers, gave to certain persons "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the centre of oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun 21,600 simi-diameters of the earth from it."

An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding: "If I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had some little time before stolen the twelfth spoon from his relative.

Sir Joseph Jekyll left his fortune to pay the antional debt. When Lord Mansfield heard of this, he said: "Sir Joseph was a very good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest was a very foolish one; he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig!"

Lord Pembroke gave "nothing to Lord Say, which legacy I gave him because I know he will bestow it on the poor;" and then after giving equally peculiar legacies, he finished with "Item. I give up the ghost."

Dean Swift's character is exemplified in his will. Among other things he bequeathed to Mr. John Grattan of Clommethan, a silver box "in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually chewcth called pigtail."

The celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, left Pitt £10,000 for "the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of the country." A similar bequest was not long ago made to Mr. Disraeli.

Bacon left a will appointing six executors, but no property except his name and memory, which he bequeathed to "men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages."

Lord Clarendon had nothing to leave his daughter but his executor's kindness, and Lord Nelson left neither a will of real nor personal estate behind him, although he bequeathed his adopted daughter to the beneficence of his country.

Milton's will was nuncupative—that is, by word of mouth—he being blind at the time he made it. Shakspeare's was made in regular form; so was Byron's.

Chatterton's will was a strange one, consisting of a mixture of levity, bitter satire and actual despair, announcing a purpose of self-destruction.

Others wrote their wills in verse, and as a specimen, we will give that of William Jacket of the parish of Islington, which was proved in 1787, when no witnesses were required to a will of personal estate:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters so dear,
The whole of my store,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.
And that none may prevent,
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of a law racket,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign and seal,
This, the act and deed of Will Jacket.

Some wills contain a kind of autobiography of the testator, as well as his thoughts and opinions. Such was the will of Napoleon, which gave a handsome legacy to the wretch Chantillon, "who had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, the Duke of Wellington, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock at St. Helena."

Such also was Sir William Petty's, which states, with a certain amount of self-pride, that "at the full age of fifteen, I had obtained the Latin, French and Greek tongues," and at twenty years of age, "had gotten up three score pounds with as much mathematics as any of my age were known to have."

Dear Drawer,—In early life I was elected to the office of Inspector of Common Schools in a town not a thousand miles from the head of Cayuga Lake. In the discharge of my official duties I was once visiting a school in the centre of the town, said to be superior to all others in my jurisdiction, when, bestowing my attention upon the specimens of penmanship submitted to me, I saw one the copy of which was this:

"Whatever is is right, says the Pope."

Writing was taught in those days by the teacher writing in a fair hand and with his best grace some short sentence like the above, excepting the last three words. This short sentence was called the copy, and this the pupil was to imitate, or write after, to the best of his ability. How often has my writing-book had "Many men of many minds," or "Command you may your mind from play," or some other profound proposition, with each word arrayed upon a page in martial order, and in exact rank and file arrangement, as eopics!

"Well, Mr. Editor, in this instance, anxious to do my duty, I whispered to the man with the birch and ferule my profound conviction that the eopy was calculated to implant in the mind of the hopeful young scholar an untruth not warranted in history, and the idea thence shooting forth would be erroneous, and perhaps an exposition of ignoranee damaging both him and his teacher, for, whatever might be the opinion of the world in regard to the ethies of the question, I doubted that the Pope had ever said any thing of the kind.

"What, Mr. Inspeetor, du you go for tu say the Pope—him as burnt John Rogers at the stake—didn't say that are?"

"Yes, I say it."

"Wa'al, now, I can prove it to your eyes."

"Do so."

I saw victory and triumph in every feature. "Now, Mr. Inspector, you jest be gencrous and just. You wouldn't give me a certifikit to teach this 'ere school last fall jest 'cause I miss'd a single question; now if I am right in this 'ere, and can prove it in a book, will you give me one?"

"I will, indeed."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Malvina Ann Terry, come right here tu onst and bring yer English Reader with ye. I s'pose the English Reader is good enough proof, ain't it?"

"Any book will do."

Malvina Ann Terry was duly informed of the dispute, and bidden to open it at an extract from Pope's Essay on Man, and there I read:

"In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is is right."
Pope.

"Will ye give it up now—will ye give it up now, Mr. Inspector? Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I was sartin I had ye. You college-larnt folks don't know every thing yet. I'll jest drop in to-night, and you be sure to have my certifikit ready; and jest look here, I say; don't you tell I couldn't git a certifikit of ye, and I won't tell a single word nor nothin' else about your mistake here to-day. Nor Malvina Ann won't tell neither, 'cause she's a little sweet on me, and I'm a little mite sweet on her. You're a rising young doctor, and I'm a rising young schoolmaster, and so, you see, we can be friends."

What could I do but say nothing? Nine-tenths of that community would have believed me vanquished by the schoolmaster. By-the-by, I found before a day had passed that Malvina Ann Terry was *very* "sweet" on the schoolmaster, for I heard her telling her mother (I had a room at her father's) that the schoolmaster had proved to her entire satisfaetion, out of her English Reader, that the Doctor was a very ignorant, pretentious person—in fact, no better than he should be.

"HER LAST HALF-CROWN."

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he wa preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and looking toward the entrance saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants yer." "What does she want?" "She's deeing." Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High street into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff—a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy short-gown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbors; they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stairhead, and said, "She's deid." He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum*.

Seeking out a neighbor he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate church-yard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up, and, courtesying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close-mooth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid regular, and I was feared she was deid, for she had been a month awin' me half-a-croon;" and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein'*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Alas for Mary Duff! her career had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone; giving evidence in her latest act that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."—*Dr. John Brown's Horæ Subsecivæ.*

THE WORLD IS ADVANCING!

Matrimonial Felicities.

I brought a new bonnet home to my wife.

Now, if there be one thing more than another which my wife likes to have me bring home to her, it is a new bonnet. A new bonnet in a house is an unfailing source of delight, for at least one Sunday. After it has been to church, and your wife's female friends, and, perhaps, who are not her friends, have admired and cast envious glances at it, it ceases, to some extent, to possess its pristine charm. Still, with a little management on the part of the wearer, a new bonnet, if it be a very elegant one, may be made to do good service, not only at the church, but at the opera, one or two concerts, and a lecture. I don't know why it is, but, so far as my experience goes, I think ladies take very kindly to new bonnets; they seem to appreciate them much more than any other portion of their wardrobe. Perhaps it is because it can be shown to greater advantage than many other articles. In crowded assemblages the bonnet can always be seen. The furs, the shawl, the rich dresses and the jewelry are oftentimes hidden from observation; but the bonnet rises above all, and in church can be seen for pews around.

It is very gratifying to the husband to mark the smile which lights up his wife's countenance when he informs her that he has brought her a new bonnet. That smile, in my opinion, is worth more than many new bonnets. It reminds me, somehow, of my courtship days, and I wish, at such moments, that I could be always bringing home new bonnets to my wife.

I know of no other article of ladies' apparel which is so subject to the changes of fashion as the bonnet. Every month witnesses an alteration; so that you may safely take a new bonnet home to your wife each month, without fearing that she already possesses one in the least like it.

For a man whose experience in the matrimonial arena is of an infelicitous character, I can imagine no surer way of his making it felicitous than by a monthly gift to his wife of a new bonnet. Even though, in the parlance of the world, he can't afford it, yet he should do it for the sake of domestic peace. Wisely hath a latter-day Solomon said: "Better is a new bonnet on the head of a wife, than shoes and stockings on the feet of children."

In my case, fortunately for my purse and the comfort of my little ones, this necessity does not exist. The new bonnet, which, two or three times a year, I take home to my wife, is not given as a peace-offering. I sometimes think, too, that I enjoy that new bonnet quite as much as she does. I experience great pleasure in seeing her open the square green box, on which the name of a French milliner of repute, in gilt letters on a white enameled card, appears, containing it, and observe her look of approval—she regards my taste in the matter of selecting a bonnet, as unequaled—when her glance first falls upon it. Then, placing her hand carefully under it, she lifts it as tenderly out of the box as if it were an infant, and gazes at it with admiration. She takes, before speaking a word, a front, side, and back view of it, turning it quietly round on her hand, and sometimes I have remarked, like a connoisseur before a picture, with half closed eyes and head resting a little on one side, reminding me of the action of a canary bird, so as to get a fairer view of it, and to better appreciate its *contour* and style. Then she daintily re-arranges a bud or a leaf on the outside, putting the bud over the leaf, or the leaf under the bud, as it may be. She gives a little twist, too, to a cluster of flowers which seemed inharmoniously put together, and, I confess, that, even to my eyes, it assumes a more artistic appearance. Then she shakes up in a light, airy way, the plume, but immediately thereafter proceeds to smooth it down; she ruffles and smooths it several times, indeed, before she has it to please her. Then she closely scrutinizes the quality of the velvet, the texture of the ribbons, and the character of the lace. Then, speaking for the first time, and in somewhat of a confidential tone, she remarks that the lace is real thread lace, Chantilly or Valenciennes, or whatever it may be. But this time she is prepared to perform the great act of trying it on.

Getting before the mirror, where she can obtain a fair view of herself, the dear woman proceeds to smooth down her hair, where it lies plain on her head; or elevates the curls a trifle, if there be curls; or lifts up the puffs a little, where there are puffs. Then, after assuring herself by repeated glances at the mirror, that her hair is in good order, she places, with due solemnity, the bonnet on her head. It takes about ten minutes to get that bonnet into the exact position which she deems the most becoming, and to tie the strings in a suitable manner under her chin. Then she turns to you with a ravishing smile, and arching her eyebrows and making her lips look like a half-blown rose, gives you a glance which plainly asks you to express your opinion as to the bonnet and the wearer.

It is always safe, on these occasions, to say that you never saw a lovelier bonnet; one more becoming, or—and here you can make a low bow—a moment when the wearer looked younger and fairer than she does now. But you must not seek to kiss her, for she would instantly frown down any such attempt on your part. Wait until the bonnet is taken off and laid into its box before you do this, and then—well, then it is a good thing to do; and that day, if you stay at home, will be a white day in your life.

Within one week, my wife's new bonnet attended church, a concert, a lecture, and the reception at the National Academy of Design: a course of treatment most satisfactory to the wearer.—*Home Journal.*

Why Young Men Do Not Marry.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the eloquent Unitarian clergyman, recently preached a sermon in Chicago on "Our Daily Bread," in the course of which he discussed social questions, and explained why young men do not marry:

"When one said lately in the presence of a frank, outspoken young woman in this city, that the reason why young men did not marry was that their wives would not be content to begin to live in a homely fashion, after they had been raised in luxury, she replied, 'the woman is quite as willing as the man to do that, and I know of no woman in the circle of my acquaintance who would not be content, for the sake of the man she loved, to cast her lot with him, and make his interest in every way her own.' I believe the young woman spoke the truth. When I hear a man living in chambers and constant in his attendance at play and opera say 'I dare not marry, because I know no woman would be content to live as one should have to live,' I say to myself, it may be true, but it looks very much like old Adam, who ate the apple and then turned around and laid the blame on the woman. Let this be as it will. Here is the dismal fact staring us everywhere in the face, and in no place more painfully than in our own city, that for social, conventional, or still worse reasons, the best youth of the country is held back from its most sacred duty as well as its most perfect felicity—falls into that sad mistake of a long engagement, in which the pain and disappointment bears hardest always on the woman; or the young man shuts his eyes and his heart when the spirit walking among the golden lamps whispers to him of some maiden, 'That is thy wife,' and says 'No, not yet for many a year to come'—and so marries at last away on in life, when both lines have become set in their own fashion, and their love is hardly long enough to give them the kindly mutual forbearance toward what is dissimilar in character and disposition, until they can become

> " 'Self-reverent and reverencing each
> Alike in individualities,'

and so the best of the days of the best of our youth go by and find 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'

"In the name of all that is sacred, I ask why this is, and get for my answer, 'We cannot afford it.' The young farmer can afford it on the prairies; the miner on Superior; the woodman on the peninsula; the carpenter at his bench; the smith at his anvil; the operative at his frame or loom; the 'longshoreman and the sailor. That cluster of men down there in Pennsylvania, and those in Yorkshire whose mere young men were with me long years ago, lost no time and asked few questions, because some right instinct told them they must do that or worse—worse in any and every way they could look at it; and so I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how speedily these found the wife and went to housekeeping in one room or two, as they could manage it, and make the hammer ring with a new music, and gradually got their house and household goods, and the world has never failed them, no, not for a day; but through dark future and bright, and sickness and strength, they have found the deepest experiences of their life each with the other, for Great Heart and Interpreter go together on this pilgrimage, and now they see their children coming up to manhood and womanhood, about them, with the freshness of their own youth in their hearts, and know, though probably they cannot tell, the deep content of a life ordered after the fashion God gave them when he created them man and woman.

"But here are men with noble powers, with faculties that will ensure them a greater place, living in the most plentiful land on the globe, evening themselves through the years of their youth with that poor lost tribe of ballet singers, the loneliest of all those to whom God has given a chance, and when you get at their real reason it is either one or the other of these. They cannot believe what, if they have lived in the country, they have seen twenty times to be true of the birds that sing about us everywhere; that new exigencies tap new energies, and the little fellow who, a few weeks ago, had quite enough to do to take care of himself, is now caring for a nest full just as successfully. They do not believe that the Maker who has made their life of itself a natural prayer for daily bread, has provided that the answer shall be equal to the cry; or when they pray they mean by daily bread board for two at the Sherman, the privilege to attend parties three times a week throughout the whole winter, to take a trip to Saratoga in summer, and miss no chance at any other pleasure, however expensive. Let it be that or a shred of that which makes this fatal failing in the flower of the youth of America—the men from Harvard and Yale and all of their fine quality—and the thoughtful cannot but deplore the education that can so curse the fair manhood and cause the blossoming of youth to come to such an untimely end.

VACATIONS.

Some Old-Fashioned Notions About Them.

'Husband,' said Mrs Smith, as Mr Smith took his seat in their cozy sitting room for a quiet evening hour after the labors of the day were ended, 'Don't you think we ought to take a journey this season to the sea shore or the mountains? Can't we afford a few days of recreation?'

Mr Smith looked at his wife in surprise. They had lived and labored together for years; planned and economized, which they considered no more than their duty, and the duty of all. They were not very rich, but belonged to that large, thrifty, middle class in this country, who are able to provide themselves the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, but in these fast times cannot be counted among the wealthy. Moreover, they had earned and saved their property with too much care to spend it thoughtlessly. They were generous, kind hearted people, but they valued money as a means, not as an end. They felt they had acquired it by the blessing of God, who had given them health to labor and guided their endeavers; and they felt that He required of all his children that they use the means He has given wisely as He will approve for our own highest good or to comfort and bless others. Consequently the customs of the fashionable world did did not usually disturb them.

'What has put that idea into your head, Mrs Smith?' he at length inquired.

'Why, husband,' said she, 'don't you think we need some change as well as other people? It is so customary, and besides health of body and mind require it.

'Are you out of health?' inquired Mr Smith. 'If so I will go with you wherever your judgment or the advice of our physician may advise.'

'Oh, no, I am not sick,' she said quickly, 'but to keep us in health and from premature breaking down.'

'Do people have better health now than formerly, or keep their vigor and strength to a greater age?'

'No, I do not think they do.'

'Then why all this talk about traveling for health? It is a comparatively new thing. Call it going for fashion and pleasure, and done with it. I think we should be honest with ourselves, and call things by their right names, and if it is right to spend our time and money for pleasure, why, call it so.

'But, to the point,' he continued. 'Why in the warm season leave our comfortable, roomy house and this pure air, for the crowded cars, boats and hotels?'

'But it is so common now that it either looks poor or stingy to spend the whole season at home.'

'But, my dear,' said Mr Smith, 'we must decide by the right or wrong of the thing, and not be governed by other people's opinions or practices. I have no objection to what we can truly afford. I think it is desirable to do so to a reasonable extent as a means of improvement and to visit our friends. But we have no right to spend so much money in these ways as to lessen our ability to do good in the various modes in our power. In my opinion, this talk about long vacations for health is all nonsense. The class that would be benefited are not reached. Very few except pleasure seekers seek these long rests. Those who really love usefulness cannot afford themselves months of idleness under the name of rest. An aged clergyman said sadly, not long since, that this laying aside the harness was all wrong; that he had done far more labor for many years than the young ministers knew anything about; but he had never seen a time when he thought it would be right for him to lay aside his harness. I think ministers in late years are helping all this on by going to a great extreme in these things, perhaps more than any other class. If their hearts are in their work they find great variety and interest in them. They have chosen a profession which, if they follow in the footsteps of their Master, should involve self-denial and in some degree the laying aside of frivolity and vain pleasure. Christ's disciples are prone to forget the example of their Master.'

'But, Mr Smith, don't you think that ministers and Christian people need recreation and amusement?'

'Certainly, but not in the amount or extent they are taking it in these days. It is the excited way in which people are living now a-days that is breaking them down more than work, and the classes of persons who really need rest cannot have it. It is entirely beyond their reach. If those persons who are constantly confined to monotonous labor indoors could have a few weeks of rest, it would do them untold good. Traveling is all right, but we should be just before we are generous, and not spend what should be used for other purposes. And if we, who perhaps could go, do it, we make it harder for those who cannot. Let us rather invite some poor hard-working women to rest themselves for two or three weeks in our comfortable home.'

'Well, Mr Smith, you may be right. I do not know but these things are certainly worth considering.'

[Correspondence of the Daily Spy.]

A RAMBLE IN ROANOKE.

CAMP FOSTER, ROANOKE ISLAND,
March 2nd, 1862.

A little account of a ramble in the late rebel island of Roanoke, spiced with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, may not be uninteresting to the readers of your paper. On the afternoon of the last day of winter, a pass for six of us, viz: corporal Gates, privates Lyon, Billings, Hartshorn, Aborn and Earle, was obtained from Col. Upton, and with haversacks well filled with hard crackers, and *revolvers*, and *tin cups* strung upon our belts, a jolly company. We left camp to visit the battle ground, our place of landing, &c., and it was just three weeks to a day, since we met the enemy—and they were ours.

Leisurely and happily we rambled through the woods, and over sandy roads till we came to a house nearly covered up with drifts of sand lying in piles just like snow; and all the trees about the house were nearly imbedded to their limbs in sand drifts. Our Yankee curiosity led us to make enquiries within, when we found two old ladies, over 80 years of age, with ten wounded rebels in their charge. The old lady's name was Mrs. Etheridge, and she told us that she had lived there fifty-eight years. When they first settled there it was a good farm, but after they cut off the woods, the sand covered up nearly the whole farm, and in many places the drifts are more than sixty feet high, the highest of which we tumbled in and over as we would in snow. Thus we wound our way towards the scene of the battle, calling at the different houses, and making acquaintance with the occupants as we passed, till nearly dark, when our aim was to find a place where we could be fed and quartered for the night.

A funny and exciting time we had of it, going from house to house, listening to tales of woe and poverty, and of the treatment the inhabitants had received at the hands of the rebels. One old lady told us "that the Georgians had destroyed nearly every thing she had—her spinning wheel, her loom, all of her bedsteads, and had nearly ruined her." She had hoped that when the Yankees came, they would leave what she had, but she had been disappointed, for they had broken all of her pots and kettles, and she had only one dinner pot and one spider left. "I don't mean you Yankees with blue coats," said she, "but those red-headed devils,"—alluding to the Zouaves with red caps. Wherever we went, we learned that they were a terror to the inhabitants—stealing everything within their reach, and killing all the stock on the farms, leaving them where they shot them.

Thus from house to house we wandered without success, till at last we were directed to one Sam Jarvis's, a man "well to do in the world" for a Roanoke Islander, and putting on my white gloves, I was delegated by our party to act as spokesman, and thus approached the island mansion, meeting the said Mr. Jarvis upon the threshold of his door. As politely as was in my power, I asked for supper and lodging for the party, but got a grum NO for answer. The sound of our voices brought to the door Mrs. Jarvis, weighing some two hundred pounds, with pipe in mouth, and a large Dutch face, red from spirits working within We had choice music enough from her. Next came a boy about eight years of age, following his mother, her hands just from the dough, and she exclaiming,—"Harry, come in here, and if you go out again, I will introduce this pair of knuckles to your eyebrows," at the same time shaking her fist in the child's face. This was "Mrs. Dowdy."

We then went through the woods, after dark, to Mr. Joshua Johnson's, who proved to be a good Union man, and where our party were taken in, and well cared for. When he decided that we could be accommodated, after consulting with Mrs. Johnson, who was in the kitchen, (separate from the house, as is the style here,) we were invited into the house, where we were welcomed by a large open fire and well sanded floor. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned sideboard, well filled with dishes, and a cheering sight it was to us. We sat down before the blazing fire, and heard the history of the family and their experiences of the summer while the rebels had possession of the island It seems that one of Mr. Johnson's sons, with a wife and three children, had been driven from their home and robbed of everything they possessed, because of their Union sentiments, and had sought shelter under their father's roof. Christopher Columbus, Floranda, and Margaret Ann, were the names of the grandchildren.

In the midst of this history we were summoned to supper, where we found a table spread with a white cloth, upon which we found roast pork, warm biscuit, sweet potato pie, with Mrs. Johnson and her daughter-in-law standing near to pass us the coffee. We kept the cups moving. Supper over, we again seated ourselves for the evening around the fire. Mr. Johnson told us that soon after the North Carolina troops came upon the island, they pressed his horse into the service, and used him to assist in building the forts. The day of the battle one of the rebel commanders took him to ride, and he was killed in the engagement. He also told us that he had grapes enough stolen from his vines to have made several barrels of wine. He suffered in many ways from their depredations. The old lady was particularly emphatic towards the rebels, and many times wished them all where their horse was, "dead beside the road." She told us in a very forcible manner, "that for six weeks before we came, she had prayed to Almighty God every night, that a million Yankees might land on the island and kill every rebel. She said that Sam Jarvis had been one of the bitterest and noisest of the rebels all summer, and that his wife had been very saucy and insolent to all the union people She wanted that we should go there next day and demand a dinner, and make them get it for us.

In the course of the evening, some of us took from our pockets some photographs, and the old lady thinking them to be *cards*, at once covered up her eyes with both hands; but discovering her mistake, she looked at them with interest. She then told us what a feeling she had against card playing. The rebels played them Sundays and all, behind the roads, or wherever they might be. When our fleet bombarded the fort, the shells and rifle shots fell all about this house. One that weighed over a hundred pounds we saw and lifted.

Thus passed the evening, till we were shown by Mr. Johnson to our lodgings, where we tried a night's repose on feather beds, but not much to our comfort, for we were as uneasy as fish out of water, being about as much out of a soldier's element. Morning at last came and with it a good breakfast, after which we visited the battle ground, and there spent an hour or more very pleasantly. We examined the places which we occupied during the engagement, and it was more of a wonder to us than ever, how we got there, through such a swamp. We found many logs there nearly cut off by cannon ball, just above our heads, and the ground all about us was covered with small limbs, cut by the musket balls, from the trees. We then went to the place of our first landing where we found the family here returned. From thence we went to Ashby landing, where were the graves of our comrades, who fell in battle, and those who have died since—twenty-six graves in all,—neatly arranged, with evergreen trees as a kind of hedge, and most of the graves with neat head boards, on which were carved the name, age, regiment, and company of the deceased, with this inscription on most, "who fell in action, Feb. 8th, 1862, on Roanoke Island."

Thus we paid our last tribute of love and respect to our brave comrades, who fell nobly doing their duty, and, as we turned away, felt and expressed sympathy for their friends at home. Slowly and pleasantly we wound our way back to Mr. Johnson's, where we had left our haversacks, and, on reaching the house, seated ourselves for a little rest, when the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Johnson handed round to each one of us a large piece of pie. As we parted we bid them a hearty good-bye, and some of us who had left little ones at home could not refrain from giving the children a parting kiss, particularly the little girl, about five years of age; after which we went through the different camps on the shore, and through Gen. Burnside's headquarters, to the three large forts, and to Camp Foster. In our tramp we passed by a newly made burying ground, where were forty-two graves of rebels who died in September and October, reaching our quarters about the middle of the afternoon.

Thus we ended our winter, and commenced our spring, with a ramble in Roanoke, talking with the people, listening to the thousand robins, bluebirds, bobolinks, brown thrashers, &c., and seeing green peas in many of the gardens about three inches high. The two days thus spent by six members of company A, will ever remain one of the bright spots of our soldier life. We had a tramp of over twenty-five miles. You can imagine that we were glad once more to enter our rough quarters, where, sitting upon the floor, with knapsack in lap, this letter has been written, and with it, thousands go by to-morrow's mail—to many anxious friends at home. T. E. Earle

LETTER FROM NEWBERN.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 20, 1862.

Dear Brother:—A mail leaves to-morrow morning, and I will write a few lines. We are having hot weather steadily. I think for three days we have had it as hot as our July days at home. This has been the hottest day as yet, and I think the mercury must have been 85 degrees, for yesterday in the forenoon it was 80 degrees in the shade. This morning, just after breakfast, Lieut. Drennan and myself took a horse and buggy and went eight miles into the country, towards Trenton, going out as far as our videttes extend. We took dinner with the major and two captains of the seventeenth Massachusetts, who are on our extended pickets, living in a small farm house. The rebel cavalry are very annoying to our videttes and pickets, and there are constant skirmishes. While we were out there, there was a skirmish, and four rebel cavalry were killed, while none of our men were killed or wounded, as could be ascertained. There has been a skirmish with some loss to both sides, nearly every day the past week.

Last Sunday night, a company of the 103d New York regiment were on picket in Jones county (southerly part), and while most were on duty, thirty men and the captain, off duty, laid down in a small house to sleep, when they were surrounded by 280 rebel cavalry, headed by the colonel of a North Carolina regiment. The colonel demanded a surrender, saying they were surrounded, but the captain told him he couldn't *think* of doing it, drew his sword, and ordered his men to fire, which they did, and the colonel fell wounded from his horse, and is now in one of our hospitals here. The fight lasted half an hour, when the cavalry broke and run, leaving three of their men dead, sixteen prisoners, and sixty horses, all taken by our thirty men. This is a German company, and they did well. Picket duty is exciting, and I got so much interested in being out to-day, that I wished we were stationed outside instead of guarding a city. We have conveniences and comforts here, which we could not have outside, but we lose the excitement a soldier loves, and have no chance to distinguish ourselves, and get that glory which can only be earned in action.

Friday night, or rather afternoon, some seventy contrabands arrived at the wharf, near our house, coming up in a boat from near the

place of the fight last Sunday night. Such another set of mortals I never saw—all sexes and all ages, dressed up in all sorts of clothing. Some women decked with coats and hats for want of female clothing, and nearly all the women toting a baby. One little "nig," smart as a steel trap, was appropriated by Mr. Haven, our principal drummer, and he is mightily pleased with him, and has him dressed up nicely. The little fellow is about five years old, and can dance like a top. I questioned him. He said he ran away from his massa captain. I asked him what he ran away for, not thinking the little fellow *could* realize anything, when he answered, promptly, "Kase I didn't van't to be a slave—I'se want to be free." I talked with many of the slaves, and found that they understood affairs pretty well. The people have told the slaves most horrible stories about the Yankees, but the negroes say "Oh Lor, massa, dunna 'bleve word day say—we knowed dey lied—we's been praying to de Lord dat you Yankees *might* come," &c., &c. One negro told Maj. Pickett:—"Tank God, massa, now I *do* 'bleve de Lord is come *for sure*! Yes, de Lord is come *now!* We've ben praying and praying dis long time dat de Lord might *come*, and I *knowed* he would—kase for, dese 63 years I'se read in de Bible dat de time was comin', I'se read it in de 11th chapter of Daniel so many times—more times, massa, den dis nigger has hairs on dis head, and now I sees it wid my own eyes, and bress de Lord."

I think, if you will read that chapter in Daniel, you will be satisfied that old ebony made a shrewd calculation. You can put the emphasis on the underscored words of the African's speech, and it will sound quite like him. The more I think of this matter, the more I see of the white people here, the more I learn of their miserable and devilish conduct in this rebellion—the more I see the joy of the slaves as they flee to us for protection, the more satisfied am I that a *deadly blow* must be struck at the *cause* of this rebellion. There is no use in prating about the Union sentiment in the south—there may be a *little* of it, but when you find it, it is the rare exception, and it is seldom, if ever, you find a man who is a slaveholder possessed of a spark of Unionism. The people here are all wallowing in the filth of secession together, and are all ready to fight us as long as they can hold out. They kill and burn. They destroy all their property before they leave it. They ask for no quarters. If they have determined to burn and destroy their villages, their cotton, turpentine—everything they have which they *can* burn—why cannot we help the matter along by destroying all the property they have left which they cannot burn—their slaves? Why should we protect them in *this* kind of property when they declare that they will destroy everything rather than it shall fall into our hands? I say pitch in and give these rebels all they want, plenty of grape and shot, as much hemp as will serve for the leaders, and freedom for their slaves.

They think to trouble *us* when they burn up their property. I saw the smoke to-day of hundreds of barrels of turpentine turned over to the flames just over our picket lines. I said, let them burn and destroy—the more the better—for they are only making their calamity the greater, and the day of their *suffering* will come. The fields here are all running to waste—not a planter thinks of cultivating anything. No cotton, or corn, or tobacco, is planted, and famine stares them in the face. They take no thought of the morrow, what they shall eat! Here in Newbern the government of the United States is daily feeding hundreds of men and women whose sons, husbands and fathers are in arms against us. All they can get to eat comes from the United States, and while they are eating of *our charity*, they are cursing the Yankees, and praying that their husbands, fathers and sons may be successful in killing and destroying us! This is no fancy sketch, but exactly the *truth* as I see it every day. If we *must* feed the south, because its people will not provide for themselves let us make a clean thing of it. If they keep their slaves we must feed them, if they are free we can do no more and it won't cost any more as I reckon it, to feed a *free* man, than a slave. They compel their slaves to aid in their rebellion against their will.

The Connecticut Tenth.

The New Haven Journal publishes a private letter from Capt. Pardee of the Connecticut tenth regiment, which gives a graphic account of the part taken by that regiment in the battle of Roanoke Island. We copy a few passages of the letter, beginning with his account of the advance the morning after they landed. He says:—

"Gens. Foster and Burnside came up and greeted our colonel. Both of them spoke pleasantly to us. Pretty soon Gen. Foster, with about a dozen attendants, started down the narrow road through the woods, which was to be the pathway to battle, death and victory. A reconnoissance was made, skirmishers thrown out, and by and by the rattling shot told us we had found the foe. It was a fierce, hot fire—shot by shot at first—then came the order for our advance. On we walked slowly, stopping every few minutes for the regiments at our head to move on, and wondered what the nature of the rebel position could be. We laughed and joked together as when in camp. It was impossible to feel that all this was real and *deadly*. One mile was passed, then a second—heavy guns boomed, rifled shots shrieked. We heard cheering ahead. By and by the woods showed more light ahead. We heard balls among the leaves; we saw men hurry by with medical stores towards the front; we met men exhausted by the roadside. An aid came down to us with an order—'*Advance the Tenth!*'

Colonel Russell pressed his lips firmly together, and said, "we are going under fire, Captain—forward, solidly, quickly!" I was hoarse with a terrible cold, but found voice. Men came by with stretchers, carrying the brave Massachusetts boys, frightful with their bleeding wounds. We saw the dead lying beneath the trees on either side. Doctors were busy in their vocation; surgery is a noble art! We halt on the edge of a great clearing; we deploy to the right, by companies, and mine in advance. I see the smoke and flashes from the redoubts; at last we are under fire! We move forward twenty paces. I halt and dress my company. Two others wheel in at my left. The balls whistle around me. I knew I had no power to control them, but that God would shield me, and make me do my duty. I felt ready for any thing. God kept me cool and collected; God preserved me. To Him be the glory. I stood two or three paces in front of my boys, looking to the left, watching for the formation to be completed, knowing that our next order would be to commence firing. An explosion close by me benumbed me. I looked at myself—I was unharmed. I looked at my company. Four men were wounded by the bursting of a shell. I ordered them to the rear, to a surgeon's care, and dressed the ranks. "Commence firing!" rang out from the lips of our colonel. Let me describe the position. We had been pursuing an embowered path through the woods; suddenly it entered a broad clearing, where thick bushes, (like the whortleberry,) and tangled vines netted the marshes. Evergreen trees, principally pines, were on either side, and 300 yards in front of us was the famous redoubt, of which we had been told weeks before.

When we debouched from the road into the cleared way, it brought us right in front of and in perfect range of the rebel guns. They had three pieces of artillery fronting and commanding this clearing, and large numbers of riflemen perched in trees, behind the turfed walls, and under all possible covers. I had dressed my company, (at no dress parade had it ever been done better,) and stood two or three paces in front of them, when the shell burst of which I have before spoken. When ordered to fire, they commenced with a will. Every piece told, and then the boys buckled to in good style. For an hour we fought on, not a man shrinking from his post. One after another was wounded and sent to the rear. Still the boys closed their ranks and fired. I made them lie down while loading, to keep them under cover. You have no conception of the deadly whiz of bullets, or of the peculiar breath of grape and shrapnel! An iron rain, a leaden hail, were on every side. I was looking at Lieut. Stillman. A ball entered his lungs; he gasped and fell! Two sergeants and three privates carried him to the ambulance. There he died.

"We have got an addition to our numbers in a poor boy who came to us about three weeks ago, named Henry ——, company A, 158th New York volunteers, 24th army corps, a native of Corning, N. Y. He was wounded in front of Petersburg last fourth month. He was sent here by the ladies of the sanitary commission in or near that place. His father was killed at the same time. He came here on one of those very cold days; had walked from Penn Yan, most miserably clad—almost naked. As soon as he got to the door he burst into tears, and said, 'I have no home nor parents, will you take me in?' Well, dear friend, thee may be sure what my answer was. As soon as could be we warmed and fed him, gave him warm shirt, drawers and socks, and the others lent him one an article and the other an article, till we had made him pretty comfortable. He is only eighteen years old. Now I must tell thee of the goodness of our Heavenly Father. In less than two hours we had six bushels of potatoes, ten loaves of bread and two bushels of flour sent in, and during the week following we had more sent. If that boy had not come those things would not have been sent. I have a firm faith in God, and said to my people, before this day is over God will put it into the heart of some one to send a donation. And when the things came the boys all felt the Lord was good to us. They all are so good and attentive at our devotions, and try to live a good life. I shall be so glad when they get their pensions; some of them are very poorly off for clothing. I am almost at my wits' end to know what to do. I have bought boots for nine already, to be paid back to me when they get their pensions. If it was known in New York I am sure some good people would send us some old clothing.

"Does thee know the neighbors have supplied us with potatoes so that we need not buy one? I did not mean to write a long letter this time, but thee sees how it is. I have so much to tell thee, and as this is Seventh day, I have as much work to do as would frighten some folks. First of all, twenty pumpkin pies to bake—mind, not extravagant ones—then corn beef and cabbage for dinner, and a piece of beef (that was sent in) to cook for to-morrow's dinner. Thee knows we do not cook on First day. We have not made one pound of cake since we came here, and all the time we are well supplied. At this time we have seven large ones in the house. Respecting the day's work: all the men to see to shaving; their shoes all to be cleaned for First day; then every man to be well washed, feet and all, and clean clothes given; and then their beds to have clean things on. Last night I was up till eleven, mending shirts, drawers and socks (my weekly work), for a stitch in time saves nine; and with all this I am well and happy. Excuse haste. From thy friend,

"JOHN L. ALCOOKE."

THE NEW SOUTH

Dirge for a Soldier.

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor,
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever, and forever.

Fold him in his country's stars;
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye:
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by—
God alone has power to aid him.

Ellsworth.

Ellsworth! With the storied brave
Whose names outlive an early grave,
Hero we call thee!
Thine be our hearts' incense!
Thine all the praise that hence
Shall waft thy noble soul
Where ceaseless years roll—
Into eternity!

Ellsworth! Thine the daring hand
Whose act has conjured Freedom's land
The traitor-flag to scorn.
Thine the bold arm that flung
To earth the banner, swung—
Staining bright Heaven's blue,
As, 'gainst the arch it threw
Its shape, of treason born.

Ellsworth! For this, God bless thee!
Honor'd 'mong all who confess thee
Martyr'd for Freedom's truth.
Twine we a wreath for thee:
Laurel, oak, *immortelles*, we
Upon thy grave will lay—
Nor e'er forget this day—and thee!
Slain in thy noble youth.

May 24, 1861. STELLA.

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
The saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, Oh clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield.
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the north
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly!—
Serene he lay while past him pressed
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, patriot, in thy hill side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou diedst to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal.

H. P.

"Buried With His Niggers."*

Buried with a band of brothers
Who for him would fain have died;
Buried with the gallant fellows
Who fell fighting by his side.

Buried with the men God gave him,
Those whom he was sent to save;
Buried with the martyred heroes,
He has found an honored grave.

Buried where his dust so precious
Makes the soil a hallowed spot;
Buried, where, by christian patriot,
He shall never be forgot.

Buried in the ground accursed,
Which man's fettered feet have trod;
Buried where his voice still speaketh,
Appealing for the slave to God.

Fare thee well, thou noble warrior,
Who in youthful beauty went
On a high and holy mission,
By the God of battles sent.

Chosen of Him, "elect and precious,"
Well didst thou fulfil thy part;
When thy country "counts her jewels,"
She shall wear thee on her heart.

E. B. S.

*When the body of Col. Robert G. Shaw was asked of those rebels in the midst of whom he fell it was replied—"He is buried with his niggers."

Twenty-First Regiment Reunion at Fitchburg.

The 21st Mass. Regimental Association held its annual reunion at Fitchburg yesterday, and was favored with fine weather and a large attendance. The veterans, with their wives, daughters and friends, assembled at a tent on the Common during the forenoon, and hearty greetings and mutual congratulations occupied the earlier hours of the day. On the arrival of the midday train from Worcester, the veterans, headed by the Fitchburg Cornet Band, marched to the depot, and received Post 28, G. A. R., of West Boylston, and a large number of invited guests, and escorted them to the place of meeting.

The next sentiment was introduced by a brief and feeling allusion to Miss Clara Barton, and her services in camp and hospital. The sentiment was as follows:

Our fallen comrades, officers and privates alike, from the Colonel to the ranks, all lie in heroes' graves. While scattered abroad, the graves, "unknown to men, are marked of God." The monuments we raise to them are not cold as marble, but warm as our beating hearts and their memories are fragrant like the cedars of Lebanon.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause.
* * * Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to Freedom."

Miss Barton came forward and was warmly greeted. She responded to the sentiment with the following, which was frequently interrupted by applause from the men, who hold a vivid remembrance of the scenes she so feelingly depicted:

COMRADES:—I came among you to-day not to speak, but to enjoy what others might say, and look once more upon the familiar veteran faces of the brave old regiment I ever claimed as mine. But had I never so much preparation, it is little that soldiers could expect of one who not only never wore the blue, but went to war, armed and equipped only with sponges, wash-basins, bandages and bread. But if we came hither, hungering and thursting for eloquence, we should be already satisfied in the noble addresses to which we have listened. Our repast has already amounted to a feast.

Soldiers, you met here not to celebrate, but to remember to live over again the old days won by your blood, and hallowed by your dead. And how thick and rich the memories throng. Again the busy hum of the camp sounds in your ears. The watch fires light up the forest tops, and the weary sentinel treads his beat. Once more the long roll peals out upon the midnight air.

Again the noble Burnside calls you to his aid, and the gallant Reno leads you to the charge.

Again you shout the victor's shout with memory's eyes upon the rent old banner, never conquered, never lost, and mournfully, manfully turn ye away to gather your wounded and bury your dead.

Dead everywhere, on every battle field they lie.

In the crowded yards of every prison ground, in the dark ravines of the tangled forests, in the mirey, poison swamps, where the slimy serpent crawls by day and the will-o-the-wisp dances vigil at night, in the beds of the mighty rivers, under the waves of the salt sea, in the drifting sands of the desert islands, on the lonely picket line, and by the road side, where the weary soldier laid down with his knapsack and his gun, and his march of life was ended; there in their strange beds they sleep till the morning of the great reveille. They sleep—and you remember—

You remember, I said; ay, you're living it o'er;
You're turning again from the old cottage door;
Your hearts beat with pride, as they beat on that day,
When the Northerner sailed from Annapolis Bay;
Yon're living it o'er twixt a tear and a smile,
Annapolis, Hatteras, Roanoke Isle—
Roanoke, barren, and sandy and drear,
But it echoed your earliest victory's cheer.

On rude Cedar Mountain ye're panting for breath,
Down gory Manassas, the valley of death,
On, on to Chantilly, mid darkness and gloom,
Fire, thunder and lightning, guns boom upon boom.
The hand to hand fight. Muskets dripping with rain,
The best of your band lying low with the slain;
Weak, wounded, and left to hunger and thirst,
Ye learned the war-life of the old 21st.

No rest from your labors, for northward the *bars*,
And closely behind them you're crowding the *stars*;
No rest from your sorrow. Ay let fall the tear
That fell that sad day upon dead Reno's bier.
No time for more tears. So on Marylaud Ridge,
"Hold the bridge steady, boys,—*always the bridge.*"
Was the order obeyed, did ye hold it or not?
One long fearful hour without powder or shot?
Did the Rebel turn back with his treason accurst?
Ay, and the *world* gave a cheer for the old 21st.

Down Virginia's slopes marches Lee with his bars,
And you're driving them home with the stripes and the stars,
Till he turned him to bay upon Frederick's Heights,
And Falmouth lies watching the long winter nights.
That mild snow-clad morn, ye are living it still,
When ye dared the dark torrent and charged up the hill,
Up the hill, thro' the streets, with cheer upon cheer,
Across those brood acres, unsheltered and drear.
Across that wide opening—swept clean by their shell,
With never a tree, nor a mound, nor a dell.
Across those broad acres: God pity the day
For the blue that fell there, 'neath those ramparts of gray.
But mark the old banner, and list that wild call,
"Don't let it fall boys—don't let it fall."
And the blood that is on it was *his* blood that day,
Till armless and bleeding the brave Plunkett lay—
Armless I said, but armless no more,
For the two that he lost God has given him four.
And prouder than ever for glory athrist,
We point to the blood on the old 21st.
Still with glorious Burnside you're tramping the west,
For the toilsome march is the soldier's rest;
Ye are still in the wilderness, blazing and red,
Where the hungry flames lick up even the dead.
You are still charging home on the Petersburg line,
O'er the volcanic torrent that rolls from the mine,
While one brings the staff, and another the flag,
Preserved from dishonor, though only a rag.
But oh! for the dead that lay there, in that dire hell accurst,
My tears fall with yours—dear old brave 21st.
Ye have met to remember, may ye ever thus meet.
So long as two comrades can rise to their feet;
May their withered hands join, and clear to the last
May they live o'er again the great deeds of the past,
Till summoned in victory, honor and love,
To staud in the ranks that are waiting above,
And on their cleared vision God's glory shall burst,
Re-united in Heaven, the old 21st.

6. Miss Clara Barton, the brave, tender friend of the soldier, in camp, field and hospital; the loved friend of the Twenty-First Regiment—May her reward be the consciousness of having made many hearts glad as she lesseued and soothed pains of body and mind, and never failed to keep us in remembrance of the dear ones at home.

Maj. T. E. Hall of Worcester responded to the sentiment, speaking earnestly in her honor, as one to whom not only every soldier, but every friend of the soldier, owes a debt of gratitude.

7. The Thirty-Fourth Regiment of Mass. Vols., our first cousin—led by one whose ancestry, alike distinguished in our history for military and civic talent, the present generation perpetuates with distinguished ability—the honored name of Lincoln.

Gen. Wm. S. Lincoln of Worcester responded, reviewing in brief the history of the 21st, and paying a high compliment to their unvarying and complete devotion to duty, and to their brilliant record of service. He spoke of the intimate relations of the 21st and 34th regiments, and of the men who, from privates in the 21st, became officers in the 34th. He complimented the association on the success of its gathering and its prospect of long life.

8. The Grand Army of the Republic—The army of peace, because it would keep alive the patriotic spirit in which alone our country is strong, and all the holy bonds of brotherhood cemented by common suffering, created by sharing and facing common sorrows and dangers, consecrated by open graves, and looking up to the same common source of consolation and thought—May its graud mission, in relieving suffering and want among our disabled comrades, and in sustaining the reputation and maintaining the *rank* among men of the soldiers of freedom, end where the mission of the Union army ended—in complete victory.

Gen. A. B. R. Sprague of Worcester, Grand Commander of the G. A. R. department of Massachusetts, responded, speaking of the charitable and patriotic purposes of the order, one which draws to its care the weak, ill and suffering, and urged all soldiers to unite with it to aid in its glorious work. He alluded to the recent institution of the G. A. R. of the ceremony of decorating the graves of the Union dead, as well calculated to perpetuate the memory of the past, and to keep alive the spirit of loyalty. He also read a letter from Maj. Gen. Devens, expressing his regret in not being able to attend and enjoy the gathering, and alluding with words of praise to the record of the 21st regiment.

9. Our patriotic women.—May that love, expressed in such care for our comfort, in such fervent epistles to us in field, camp and hospital, breathed in such prayers for our safety, and whose aspirations were a noble ambition that all might bravely discharge their duty, be answered in a country redeemed, and their loved honored by their countrymen.

This sentiment was responded to by Sergeant Cutting, who paid a high tribute to the devotion and sacrifices of the wives, mothers and sisters of Worcester county, attributing in some measure the success of the soldiers to the example and faith of those who were left at home.

10. The 36th Regiment.—Ever successful, but in its honor, we claim a share, as we gave our Smith.

Col. Smith of Templeton, of the 36th, responded, closing his remarks with the sentiment, "the 21st Mass. Regiment, seldom repulsed, and never defeated."

Sentiments complimentary to Companies D, A, K, H, C, F and E, and to the band, Post 28, G. A. R., &c., were also made, and brief responses and addresses were made by Lieut. Hayward, Sergt. Cutting, Capt. C. W. Davis, Major Wm. T. Harlow, Capt. Bradford and others.

Rev. Miss Ella E. Gibson, late chaplain of the 1st Wisconsin heavy artillery, also made brief remarks, closing with the sentiment:

"The brave defenders of our dear old flag: Whether below, on earth, or above in the kingdom of heaven, we will remember them with love, and honor them as our country's saviors."

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening,
When the soaking, sodden ground
Will not echo to the footfall
Of the sentinel's dull round.

God's blue star-spangled banner
To-night is not unfurled;
Surely *He* has not deserted
This weary, warring world.

I peer into the darkness,
And the crowding fancies come:
The night wind, blowing Northward,
Carries all my heart toward home.

For I 'listed in this army,
Not exactly to my mind;
But my country called for helpers,
And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling,
And have roughed it many ways,
And Death has nearly had me;
Yet I think the service pays.

It's a blessed sort of feeling,
Whether you live or die;
You helped your country in her need,
And fought right loyally.

But I can't help thinking sometimes,
When a wet day's leisure comes,
And I hear the old home voices
Talking louder than the drums,

And the far, familiar faces
Peep in at the tent door,
And the little children's footsteps
Go pit-pat on the floor,

I can't help thinking somehow
Of all the parson reads
About that other Soldier-life
Which every true man leads.

And wife, soft-hearted creature,
Seems a-saying in my ear,
"I'd rather have you in *those* ranks
Than to see you Brigadier."

I call myself a brave one,
But in my heart I lie!
For my Country and her Honor
I am fiercely free to die,

But when the Lord who bought me
Asks for my service here
To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
All love and care to be:
He would never get impatient
With a raw recruit like me.

And I know he'd not forget me
When the Day of Peace appears;
I should share with Him the victory
Of all his volunteers.

And it's kind of cheerful, thinking
Beside the dull tent fire,
About that big promotion
When He says, "Come up higher."

And though it's dismal, rainy,
Even now, with thoughts of Him,
Camp life looks extra cheery,
And death a deal less grim.

For I seem to see Him waiting
Where a gathered Heaven greets
A great, victorious army,
Surging up the golden streets;

And I hear Him read the roll-call,
And my heart is all aflame,
When the dear, Recording Angel
Writes down my happy name!

But my fire is dead white ashes,
And the tent is chilling cold,
And I'm playing *urin the battle*,
When I've never been enrolled.

I count my country's stars by day,—
The old thirteen that in the dawn
Together sung our freedom's lay,
And later orbs that crowned the morn;

OUR SIRES AND OUR STARS.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry:
It rings along the watchful line.
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance, and give the countersign!"

With bayonet at the charge, I wait;
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms at port I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When e'er the angelic sentrie call

And pray that Heaven may so order
That when I near the camp divine
Whether in travail or in pain,
I too may have the countersign.

The poem was by J. K. Lombard of Bridgeport, Ct., formerly a teacher in the Worcester High School. It was a pleasing and just tribute to "Working Women," and including personal tributes to Mrs. Browning, Clara Barton, Harriet Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Camilla Urso and Jenny Lind, all

"Earnest minds from custom free,"

who have wrought nobly in their several spheres, and have lifted their sex to a higher plane of life and power. Of Mrs. Browning he spoke as follows:

Such song was hers whose thrilling voice
Came to us over distant seas,
Whose fancy ranged with queenly choice,
Through all the realm of harmonies.

Dark curtained eyes, clear, soft, and true,
Fair, open brow, o'erarched with curls,
Pale cheeks, that roses rarely knew,
Slight form, most like a tender girl's.

Great soul, sweet heart, and spirit pure,
Most royal mind, serene and strong,—
None uttered braver words or truer,
In praise of right or scorn of wrong.

Dead tongues to her were living souls,
To secret locks she knew the keys,
Could breathe the charm that conquered ghouls,
And disenchanted mysteries.

Not Milton sang more sweet than she,
Of Eden and its exiled twain;
Not grander in old tragedy
Prometheus struggled with his chain.

Such voice she gave to those who sigh,
But have no heart to speak a word,
That in the piteous "Children's Cry,"
Their plaint shall evermore be heard.

A biting curse her hand could pen,
So true and lofty was her mood,
For men who held their brother men
In unrequited servitude;

While loudly vaunting Freedom's prize,
Her royal mein, her right divine,
A right that all to you denies.
And all usurps for me and mine.

But O! for that fair southern land
On three sides bounded by the sea,
Whose millions with one breath demand
A re-united Italy,—

How beat her heart, how throbbed her verse,
With burning, keen and smiting words,
That checked the better, awed the worse,
And glittered like a thousand swords.

She crowned with laurel-wreath the head
Of civic chief and hero-king,
And bade the graves of martyred dead
Bloom greenly with perpetual spring.

Her tears were dropped with those who weep
A nation's or a private grief,
Her blessing breathed o'er those who sleep
The sleep that brings all woe relief.

That blessed sleep is hers at last,
God-given, restful and serene,
Three nations hold her glory fast,
And keep her fragrant memory green.

This was one woman; *who* is more
Than poet, patriot, scholar, sage?
A new forerunner, sent before
A new Elizabethian age.

The following passage in allusion to Miss Barton, was from its local association, no less than from its merit, well received:

Such holy choice was hers, who went
Amid the thunder of the wars,
From field to field, from tent to tent,
Through all that nature most abhors,

To watch the sick, to aid the weak,
To stanch the wound, relieve the pain,
And dry the tear upon the cheek
That ne'er might feel love's kiss again.

Of home and mother self-bereft
They chose the camp's hard couch and fare,
She came to bring what they had left,
A woman's smile, a mother's care.

Disease was checked at her approach,
Disorder calmed, despair beguiled,—
And he who felt her tender touch
Straight dreamed himself once more a child

What wonder that the veteran line
All maimed, and scarred, and battle-torn,
Should see in her somewhat divine
As if a halo she had worn,

And slowly, weakly limping by,
Should halt with love of reverence mute,
And while emotion dimmed the eye
Give each his soldier-like salute.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will.
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track,
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back.
I think I see him crouching low,
I stop and list—I stoop and peer—
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

A hush is over all the land,
As when the thunder-clouds have hurled
Their fury on the startled world—
Mon take their brothers by the hand.

A light that glowed upon a hill
Has flickered, sunken in the dark—
Death's arrows seek a shining mark,
And in the blackness we are still.

A man who felt God's gift of mind
Stirring within him and who sought,
By wisdom of all sages taught,
To share its blessings with his kind:

A man of purpose, true and strong,
Who digged amid the ruined past,
And finding jewels upward cast,
Set them in prose that seems like song.

A man who stood amid the years,
Like Saul among his brothers tall,
A head and shoulders over all,—
A giant to his would-be peers;

This man has failed from off the earth;
God called him—here we blindly grope
And faintly whisper, yet we hope
He reaps great wealth from this our dearth.

As when a star whose beam was shed
Upon us through the midnight lorn,
Is merged into the splendid morn,
It is not lost, but only hid.

So, bear with solemn step and slow
Our dead, and though he hear not praise,
Drape we his marble with the bays
He won in mortal life below.

And in the light of Heaven's throne
His soul shall broaden, day by day,
Till all the space 'twixt God and clay
Be overpast and overgrown.

To Jenny Lind.

Woman of high endowments! God hath given
Unto thee gifts of rarest excellence:—
A mind impassioned of the Beautiful,
And a sound body as its instrument.
And thou hast, furthermore, the added gift
Of a wise human Culture given thee.
The germ, that was implanted, had been watched,
Watered and tended; and so it has reached,
A large and exquisite development.
Thus Art has wrought with Nature, Earth with Heaven,
In the transcendent out come of thy growth.

There is a beauty of the outward form,
Beauty of feature, grace of mould and step,
Which might be thine if there were need of such.
But O, there is a beauty of the Soul,
A glory, beaming from the mind within,
That is Expression's charm, that lights the eye,
Irradiates the face, quickens the flesh,
And is... life and energy divine
Seems, for a season, to transfigure it!
And this excelling beauty dwells in thee.
Thine is the loveliness of character
Shedding a constant glow on all around.
Thine is the changeful play and lightning flash
Of Genius, Inspiration, that can still
Kindle that which it shines on into life.
Bright, golden hair and azure-colored eyes
And a fair face, made paler yet by thought,
All tell the story of thy northern birth,
And in thy nature those extremes are blent,
Which make the charm of thy dear native land.
For, in thy birth-land, frozen winds sweep down
Over long tracts of the "thrice-bolted" snow;
And there the summer sun calls forth the flowers
And ripens the young grain with genial warmth.
Such snowy purity, such warmth of sun
Must make eternal Spring-time in thy heart!
Never did fiery heat of southern climes
Quicken a soul with a more generous life;
Never the dark eye of proud Italy
Has beamed with radiance surpassing thine!
For there is such a depth beneath those lids,
That the enraptured gaze may lose itself
As in the depth of heaven; and thence there shines
A light of soul-born origin and power
That throbs and pulses like the light of stars.
Thou goest abroad as the true Artist goes,
Revealing unto man the beautiful,
Not only in the realms of matchless song
But in expression and in character.
God bless thee on thy mission everywhere!
If the nice sense of angels can take in
That which doth stir our drowsy, mortal ear,
Thou journeyest well attended. Nay, I thought,
While listening to the music of thy voice,
That if an angel, sent on embassage
Of a high import to this nether world,
And winging his flight homeward to the sky,
Had, passing nearly, caught thy strain of Song,
He would have paused a moment in his flight,
Surprised to hear such sound outside of Heaven!

arlisle, Pa, Nov. 18th, 1851. SIGMA.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until mine eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone.
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the weird old tulip trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night!
The deep bay-windows fringed with vine;
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, milk-white hand in mine:
The timid pressure, and the pause
That oftimes overcame our speech—
That time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

And then, that bitter, bitter day,
When came the final hour to part,
When clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart.
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her stolid in her woe.

So rose the dream—so passed the night—
When distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height,
I heard the solid march of men.
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

Poetical Patchwork.

Some ingenious person, with a good memory and a great deal of patience, has amused himself with making the following cento verses professedly from twenty-two authors. We do not answer for the accuracy of the quotations, and the sense halts a little here and there, but the rhyme and measure are generally perfect:

I only know she came and went, [Lowell.
Like troutlets in a pool; [Hood.
She was a phantom of delight, [Wordsworth.
And I was like a fool. [Eastman.

One kiss, dear maid, I said, and sighed, [Coleridge.
Out of those lips unshorn! [Longfellew.
She shook her ringlets round her head, [Stoddard.
And laughed in merry scorn. [Tennyson.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky, [Tennyson.
You hear them, O my heart, [Alice Cary.
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock— [Coleridge.
Beloved, we must part! [Alice Cary,

Come back, come back, she cried in grief, [Campbell.
My eyes are dim with tears; [B. Taylor.
How shall I live through all the days, [Mrs. Osgood.
All through a hundred years? [J. S. Perry.

'Twas in the prime of summer time, [Hood.
She blessed me with her hand; [Hoyt.
We stray together, deeply blest, [Mrs. Edwards.
Into the Dreaming Land. [Cornwall.

The laughing bridal roses blew, [Patmore.
To deck her dark brown hair, [Bayard Taylor.
No maiden may with her compare, [Brailsford.
Most beautiful, most rare! [Read.

I clasped it on her sweet cold hand, [Browning.
The precious golden link; [Smith.
I calmed her fears, and she was calm— [Coleridge.
Drink, pretty creature, drink! [Wadsworth.

And so I won my Genevieve, [Coleridge.
And walked in Paradise; [Hervey.
The fairest thing that ever grew [Wordsworth.
Atween me and the skies? [Tennyson.

An Editor's Drawer.

[A Western editor has just been having "a clarin' up time," and thus pictures to the life what he found in his drawer. There is no doubt of its absolute truth as well as its passable rhyme]:—

Around us lay exchanges, scraps and clippings,
Half-written leaders, locals, puffs and sippings
Of Punchy humor; manuscripts rejected,
From geniuses who think themselves neglected;
Obituary verses, full of gloom,
And doleful voices from a doleful tomb;
"Lines to a Lady," from Mr Dash,
Who's desperately in love with—his mustache.

A sentimental song about sea shells,
Writ by a moping, melancholy she,
Who would be married, though her face yet smells
Of bread and butter and the nursery.

An eulogy on General Blank's oration,
Delivered off-hand at the late ovation,
And which suggests, by way of mere reflection,
He should be honored by a re-election;
Modest requests, which hope we'll not refuse
To notice this and that in next day's "news."

A dozen bad cigars that some one sends
Expecting thrice their value in a local;
Unopened invitations from our friends,
Asking our presence at a concert vocal,
Or at a lecture, party, play or ball,
At such a date (please mention) at such hall.

Papers and books not worth a decent rating,
Sent out—they send few others but for cash;
By Eastern firms who take that way of baiting
The Western press to advertise their trash.
In short, a hundred things by men devised,
To get their humbugs cheaply advertised.

WHO IS IT.

Now, children, there's somebody coming,
So try to think sharply and well;
And, when I get through with my story,
Just see if his name you can tell.

His hair is as white as a snow-drift;
But then he is not very old,
His coat is of fur at this season:
The weather, you know, is so cold.

He'll bring all the children a present,—
The rich, and, I hope, too, the poor;
Some say that he comes down the chimney:
I think he comes in at the door.

His coat is all stuffed full of candy,
While all sorts of beautiful toys
You'll see sticking out of his pockets,
For girls just as well as for boys.

For girls he has dolls, muffs and pictnres;
For boys he has skates, or a sled:
And some little boys I can tell of,
Who will take horses with them to bed.

And presents he brings for the mothers
And fathers and aunts with the rest;
But most he will bring for the children,
Because he likes little folks best.

I think you will know when you see him,
He's dressed up so funny and queer;
And then you'll hear every one shouting,
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.—"A constant reader" sends us the following verses, transcribed from a very old volume of sacred poetry of uncertain date. They present the old-fashioned argument against woman's rights in an old-fashioned way, and their writer was evidently a woman-hater on principle, bearing malice for the orginal offence of the first woman, and forgetting that five thousand years or more is too long a time to cherish an old grudge. His indignation, which is so strongly excited by the comparatively venial offence of a woman's speaking in public, would have been provoked to the utterance of still more fierce invective if the enormity of woman suffrage, probably unknown in his day, had come under his notice:

We think that woman should not speak
In churches not at all,
We wish to see them silent keep,
As saith our brother Paul.

Paul always tried to stop their tongues;
He knew they would deceive,
We wish they'd look from whence they sprung,
And view their mother Eve.

In the transgression she was first,
And man would likely stood,
So for her sake the world was curst,
And Christ hath spilt his blood.

They say the Devil quickly see
He could not tempt the man,
So took our mother to the tree
And broached the hellish plan.

Shew'd her the beauty of the fruit,
And told her it was good,
Said he, this apple can't pollute—
It makes you more like God.

Then quickly she began to taste
And ate it more and more,
Till all the best of it was waste,
Then gave the man the core.

He took the apple from his wife
And spake but with a groan,
I'll eat it tho' I loose my life,
Rather than be alone.

They like their mother bring the fruit,
And we like Adam eat,
Their poison doth our souls pollute
Before we see the cheat.

We hate declet, we hate to hear
A woman speak for God;
Such hypocrites we need to fear,
They never did no good.

Breaking It Gently.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUN.

The count he was riding home one day,
But meeting his groom upon the way—
"Where are you going, groom?" said he,
"And where do you come from? answer me."

"I'm taking a walk for exercise sake,
And besides there's a house I want to take."
"Take a house!" said the count. "Speak out,
What are the folks at home about?"

"Not much has happened," the servant said,
"Only your little white dog is dead."
"Do you tell me my faithful dog is dead?
And how did this happen?" the master said.

"Well, your horse took fright and jumped on the hound,
Then ran to the river, and there got drowned."
"My noble steed! the stable's pride!
What frightened him?" the master cried.

"'Twas when, if I remember well,
Your son from the castle window fell."
"My son! but I hope he escaped with life,
And is tenderly nursed by my loving wife?"

"Alas! the good countess has passed away!
For she dropped down dead where her dead son lay."
"Why, then, in a time of such trouble and grief,
Are you not taking care of the castle, you thief?"

"The castle! I wonder which you mean!
Of yours but the ashes are now to be seen.
As the watcher slept, misfortune dire!
In a moment her hair and her clothes took fire.

Then the castle around her blazed up in a minute,
And all the household have perished in it.
And of them all, fate spared but me,
Thus gently to break the news to thee."

THE TWINE-TWISTER.

When the twister a-twisting will twist him a twine,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth entwist,
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwine,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twine.
Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine;
Then, twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain;
The twain that in twisting before in the twine
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine.
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

"And so the old Baron gave a grand banquet, and in the midst of the festivities he requested the seer to write some inscription on the wall in memory of the occasion. The seer wrote: 'This, too, must pass away.'"—OLD STORY.

ONCE in a banquet hall,
'Mid mirth and music, wine and garlands gay,
These words were written on the garnished wall,
"This, too, must pass away."
And eyes that sparkled when the wine was poured,
'Mid song, and jest, and merry minstrel lay,
Turned sad and thoughtful from the festive board,
To read, 'mid pendant, banner, lyre, and sword,
"This, too, must pass away."

And where are they to-night,
The gay retainers of that festive hall?
Like blooming rose, like waxen taper's light,
They have departed, all—
Long since the banners crumbled into dust,
The proud Corinthian pillars met decay,
The lyre was broken and the sword is rust,
And kingly bards who sang of love and trust,
They too, have passed away.

Yet Genius seeks the crown,
And Art builds stately homes for wealth and pride,
And Love beside the household shrine kneels down,
And dust is deified.
Yet midst our loves, ambitions, pleasures, all,
The spirit struggles ever with the clay;
On every ear a warning voice will fall—
Each eye beholds the writing on the wall,
"This, too, must pass away."

LITTLE THINGS.

Shall we strike a bargain, Fate?
And wilt thou to this agree?
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

Take the eagle, proud and dark,
Broad of shoulders, strong of wing;
Leave the robin, leave the lark,
'Tis the little birds that sing!

Take the oak-wood, towering up,
With its top against the skies;
Leave one little acorn cup—
Therein all the forest lies.

Take the murmurous fountain-heads,
Take the river, winding slow,
But about my garden-beds
Leave the dew-drop, small and low.

Winding waves are fine to view,
Sweet the fountain's silver call;
But the little drop of dew
Holds the sunshine, after all.

Take the sea, the great wide sea,
White with many a swelling sail;
Leave the little stream to me,
Gliding silent through the vale.

Take the palace all ashine,
With its lofty halls and towers;
Let the little house be mine,
With its door-yard grass and flowers.

Take the lands, the royal lands,
All with parks and orchards bright;
Leave to me the little hands
Clinging closely morn and night.

Ah, for once, be kindly, Fate,
To my harmless plan agree;
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

—*Alice Cary.*

DAILY LIVING.—Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present, without wishing, through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before you.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

"ABIDE WITH US."

BROAD on the mountains sleeps the sunrise glory,
Golden, and clear, and calm;
No thunderous praise moves their foundations hoary,
For *silence* is their psalm;
Yet throbbing from their centers do they greet
The mighty blessing of the light and heat.

Rest in our souls Spirit of God abiding,
Serene, and deep, and still—
As once upon creation's waters gliding,
Mold and instruct our will;
Rest, broad, and calm, and glorious as the light,
That in our hearts there never more be night!

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY MRS. S. S. THOMPSON.

'Tis but an outward life we lead,
A life of toil and gain;
And little do our comrades heed
Our inward strife and pain.
As little do we know the whole
Of their unspoken woe;
A veil o'er every human soul
Drops heavily and low.

Not happy always are the gay,
Some mourners wear no weeds,
And hopes die out, day after day,
Which no observer heeds.
Beneath a frank and winning smile
May lurk distrust and doubt,
And hearts be breaking slowly, while
The merry laugh rings out.

We call another proud and cold,
Who lives his life apart,
A sadder story might be told
Could we but read the heart.
For hidden in the distant past
May be some sunny spot,
Some day-dream all too bright to last,
Some love still unforgot.

And none may know, or how, or why
He saw those visions fade;
The veil conceals from every eye
The wounds that time has made.
But that sweet dream, all dreams above,
May ever be his own,
And for the sake of that lost love
He may live on alone.

Perhaps when mortal life is o'er
And dust is turned to dust,
The hearts that prayed forevermore
For happiness and trust.
May find in higher, holier spheres
An answer to that prayer;
And they who sowed with bitter tears
May reap, exulting, there.

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry:
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed,—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high;
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, these lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell.
The hard repulse, that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—*All the Year Round.*

OH, ANGEL EYES ARE WATCHING!

BY E. M. STORRS.

Brightest angels undefiled
Watch above the sinless child;
Guard the maiden, pure and fair,
Shielded from the breast of care;
Watch the hearts that have as yet
Not a wave of sorrow met.

Watching, when we wake or sleep,
Watching, when we smile or weep,
Not alone o'er those who bear
With pure hearts life's grief or care,
Whom temptation hath not driven
From all hope of peace and heaven.

But o'er those who often stray
From the straight and narrow way,
Who have dropped the unseen hand
Leading to the better land,
Who have dimmed the light within,
And to sorrow added sin.

Though every voice upbraid them,
No human hand will aid them;
Angel eyes, full well I know,
Watch them wheresoe'er they go.
Angel hands, without a stain,
Wait to lead them back again.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit
Seen by the spirit's eyes.

And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among these flowerets moves,
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirit loves.

A world of beauty wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His holy thoughts, those "fragrant flowers"
Which do not grow in strife.

The "fruit," his deeds of love on earth,
That "music sweet," the breathing
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

* * * * * * *

O ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye are building day by day
Your own abiding place.

Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts.
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare
They'll bloom for you above.

Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'mid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds.

A Lancashire Doxology.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them.—*Spectator, May* 14.]

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise Him, who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes—the Lord who gives,
O praise Him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and He shuts his hand,
But why, we cannot understand:
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds, riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies:
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

—*London Good Words.*

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds the warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who grinds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot now she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

RESOLVE.

Resolve
Shines ever on the front of victory;
Resolve, that through the darkness goes right on,
True to its purpose, leaving hope's dead dust
Reddening with blood-sweat, in despite of pain,
(Building its walls of sorrow round the soul),
Pointing still forward to the flowery tops
Of fame's great moveless mountains.

[Alice Cary.

"Bury Me in the Sunshine."

Where the sunbeams fall so gently
Waking into life the flowers,
Where the dewdrops fade so quickly,
In the morning's freshest hours;—

Where the song-bird breaks the stillness
With its gushing notes of love,
Unto Him who made all brightness,
He who rules supreme above.

Where the moonlight kisses lightly
All the sleeping world around,
And the stars look down so softly,
Let my resting-place be found.

When my eye-lids close forever
On this world of joy and pain,
Let the sun shine on me ever,
Till they open once again.

'Till they open to the sun-light
Of the blessed Saviour's face
In its splendor, dazzling sight,
Lighting up that Heavenly place.

G. E. J.

* Last words of Archbishop Hughes.

A BURIAL AT SUNSET.

We laid her down to summer rest;
Soft dews of healing o'er her fell;
The eyes that loved her watched her well,
As sank that sunset down the west.

Did no strange thrill our pulses stir?
Whispered no fear with chilling breath?
Nor felt we that the angel Death,
Silent and awful, watched with her!

Stately and calm above us then
The gates were opened; straight, we knew,
Our friend was passing softly through:
She came not back to us again.

While those afar, who loved her best,
Were saying, "Lo, the Spirit saith,
To those in Christ' THERE IS NO DEATH!"
She sank as sunset down the west!

SUNSHINE.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

Gather sunshine from all the gay pleasures of life,
And hoard it away for the dark coming days;
Gather songs where the loveliest bowers are rife
With bluebirds and robins rehearsing their lays;
As the bee gathers honey from summer's bright blooms,
And dreams of sweet meadows through winter's bleak air,
Do thou garner away all life's richest perfumes,
And welcome, with light-hearted laughter, despair.

'Twere unwise to believe the great Giver of good
Had destined our days to be clouded with pain;
Though our hot tears of anguish fall deep as a flood,
The sun bow of beauty will shine from the rain.
When love enters the heart there's no corner for gloom;
If love lights the eye, every object is fair:
Holy spirits of beauty leap forth from the tomb—
Not even the grave is a place for despair.

DAGUERREOTYPE EXHIBITION.

Apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Prov. xxv 2

O what if thus our evil deeds
Are blazoned in the sky;
And every scene of our wild lives
Daguerreotyped on high!

I know some angel chronicleth
Each living mortal's name;
But what if thus our vital breath
Be painting out our shame!

O lowly live on earth, and let
Thine alms, unseen as air,
Be golden fruitage in the skies,
And silver pictures there!

FRIENDSHIP.

—Hast thou a friend?
Often to his threshold wend.
Thistles and weeds the path o'ergrow,
On which a man neglects to go.

RESURGAMUS.

They say the battle has been lost—what then?
There is no need of tears, and doleful strains:
The holy cause for which we fought remains,
And millions of unconquerable men.
Repulse may do us good—it cannot harm;
Where work is to be done, 'tis well to know
Its full extent; before the final blow,
Power, nerved to crush, must bare its strong right arm!
Let them rejoice, then, while they may; for we,
Driven back a moment, by the tide of war,
Re-gathered, shall pour on them from afar,
As mighty and resistless as the sea!
The battle is *not* lost, while men remain,
Free men, and brave, like ours, to fight again!

New York, July 22, 1861. R. H. STODDARD.

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvass are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes;
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan.—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how cowardly the Bull-Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay at-home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that sealed the Redan;
Truculent housemaids and blood-thirsty Quakers
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the side-walk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve qui peut! Bridget, and right about! Ann,—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy secesh'rs,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white feather plume, sweet little man!

Tune—"The first gun is fired."

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more—
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees, are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond s bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes the fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before;
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

Coming Home.

They are coming home, coming home
Brother and lover, father and son,
Friend and foe—they are coming home
To rest, for their work is done.

They come from hospital, picket and field,
From iron boat, and frowning fort,
In silent companies, slowly wheeled
In the rythm of a solemn thought.

This was a father of women and men,
Gray-haired, but hale, and strong of limb:
The bayonet flashed, and flashed again,
And the old man's eyes grew dim!

Here was a form of manly grace:
The bomb-shell groaning through the air,
Drenched with his blood a pictured face,
And a curl of silken hair.

This was a bright-eyed, venturesome boy:
Back from the perilous picket-ground
They bore him, waked from his dream of joy
To a ghastly, fatal wound.

And thus for three days lingering,
He talked in wandering, rapid speech
Of mother, and home, and the cooling spring
His lips could almost reach.

They are coming home, but not as they went,
With the flying flag and stirring band,
With the tender word, and messages sent
From the distant, waving hand.

Up the steps, and into the door,
With hidden faces our loved ones come:
We may cry their names out o'er and o'er,
But their pallid lips are dumb.

O friends untimely snatched from hence,
May we find, beyond heaven's lowering dome,
Some blissful future recompense
For this sorrowful coming home!

—*Boston Transcript.*

Off for a Soldier.

"Oh, where are you goin'?" said Mrs. O'Flaherty
One morning to Mike, as he shouldered a gun;
"I am going," said Mike, "to put on regimentals,
And march wid the boys till rebellion is done."

"And what, if you're kilt, will become of my children—
My poor little boys and the girl on my knee?
"Sure, Mike," said she, "I will be dead, although living,
If niver again you come back unto me."

"Oh, Peggy, my darlint, no harm shall befall me;
The stars and the stripes shall float over my head;
And, Peggy, you know I must help save the country
That affords me protection and gives me my bread.

"And won't ye be proud of your Mickey O'Flaherty
When he comes back, dear Peggy, all covered wid scars,
To show that he's shtood in the front of the battle,
Where no one can shtand who stays home from the wars?"

"And Mickey," said Peggy, "my prayers'll go wid ye,
Tho' deep in my heart I shall grieve for your sake;
And I'll kiss our dear babies each mornin' and evenin',
And tache them the name of their father to spake.

"The papers I'll read, Mike, to see if you're wounded—
Oh, faith, Mike, that thought makes a fire of my brain;
To think of you lying, shot down by a ribel,
Wid an arm or a leg off, and groaning wid pain;

"Wid no kind one near you to give you attentiou,
To wipe the cold dampness away from your cheek—
Oh, Mike, it is hard, when I think of these avils,
To look in your face and a parting to speak."

"But, Peggy," said he, "sure I'll come back a hero.
To be pointed at as America's pride;
And I'll carry my gun on the top of my shoulder,
Wid both legs all right and my arms by my side.

"Faith, niver a dangerous bullet shall reach me,
And, sure, if it does I will balk its design,
For with God on my side and the thoughts of ould Erin,
No serious avil can iver be mine."

"But, Mickey," said Peggy, "how many have perished!
How many are shleeping that niver will wake,
Who marched with the army a searching for glory!
Oh, Mickey, stay home for your poor Peggy's sake!"

"Stay at home, is it, Peggy! Ah! niver, till thraitors
Have fired their last gun at the flag of the free;
I must go and just have a brief lark wid the ribels—
Those sons of the divil who kicked up this spree.

"And good bye, my Peggie! and good bye, my childer!
May God bless you all till I come back again
Wid my arms and my legs, wid my head and my body,
Wid niver a scratch, and wid niver a pain."

The drums then came beating—the colors were flying—
A kiss for his wife and his dear children three—
And Mickey O'Flaherty marched with the soldiers
To fight for the flag of the faithful and free.

The God of battle was with the Union army, and His favor gave to them the triumph. As, in the days of ancient Israel, the sons of God went to battle, and to victory, trusting in the "Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," so, in our day, the people of our free land, fought their battles, and gained their triumphs, trusting in the "Sword of the Lord," and of General Grant.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*"Marching Along."*

We've come here from Maine, whose green hills kiss the sky,
From where Erie's waves in the clear sunlight lie;
In far off Nebraska, our loved ones among,
We unfurled our banner and came marching along.
Chorus—Marching along, we'll be marching along—
Shouldering our rifles, we'll be marching along;
For freedom we're battling 'gainst oppression and wrong;
So, shouldering our rifles, we'll be marching along.

We'll stand side by side, sternly fronting the foe,
No word like "surrender" our lips e'er shall know;
In our country's cause we are linked heart to heart—
Defending her honor, we will each do our part.
Maching along, &c.

We're enrolled for the war, and we *will* see it o'er;
Our banner shall triumph on inland and shore.
Rebellion is doomed, for God fights 'gainst the wrong,
And, calling on Him, we'll be marching along.
Marching along, &c.

Through God we're determined the victory to win,
And make peace succeed to this war's fearful din.
Through Him will we vanquish that thrice cursed band
Who've crimsoned with blood this our once happy land.
Marching along, &c.

South Reading, Sept. 17, 1862. WINNIE W——.

The Soldier's Oath.

Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., offers the following variation and adaptation of a German song by Arndt, the patriotic and pious lyrist of the Liberation War of 1814:—

Lift on high both heart and hand!
By the broad, blue heaven high o'er us,
By the sacred cause before us,
Swear with Freedom's flag to stand!
By your forefathers in glory,
Names that consecrate the air,
By your Freedom's kindling story,
By the God of Freedom, swear!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
Swear, that earth and heaven may hear it,
And the brazen traitor fear it—
Swear the oath to save your land!
Glorious ensign, float before us,
Proudly lead us to the field;
While thy folds are fluttering o'er us,
None shall basely flee or yield!

Lift on high both heart and hand.
Swell, with Freedom's pure air filling,
Noble flag, each bosom thrilling
Of our chosen patriot band;
Sign of honor! never paling,
Save in death, our cheeks thou'lt see—
Thousand pangs with transport hailing
Ere we turn our backs on thee!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
Hail, this glorious consecration!
Hail, regenerated nation!
Hail, all hail! thou new-born land!
Sons of Freedom, all assemble,
Solemn vows and praise to pay,
Falsehood, fraud, and treason, tremble!
Courage, children of the day!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
To the King of Nations rear it,
Let the great Heart-searcher hear it,
As we here before him stand,
Praying him to keep us holy,
Pure in thought and word and deed—
Him whose hand uplifts the lowly,
Makes the just alone succeed!

Prayer During Battle.

Father, I call on Thee!
While the smoke of the firing envelops my sight,
And the lightnings of slaughter are winged on their flight,
Leader of battles, I call on Thee!
Father, O lead me.

Father, O lead me!
Lead me to victory, or lead me to death!
Lord, I yield to Thee my breath!
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead me!
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
In the grove where the leaves of the summer are fading,
As here 'mid the storm of the loud cannonading,
Fountain of love, I acknowledge Thee!
Father, O bless me!

Father, O bless me!
I commit my life to the will of Heaven,
For Thou canst take it as Thou hast given.
In life and death, O bless me!
Father, I praise Thee!

Father, I praise Thee!
This is no strife for the goods of this world;
For freedom alone is our banner unfurled.
Thus, falling or conquering, I praise Thee.
God, I yield myself to Thee!

God, I yield myself to Thee!
When the thunders of battle are loud in the strife,
And my opening veins pour forth my life,
God, I yield myself to Thee!
Father, I call Thee. —*Korner.*

THIS DAY, COUNTRYMEN.

Cowards, slink away!
But who scorns to see the foe
Deal our land all shame and woe,
Must go forth to-day!

Crops are safe, afield!
Cripples and old men can reap:
Young and strong and bold must leap
Other tools to wield.

Cast the daily trade!
Never may be bought or won,
After this great fight is done,
What this day is weighed.

Leave your true love's side!
Go! be fearless, true and strong!
Woman glories to belong
Where she looks with pride.

True men hold our line:
Basely leave their true ranks thin,
Waste and ruin will rush in
Like the trampling swine.

Dare you be a man?
Now for home, and law, and right,
Go, in God's name to the fight,
Forward to the van!

—*Robert Lowell.*

The Dead at Richmond.

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The God of Israel is our God, who set his people free,
Through fire and storm and desert heats and slimy depths of sea.
So while the thunder's arrow smites and angry lightnings play,
He leads us to the promised land, by this his chosen way.

Let not a wailing cry be heard, let not a tear-drop fall.
In silence follow to the grave the dead beneath yon pall.
Not yet plant we the votive stone, nor mockery of bloom:
But let us swear our oath anew upon the hero's tomb—
By Him whose throne is Truth and Law, by those who sleep below,
We hold our lives as cheap as air, while stands an armed foe.
We draw the sword our fathers blessed, and throw the sheath away,
To conquer in these dead men's name, or lie as cold as they.

When bright upon its ancient staff, and purged of shame and crime,
The flag shakes out its stars again high in the van of time,
When Freedom holds her perfect sway, and Truth consorts with Peace,
When young men dare to face their sires and offer maids a kiss,
When we have won the right to weep, the right to praise the brave,
Then be the lofty marble brought to mark the soldier's grave.
Around it let the ivy creep with roses side by side;
And all in shining gold be writ his name and how he died.

But now shed not the useless tear, litt not the voice of woe,
The earth is red with kindred blood,—before us is the foe—
The cannon's roar, the sword's keen flash, the unrelenting eye.
These be our wail at sore defeat, these be our proud reply!

"OURS."

BY BRIG. GEN. F. W. LANDER.

[From the Boston Post.]

The following stanzas were written by Brigadier General Lander, on hearing that the confederate troops had said "that fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed if they had not been too proud to surrender":—

Aye, deem us proud, for we are more
Than proud of all our mighty dead;
Proud of the bleak and rock-bound shore
A crowned oppressor cannot tread.

Proud of each rock, and wood, and glen,
Of every river, lake, and plain;
Proud of the calm and earnest men
Who claim the right and will to reign.

Proud of the men who gave us birth,
Who battled with the stormy wave,
To sweep the red man from the earth,
And build their homes upon his grave.

Proud of the holy summer morn,
They traced in blood upon its sod
The rights of freemen yet unborn;
Proud of their language and their God.

Proud, that beneath our proudest dome,
And round the cottage-cradled hearth,
There is a welcome and a home
For every striken race on earth.

Proud, that yon slowly sinking sun
Saw drowning lips grow white in prayer
O'er such brief acts of duty done
As honor gathers from despair.

Pride! 'tis our watchword, "Clear the boats!"
"Holmes, Putnam, Bartlett, Pierson—Here!"
And while this crazy wherry floats,
"Let's save our wounded," cries Revere.

Old state—some souls are rudely sped—
This record, for thy Twentieth corps,
Imprisoned, wounded, dying, dead,
It only asks: "Has Sparta more?"

From the Boston Transcript.

The following grand and inspiring lyric, one of the noblest that the war has called forth from any poet, has been sent to us for publication.

To Canaan!

A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND.*

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up,—
The same our fathers bore?
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain,—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondmen—
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord hath led us forth,
To strike upon the captives' chain
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The priests and maidens cried:
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The people's voice replied.
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens,
The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?
—The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,—
When half the world is Freedom's
Then all the world's our own!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth
To Sweep the rebel threshing floors,
A whirlwind from the North!

*See Numbers 1, 45, 46.

KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO.

The Springfield *Republican* publishes the following beautiful poem by Miss Priest, the author of "Over the River." We copy it as the most eloquent and effective means at our disposal for securing alike volunteers and involuntary tears. It possesses almost the pathetic power of the little poem which, by itself, has given the writer a place in American literature. Read it, everybody:

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,
I would be one, mother. Let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood;
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know;—
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes, and its field of blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defied,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew,
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen low;"
Earth's downtrod millions weep and fear;
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies,
Our brothers languish in heartsick pain,
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
Oh, mother, say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing this smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours, to the battle-field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful blow?
Not so, though your heart should break with pain,
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Let the SWORD be the standing emblem, glittering before our eyes; and let the FLAG advance, and armed men tread beneath its folds.—GOV. ANDREW.

SONG OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

We see the gallant streamer yet
Float from the bastioned walls;
One hearty song for fatherland,
Before its banner falls—
Last on our gaze when outward bound
We plough the ocean's foam,
First on our longing eyes again
To waft our welcome home!

Beneath thy shade we've toiled in peace;
The golden corn we reap;
We've taken home our bonny brides;
We've rocked our babes to sleep;
We marched to front the battle-storms
That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the Stars and Stripes we'll keep,
Come years of weal or woe;
Close up, close up the broken line,
And let the traitors go!
Ho, brothers of the "Border States!"
We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now,
As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We'll keep the memories bright and green
Of all our old renown;
We'll strike the traitor hand that's raised
To pluck the eagle down.
Still shall it guard your Southern homes
From all the foes that come.
We'll move with you to harp and flute,
Or march to fife and drum!

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
Still shall our nation's sign
Roll out again its streaming stars
On all the border line;
And with the same old rallying-cry,
Beneath its folds we'll meet,
And they shall be our conquering sign,
Or be our winding-sheet!

'Tis said that when Jerusalem
Sank in her last despair,
A spectre sword hung gory red
Just o'er her in the air;
Ye that tear down your country's flag,
Look when God's gathering ire
Hangs in its place, just o'er your heads,
A sword of bloody fire!

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY REV. WM. C. RICHARDS.

[AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"]

The Stars and Stripes have been our boast
For four score years and more;
And woe betide, the flag beside,
That waves our country o'er.

Our fathers set the Stars above,
And ruled the Stripes below;
If they are gone, their Flag lives on,
And we will keep it so.

Thirteen at first, its glittering Stars
Have grown to thirty-four;
Each Star a State—and still we wait
To count the number more!

But some to make the number less
Have wantonly conspired—
A rebel band, with traitorous hand,
By false ambition fired—

Unfurl a flag unlike our own,
An upstart, bastard thing;
And swear to hate, each recreant state,
The banner that we sing.

Upon that flag are seven scars,
Seven stars on ours they shone!
And now it flies 'neath southern skies,
Whence our dear flag is gone!

Gone for a day,—perhaps a year,—
But not forever gone,
For myriads forth from the great North
Are hurrying Southward on

Tear that mongrel banner down
And grime it in the dust,
That flouts the sky, where once, on high,
Waved our proud flag and just.

And though the work cost precious blood,
And gold like water flows—
Its whole domain—our flag again,
Shall conquer from all foes.

God's finger writes this promise sure
In all our glorious past—
From sea to sea our flag shall be
The first, alone, and last.

The Stars and Stripes have been our boast,
For four score years and more;
And woe betide, the flag beside,
That waves one acre o'er!

Unsheath it—'tis a friend to thee;
Strike with the Christian's might;
Sword of the Spirit it shall be!
God bless thee and the right.

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvass are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes;
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster.
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan,—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how cowardly the Bull-Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay at-home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent housemaids and blood-thirsty Quakers
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the side-walk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve qui peut! Bridget, and right about! Ann,—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy secessers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white feather plume, sweet little man!

Tune—"The first gun is fired."

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more—
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees, are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond s bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes the fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before;
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

Coming Home.

They are coming home, coming home
Brother and lover, father and son,
Friend and foe—they are coming home
To rest, for their work is done.

They come from hospital, picket and field,
From iron boat, and frowning fort,
In silent companies, slowly wheeled
In the rythm of a solemn thought.

This was a father of women and men,
Gray-haired, but hale, and strong of limb:
The bayouet flashed, and flashed again,
And the old man's eyes grew dim!

Here was a form of manly grace:
The bomb-shell groaning through the air,
Drenched with his blood a pictured face,
And a curl of silken hair.

This was a bright-eyed, venturesome boy:
Back from the perilous picket-ground
They bore him, waked from his dream of joy
To a ghastly, fatal wound.

And thus for three days lingering,
He talked in wandering, rapid speech
Of mother, and home, and the cooling spring
His lips could almost reach.

They are coming home, but not as they went,
With the flying flag and stirring band,
With the tender word, and messages sent
From the distant, waving hand.

Up the steps, and into the door,
With hidden faces our loved ones come:
We may cry their names out o'er and o'er,
But their pallid lips are dumb.

O friends untimely snatched from hence,
May we find, beyond heaven's lowering dome,
Some blissful future recompense
For this sorrowful coming home!

—*Boston Transcript.*

Off for a Soldier.

"Oh, where are you goin'?" said Mrs. O'Flaherty
One morning to Mike, as he shouldered a gun;
"I am going," said Mike, "to put on regimentals,
And march wid the boys till rebellion is done."

"And what, if you're kilt, will become of my children—
My poor little boys and the girl on my knee?
"Sure, Mike," said she, "I will be dead, although living,
If niver again you come back unto me."

"Oh, Peggy, my darlint, no harm shall befall me;
The stars and the stripes shall float over my head;
And, Peggy, you know I must help save the country
That affords me protection and gives me my bread.

"And won't ye be proud of your Mickey O'Flaherty
When he comes back, dear Peggy, all covered wid scare,
To show that he's shtood in the front of the battle,
Where no one can shtand who stays home from the wars?"

"And Mickey," said Peggy, "my prayers 'll go wid ye,
Tho' deep in my heart I shall grieve for your sake;
And I'll kiss our dear babies each mornin' and evenin',
And tache them the name of their father to spake.

"The papers I'll read, Mike, to see if you're wounded—
Oh, faith, Mike, that thought makes a fire of my brain;
To think of you lying, shot down by a ribel,
Wid an arm or a leg off, and groaning wid pain;

"Wid no kind one near you to give you attention,
To wipe the cold dampness away from your cheek—
Oh, Mike, it is hard, when I think of these avils,
To look in your face and a parting to speak."

"But, Peggy," said he, "sure I'll come back a hero
To be pointed at as America's pride;
And I'll carry my gun on the top of my shoulder,
Wid both legs all right and my arms by my side.

"Faith, niver a dangerous bullet shall reach me,
And, sure, if it does I will balk its design,
For with God on my side and the thoughts of ould Erin,
No serious avil can iver be mine."

"But, Mickey," said Peggy, "how many have perished!
How many are shleeping that niver will wake,
Who marched with the army a searching for glory!
Oh, Mickey, stay home for your poor Peggy's sake!"

"Stay at home, is it, Peggy! Ah! niver, till thraitors
Have fired their last gun at the flag of the free;
I must go and just have a brief lark wid the ribels—
Those sons of the divil who kicked up this spree.

"And good bye, my Peggie! and good bye, my childer!
May God bless you all till I come back again
Wid my arms and my legs, wid my head and my body,
Wid niver a scratch, and wid niver a pain."

The drums then came beating—the colors were flying—
A kiss for his wife and his dear children three—
And Mickey O'Flaherty marched with the soldiers
To fight for the flag of the faithful and free.

The God of battle was with the Union army, and His favor gave to them the triumph. As, in the days of ancient Israel, the sons of God went to battle, and to victory, trusting in the "Sword of the Lord, and of Gidcon," so, in our day, the people of our free land, fought their battles, and gained their triumphs, trusting in the "Sword of the Lord," and of General Grant.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"*Marching Along.*"

We've come here from Maine, whose green hills kiss the sky,
From where Erio's waves in the clear sunlight lie;
In far off Nebraska, our loved ones among,
We unfurled our banner and came marching along.
Chorus—Marching along, we'll be marching along—
Shouldering our rifles, we'll be marching along;
For freedom we're battling 'gainst oppression and wrong;
So, shouldering our rifles, we'll be marching along.

We'll stand side by side, sternly fronting the foe,
No word like "surrender" our lips e'er shall know;
In our country's cause we are linked heart to heart—
Defending her honor, we will each do our part.
Maching along, &c.

We're enrolled for the war, and we *will* see it o'or;
Our banner shall triumph on inland and shore.
Rebellion is doomed, for God fights 'gainst the wrong,
And, calling on Him, we'll be marching along.
Marching along, &c.

Through God we're determined the victory to win,
And make peace succeed to this war's fearful din.
Through Him will we vanquish that thrice cursed band
Who've crimsoned with blood this our once happy land.
Marching along, &c.

South Reading, Sept. 17, 1862. WINNIE W——.

The Soldier's Oath.

Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., offers the following variation and adaptation of a German song by Arndt, the patriotic and pious lyrist of the Liberation War of 1814:—

Lift on high both heart and hand!
By the broad, blue heaven high o'er us,
By the sacred cause before us,
Swear with Freedom's flag to stand!
By your forefathers in glory,
Names that consecrate the air,
By your Freedom's kindling story,
By the God of Freedom, swear!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
Swear, that earth and heaven may hear it,
And the brazen traitor fear it—
Swear the oath to save your land!
Glorious ensign, float before us,
Proudly lead us to the field;
While thy folds are fluttering o'er us,
None shall basely flee or yield!

Lift on high both heart and hand.
Swell, with Freedom's pure air filling,
Noble flag, each bosom thrilling
Of our chosen patriot band;
Sign of honor! never paling,
Save in death, our cheeks thou'lt see—
Thousand pangs with transport hailing
Ere we turn our backs on thee!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
Hail, this glorious consecration!
Hail, regenerated nation!
Hail, all hail! thou new-born land!
Sons of Freedom, all assemble,
Solemn vows and praise to pay,
Falsehood, fraud, and treason, tremble!
Courage, children of the day!

Lift on high both heart and hand,
To the King of Nations rear it,
Let the great Heart-searcher hear it,
As we here before him stand,
Praying him to keep us holy,
Pure in thought and word and deed—
Him whose hand uplifts the lowly,
Makes the just alone succeed!

Prayer During Battle.

Father, I call on Thee!
While the smoke of the firing envelops my sight,
And the lightnings of slaughter are winged on their flight,
Leader of battles, I call on Thee!
Father, O lead me.

Father, O lead me!
Lead me to victory, or lead me to death!
Lord, I yield to Thee my breath!
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead me!
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
In the grove where the leaves of the summer are fading,
As here 'mid the storm of the loud cannonading,
Fountain of love, I acknowledge Thee!
Father, O bless me!

Father, O bless me!
I commit my life to the will of Heaven,
For Thou canst take it as Thou hast given.
In life and death, O bless me!
Father, I praise Thee!

Father, I praise Thee!
This is no strife for the goods of this world;
For freedom alone is our banner unfurled.
Thus, falling or conquering, I praise Thee.
God, I yield myself to Thee!

God, I yield myself to Thee!
When the thunders of battle are loud in the strife,
And my opening veins pour forth my life,
God, I yield myself to Thee!
Father, I call Thee. —*Korner.*

THIS DAY, COUNTRYMEN.

Cowards, slink away!
But who scorns to see the foe
Deal our land all shame and woe,
Must go forth to-day!

Crops are safe, afield!
Cripples and old men can reap:
Young and strong and bold must leap
Other tools to wield.

Cast the daily trade!
Never may be bought or won,
After this great fight is done,
What this day is weighed.

Leave your true love's side!
Go! be fearless, true and strong!
Woman glories to belong
Where she looks with pride.

True men hold our line:
Basely leave their true ranks thin,
Waste and ruin will rush in
Like the trampling swine.

Dare you be a man?
Now for home, and law, and right,
Go, in God's name to the fight,
Forward to the van!

—*Robert Lowell.*

The Dead at Richmond.

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The God of Israel is our God, who set his people free,
Through fire and storm and desert heats and slimy depths of sea.
So while the thunder's arrow smites and angry lightnings play,
He leads us to the promised land, by this his chosen way.

Let not a wailing cry be heard, let not a tear-drop fall.
In silence follow to the grave the dead beneath yon pall.
Not yet plant we the votive stone, nor mockery of bloom:
But let us swear our oath anew upon the hero's tomb—
By Him whose throne is Truth and Law, by those who sleep below,
We hold our lives as cheap as air, while stands an armed foe.
We draw the sword our fathers blessed, and throw the sheath away,
To conquer in these dead men's name, or lie as cold as they.

When bright upon its ancient staff, and purged of shame and crime,
The flag shakes out its stars again high in the van of time,
When Freedom holds her perfect sway, and Truth consorts with Peace,
When young men dare to face their sires and offer maids a kiss,
When we have won the right to weep, the right to praise the brave,
Then be the lofty marble brought to mark the soldier's grave.
Around it let the ivy creep with roses side by side;
And all in shining gold be writ his name and how he died.

But now shed not the useless tear, lift not the voice of woe,
The earth is red with kindred blood,—before us is the foe—
The cannon's roar, the sword's keen flash, the unrelenting eye.
These be our wail at sore defeat, these be our proud reply!

"OURS."

BY BRIG. GEN. F. W. LANDER.

[From the Boston Post.]

The following stanzas were written by Brigadier General Lander, on hearing that the confederate troops had said "that fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed if they had not been too proud to surrender":—

Aye, deem us proud, for we are more
Than proud of all our mighty dead;
Proud of the bleak and rock-bound shore
A crowned oppressor cannot tread.

Proud of each rock, and wood, and glen,
Of every river, lake, and plain;
Proud of the calm and earnest men
Who claim the right and will to reign.

Proud of the men who gave us birth,
Who battled with the stormy wave,
To sweep the red man from the earth,
And build their homes upon his grave.

Proud of the holy summer morn,
They traced in blood upon its sod
The rights of freemen yet unborn;
Proud of their language and their God.

Proud, that beneath our proudest dome,
And round the cottage-cradled hearth,
There is a welcome and a home
For every striken race on earth.

Proud, that yon slowly sinking sun
Saw drowning lips grow white in prayer
O'er such brief acts of duty done
As honor gathers from despair.

Pride, 'tis our watchword, "Clear the boats!"
"Holmes, Putnam, Bartlett, Pierson—Here!"
And while this crazy wherry floats,
"Let's save our wounded," cries Revere.

Old state—some souls are rudely sped—
This record, for thy Twentieth corps,
Imprisoned, wounded, dying, dead,
It only asks: "Has Sparta more?"

From the Boston Transcript.

The following grand and inspiring lyric, one of the noblest that the war has called forth from any poet, has been sent to us for publication.

To Canaan!

A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND.*

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up,—
The same our fathers bore?
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain,—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondmen—
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord hath led us forth,
To strike upon the captives' chain
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The priests and maidens cried:
To Canaan! To Canaan!
The people's voice replied.
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens,
The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?
—The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,—
When half the world is Freedom's
Then all the world's our own!
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth
To Sweep the rebel threshing floors,
A whirlwind from the North!

*See Numbers 1, 45, 46.

KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO.

The Springfield *Republican* publishes the following beautiful poem by Miss Prcst, the author of "Over the River." We copy it as the most eloquent and effective means at our disposal for securing alike volunteers and involuntary tears. It possesses almost the pathetic power of the little poem which, by itself, has given the writer a place in American literature. Read it, everybody:

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,
I would be one, mother. Let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood;
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know;—
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes, and its field of blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defiled,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew,
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen low;"
Earth's downtrod millions weep and fear;
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies,
Our brothers languish in heartsick pain,
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
Oh, mother, say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing this smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours, to the battle-field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful blow?
Not so, though your heart should break with pain,
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Let the SWORD be the standing emblem, glittering before our eyes; and let the FLAG advance, and armed men tread beneath its folds.—GOV. ANDREW.

SONG OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

We see the gallant streamor yet
Float from the bastioned walls;
One hearty song for fatherland,
Before its banner falls—
Last on our gaze when outward bound
We plough the ocean's foam,
First on our longing eyes again
To waft our welcome home!

Beneath thy shade we've toiled in peace;
The golden corn we reap;
We've taken home our bonny brides;
We've rocked our babes to sleep;
We marched to front the battle-storms
That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the Stars and Stripes we'll keep,
Come years of weal or woe;
Close up, close up the broken line,
And let the traitors go!
Ho, brothers of the "Border States!"
We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now,
As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We'll keep the memories bright and green
Of all our old renown;
We'll strike the traitor hand that's raised
To pinck the eagle down.
Still shall it guard your Southern homes
From all the foes that come.
We'll move with you to harp and flute,
Or march to fife and drum!

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
Still shall our nation's sign
Roll out again its streaming stars
On all the border line;
And with the same old rallying-cry,
Beneath its folds we'll meet,
And they shall be our conquering sign,
Or be our winding-sheet!

'Tis said that when Jerusalem
Sank in her last despair,
A spectre sword hung gory red
Just o'er her in the air;
Ye that tear down your country's flag,
Look when God's gathering ire
Hangs in its place, just o'er your heads,
A sword of bloody fire!

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY REV. WM. C. RICHARDS.

[AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"]

The Stars and Stripes have been our boast
For four score years and more;
And woe betide, the flag beside,
That waves our country o'er.

Our fathers set the Stars above,
And ruled the Stripes below;
If they are gone, their Flag lives on,
And we will keep it so.

Thirteen at first, its glittering Stars
Have grown to thirty-four;
Each Star a State—and still we wait
To count the number more!

But some to make the number less
Have wantonly conspired—
A rebel band, with traitorous hand,
By false ambition fired—

Unfurl a flag unlike our own,
An upstart, bastard thing;
And swear to hate, each recreant state,
The banner that we sing.

Upon that flag are seven scars,
Seven stars on ours they shone!
And now it flies 'neath southern skies,
Whence our dear flag is gone!

Gone for a day,—perhaps a year,—
But not forever gone,
For myriads forth from the great North
Are hurrying Southward on

Tear that mongrel banner down
And grime it in the dust,
That flouts the sky, where once, on high,
Waved our proud flag and just.

And though the work cost precious blood,
And gold like water flows—
Its whole domain—our flag again,
Shall conquer from all foes.

God's finger writes this promise sure
In all our glorious past—
From sea to sea our flag shall be
The first, alone, and last.

The Stars and Stripes have been our boast,
For four score years and more;
And woe betide, the flag beside,
That waves one acre o'er!

Unsheath it—'tis a friend to thee;
Strike with the Christian's might;
Sword of the Spirit it shall be!
God bless thee and the right.

Song of the "Army of the Tennessee."

[Written for the Savannah Republican.]

To the Army of the Tennessee,
Upon whose noble banners ride
The noble bird of victory,
The eagle of our pride.
Where'er there's death and danger,
'Tis ever sure to go,
To vindicate the noble flag
Of Benny Havens, O!
Chorus—Benny Havens, O!
Benny Havens, O!
To vindicate the noble flag
Of Benny Havens, O!

Here's to our first commander,
Vicksburg's U. S. Grant,
Who in searching thro' the lexicon,
Can find no word like "can't;"
But he has since found what's better,
A way to crush the foe
That arrays itself against the flag
Of Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

Here's to honest Billy Sherman,
Our gallant old tycoon;
May his star of fame be ever bright
As the summer's sun at noon;
May his name float down time's channel,
Where our country's fame will go,
As one among the brightest lights
Of Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

To the memory of our McPherson
We drink in silent sorrow;
A night of grief now shrouds our hearts,
A night that knows no morrow.
He fell as falls the soldier,
With his face toward the foe—
A nobler never clinked a cup
At Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

To our noble brothers lying
At Vicksburg's bloody rear,
May their lonely graves be watered
By an honest comrade's tear;
May the traitorous hand who slew them
No mercy ever know;
Nor in the future world ere meet
With Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

To the martyr heroes fallen
In Atlanta's grand campaign,
Their life blood still cries out to us
From the gory battle plain,
For vengeance on the traitorous
And sacrilegious foe,
Who dared betray the starry flag
Of Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

In the days that are coming,
When the present scenes are fled,
And the prairie flower's blooming
Above our final bed,
May those who survive us
Pass the bottle to and fro;
And drink to those who are sleeping
With Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

Here's a health to Christian Howard,
The "Havelock" of the day;
The Hero who gave his own right hand
At Fair Oaks bloody fray.
May his days grow bright and joyous
With ages coming snow,
And his name be ev'r enbalmed in song
With Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

And their Staffs so gay and festive,
As they rove through Southern bowers;
And talking sweet to Southern belles
Of moonlight, love and flowers.
May they ne'er forget their duties,
As they sentimental grow,
But teach the darlings Union
With Benny Havens, O!
Chorus, &c.

COMING HOME.

They are coming home, coming home,
Brother and lover, father and son;
Friend and foe—they are coming home
To rest, for their work is done.

They come from the hospital, picket and field,
From iron boat, and frowning fort,
In silent companies, slowly wheeled,
In the rhythm of a doleful thought.

This was a father of women and men,
Gray-haired but hale, and strong of limb;
The bayonet flashed and flashed again,
And the old man's eyes grew dim.

Here was a form of manly grace;
The bomb-shell groaning through the air,
Drenched with his blood a pictured face,
And a curl of silken hair.

This was a bright-eyed, venturesome boy;
Back from the perilous picket-ground,
They bore him, waked from his dream of joy,
To a ghastly, fatal wound.

And thus for three days lingering,
He talked in wandering, rapid speech,
Of mother and home, and the cooling spring
His lips could alm ost reach.

They are coming home, but not as they went,
With the flying flag and stirring band;
With the tender word and message sent
From the distant waving hand.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

II.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred, twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

III.

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief, "my brave old soldier, No!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so.
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old and grey,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

IV.

"Put, General!" cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow;
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

V.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them, one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to try:
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry'"

VI.

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief; "God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part.
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

VII.

"Put, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried:
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide:
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!

VIII.

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand;
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

IX.

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne;
'There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane!'

X.

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly;
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place!"

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND,
Brigadier General James C. Rice.

Moaning upon the bloody plain,
The young and gallant soldier lay;
And from his failing heart and brain
The life was ebbing swift away.

The restlessness of death was there—
The weariness that longed for rest—
The beaded brow, the matted hair,
The hurried pulse, the heaving breast.

"TURN ME," he said, "THAT I MAY DIE
FACE TO THE FOE!" And ready hands
And loyal hearts were waiting by,
To execute his last commands.

Facing the enemy, he died,—
A hero in his latest breath;
And now, with mingled love and pride,
I weep and boast his glorious death.

No braver words than these, my friend,
Have ever sealed a soldier's tongue;
No nobler words hath history penned;
No finer words hath poet sung.

The oak that breaks beneath the blast,
Or falls before the woodman's strokes,
Spreads by its fall the ripened mast
That holds in germs a thousand oaks.

And in the words thy death hath strewn
More than thy fallen life survives;
For o'er the nation they are sown—
Seeds for a thousand noble lives.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Io Triumphe!

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now let us raise a song of praise, like Miriam's song of old—
A song of praise to God the Lord, for blessings manifold!
He lifteth up, he casteth down; he bindeth, maketh free;
He sendeth grace to bear defeat; he giveth victory!
Fling out, fling out the holy flag broad in the swelling air!
Its stars renew their morning song. All hail the symbol fair!
For what the fathers did of yore, the sons have learned to do;
And the old legends, half-believed, are proven by the new.

The East and West have shaken hands, twin-brained and twin at heart;
In the red laurels either wins, each has a brother's part.
O, hear ye how from Somerset the voice of triumph calls!
Hear how the echoes take it up on Henry's conquered walls!
And wilder yet the thrilling cry: Fort Donelson is ours,
Like chaff before the roaring north fly fast the rebel powers.
New Orleans sees her doom afar, and lifts a palsied arm,
And haughty Richmond's drunken streets are sobered with alarm.

Up Carolina's frantic shore the tide rolls black and dire;
The thunder's voice is in its heart, its crest avenging fire!
Proud Charleston trembles in her sin, Savannah bows her head,
And Norfolk feels the firm earth shake beneath the northmen's tread.
On island slopes and by the sea are wreck and flying foe;
And fresh in that unwonted air the flowers of freedom blow!

Then honor, under God, to those, the noble men who plan,
And unto those of fiery mould who flame in battle's van!
For, oh, the land is safe, is safe; it rallies from the shock!
Ring round, ring round, ye merry bells, till every steeple rock!
Loud let the cannon's voice be heard! Hang all your banners out!
Lift up in your exultant streets the nation's triumph shout!
Let trumpets bray and wild drums beat; let maidens scatter flowers!
The sun bursts thro' the battle smoke. Hurrah, the day is ours!

April 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh 'twas a gallant day;
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us thirty-seven?

—*Harper's Weekly.*

On With the Flag!

INSCRIBED TO GEN. U. S. GRANT.

They fainted not at death and blood,
But through the wilderness and flood
Bore on the flag.

Through scorching days of shot and shell,
O'er men who fought and men who fell,
Swept on the flag.

O'er file on file, a solid front,
With weapons bare to battle's brunt.
War thunder clouds close rolling round,
Hot, stilling smoke from sky to ground—
High floats the flag.

Firm-poised and stern with deadly aim,
Rank after rank leaps forth in flame,—
A molten doom of fiery darts
Wild-shrieking home to traitor hearts
That cursed the flag.

And rebel charge its bolts of hate
Hurls back to crush the Freedom-fate;
But everywhere, 'mid heaps of slain,
Cry young lips yet unstilled from pain,—
"God bless the flag"

BURNSIDE.

God bless the noble General now,
The army who commands,
For he will lead our soldiers on
With willing hearts and hands.
With hearty cheers and brave resolves,
In battle's stern array,
They will march on for victory,
And win it in a day.

No longer will they stand and wait
In idleness and rust,
But they will *onward*, though they fall,
And perish if they must.
Better to keep their swords and guns
In action clear and bright;
They were not made for mere parade,
But practice in the fight.

Camp life is not a life for men
Who long to do or die,
And see the banners of the cause
Careering in the sky.
They wish to grapple with the foe,
And put his ranks to rout—
Not calmly sit, as in a siege,
And wear his patience out.

Thank God! the longed for, prayed for hour,
Has come for us at length,
In which the soldiers of the North
May prove their nerve and strength;
Not waste away, with hope deferred,
In most inglorious ease,
Or meet within their winter tents
Home-sickness and disease.

The General who commands them now
will spend not in delay
The golden hours that, once unused,
Forever pass away.
But he will grasp the present time,
And wield it while he can;
Nor distant from the Southern rear
Will be the Northern van.

BURNSIDE will rush upon the foe,
In battle or retreat,
And you shall hear, with joyful ear,
His drums victorious beat.
His banner shall not folded be
For long and weary days,
But like a comet's dazzling beams,
Advancing, soar, and blaze!

—*Park Benjamin.*

[From Harper's Magazine for December.]

ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Dean!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here.*"

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY E. J. CUTLER.

"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,
Through it a level river slowly drawn;
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay:
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dreams,
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die!"

Wise youth! By few is glory's wreath attained;
But death, or late or soon, awaiteth all.
To fight in Freedom's cause is something gained,
And nothing lost, to fall.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE BLUE COAT.

[The following ballad is from the pen of Bishop Burgess of Maine, and was contributed by him to the book published and sold at the late Sanitary Fair in Baltimore, under the sanction of the State Fair Association of the women of Maryland.]

The Blue Coat of the Soldier.

You ask me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue-coat he wore:
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he wore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great-coat he wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore;
For surely he was a brother of mine,
Who for my sake the war-coat wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore
Than the blue great-coat, &c.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I could not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star,
That worn great-coat the sentry wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

When hardy Butler reined his steed
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
Perhaps behind him, at his need,
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks
In the burning sun no more he wore
The blue great-coat, &c.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore;
Or with Kearney and Pope 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in, that coat he wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

Or, when right over as Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or, when far ahead Atietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore:
The blue great-coat, &c,

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon-roar;
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That coat is mail which that soldier wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore:
The blue great-coat, &c.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore:
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

There comes new light to her dimming eye,
As she opens the fatal scroll,
With a dying hope, whose wondrous charm
Holds her back from her nearing goal.
No tear for her darling, who, fresh from her arm
For his country his life-blood hath shed;
But her thin lips part as the broken heart
Takes in the record—"*Dead!*"

Old friends and true bend kindly down,
And are murmuring soft and low;
But her dying glance is upon the line
That is reading a mother's woe;
And the whisper seems like the voice of dreams
When night's first gloom is gone,
"*Fighting he fell, with his face to the foe,*
Cheering his comrades on."

The paper falls from a lifeless hand,
As she goes to her hero's side:
But a smile is stamped on the rigid lip,
In the life of a mother's pride;
For there steals on the air, like a battle prayer,
To bless her soul's new dawn—
"*Fighting he fell, with his face to the foe,*
Cheering his comrades on."

THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.

The following fine hymn by Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, author of "I Would Not Live Always," is, by Mr. Lincoln's permission, entitled the President's Hymn, and is recommended to be sung in all churches on Thanksgiving Day:

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Allelulas of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South, roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus after each verse—

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Allelulas of freedom, with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again,
Our acres in myriads with treasures of grain;
For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health.
Give thanks—

For the nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthrall,
But liberty guarded by justice for all.
Give thanks—

In the realms of the anvil, the loom, and the plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His ocean domains chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks—

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks—

Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts;
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part;
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore;
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the land.
And the Banner of Union, &c.
Give thanks.

The following lines were composed by Sergeant G. I. Hyatt, Co. F, 147th Pa. Volunteers, at Andersonville, Ga., on the 1st of January, 1865. He died the next day:

THE CRY OF THE PRISONERS.

When our country called for men, we came from forge and store and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory, the broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet homes, each the one he loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union foes, or fall where others fell;
Now in the prison drear we languish, with this our constant cry,
Oh! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you that our hearts are weak with fear,
That all or nearly all of us were captured in the rear;
The scars upon our bodies, from musket ball and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms another tale will tell;
We have tried to do our duty in sight of God on high,
Oh! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hopes still beating in our pleasant Northern homes,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps that may never more return;
In a Southern prison pining, meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily from pinching cold and want:
There brothers, sons and husbands, poor and helpless captured lie,
Oh! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

Just outside our prison gate, is a graveyard near at hand,
Where lie fifteen thousand Union men, beneath the Georgia sand;
Scores and scores are laid beside as day succeeds to day,
And thus it shall be ever, 'till the last shall pass away,
And the last shall say when dying, with uplifted, glazing eye—
Both faith and love are dead at home, they've left us here to die!

Till raging fierce and raging long,
Rebellion falters, Right grows strong,—
And royal rings the shout on high,
"Advance! advance! the traitors fly!
On with the flag!"

No bivouac now, but armor set,
And hands that clench the bayonet;
For men who fight and men who fall,
In these rough days of shell and ball,
Must save the flag.

Heroes of victories double score!
Oh iron-handed conqueror!
Thou hast our sons', our brothers' blood,
And prayers of loyal womanhood.—
Oh, down though wilderness and flood,
Lead on the flag!

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MEMORY.—As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care, from our heart-friends every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold touch every object. Absent friends, gone on the last journey, stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and, like the disciples who saw their Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord, it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the gray-haired father, and the manly son, the bright-eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault, some flaw; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home we remember not a dark day, not one servile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns and the radiance of its bright day—of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love—of our brother, not one teasing, provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.—*Mrs Stowe.*

Saturday Night.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a curse—how many a caress, how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone from earth and heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of all treasures of the hearts.

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home, you heart erring wanderer! Go home, to the cheer that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to joy and comforts fast flying by! Leave your books with complex figures—your dirty shop—your busy store! Rest with those you love; for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and battles with life that have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has waited your coming, in sadness, in tears, and in silence.

Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embraced of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

Sacredness of Tears.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power.—They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong conclusive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feelings are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what made her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A TRUE SENSATION STORY.

He had done the deed.

But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him.

The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (s) stalk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut, after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence.

The culprit was overtaken by justice and several scarlet runners, and brought before a justice of the peas.

The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, O, reader, the wretched man's guilt?

He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would turn up in evidence against him.

He was executed, of course, the mode of execution, decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

He is now a dead beat.

BENEFACTIONS TO LITERATURE IN AMERICA. The last number of the *Congregational Quarterly* contains a list of the personal gifts—not including grants of land and State appropriations—which have been made within the past five years to our American colleges, theological seminaries, academies, scientific societies, education generally, and public libraries.

From this it appears that our colleges have received $8,858,000; our theological seminaries, $1,359,500; our academies, $1,850,000; our scientific societies, $540,000; education generally, $2,220,000; libraries, $385,000; making a grand total of personal gifts to general education purposes, in five years, of fifteen millions, two hundred and twelve thousand five hundred dollars—$15,212,500! We are, doubtless, as generally reported, a money-loving, money-making people; given to business, and also to show; worshippers of the "almighty dollar," either for itself or for what it will do for us and ours; yet where on earth can be found such another record of personal benefactions to the cause of sound learning—collegiate, theological, academic, scientific and general—as is furnished by this record of American generosity?

SILKS TO BE MORE COSTLY.—The London Pall Mall Gazette says:

"The silk breeders of France are, we are told, in a position of the greatest distress. A strange disease, which has reappeared among the worms from time to time—notably in 1688 and 1710—has, since 1860, recommenced its ravages, till the price of seed has risen ten fold, and the demand for mulberry leaves has so fallen off that the planters threaten to cut down the trees and use the lands for some more profitable cultivation. The disease shows itself, according to a petition analyzed in the China Telegraph, just as the worm is about to begin the cocoon, so that the breeder has the trouble of rearing for nothing, and has to purchase seed, as it were, in the dark. Repeated experiments seem to prove that the only seed which can be trusted is that from Japan, and the breeders thereof pray the state to aid them by bringing home their supplies in men-of-war. It seems probable that this request will be granted, and also that the evil which has spread through all silk-growing countries, except Japan, is not temporary, but may last as long as the potato rot and the odium. The real obstacle to silk-growing seems to be the slow growth of the mulberry. The worms will live and work in most countries, but they want mulberry leaves, and nobody is willing to plant orchards which will not begin to bear for five-and-twenty years. It would be no matter of surprise if silk in the next generation became as costly as under the Roman empire, and a silk dress as complete a test of wealth as it was two hundred years ago."

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time and is sure to be done.

WHISKEY SMUGGLING OVER THE CANADIAN BORDER—CAPACIOUS BABIES.—The commissioner of customs, who has recently been making every effort to suppress the extensive smuggling operations which for a long time have been going on along the Canada frontier, has received intelligence from the revenue detectives stationed there that they have just detected an ingenious scheme for conveying whiskey from Canada to the United States.

The attention of the officers was first attracted by the extraordinary number of women and babies on a railroad train bound to the United States, and their suspicions were aroused from the fact that out of 32 "blessed babies" but two gave evidence of the irrepressible animation peculiar to juveniles. The "mothers," likewise, seemed especially anxious to screen their little innocent's heads from prying curiosity, folding them closely to their breasts, and permitting only the neat little feet and legs, encased in tiny shoes and stockings, to be exposed to the gaze of the passengers.

The detectives were on the alert, and at the first station this side of the river where several of the possessors of the passive juveniles left the train, one of the officers politely requested permission of a lady to hold her "baby" while she alighted. Struck with the unusual weight of the infant, and the excessive solicitude of the mother, the officer commenced an investigation, and on removing the wrappings discovered that the interior was a tin case, fashioned after the similitude of a veritable baby, filled with from three to five gallons of whisky.

A general descent was at once made on the bogus mammas, resulting in the arrest of about thirty and the securing of over one hundred gallons of old rye.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Old Oaken Bucket. The following reminiscence of Samuel Woodworth possesses sufficient interest, we think, to warrant us in presenting it to our readers. It is a portion of a private letter recently received from one whose authority in the matter cannot be questioned. In reference to the period of the production of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the writer says: "It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water,—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table, "that is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said, 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from his very soul those beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

Home Journal.

THE MAMMOTH ARMY BAKERY.—We first visited the vault under the rotunda, which is used as a store-room for the immense quantity of flour which is daily being received. The wagons are constantly kept busy delivering their loads under the eastern portico, from whence the barrels are rolled into the vault. Whenever the flour is needed it is slided down to the floor below. The amount of flour constantly in this room is between four and eight thousand barrels. Retracing our steps, we came again to the vicinity of the fountain, where we found eight ovens in full operation, turning out about 20,000 loaves of bread every twenty-four hours. The bread is of the best quality, and each loaf weighs 22 ounces. There are 40 bakers employed at these ovens, who have on one or two occasions, when pressed, run out 24,000 loaves per day. Adjacent to these ovens are two rooms, one on each side of the entrance, from which the bread is delivered. It may not be uninteresting to know the form in use. When the requisition is sent by a quartermaster to the subsistence department at the post-office for the rations for his regiment, an order is drawn for the bread on Lieut Cate, to whom the driver of the wagon presents it, and is furnished with a ticket, which is handed in at the delivery window, and the bread is forthwith passed out on smooth boards to the wagons. The mess room and the kitchen is also on this floor, and the hands, to the number of 160, here take their meals. This department is superintended by Mr Levi M. Pierce, formerly of the 8th Massachusetts regiment, and the cleanly appearance observable, as well as the well-catered meals set out, give indisputable evidence that he "can keep a hotel."

Outside of the building, in the vaults heretofore used for the stowing of fuel, we find six double-sized ovens built, employing ten bakers each, and capable of turning out 40,000 loaves per day, but at present averaging about 30,000. Near by are two other rooms, in which eight men are constantly employed in making yeast, of which about fourteen hundred and fifty gallons is made per day.

Washington Republican.

PERIODS OF LIFE—THEIR CHARACTERISTIC ... childhood, reverence of manhood, maturity, and of old age, wisdom.

Govern your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company

THE ARCTIC NIGHT is thus described by Dr. Hayes: "The darkness of the night cannot be appreciated by any unless personally experiencing it. It is darkness that can be felt. Although no effect seemed to be produced on the physical faculties, it was a severe strain on the mental. Repose is withdrawn. The desire for sleep gives place to an intense longing for light. The heart yearns for new companionship: any thing but the same stern darkness. The silence so dreary and profound becomes at last a terror, yet one which, however terribly it haunted, must still be endured. The scene at times is grand beyond description; the mountain peaks stand out in all their cold distinctness; the stars even, seem to pierce sharply through the clear sky; the moon's clear light sends a chill of discomfort. Nothing seems to blend, but on the contrary, everything stands out abruptly and distinct. The quiet that everywhere reigns is terrible in itself. The mind can find no rest, but wanders out into the vast space to escape present scenes and find something to cling to. The constellations so familiar at home have lost their charm; the Pleades their softness; no footfall gladdens the ear; no wild beast even, breaks the stillness. Silence has ceased to be negative, it stands as a frightful spectre; it is unendurable, and the foot thrust into the snow to relieve the calm, causes a start almost of fear."

A NOVEL MODE OF REFORM.

We find the following in one of our English exchanges, which is apt and suggestive to-day and in this country:—

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs:—

"Tell that rascal I am not at home."

The Quaker, looking up to him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said:—

"I have one question to ask you; how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found it was imprudent. I found that men in a passion always spoke loud, and I thought if I controlled my voice I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and, by a careful observation of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

LIVE FOR GOOD.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not see a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them as instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be reached, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A NOVEL PICTURE OF A NEW ENGLAND SUMMER was given by Rufus Choate, than whom no man was more capable of making language do the work of the pencil. His description, which we quote below, will be admired for its fidelity and grace in the grouping of the facts—and the idea it was used to enforce, that irregularity is not ruin, that prosperity may abound, and a rich growth flourish amidst vicissitudes, was certainly illustrated in the happiest manner:

"Take the New England climate in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold today; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80 degrees in the morning with wind at southeast, and in three hours more a sea-turn, with wind at east, and a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of 40 degrees of Fahrenheit. Now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July, and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end. But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and latter rains fall each in its season; seed time and harvest do not fail; the 60 days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian summer with its bland southwest wind and mitigated sunshine bring all up, and on the 25th of November or thereabouts, being Thursday, the millions of grateful people in meeting houses or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty and happiness."

INTELLIGENT SYMPATHY.—The Americans in Geneva, Switzerland, celebrated the Fourth of July in company with many of the distinguished friends of civil and religious liberty residing at that intelligent capital. Count de Gasparin, who had been invited to be present, responded by telegraph and by letter, expressing his cordial sympathy with the feeling which that day inspired in the hearts of all true Americans, and adding: "In any event, you know how dear to me are the destinies of your great country. Hasten to complete the work begun—the equality of the races and the equality of the states. The day on which your Congress shall declare general suffrage and general amnesty, I shall not be the last to applaud.

The venerable Merle D'Aubigne, the historian of the reformation, responded in person. He is now seventy years of age, with long white locks hanging to his shoulders, with a robust physique, and a clear, strong, and impressive enunciation. In face as in person he is described as bearing resemblance to the late Daniel Webster. His eyes are not quite so cavernous and piercing, nor are his features so regularly cut; but he has the same portly frame, the same big head, the same expressive and eloquent lips. He spoke extemporaneously, partly in French and partly in English, and closed as follows:

THE IMPERIAL STABLES.—The Prussian King paid a special visit to the imperial stables while in Paris. These stables contain three hundred horses, of which two hundred are carriage, seventy saddle and ninety post horses. There are one hundred and fifty carriages of all kinds, and an immense number of employees, who are all ruled by a quartermaster, and are separately classified as carriage outriders, saddle outriders, Daumont outriders, coachmen, postilions, groom, express couriers, *courrier en chef*, scouts, harness makers, saddlers and marshals. The stalls for the horses are made of carved oak. All the inmates may read their baptismal names (those who know how), written on a medallion placed above their heads, and surrounded by the imperial crown—under their feet is a litter well furnished, yellow as saffron, strewn over a mat whose borders, woven and regular, extend the entire breadth of the alley. The flooring is made of a resistant bitumen, designed in lozenges, each stamped with a spread eagle. The drains and metallic equipments of the stalls and mangers are all of copper or steel, and shine like carbuncles. Imagine (at least for the day of the royal visitation) a bright sunshine streaming obliquely upon the glossy backs of the horses, neighing and pawing the floor with their hoofs; drinking from troughs and fountains filled with sparkling running water, men in full livery, spurred and booted, passing to and fro, and you may have some idea of the gay and gallant aspect of the imperial stables.—*Paris Letter.*

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

Few men know enough to know that they know but little.

We grow old more from indolence than from old age.

SUMMER TRAVEL. At the Church of the Unity, in Worcester, Rev. Mr Shippen recently preached a discourse on "Summer Travel," in which he compared a summer's trip to the journey of life. Enforcing the need of an occasional period of rest, which is most beneficial when united with change of scene and occupation, he gave a series of valuable hints to tourists, of both practical and moral significance, presenting the folly of making himself a freight agent with his stock of unnecessary baggage, and showing how wealth may be an impediment to summer enjoyment, requiring, as it often does, so much care for what is left behind, and so much anxiety for the amount taken; the danger that thought for the outward man and woman shall usurp that high mental enjoyment which should accompany summer-travel, at once elevating the soul and re-creating the body; and urging upon tourists the importance of cherishing a hospitality of heart, which, instead of seeking for causes for peevishness and discontent, is always ready to perceive beauty in nature and excellence in man. It is good to get out of the ruts of every-day life; to enlarge our spiritual vision by new scenes and new experiences. It is good for us, although humiliating, to see how little we are missed, how the world goes on without us; and to take a view of life from some high summit where the little things that seem great in our existence, sink to their real insignificance. Always we should remember that wherever we go, to Europe, or to the world to come, we shall only find what we take with us.—*Christian Register.*

WHAT ONE GLASS OF WINE DID.—The influence which an apparently insignificant circumstance often exerts on the affairs of life, was well illustrated in the history of Louis Phillippe, who was heir apparent to his father's throne, and regarded as one of the most promising young men in France. Not given to dissipation, of a lofty and noble character, and an officer of distinction in the army, the hopes of his family, and his country were centered in him. One morning, being about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment, he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, and in the conviviality of the hour drank one glass too much. Bidding adieu to his companions he stepped into his carriage. Had it not been for the "glass too much" he would have remained seated; as it was he sprang out. But for the "glass too much" he would alighted on his feet; as it was, his head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was carried into a beer shop and soon expired.

That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, caused the confiscation of their property worth $100,000,000, and drove the family into exile.

The Female Gift of Morning-call-oquy

as exercised in the fashionable world:—

"Perhaps it is this power of attending to two things at once, when to all appearance they are engaged with but one, which adds to the difficulty we have in understanding women, of knowing what they would be at, as the saying is. For after we have spent hours in weighing every word they have addressed to us, after we have recalled every gesture, every look, till at last we have imagined we have quite discovered their meaning, we find, on returning to the subject, that every word, every gesture, may be interpreted quite differently; and, like M. Karr, we are forced to exclaim, 'They either meant that, or something just the reverse!'

"If Albert Smith, in his next account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, would manage to introduce such a sermon against 'morning calls' as he did last year against crochet-work, that resource, as he rightly termed it, of idiotic idleness, we should look upon him in the light of a true benefactor of man and womankind. There has always been something exceedingly mysterious to us about this female observance; it is a rite which all exclaim against, but which, nevertheless, all are most careful to perform at certain stated periods, which we believe are strictly laid down. When one of these periods arrives, the female worshipper sets out, attired in her best, with card-case in hand, which card-case she *says* she devoutly hopes may be empty by the time she has finished her 'round.' For, according to her, there is nothing she fears so much as to find any of her friends 'at home.' We have often wondered that if such be the case, a servant should not be sent to leave his mistress' cards at the houses of her various acquaintances, and so save her the trouble of dressing, and the annoyance of finding any of her friends too scrupulous to say, 'Not at home;' for we understand that those called upon have as much dislike to receiving visiters as to making visits. But for some inscrutable cause or other, it seems that the rite must be performed in person."

In private watch your *thoughts*. In the family watch your *temper*. In company watch your *tongue*.

Poetry.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Terminus.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

It is time be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said, "No more!
No further spread
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root;
Fancy departs: no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less adore the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

"Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Our Little Friend.

Our little friend is in his grave;
The sod is green with April rain;
We weep for him. What would we have?
To him at least our loss is gain

We lose the hope of future years—
Our child, our gallant little man;
But he, the future's pain and tears.
We will be happy if we can.

Or, if not happy, still, content—
His peace should solace our despair,
God takes away the gem he lent
To set it with the star-beams fair.

TO-DAY.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has past;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad, that he has lived thus long,
And glad, that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem, that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

A Type of Life.

[For Brooklyn Eagle.]

The golden morning dawned upon a pilgrim on his way
And angel voices cheered him at the breaking of the day,
And, at the first, soft breezes floated kindly o'er his cheek
Though the way was sad and dreary and all his steps were weak.

But soon the Sun rose high in heaven—his rays were hard to bear,
They fell upon an aching brow, a frame that stooped with care,
The dust came rolling blindingly,—he scarce could see the way,—
"How shall I bear," he cried, "this heat and burden of the day?"

Ere long the air grew cooler and the birds with softer song
Told the pilgrim that his journey though rough would not be long.
The burning sun sank down to rest, the moon in beauty rose,
He felt the fresh'ning western breeze and thought "how soft it blows!"

Then, one by one, the pitying stars looked on him from the sky
And gentle spirits whispered "'Tis a happy thing to die—
"This is the blessed eventide after the heat of day,—
"The time of sweet refreshing from the burden of the day."

Still toiled the pilgrim on his way and felt "'Tis hard to roam
"But sloping is the onward track and I shall soon be home
"And yonder stands the pointing-sign whose words, so welcome, say
"This is the end of night and yon the land of far-away!'"

The golden morning dawned once more upon the weary road
And saw the pilgrim sleeping and his soul at rest with God;
Noontide and eve on others fell,—they too the voices heard,
But he no more could hearken to the "singing of the bird."

W. H.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.—"After death the judgment." We die; but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no plate there on which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told by days, or months, or years; for the planets which mark these periods are hidden from their sight. Its flight is no longer noticed by the events perceived by the senses, for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The busy world of life, which wakes at each morning and ceases every night, goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greetings of joy and the voice of grief, the revolution of empires and the lapse of ages send no sound within that narrow cell. Generation after generation are brought and laid by their side; the inscription upon their monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away; but to the sleeping dead the long interval is unobserved. Like a dream of the night, with the quickness of thought, the mind ranges time and space almost without limit. There is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave and when it wakes to judgment.—*Dr. Spring.*

A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

We walked within the churchyard bounds,
My little boy and I;
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout.

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground;
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And, formed from out that very mold
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone;
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a gray headstone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,—

If our one wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

O no! the glory earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judge aright)—

A triumph won o'er sin and death,—
From these the Savior saves;
And, like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

"Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly;
So man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly."

There is something dreadful, yet beautiful, in consumption. It comes stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye; who could believe that these were death's precursors, the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under suffering, keeping alive, at the same time, in her breast the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest suffering, she looks forward to days of returning happiness; and while the worm is for ever preying at the core, and her slender form each day more feeble and attenuate, she sits before her a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant; waxing brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton; to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre toward the objects of its affection, until the soul at last bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound. Then is the body still and silent. The feather is unruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

SYMBOLS OF DEATH.

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head.

[Ebenezer Elliott.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels in the grave will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world to entitle thee to a seat among the blessed."

A Literary Curiosity. The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Francisco Times, from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.

3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

5. To be, is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;

7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

13. Custom does often reason overrule.
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

15. Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place.

19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

21. Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.

23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.

25. Oh, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.

31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35. Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For, live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniell; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollet; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38 Shakspeare.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves. The spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made and never kept—
Hatred, battles and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; no gathering sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain.
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds
We reap for toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet our Father so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Writing the words He breathes—
Nothing but leaves.

An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven, but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

A SONG OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place—
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But thought that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By Summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'T was old, and yet 't was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray—
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great—
A watch-fire on the hill—
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the earth,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O work of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

KIND WORDS.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour, —
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

"Whosoever Will, Let Him Come."

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Oh, come who will! though wide and far
Ye wander darkly from the right;
Nor doubt, nor fear, nor sin can bar
From souls that seek, the heavenly light;
Still for your guidance doth it burn,
And Heavenly Love still cries, "Return!"

Oh, come who will! from lordly hall,
From squalid hut, or sad, or gay,
Haste to the Fount that flows for all,
Whose waters wash all stains away;
'Twas oped for thee by Grace Divine,
And all its blessings may be thine!

Oh, come who will! though slave to sin
And bowed its heavy yoke beneath;
Though almost quenched the light within,
Haste from the thrall whose end is death!
Thy needs are great; but Love, that pleads
For thee, is greater than thy needs.

Oh, come who will! nor ask the price
Of what God's goodness doth impart;
But pay to Him thy sacrifice—
A broken and a contrite heart—
And henceforth shall thy spirit know
His love's divinest overflow.

"THEY'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

The farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see,
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee.

When bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fishwife came by,
And turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store,
With trembling hands, and pleading words,
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways—
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see;
Right sorely sighed the poor fishwife:
"They're dear fish to me!

Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband, and my three brave sons,
Lay corpses on the shore.

I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now, to sell again—
They're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door—
What was't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lithesome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart—
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
And pity's gathering tear;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree;
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
'They're dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery—
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:
"They're dear fish to me!"

A Double Misfortune.

"Two visits less lucky than mine
No unfortunate ever could pay:
The first man I call'd on, they said,
Was gone out for the whole of the day;
And the other—it's certainly true
That misfortunes in pairs ever come—"
"Oh, I see; you found him gone out too."
"No, I didn't; I found him at home."

The Old.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Give me old songs — though rude and bold,
Yet sparkling with the purest gold,
Such as were syllabled in fire
When "rare Ben Johnson" swept the lyre;
Or flung from Shakspeare's bolder hand,
Vibrating went through all the land,
And found in every heart a tone
That seemed an echo of their own.

Give me old books — the tomes where MIND
Its choicest treasures hath enshrined,
Rich with the thoughts of buried seers,
Whose genius glorified their years;
Old books, well thumbed and vellum-bound,
The wise, the witty, the profound,
Whose stained and ample pages hold
A rarer wealth than gems of gold.

Give me old paths — though few the blooms
That drug the senses with perfumes,
And few the syren-notes that keep
A chime to steps that climb the steep;
Old paths, though rugged, brightening still
With golden gleams from Zion's hill,
By patriarchs and prophets trod,
And leading to the Mount of God.

Give me old friends — the tried of years,
Whose souls are in their smiles and tears;
Though rough of speech and void of art,
Yet frank and bold and leal of heart;
With steady faith and soul serene,
Scorning the hollow, false, and mean;
With open brow and honest eye
Their patent of nobility.

Then, in some mansion old and grim,
Embowered by woods whose twilight dim
Hallows the noonday, let me hide
The ebb of Life's tumultuous tide.
With passions hushed in deep repose,
Forgot ambition and its woes;
In calmness wait till Death enfold
A heart grown weary, worn, and old.

IN Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Thomson.

December.

December, like the three preceding months, derives its name from its position in the Roman calendar. The year was divided nominally, into only ten months, supplementary days being inserted to complete the period required for a revolution of the earth around the sun. Martial applies to the twelfth month the name of *fumosus* or smoky, in allusion to the practice of lighting fires for the purpose of warmth and the inconvenience which resulted. The ancient Saxons styled December *winter .monat*, a term which was changed to *Helighmonat* or holy month from the anniversary of Christ. This term, given to the month, was after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. The Germans, from the circumstance just cited, call the month *Christmonat*.

December brings with him a cold that pierces to the very bones, driving us to the fireside comforts. The beautiful picture of winter in Shakspeare's "Love's Labor Lost," gives a counterpart to the one now before us. The icicles hanging down the frosty wall; Dick, the shepherd, industriously engaged in warming his half-frozen finger-nails, using at the same time his breath to cool his waiting meal; Marion, cold from exposure to the out-door gusts of freezing wind, next appears, pail in hand, expressing for the poor birds outside a warm-hearted sympathy. The great poet well conceived the picture of the drear, yet charming season—winter. His immortal works can now be read with lively interest by the cheerful hearth piled with glowing embers while the sparks rush up the roaring chimney.

The happy thoughts of romping times on Christmas, the merry Kris-kringle-expectations of the young give life and spirit in the waiting time for the happy days to come. The time for Christmas sports is near at hand, and but a few days intervene between now and the long anticipated day. Christmas, in anticipation, is much like Christmas. We go through in our thoughts that which we intend to do when the good time comes to hand.

Three months of winter—to some of pleasure, to many of pain and suffering—soon fly past, and are counted among the ages gone by. Old winter sleeps but for a night, and his gradually waning lamp of life will in due time usher in a more genial friend—smiling, budding, happy spring.

January, 1869.

BY WILLIS.

Fleetly hath passed the year. The seasons came
Duly as they are wont—the gentle Spring,
And the delicious Summer, and the cool,
Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,
Frosty and stiff—and so are chronicled.
We have read gladness in the new green leaf,
And the first brown violets: we have drunk
Cool water from the rocks, and in the shade
Sunk to the noon-tide slumber; we have plucked
The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
And girded to our pleasant wanderings
When the cool winds came freshly from the hills:
And when the tinging of the Autumn leaves
Had faded from its glory, we have sat
By the good fires of winter and rejoiced
Over the fullness of the gathered sheaf.

"God hath been very good?" 'Tis He whose hand
Moulded the sunny hills and hollowed out the
Shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
The fountains in their secret places cool;
And it is he who leadeth up the sun,
And tempereth the keenness of the frost,
And therefore in the plenty of the feast,
And in the lifting of the cup, let Him
Have praises for the well-completed year.

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

WINTER-TIME.

Though Winter reigns, Beauty still holds her throne;
She moulds the snow-flake to its lovely form,
And the few crinkled leaves that mock the storm,
And laugh and chatter while the sad winds moan,
Beauty hath stained with mingled gold and brown.
The patches of bright sky between the showers,
The robin's breast, and moss-floors of lone bowers,
For naked trees and funeral-clouds atone.
Beauty dies not, she walks through forest dim
With feathery feet, when the strange cuckoo-note
Like a friend's voice on the calm air doth float,
And lisping zephyrs chant Spring's advent-hymn:
With the swart Summer and brown Autumn dwells;
And marries Winter in the ice-flower dells.

MARCH.

BY HORACE SMITH.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And the Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by Summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will over-run in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent dark, profound;
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark whether Winter holds her sway.
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of Summer eves.

The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the Summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee.

SPRING SONG.

"WELCOME, bright and sunny Spring!
Oh, what joy and light you bring!—
Meadows green and pretty flowers,
Pleasant walks and happy hours.
First the pretty snowdrop see
Drop her bell so tenderly;
There the crocus, golden bright,
Lifts his head into the light.
Ah! the daisies now have come,
Springing on the grassy lawn;
And the buttercup of gold
Its bright beauty doth unfold.

Hark!—the little birds they sing,
'Welcome, bright and sunny Spring!'
And the little children's feet
Patter down the village street,

Into woods and meadows fair,—
Primroses and violets there,—
Some to pick, and some to sing,
'Welcome, happy, joyous Spring!'"

Jack Frost's Levee.

"A levee! a levee!" Jack cries—"a levee!
The first of the season so near;
And of every tree, its beauty shall be
With the bright and the beautiful here.

Then the first that he met was a little coquette
In her garb of a beautiful red—
'Miss Maple," her name, was cried as she came,
"And oh, she is brilliant," they said.

Then stalked in Miss Birch, as if going to church,
In her mantle of orient yellow;
That she is a belle, her ornaments tell;
For her they must find their best fellow.

In came, Mr. Oak, in his parti-hued cloak,
With a dash of fine gold in his hat;
He wanted to bow, but did not know how
To pay lowly obeisance like that.

Then came Misses Cherry, well dressed, and so merry,
And the nut-folks were all in their best;
Not a leaf had they on like those who had gone,
But the Pines were in uniform dressed.

Miss Elm and Miss Ash cut also a dash,
But the Vines were in sober maroon;
Miss Poplar (glace), in her silvery grey,
Was as charming as roses in June.

The Fruit groop so plain, need not stoop to be vain,
For none could dispute their *fine taste*;
Though most scantily dressed, they were welcomed, caressed—
At the head of Jack's table were placed.

"Fine colors they carry," quoth Jack; "but now marry;
I will warrant them not firm and fast:
At my next Christmas dinner, as I am a sinner,
We shall find that their beauty has passed."

O yes, it is true; but Jack, it is you
Who then should be last to complain;
To meet you with honor, each tree takes upon her
The best she can ever obtain.

Jack Frost, now I pray, was such an array
Ever drawn round a king or a queen?
Dame Nature herself, with all her rich pelf,
Deems this her most beautiful scene.

Sleighing.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

With never a plume of the wind set humming,
The snow has come, and still is coming.
Yonder and hither, and everywhere,
Its silent feet in the pathless air
Trip down and around, and over the ground,
With a visible hush there is nothing glum in,
Nothing but beauty and peace profound.

Ho, now for fun! never wait for the sun!
The girls are dancing, the steeds are prancing,
The boys are glancing, and sigh for a run
In the glimmering, shimmering, hovering covering,
Like flaky moonlight dropped on a lover in
Shadowy glens that a lover knows,
With their foliage clouds and moonbeam snows.

Now verily, merrily, cheerily go
Over, and under, and through the snow,
Willie and Lillie, and Nellie and Joe,
Black-eyed Nellie, and blue-eyed Willie,
Hazel-eyed Lillie, and berry o'sloe
Twinkling under the brow of Joe,
With the mischief in him as big as a crow!

Ho, with a shout! we are out and away!
Tangling, mingling, jangling, jingling,
Laughing, chaffing, twingling, tingling;
Bells on the horses, and belles in the sleigh,
Merrily, cheerily measure the way,
Shouting up echoes with "Caw, caw!"
To frighten the crows from the thicket and haw.

Shuffle toes, muffle nose under the buffaloes!
Smothering, feathering, gathering snow,
Over and under, around and below,
Yet nobody cares but the whitening crow!
Fast through the dingle we follow the jingle,
And a fig for the fellows who dose by the fugle
When life goes leaping along the snow!

Our Boys and Girls.

NOW has arrived the season of snows, and sleigh-rides, and pleasant fireside gatherings, and long evenings for readings and chattings, and cozy, cheery dinners, and concerts, and lectures, and all that! How sonorously does Emerson usher in the wintry king:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Spring.

Thrice-blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts divine.
Sunshine and song and fragrance, all are thine.
Nor unto earth alone:
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart;
Telling of winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal life,—thrice-blessed spring.

William H. Burleigh.

June.

June is the pearl of our New England year;
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossoms storms the world.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant that, in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it roll'd,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently press'd
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick, young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their soften'd hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear, again, his living voice.

OCTOBER.

BY E. F. FULLER.

Sadly splendid, sere and sober,
Flushed, like sunset glory, here
Doth the gorgeous October
In her pageantry appear,
Ripe in thought, and fruitage fraught,
Richest season of the year!

From the sun, so high revolving,
Still absorbing beams of heaven,
Fruit and foliage drank, dissolving,
Colors of the spectrum seven—
Daybreak blushes, sunset flushes,
Livery of morn and even.

Phœbus-fires on forest flecking
Fall, like cloven tongues of old,
Crimson maple boughs bedecking,
Turning chestnut leaves to gold,
Buff array the walnut sprays,
Woods we all bouquets behold.

In the vesper cloud-lids twinkling,
Day's eye shuts to radiant rest,
Souvenirs of treasure sprinkling
In the glories of the west.
Full-orbed flashes, pale as ashes,
Dian, dazzled and oppressed.

Though Pactolus floods of splendor,
Mixing with Night's raven plume,
Cannot long a glory lend her,
Trees, still glowing in the gloom,
Where night broods on autumn woods,
Like the beacon fires, illume.

Test of autumn tries the spirit,
Like the clear refiner's fire.
Those of thoughtful temper bear it,
Peace of conscience, pure desire,
Calmly pensive, comprehensive,
And the spirits that aspire.

October Days.

These sweet, delicious autumn days,
When all the day is filled with calm,
And all day long a purple haze
Hangs o'er the meadow and the farm!

These quiet, dreamy afternoons,
And sunsets rich with crimson glow,
These soft, refulgent harvest moons
Fill me with thoughts of long ago.

In happy reverie my thought
Goes back to those dear times again,
And scenes and faces ne'er forgot
Come thronging to my musing brain.

Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

Thomson.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it which reaches and towers
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Extract from the Lament of Sir Doleful.

O what is so raw as a day in June?
Then, this summer, come wretched days,
When heavens and earth seem all out of tune,
And vainly the farmer for sunsine prays.
Then the east wind riots, the doctors thrive;
The bees cuddle up to keep warm in the hive;
The bravest cling closely to cloak and umbrella,
And who leaves them at home is a desperate feller;
The little bird shivers and clings to his nest,
All soaked with the rain as it drips from the leaves,
And at thought of the clime where he spent last winter
A tear he drops and a sigh he heaves.
The cowslip scarcely dare to be seen,
The buttercup catches she fog in his chalice;
And every creature pronounces it mean,
From the beggar's hut to the merchant's palace.
And the gardener's oath and the invalid's tear
Protest June never come as it comes this year.

SEPTEMBER!—speaking of which, we found the other evening, in a quaint old volume, filled with things odd, this verse:

"Next him September marched eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of weights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned."

The beginning of autumn and the gathering in of the harvests has ever been a favorite theme of the poets. In the "Faery Queen" old Spenser writes:

"Then came the autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore;
Upon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruit the which the earth had yold."

SEPTEMBER.

BY H. J. L.

Thou comest with a chillness in thy breath,
Thou harvest month! and now we miss the rose
And the sweet violet; and we know that death
Hath been before us in the garden's close,
And in the woodland paths, and by the streams
That flow to music where the cowslip gleams.

Oh! they who dwell in softer climes than ours,
Where flowers are blooming all the radiant year,
Know not how precious are the few bright hours
That Summer brings our colder realm to cheer;
Nor how we greet her coming, when her voice
Bids the still valleys and the hills rejoice!

Nor can they deem how sadly the farewell
Drops from our lips when, the brief journey done,
She folds her robes about her to the swell
Of ocean's dirge-like murmuring, while the sun
Grows paler in his course, and day by day
Shortens his path along the azure way.

We bless thee, harvest month! though thou dost bring
A train of pensive memories with thy sheaves!
Thou mak'st the reaper's heart with joy to sing
O'er the rich guerdon that his toil receives;
And fruits hang ripe upon the bending trees,
Kissed by the golden sunshine and the breeze.

For all the glory of the summer fled,
For the rich garniture of hill and mead,
For the late blooming flowers around us spread,
That minister unto the soul's deep need,
We bring our harvest hymn—a mingled strain
Of joy and sadness, gratitude and pain.

1861.

October Song.

The chestnuts shine through the cloven rind,
And the woodland leaves are red, my dear;
The scarlet fuchsias burn in the wind,—
Funeral plumes for the Year!

The Year which has brought me so much woe,
That if it was not for you, my dear,
I would wish the fuchsias' fire might glow,
For me, as well as the Year!

T. B. Aldrich.

SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free.
In a grand, vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen there.
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They have travelled abroad in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with unbounded success,
And now 'tis a favor and a privilege rare
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret.
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voices, and make them look old.
They invite you to come if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn—
It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you perhaps its own spirit of praise.

EARLY APRIL DAYS.

Twice in the year the maple tree
Grows red beneath our northern skies:
Once when October lights the lea
With splendid flames and Tyrian dyes,
And once when April and the bee
First greet us with their glad surprise,
And on the budding twigs we see
The first faint color rise.

These morning hours blend joy with grief,
That draw the fuller springtime near,
And hint the tender opening leaf,
And pour the robin's carol clear—
For not the time of ripened sheaf,
And rainbow woods, is half so dear
As this, the boyhood, bright and brief,
The earliest of the Year!

To May.

Come, gentle May!
Come with thy robe of flowers,
Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;
Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

APRIL.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

LIKE the leaping of thy rills,
Welcome April,
Like thy torrents down the hills,
Genial April,
Like the streamlet as it goes,
Like the melting of the snows,
So our bounding life-blood flows,
Sunny April!

WITH the lowing of the herds,
Joyous April,
With the singing of the birds,
Merry April,
With the murmuring of the bees
And the whispering of the trees,
Our pulsating heart agrees,
Lovely April!

WHEN we see thy generous showers
Tearful April,
Brighten up the new-born flowers
Budding April!
When we watch the daisy's hue,
And the violet's tender blue,
Then we know that thou art true,
Fitful April!

WHEN the vales in green are drest,
Pleasant April,
When the swallow builds her nest,
Gentle April,
When the skies are warm and clear,
When the robin's song we hear,
Then we know sweet May is near.
Farewell, April!

EASTER.

Flowers, bring flowers to welcome the morn
When the angel of death of his terrors was shorn;
Twine them in wreaths with the dark evergreen,
Emblem of "glory which eye hath not seen,"
Glad with their beauty the house of the Lord,
Pour out their incense o'er altar and board,
Scatter them over the graves of your dead,
"Jesus hath risen," death's terrors are fled.

Ring out, ye bells, on the listening air!
Summon the people to praise and to prayer!
Peal forth your triumph with jubilant voice,
"Jesus hath risen," immortals, rejoice!

Gifts, bring thy gifts with full hand and free,
Remembering mercies bestowed upon thee;
Greet thou thy neighbor with tokens of love,
Symbols of blessings showered down from above;
Jesus hath risen from out the dark tomb,
Let him rise in thy heart and dispel all its gloom;
He hath conquered the grave, he hath broken death's dark
"Jesus hath risen." O give *him* thine heart!

Chronological.

First Month. JANUARY,

Second Month. FEBRUARY,

Third Month. MARCH,

Wanting!

Fifth Month. MAY,

Sixth Month. JUNE,

Seventh Month. JULY,

August.

where?

Ninth Month. SEPTEMBER,

Tenth Month. OCTOBER,

Eleventh Month. NOVEMBER,

12th Month — Where?

JANUARY. [31 days.

FEBRUARY. [28 days.

MARCH. [31 days

APRIL. [30 days.

MAY. [31 days.

JUNE. [30 days.

JULY. [31 days.

AUGUST. [31 days.

SEPTEMBER. [30 days.

Father Time throws away his Hour-Glass and starts on the New Year with a Reliable Time-Keeper.

OCTOBER. [31 days.

NOVEMBER. [30 days.

DECEMBER. [31 days.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls,
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying, come and go,
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn,
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places;
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah! soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
To seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September;
While plaintive, mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"Oh! fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning,
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the fallen leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

JUNE.

The dainty bees hang over the dewey, scented clover,
The little birds are singing in the warm June sun,
The roses' blood is creeping where the wee green buds lie sleeping,
And the glow on nature tells us that summer has begun.

The honeysuckle clusters where fall the golden lustres,
The smiling sky bends over with a brow of stainless blue,
The tiny brooks are singing of the great news they're bringing
From the founts that told them the glad tale ever new.

The ivy green is trailing the rocks, with festoons veiling,
The woodbine clasps and kisses the ruin the past has done;
Anemones are flushing with daintiest of blushing,
While the hill-slopes court the sun till violets are won.

Now birds and flowers go wooing, their last year's homes renewing;
The woods are full of music and perfume all the day;
The sea in glittering glory murmurs its low sweet story,
With liquid lips just tinted with many-colored spray.

In the valleys lilies blooming, all the air around perfuming,
Nestle their wee bells in the clustering, shining leaves,
Ringing low the meaning of the warmth, and glow, and gleaming,
To the birds that love them,—the butterflies and bees.

The foot-prints of the summer dint the heart of every comer
Who is fain to linger 'mid the beauty and the bloom;
The soul forgets its sadness, and brims o'er and o'er with gladness,—
All nature is at peace, for the year is at its noon.

S. PIERCE.

TO SUMMER.

O thou who passest thro' our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,
Oft pitchedst here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy, thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
Thy voice, when noon upon its fervid car
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our springs
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream;
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are famed who strike the silver wire;
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains;
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance;
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

William Blake.

AUGUST.

THERE is no month in the whole year in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the Winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet smelling flowers—when the recollection of snow and ice and bleak winds has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth,—and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labor; trees bend beneath the clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth. The influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.

As the coach rolls swiftly past the fields and orchards which skirt the road, groups of women and children, piling the fruit in sieves, or gathering the scattered ears of corn, pause for an instant from their labor, and, shading the sunburnt face with the still browner hand, gaze upon the passengers with curious eyes, while some stout urchin, too small to work, but too mischievous to be left at home, scrambles over the side of the basket in which he has been deposited for security, and kicks and screams with delight. The reaper stops in his work, and stands with folded arms, looking at the vehicle as it whirls past; and the rough cart-horses bestow a sleepy glance upon the smart coach team, which says as plainly as a horse's glance can, "It's all very fine to look at; but slow going over a heavy field is better than warm work like that upon a dusty road, after all." You cast a look behind you, as you turn a corner of the road. The women and children have resumed their labor; the reaper once more stoops to his work; the cart-horses have moved on; and all are again in motion.—*Dickens.*

WINTER.

We know it is good that old winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground:

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life below;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure, strong breath,
Rides purging the vapors of pestilent death.
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For GOD'S wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,
Will save the young, and cherish the old.
'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
Do it, ye great ones! Ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from Heaven
The trust reposed, the talents given,
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort and glowing with health;
Give whate'er ye can spare, and be sure
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.

The Sleigh-Ride.

Oh, the rare delight
On a winter night,
When the winds are still and the stars are bright—
When the drifted snows lie deep and white,
And the trees are decked with pearls,
To glide down the road,
With a merry load
Of frolicksome boys and girls!

As our pulses climb,
How our hearts beat time
To the merry sleigh-bells' jangling chime,
In the same old "sort of a Runic rhyme"
That they learned so long ago.
How the joyous shout
Of our mirth rings out.
As we speed o'er the glistening snow!

AUTUMN.

O, Ruler of the waning year!
How calm while summer lingers here,
Is thine enchanted sleep;
When murmuring woods are full of songs,
And all green leaves are whispering tongues,
And fields grow rich and deep—

Till wakened by the thrilling sound
Of the sharp scythe along the ground,
Thro' Nature's flowering heart;
Or shouts of jocund harvest home,
That down the echoing valleys come,
From laughing hills apart.

How calm a splendor over lies
Within thy royal waking eyes,
O wondrous autumn time!
Like glory round a good man's head,
When angels light about his bed,
And waken thoughts sublime.

And who could dream yon soft, sweet light
Were herald of the year's dark night
And North wind's stormy breath!
That all these tints of red and gold,
Burning through every starry fold,
Were signs of Nature's death!

Ah, me! thy coming stirs the sense,
At every portal, calling thence
The troops of awe and fear.
We think, perforce, of days gone by,
And days that all as swiftly fly,
Knowing *thine* errand here.

We cannot with the swallow flee,
And shun the gloomy days that be
So full of winter snow;
We pass into *our* Orient land
Across dark seas where some bright hand
Calls from the deeps below.

Born where the black pine crowned the hills,
And violets pierced the soil that fills
The elm tree's rugged spurs;
When wore the thorn her snow-white crown,
And chestnut spires fell softly down
Among the golden furze.

Still thy dread pinions, as of old,
The sylvan hills and vales unfold
O'er all the spreading land;
And earth's sweet face, once bright and mild
As the fair forehead of a child,
Is seared as with a brand.

And still man's conscious spirit feels,
While far and wide the east wind peals,
'Tis God Almighty's breath;
While as in prayer all heaven is bowed,
O'er hill and valley blowing loud,
The Autumn-blast of Death.

SPRING.

COME quickly, Oh thou Spring!
Write love's fair alphabet upon the sod
In many-colored flowers—to preach of God,
Our Everlasting King!

Come from the rosy south,
In chariot of incense and of light,
Dissolve the lingering snows that glisten white
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the earth,
Thou blessed spirit of the Eden-time;
Thy breath is like an incense-laden clime,
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

Thy virgin herald 's here—
The snow-drop bares her bosom to the gale,
While down her cheek, so delicately pale,
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,
While from his heaven-attuned throat there rings
A charming peal of love.

The yet unbearded wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf
To drink sweet dews, for Winter, ancient chief,
Crawls off with tott'ring feet.

Your sorrows now inter,
Ye dwellers in dark cities; Spring is nigh;
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky,
And treads the halls of myrrh.

The Effect of Spring on Man.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the infusive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves, away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide tho't,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat,
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,
Can restless Goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race.

[*Thompson.*

An Affecting Story by a Printer's Devil. The following is an account of a heart-rending circumstance. Read it if you can: We once saw a man near 10C, gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a ~~ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his a1otion by .ing 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating to a young man in that § of the country, who had left home in a st8 of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☞ with the ! 'It is I of whom U read; I left my home be4 my friends knew of my design. I had so the ☞ of a girl who refused 2 lis1o to me, but smiled upon another. I ——ed madly from the house uttering a wild ! to the god of love (Qpid), and without applying to the ?? of my friends, and came here with this † and ~~ of pistols to put a finis 2 my Xis1oce. My case has no ‖ in this §.' 4otitude and 4bearance R required under such perpleXing circumstances.

CHARITY.—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthr[illegible]y was the love of our species, you must have [illegible]erstood me to say *specie*, which may account to the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

WE are quite willing to concede the sincerity of certain men who are opposed to Foreign Missions, deeming that here in New York is a missionary field larger, more easily worked, and more promising for results than any that are now sustained at such heavy expense abroad: but, while avowing our own conviction in favor of foreign effort, it may not be inappropriate to state the action of a good man in Bishop Neely's diocese (Maine). On being solicited to aid one of these foreign projects he gave twenty-five cents, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said: "*Here's a dollar to pay the expense of getting that 'quarter' to the heathen!*"

SAINT VALENTINE—FEBRUARY 14.

Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church: he suffered martyrdom in the persecution under Claudius II. at Rome; being beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, about the year 270.

"The day Saint Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penned,
But to the learned critic's eye no verse,
But prose distracted."

A NEAT ARITHMETICAL RULE.—As the Masonic procession was passing, on Monday, a lady said to her companions: "I do wish I knew how many miles of carriages there are in the procession!" "Nothing easier," replied a sister. "Count the number of horses, and allow *four feet* for every horse, and you have it to a foot!" —*Boston Traveller.*

A HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.—Up the hill, whip me not; down the hill, hurry me not; in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed, deprive me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not.—*Our Dumb Animals*

WHAT IS FAITH?—A little girl five years of age, on being asked what is faith, artlessly replied, "It is doing just what God wants us to do, and asking no questions about it." This covers the whole field; perfect trust combined with implicit obedience.—*Am. Messenger.*

CHINESE PROVERBS.

To feel after a pin on the bottom of the ocean —(to try to do an absurd or impossible thing.) A cat leading a rat to view the feast of lanterns —(one bad man deceiving another with specious pretensions.) A tiger eating a fly—(disproportionate.) A wooden tiger—(an unsuccessful plan to frighten people.) A basket of grain producing only a pound of chicken-meat—(indicates a money-losing business.) A toad in a well cannot behold the whole heavens; to look at the heavens from the bottom of a well—(contracted ideas.) Climbing a tree to hunt for fish—(to look for things where they can by no probability be found.)

☞The Turks have some odd sayings. Taste a few. You'll not sweeteen your mouth by saying "honey." If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea. If the fish know it not, the Lord will.

Deacon Small of Hopkinton, when pretty well on in years, went to woo for his second spouse the widow Hooper in an adjoining town. Thither he rode on his brown mare and found her emptying a wash-tub. "Is this widow Hooper?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I am that little bit of an old dried up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you. "Please propose, sir." "Well, madam, have you any objection to going to heaven by the way of Hopkinton?" "None at all, deacon. Come in, sir!" The result was a wedding the next week.

An echo in Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire, Eng., repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. The most remarkable echo known is one on the north side of Shiply Church, in Sussex, which distinctly repeats 21 syllables.

☞"Mind your eye," as the arrow said to the target.

☞Forty-five pearls, forty diamonds and five thousand small brilliants form the crown of the Queen of Belgium.

☞Gold goes in at any gate except Heaven's.

At a church fair in St. Paul, last week, a series of conundrums were read, and a set of Cooper's works promised to the person who should answer the most appropriately. The winner received the prize in the shape of small wooden pails.

Why are jokes like nuts?
—Because the dryer they are the better they crack.

Curran, the witty Irish barrister, was pleading the cause of a certain Miss Tickel. The judge was also a bit of a wit; and when Curran opened his case with "Tickel, my client, the defendant, my lord——" the judge interrupted him with "tickle her yourself, Curran, you're as well able to do it as I am."

"NATURE'S JEWELS!"

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

The Golden Sun Brightly shines On the trees, Flowers and vines. Glowing Sun, Full of cheer, The shadows now Disappear.	The Diamond Dew! Soft it goes To the heart Of the Rose. Sparkling dew Clear and bright, Like a tear Full of light.	The Crystal Showers. See! it rains? Hear the drops On the panes Welcome rain? Cooling showers! Brightening up Trees and flowers.
The Silver Moon! How it gleams On the lakes, Rills and streams. Fickle moon! Sailing high, Through the clouds In the sky.	The Emerald Leaves! How they thrill With the winds From the hill. Trembling leaves! Fair and green, Lighting up All the scene.	The Pearly Snow! Pure it flies From the dull, Murky skies. Dazzling Snow! Coming down, Covering all With a crown!

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

A QUAKER ANSWER.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?" "Ay, Martha, but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls *love?*" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

Our Funny Corner.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

.....The man who bolted the door, is suffering from indigestion.

.....The man who "re-traced" the past, is supposed to have been a harness-maker.

.....THE FINEST WALLFLOWERS OF THE SEASON.—The defenders of the walls of Silistria.

A schoolmaster, after giving one of the scholars a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak with him, and, at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil: "There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, and wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

The reason we admire pretty feet: Because all's well that ends well.

Ought not a young lady of eighteen springs to have a fine waterfall?

The greatest lack of self-respect is exhibited in thinking continually of self.

The 'lasses candy wedding is when the first baby gets big enough to lick.

Some one calls the time of squeezing girls' hands the palmy season of life.

When the good man dies, the tears he in life prevented from flowing are shed.

The prosperous man, who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to welfare.

Whatever the advance in the price of liquors, they are, unfortunately, always going down.

"Are our girls fitted for wives?" queries a sober exchange. "Are they fitted for husbands?" retorts a young itemizer.

Every man has a paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: "We want nothing from you but silence, and but little of that."

Many beautiful women when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

A little boy who was praised for never taking his eyes off the preacher, answered with all simplicity: "I wanted to see how near he was to the end."

A Calvinistic old lady, on being asked about the Universalist, observed, "Yes, they expect that everybody will be saved; but we look for better things."

Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.—*Luther.*

Madame de Stael defined happiness to be a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress towards its attainment.

A young man who was about jumping from a train while in motion was deterred by a reporter, who asked for his name, age, business and residence for an obituary item.

Heaven is the opening of a door; it is the finding of a long-sought good, the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favor which is in itself the fullness of joy.

In ancient days the precept was, "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

Fair opportunities are swift to go;
But in returning they are, ah, how slow!

Unrighteous gain has destroyed millions; but has never made one man permanently prosperous and happy.

Two hard things: First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

An elderly and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as to her "single blessedness," declared, "I have never yet lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

Robert Burns was once taken to task by a young Edinburg blood, with whom he was walking, for recognizing an honest farmer in the open street. "It was not," said the poet, "the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the boot-hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such any day."

Be not soon angry, and be not angry without a cause; and remain not under its influence; are maxims which come to us clothed with the authority of heaven.

A proud spirit, and a froward and unsubdued heart, are the chief causes of precipitate anger and hasty wrath.

The humble, meek, and lowly, are not easily provoked, and cherish no false estimates of their pre-eminent excellencies and importance.

A man incapable of anger is manifestly deficient in some of the emotions which belong to our nature; and friendship with such a one would be as undesirable as with the man who is soon angry, or angry without a cause.

An angry man carrieth about him the coals of strife, and on any emergency, his own breath enkindleth therewith the fire of wrath.

Anger is the highway to many sins, and the downward path to complicated sorrows.

If thou wouldst be dignified and happy, useful and respected, an ornament to morality, and a witness for religion, then "be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry."

STRIKING SAYINGS FROM MADAME SWETCHINE.

We are always looking into the future, but we see only the past.

The courage with which we have met past dangers is often our best security in the present.

Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rays of the one and the wounds of the other.

He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving has but glanced at the joys of charity. We *owe* our superfluity, and to be happy in the performance of our duty we must exceed it.

Let us ever exceed our appointed duties, and keep within our lawful pleasures

We expect everything and we are prepared for nothing.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

Silence is like nightfall: objects are lost in it insensibly.

We are rich only through what we give and poor only through what we refuse.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

The inventory of my faith for this lower world is soon made out. I believe in Him who made it.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must be healthy before he can be holy. We bathe first, and then perfume.

Can any of our readers solve the following charade? It has been stated to be by the principal of a Cambridge College, but we know not with what truth:

"A Headless man had a letter to write,
'Twas read by one who had lost his Sight,
The Dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was Deaf who listen'd and heard."

"THE NEGRO IN PARADISE."—It has been doubted whether negro attendants were known in England before the seventeenth century. Perhaps the following passage in regard to Eve, from "Paradise Lost," may settle the question:

"With goddess-like demeanor forth she went
Not unattended; for on her, as a queen,
A Pomp of winning graces waited still."

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with and you will never be forgotten.

A clergyman after marrying a couple made a prayer over them, concluding: "Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they do."

..... An exchange says, when David slew Goliah with a sling, the latter fell *stone dead*, and of course quite astonished, as such a thing *had never entered his head before!*

"WITH FOUR METALLIC QUALIFICATIONS a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are—gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart."

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Tea-kettles are decidedly Yankee in their melody—they sing through their noses.

The late Lord Palmerston once offered Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, a seat in his brougham. The Bishop said he preferred walking and set off. Presently it began to rain, and the brougham overtook him. Lord Palmerston, who was given to waggery, popped his head out of the window and cried out in the words of Tate and Brady, Psalms:

"How blest the man who ne'er consents
"By ill advice to *walk*,"

to which the witty Prelate responded:

"Nor stands in *sinner's* ways, nor *sits*
"Where men *profanely talk!*"

LITTLE-OR-NOTHINGS.

..... Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom.

..... A Western editor posts the following notice:—*Lost or stolen.*—Our assistant editor, (*i. e.*, scissors.)

A NOTION OF TALKERS.—It seems that the French language has 5000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

"The work of a thousand men for four years" is the inscription upon the immense railroad bridge which has just been erected across the Susquehanna river, at Havre de Grace, Maryland.

GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN

"Remember no political change is worth a single crime, above all, a single drop of human blood."—DAN. O'CONNEL

My son, be this thy simple plan;
Serve God and love thy fellow-man;
Forget not in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may,
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God and know no other fear."

BLANK PAPER.

'T is but a blank and worthless leaf;
No writing there we find;
'T is only fit to be destroyed,
And scattered to the wind.

Yet pause awhile, and bring it near
Where the warm firelight glows;
Look now—behold, by chemic art
The writing slowly grows

Clear and distinct: thus aye 't will be
Exposed to heat and light;
Removed from thence, and cold again,
It vanishes from sight.

Thus many a heart a blank appears,
Where hidden, unconfessed,
Unknown to all, God's writing there
Indelibly impressed,

Waits but the Spirit's heat and light,
In His good time revealed,
To show what wondrous power and love
Were for a while concealed.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

—"There is one kind o' ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain; "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

In the practice of politely bowing strangers out of a pew, where there is still room to spare, is there not a lack of even worldly courtesy? "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said one of these Sunday Chesterfields, as with emphatic gracefulness he opened the door. "I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising, "I fear I have. I mistook it for a Christian's."

Klopstock engraved on the grave of his wife two sheaves of wheat, thrown, as it were carelessly together, with the words: "We shall ripen in heaven."

Slight changes make great differences. Dinner for nothing is very good fun; but you can't say as much of nothing for dinner.

FENELON.—When Fenelon's library was once on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

THE SWEET SMALL COURTESIES.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing.

A mammoth cheese, weighing 4000 pounds, which had been exhibited at several agricultural fairs in New York and Canada, was recently on its way to Montreal on a platform car, when the train ran off the track. The big cheese rolled down an embankment, and was fractured into fragments at the bottom. The owner, greatly enraged, demanded $1500 from the railway company, and his claim was settled.

England. Here is its welcome to Longfellow:

"Welcome to England thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bead-roll of our Saxon song;
Embassador and Pilgrim-bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington,
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy muse divine.
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow.
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife:
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies."

THE VELOCIPEDE IN SCOTLAND.—The Dundee Advertiser tells this story:

A matron in Bonnebank was stunned and stupefied the other day on seeing a gentleman who had been practicing with a velocipede, and who was approaching her dwelling on foot, leading it up the incline. "Preserve a' living—come here," she cried to a neighbor. "Did ye ever see a thing like this?" Both looked intensely for a while, and the other said: "Toots, woman, did ye never see a thing like that? It's just a man gaun about wi' a thing for sharpin' razors." Hearing this the matron ran to the house to look for her scissors, crying at the same time to her son—"Jim, rin oof and tell that man to stop, for I want my sheers sharpit." Jim did as commanded, but after looking a short time he said, "Mither, that's no a sheer man ava; I think it's only Teyler Tamson tryin' to row twa girds!" But the gentleman, who was now "stridelegs" over the fleet horse, was off like an arrow. "Heeh! What'll ye wager," quoth the matron, as he vanished from view; "but that's ane o' the new-fashioned whurlygigs the newspapers ca' 'philosophers!'"

MESSAGE FROM THE ATLANTIC CABLE

"Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms—
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost."
—*Henry VI., Act v., Scene 1.*

O, gulfed in the mysterious realms
Of deep-sea fairy fable,
Hast thou no message thence to us,
Thou long-drawn, short-lived Cable?

Least lucid when thou loosed art
Thou still, methinks, art able
To teach, although thou art not taut,
Thou many-stranded Cable.

Thou thoughtest scorn, perhaps, to quote
The daily market-table!
The price of stocks, and hides, and corn!
Ah, too romantic Cable!

Or ocean had a notion got
That noise of modern Babel
Should ne'er profane his secret depth,
Through thee, intrusive Cable?

No? thou wouldst moral lessons teach?
Persistence firm and stable—
That still defeat should nerve to trial?
Well said, Atlantic Cable!

But trace of man the "enchafed deep"
Foams off. Is man then able
To drive the main to daily work
In traces—*thine*, O Cable?

Yes; but his art must flawless be,
His science to enable
To flash through solitary seas
His words, in magic Cable.

Coiled now o'er many a slimy depth
Sharp ledge, or jutting gable,
Thou liest waste for *this*—thy gear
Was all too feeble, Cable.

Needless thy needles then, to point
The moral of thy fable—
Wrecked now by reckless, random gear,
Nil desperandum, Cable!

The Departed Cable.

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would there were more Connection,
In the thoughts that arise in me!

Oh, well for the Fisherman's Buoy,
That he swings with the breakers at play!
Oh, well for the Iron-Clad,
That she heads for Valentia Bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But oh, for a touch of the Grappling-Hooks,
And the sound of a Click that is still!

Broke, broke, broke,
At the foot of thy crags, Oh Sea!
But the slender "trust" of a day that is dead
Will ever "go back" on me!

[Mrs. Grundy.

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh country, marvel of the earth!
Oh realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear—
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Fate's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low!"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
That mighty arm which none can stay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes in men's sight, the answer, No!

Selections.

AN OLD POEM.

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He least is seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's hight, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways,
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

HONOR.

'Tis not the house that honor makes—
True honor is a thing divine:
It is the mind precedence takes—
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind;
And not till death consent to part
With that which friend to friend doth bind.

What's uttered from the life within
Is heard not by the life without;
There's always something to begin
'Twixt life in faith and life in doubt.

But grasp thou Truth, though bleak appears
The rugged path her steps have trod;
She'll be thy friend in other spheres—
Companion in the world of God.

Thus dwelling with the wise and good—
The rich in thought the great in soul—
Man's mission may be understood,
And part prove equal to the whole.

—*Charles Swain*

[From Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment. Edited by Rev. Dr. Huntington.]

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,—
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the last day's beam is flown:
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies!

[From Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment. Edited by Rev. Dr. Huntington.]

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom, that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet.

But pray, that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,—
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate, I give thee these;
Leave faith and hope till life is passed;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

For this I count, of all sweet things,
The sweetest out of heaven above;
And loving others surely brings
The fullest recompense of love!

The Ten Commandments.—The following lines have been sent to us as another answer to the query on the subject: "Have the Ten Commandments ever been condensed into ten lines of poesy?" They may be found in the "Columbian Spelling-Book," formerly used in the common schools of southern New York:

"Thou shalt have no gods but me;
Before no idol bow thy knee;
Take not the name of God in valu;
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
Give both thy parents honor due;
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Nor make a willful lie nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's dare not covet."

An Old Truth in a New Form.—A recent homilist thus sets an old truth in a new and impressive form:

The actions of man form his own funeral procession; they accompany him to the tomb, return not back, like his relatives and friends after the funeral, but enter the tomb with him, and go on with him to the tribunal of the Almighty, and there witness for him, whether for good or evil, and it is from their testimony that his sentence is pronounced of death or life eternal.

TRUE ALMS-GIVING.

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Pawtucket.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.—There is a marble slab in the Mineral Spring Cemetery in North Providence, erected to the memory of William Luce, of Tisbury, who died in Pawtucket in 1845, bearing the following epitaph, a curious mixture of the sublime and ridiculous:

"Tread, gentle reader, near the dust
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust;
For while 'twas flesh is held a guest
With universal love possessed;
A soul that stemmed opinion's tide,
Did over sects in triumph ride—
Yet separate from the giddy crowd
And paths tradition had allowed,
Through good and ill report he passed,
Oft censured, yet approved at last.
Wouldst thou his religion know?
In brief terms this: To all to do
Just as he would be done unto.
So in kind Nature's laws he stood,
A temple undefiled with blood;
A friend to everything 'twas good.
The rest, angels above can fitly tell;
Haste, then, to them and him,—and so farewell.
His parents said "Wilmot Luce" should be his name,
Since then his petition did improve the same;
And, after, his name was Wilmot D'Luce.
Old acquaintance, judge ye, was he wise, or foolish as a goose?

Another epitaph in the same grounds is to the memory of John George Courin, who died in Pawtucket or North Providence, in 1824, in the 91st year of his age. The closing years of his life were passed in the pursuit of trade—the peddling of apples and candy. The remainder of his history, what is known of it, is summed up in the following, which appears on his tombstone:

"He crossed the raging ocean
This country for to save;
'Twas FRANCE that gave him birth,
And AMERICA a grave."

The first named of these epitaphs has been an object of curiosity for years, and the stone has been sought out and read by thousands.

Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully tell;
"It was this," he said—and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"Twas this: that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

THE MISTLETOE KISS.

Wi[illegible] winter's drear!
Cousin Annette, do you think it's true?
[illegible] the long, long year
[illegible] when I'm summoned away to you!
[illegible] in the path are sad,
And mournfully echo our travelling feet;
Still something says to my heart, be glad!
For love is an evergreen plant, my sweet!

Berries on holly proclaim 'tis cold!
Cousin Annette, I am warmer thus;
A hand and a waist if my arms enfold,
The hand and waist will be cozy, puss!
For here we can sit and defy the wind,
Though panes are rattled with blinding sleet,
And happily one of us thus may find
That winter is best for us both, my sweet!

Mistletoe grows on the oak they say!
Cousin Annette!—she is fast asleep.
But this is a dangerous game to play,
For wandering rogues may on tiptoe creep.
The mistletoe's beckoning over her head,
My fluttering heart, you must cease to beat;
Sleep soft! while over the floor I tread—
And wake at the touch of my lips, my sweet!

Winter is long! ay, winter's long!
Cousin Annette, is it time to go?
Perchance the lover and love-sick song
May melt for ever with winter's snow?
The dearest thoughts in the heart lie deep
Through snows of winter and rose-time heat,
But if your memory tries to sleep,
Remember the mistletoe kiss, my sweet!

The Alpine Boy's Prayer.

By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told with pious air
His alphabet as evening prayer.

Unseen, his pastor lingered near:
"My child, what means the sound I hear?"
"May I not in thy worship share,
And raise to Heaven my evening prayer?

Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sound of prayer and praise ascend."
"My child, a prayer your's cannot be;
You've only said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray;
All that I know to God I say;
I tell the letters on my knees;
He makes the words himself to please."

HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

HOLD *on*, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he, whom Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient sees God's loving face;
Who bear their burden uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out!* There comes an end to sorrow:
Hope, from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

MONSTER BELLS OF THE WORLD.

In making large bells, loudness, rather than their pitch, is the object, as their sound can be conveyed to a much greater distance. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, for instance, weighs 43,000 pounds; that of Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; Rome, 19,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; Big Ben (House of Parliament), 41,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 130,000; and that of Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But, as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 441,772 pounds. It is nineteen feet high, and measures around the margin sixty-four feet. There are few bells of interest in the United States. The largest is probably the alarm-bell on the City Hall in New York, weighing about 23,000 pounds. As the Russians make pilgrimages to the great Moscow bell, and regard it with superstitious veneration, so the American citizen honors and venerates the old Independence bell at Philadelphia; for he is not only reminded of the glory of the Revolution, but he believes now more than ever, since its injunction has been obeyed, its inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary and nothing more.

This day of humiliation for past offenses and short-comings is also a day of prayer for future favors. It is now the morning of the year. Nature is awaking from the death-like sleep of winter, and will soon appear in her spring vestments of the richest green. The sap stirs with a new life, and will soon spring to light in bursting buds and growing leaves. There is also an April in the blood, as the warm sun starts the sluggish veins. It is the season of preparation in all the outward world. Is it not fittingly set apart as a season of preparation in the soul, a time to gird on our armor afresh and to renew our vows of Christian knighthood before we set forth to do battle for humanity and God? We know not what conflicts are before us, what victories or defeats. But we know that, with our trust in God, we shall not be utterly cast down. Let us to-day renew our vows, and fix again our trust in Him who never fails. Then, if the earth should refuse to yield her increase, God will not refuse his all-sufficient help; and if pestilence should come within our borders it shall not hide the Father's love. No harm can befall us while God is near; no terrors appal us while our hearts are fixed on Him. We will not care to lift the veil of the future while the present is secure by our faith and our trust. The future also will be secure if to-day we strive and wait and pray:—

"Strive, yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away.
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow.
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not,
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait and pray."

The Origin of the term midshipman was as follows: The largest class of vessels of the old build had immensely high forecastles, quarter-decks and round-houses, but no gangways, as now. There was, therefore, no means of going from the quarterdeck to the forecastle without descending into the waist; hence, messengers were necessary, in order to save the captain and the officer of the watch from the necessity of ever deserting their station. These messengers took the orders from the officer on the quarter-deck, and carried them to the forecastle, and likewise brought the various reports from the officers stationed forward, to those in command abaft. Thence, from their station, these messengers were called "midshipmen."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity peculiarly its own. The initial capital letters spell "My boast is the glorious cause of Christ." The words in *italics*, when read on the left side from top to bottom, and on the right side from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer, complete:

Make known the Gospel truth, *our* Father King
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father* from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love."
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ we pray
Since the Prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice,
Now labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
That blessed *kingdom*, for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry;
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine:*
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity;
Loathing the very *be*-ing, *evil* in design,
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to heaven;
Reclining *on* the Gospel, let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin, *deliver*-ed and forgiven,
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *its* power *temptation* doth destroy;
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven:* In *us* no hope we know,
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love *and* give *us* peace.
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease;
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do;
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame;
Help us with heavenly *bread, forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we'll* adorn thy name
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, died on Calvary.

Teach your children to help themselves, but not to what does not belong to them.

Mankind has been learning for six thousand years, and yet how few have learned that their fellow-beings are as good as themselves.

[Written for the *Christian Register*.]

On Top of the Ark.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It was the day before Christmas, and a little mob of boys and girls were gathered about the door of the Missi School, listening to certain mysterious sounds which came from within. It was not the Second Church Mission School. Far from it. Not a child there but would have resented such a mistake. This was the "John Ordray Mission," supported by the First Church Society of Bunbury, and a very superior article to the other, at least, so its scholars thought, and I am afraid some of its teachers, also.

There was a great rivalry between the Sunday-schools of Bunbury. Each of them had the best intentions in the world as to doing good; but each was resolved, whatever it cost, to do more good than the other. They spared no pains to make the schools attractive. If the Second Church Mission gave a picnic, and treated the children to oranges and cakes, the John Ordray would have a picnic too, with the additional splendors of ice-cream and a whirligig. This, of course, was very nice for the scholars, because they got twice as many frolics and good things as they otherwise would have had. Each school thought its own melodeon and library were better than the melodeon and library of the other school. Each was perfectly certain that their number of pupils was largest and their teaching most thorough. So everybody was satisfied; especially a few unprincipled little boys and girls who didn't go regularly to either school, but were in the habit of joining first one and then the other, and so having the advantages of belonging to both.

It was very provoking, the children thought, that Mr. Ashe, the superintendent, should have locked the door. If he hadn't, they could have peeped in and found out what was to be the entertainment for next day.

"They're hammering inside," said Mary Ryan. "P'r'aps it's fire-works they're putting up."

"Not a bit. It's greens, it is," replied Barney Reardon, one of the big Irish boys. "I seen them a going in this morning."

This was rather a disappointment. The children were used to evergreen wreaths. They would have preferred that the hammering should mean something newer and more exciting. But Barney persisted. At last he climbed up to one of the windows to make sure. But Miss Ashe had pinned her shawl over it, and nothing could be seen. Then Barney made Pat McQuale hold his legs, and raising the window a little, he slipped the shawl one side. The teachers, however, heard him, and just as he applied his eye to the peep-hole, Mr. Ashe stepped up, and opening the window a little wider, gave Barney such a snap with his finger and thumb that he dropped down again, howling loudly. After that Mr. Ashe fastened the window with a nail, and went back to his work.

It was evidently no use to wait with the hope of seeing anything. One by one the children dropped away. At last nobody was left except two or three little girls, and the indefatigable Barney, who had got a broken gimlet, and was trying to bore a hole through the front door.

"Don't you wonder what it's to be?" said one of the girls.

"I know what I hope it is," said another.

"What?"

"A tree. 'Cause the other school's going to have one. And Marianne, that's my cousin, is always saying her school's the best. But it isn't. They didn't have a bit of candy last Christmas, only popcorn balls! And we had lace stockings full of gum-drops! I told Marianne I wouldn't belong to such a mean school as hers, for anything."

"A tree!" cried little Winnie Andersen. "With candles do you mean? Oh I wish they would. I never saw one. Martha did once, before we came here, and she said it was the splendidest thing as ever was. Oh, if teachers only will!"

And Winnie, a rosy, grey-eyed English child, clasped her fat hands in transport at the very idea.

Meantime, inside the school-room, everybody was working busily. Not only one tree, but two were being made ready for the important to-morrow. There they stood, on either side the pulpit, tall and green. Their stems were set firmly in tubs of sand. Miss Ashe was tacking moss over these tubs. Mr. Ashe, on a step-ladder, with a lighted candle, was melting the ends of little blue and yellow tapers, and sticking them all over the boughs. The other teachers were hanging oranges, red apples, horns of candy, gilt-nuts, pop-corn balls, and parcels of toys wherever hanging room could be found. The trees looked crowded already, but on the floor stood baskets full of things which *must* go on somewhere, Mr. Ashe said.

"What a pity that some of the presents are so much nicer than the rest," said Miss Smith to Miss James, who was busy pinning names on the parcels. "There's this Noah's Ark, for instance. Who's to have that? I'm afraid the children will quarrel about it."

"I've spoken for that," said Miss Allen, who was working near them. "I want it for Winnie Andersen, the dearest little tot of a girl in my class. She's from England. They have only been in Bunbury about four months, but Winnie has come so regularly to school, and been so good, that she really deserves something nice. Miss Ashe says I may have it."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Smith. But she was rather sorry, for she had a little girl in her class who would also have liked the Noah's Ark.

Winnie little guessed the good fortune which was in store for her. Still she dreamed about Christmas trees that night, and thought of them all the next day. And when at last evening came, and she, with the rest, entered the John Ordray school-room, and beheld the tall, glittering trees, all bright with lighted tapers, it seemed to her that never in the world was anything so beautiful seen before.

She was too much dazzled and excited at first to realize that any of the things on those wonderful boughs could be intended for herself. But when Mr. Ashe brought her an orange and a horn of candy, and somebody else a shining apple and two corn-balls, she began to take it in. Her "Oh, thank you!" at each gift was pretty to hear. And when at last Miss Allen brought the Noah's Ark, and Winnie understood that it was really her own, red roof, yellow keel, and all, her wonder and delight knew no bounds.

"Oh, teacher, it's too nice. I don't know how to say thank you," she cried. But the beaming eyes, and rosy, pleased smile were thanks enough, and Miss Allen was quite satisfied.

I'm afraid the rest of the class were a little jealous of her when they saw her beautiful present. But they all liked Winnie. She was such a sweet, affectionate little thing that no one could help it. And even Alice Reardon said at the last, "Well, since it wasn't me, I'm glad it was you, Winnie, only I hate *parshality*."

Winnie carried home her treasure in both arms, hugging it as tight as she could.

"Oh, mother, see!" she cried, as she dumped it in Mrs. Andersen's lap,—"see what teacher gave me at the Christmas Tree!"

"Gave you, did she?" replied her mother. "Well, on my word, it's a fine toy. Why, it's good enough for a little lady. It must have cost a power of money. Perhaps father could sell it for you, Winnie. Wouldn't you like that? It'd get you something useful."

"No, no," protested Winnie. "I don't want father to sell it. Why, it's my own, mother; Miss Allen gave it to me. All the little American girls have nice things. I'm a little American girl now. I want to keep it."

"Well, don't cry; you shall then. We'll say no more of selling," said her mother.

But Winnie felt anxious. She took the Noah's Ark up stairs with her, and set it on the floor close to her bed. "It'll be safer there," she thought.

It was a moonlight night. The blind was open, and the room was quite bright, so that Winnie could see the Ark distinctly from her pillow. She wasn't sleepy, so she lay watching it, and thinking how wonderful it was that she should own such a beautiful thing.

Suddenly she heard a slight, creaking sound, and the roof of the Ark seemed to lift a very little, and then shut down again. Winnie sat up in bed and stared with all her eyes. Yes; the roof lifted again. A hand, a stiff, pink hand, in a blue coat sleeve, was pushing it up. It was Noah's arm and hand. In another moment he had thrown back the lid entirely, and climbed out on the roof; then he sat down on the edge, and taking a spy-glass out of his wooden pocket, began to look carefully round the room.

"All right," he said at last, in an odd voice, which sounded like the rustling of shavings. Then he twisted himself round and called out, "Mrs. Noah! My dear! Boys! Shemina! You can come out. The storm is over, and the coast is clear."

"What's the use of our having a coast? We've got an Ark," remarked Mrs. Shem, tripping down the roof in a green gown, and a little pointed hat, like those worn by the Tyrolese Bell Ringers. Mrs. Shem's face was pretty, but very pert. Winnie had noticed this when she examined the Noah family, earlier in the evening.

"I was speaking met-a-phor-ically, my daughter," replied Noah, who seemed to be fond of Mrs. Shem, notwithstanding her saucy manners.

"Met-a-what?" said Mrs. Shem; and I

am sorry to say she gave her father-in-law a poke in the ribs. "Met-a-what? I thought all the long, stupid words like that were drowned at the time of the Flood."

"Not at all," said Noah. "Do not poke me in that way again, Shemina. It is not respectful. Beside, it hurts. My ribs are sensitive ever since the bad attack of rheumatism which I contracted during that long, damp spell."

"Boneset is the thing for rheumatism," remarked Mrs. Japhet, coming down the roof with a green twig in her hand. "Chew this, oh, my father. The robin-redbreast has just flown back with a bunch of it in his beak."

"What a comfort to get a breath of fresh air again," called out Japhet, who was standing on the peak of the Ark, and holding by its chimney. "What a time we have been shut up. Two hundred and twelve days by my reckoning. And never once in all that time have we been able to open the scuttle."

"That was because it was hooked down outside," replied Noah.

"Yes, hooked down; that's what you kept saying when I asked you why you didn't do something about the animals," said Mrs. Noah, sticking her head out of the opening in the roof. "Poor creatures! how they would ever have managed without me I can't imagine. Hooked down, indeed! If you had half the spirit of a man, Noah, you'd have got that hook unfastened, somehow or other, rather than let dumb beasts suffer. I would, I know."

"Then, my dear, why didn't you?" answered Noah, without turning his head. "And as for the beasts being dumb, all I can say is that I never lived in such a noise in my life as during this voyage. I've scarcely slept a wink, except when under the influence of paregoric."

"Yes, slept!" said Mrs. Noah, angrily; "that's all you think about—just your own bodily comfort. Much you care whether the poor brutes suffer or not, sitting there with Shemina, and taking no steps whatever to let them out! And yet you know as well as I, that the last grain of sawdust in the Ark was eaten up four weeks ago. For my part, I'm sick of the Deluge and everything connected with it." Saying this, Mrs. Noah, in a high dudgeon, flounced over the edge of the opening. Her purple wooden gown could be heard clattering down inside.

"I'm glad she's gone," giggled Shemina. Noah said nothing, but he looked through his spy-glass in a simpering way. Shem and Japhet whispered together for a moment; then they went in, and presently came back again, carrying Ham between them in a camp-chair. He looked very pale and peaked, and had evidently been seasick.

"Oh, what a comfort to anchor again," he moaned, in a feeble voice. "Where are we? This isn't Ararat, I'm sure."

"No, it's Mouse-a-rat," replied Mrs. Shem, giggling, and pointing to the other side of the room, where, just then, a small gray mouse was running from one hole to another, through a streak of moonlight.

At that moment Mrs. Noah appeared again, driving a pair of camels before her.

"I suppose, Mr. Noah," she said, severely, "that you've no objection to my saving the life of these camels, since they're *my own*, a wedding present from my uncle who was drowned? Poor man, he didn't know enough to come in when it rained," and she wrung her hands.

"Objection, my dear? not in the least," replied Noah. "I consider it highly desirable that all the animals shall have air and food, as soon as anybody has time to drive them out. I would be happy to do it myself, but this morning I really feel too stiff for any exertion," and he rubbed his wooden leg and groaned.

"For gracious' sake, do drive them out at once," whispered Mrs. Shem to her husband. "We shall have no peace till you do."

So Shem and Japhet climbed the roof, and dived down into the hold. Pretty soon loud roaring and moo-ing and cackling and hissing were heard, and the animals began to pour out in a long procession, headed by the elephants and the giraffes, and winding off with the dickey-birds and a pair of black beetles. Shem and Japhet followed, with long sticks in their hands. Shem also carried a small box, at the sight of which his wife gave a shriek.

"Now Shemmy," she cried, "I won't have it! It's bad enough for mother to insist on bringing those fleas, without your letting them loose to browse on the family. Take them right back. If you don't I'll drown them on the spot. They've no business to be alive, any way. Of course it's no use arguing with anybody of the name of Noah, but in that box they shall stay till there are some more people in the world, or my name is not Shemima."

Shem seemed rather afraid of his wife, for he went meekly back and left the box of fleas inside, as she ordered him. Then he and Japhet drove the animals down the side of the Ark on to the floor. They wandered across the room in a long file, keeping together in pairs, while the Noah family sat on the roof looking on. All but Mrs. Noah. She had followed the drove to the floor, and now was running to and fro among the creatures, interfering with them, and ordering them to do this and not do that. Once Winnie saw one of the ostriches turn and peck at the purple gown, and she was really glad, Mrs. Noah seemed to be such an aggravating person.

"There isn't a drop of water," she called out. "Noah, boys, come here. We must irrigate this country as fast as possible."

Noah didn't stir, but Shem and Japhet went down obediently. Mrs. Noah hurried about, peering and prying. At last she climbed the round stool, on which stood Winnie's tin basin and pitcher of water.

"Ah!" she cried, "I knew my nose did not deceive me. Here is water in plenty; a whole mountain lake. Now the question is how to get it down to the plain below."

They tried various ways without success. At last Mr. Noah and Ham and Japhet took hold all together on one side of the pitcher, and lifting their feet off the ground, hung on with all their might.

"That will bring it," said Mrs. Noah.

And it did bring it—not the water only, but the pitcher as well. With a great splash and clatter down it came to the floor, sending a stream of water into the middle of the flocks and herds. The Noahs, who had hung on to its edge for dear life during the fall, picked themselves up, scared and very wet.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" cried Noah, springing up suddenly, and waving his spy-glass. "What do I see? Another flood is coming. All aboard! Mrs. Noah, do you hear? All aboard! all ab-o-ard!"

So terrible and startling were his tones that a panic seemed to seize everybody within hearing. One and all began to hurry toward the Ark in a confused mass, scrambling, slipping, lions, tigers, sheep, birds, Mrs. Noah, Shem, Japhet, all mixed up together. Noah stood erect upon the roof, brandishing his spy-glass. As Mrs. Noah went by, he caught hold of her collar and gave her a good shake.

"Perverse woman!" he cried, "what did I tell you?"

Then, seizing Shemina by the hand, he hurried up the roof after them. Shemina ran down inside. Noah stood alone at the opening. He reached up, caught hold of the lid, was about to close it.

"Wait, wait, don't leave me out," cried a voice from below.

It was one of the black beetles which had fallen down in a pool of water and was struggling to regain its footing.

"No passengers received after once the bell has rung," replied Noah. Then he shut the lid down with a loud rattle.

"Oh, you cruel man!" exclaimed Winnie, starting up in bed.

But as she moved, everything seemed to change. The room grew suddenly light. Instead of the moonbeams, there was the sun, streaming in and casting a pink glow on the white wall. Winnie rubbed her eyes.

"How queer," she said sleepily; "they were all here just now."

Was it a dream? I do not know. One thing was certainly strange; there lay the tin pitcher upset; the water had run out on to the floor, and soaked Winnie's shoes and stockings; and in the very middle of the slop sprawled one of the black beetles!

Mother tried to explain this by saying that Winnie had forgotten to put the beetle back after she took him out. She also suggested that as the stool stood near the bed, Winnie must have upset the pitcher in her sleep.

But Winnie was not convinced. She was sure she had not slept a wink that night. And the first time she opened the lid of the ark, it seemed to her that Noah, who was lying on top of the other things, looked at her queerly and gave a slight, very slight, wink with his left eye. But I don't suppose he did any such thing. Do you?

"Young man, what's the price of this chamber set?" asked a deaf old lady.

"Thirty-seven dollars," was the reply.

"Forty-seven dollars!" exclaimed she, "I'll give you forty."

"Thirty-seven dollars, madam, is the price of this chamber set," replied the honest salesman.

"O, thirty-seven dollars," replied the lady sharply, "I'll give you thirty."

THE RAISING OF THE OLD FLAG

ON FORT SUMTER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADDRESS.

The latest intelligence from Charleston, received by steamer at Baltimore, is that the flag of Fort Sumter, the identical one vailed to the guns of secessia four years ago, was on Friday last, April 14, raised again above the ruins of that fortress by General Anderson, in the presence of a distinguished company. The news of the surrender of Lee had just before been received, and added greater interest to the occasion. Flags floated from every flagstaff in Charleston and on the islands, and from every vessel, and all the war ships were gaily decorated. Salutes and ringing of bells accompanied and preceded the event.

Among the two thousand people gathered in the court yard of the fort, were Admiral Dahlgren and Capt. Bradford, and over a hundred naval officers, Senator Wilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Samuel Hooper and ex-Gov. Clifford of Massachusetts, Lieut. Gov. Anderson of Ohio, Justice Swayne of the Supreme Court of the United States, Judges Strong and Thompson and Congressman Kelly of Pennsylvania, George Thompson of England, Assistant Secretary of Navy Fox, Prof. Davis of West Point Academy, Adjt Gen. Townsend, Col. Guiley, commanding the post, Generals Gillmore, Anderson. Dix, Washburne, Denbleday, Dellafield, Glover, Hatch, Saxton and Molineaux, most of whom had their respective staffs with them, and others of distinction, besides the wife and children of Gen. Anderson, Gen. Dix's daughter, Dr. Mackey, the undaunted South Carolinia Free Mason and his family, and large detachments of troops, black and white, including a part of the 54th.

The steamer Planter, Capt. Robert Small, who, it will be remembered, run the rebel gauntlet in 1862, came to the fort loaded down with hundreds of colored people, of all ages and sizes. Their appearance was warmly welcomed.

The despatch to the *Journal* gives the particulars of the notable event, which commenced with a song and chorus, "Victory at Last." Chaplain Harris, of the U. S. Army, who was with Anderson before he went from Moultre to Sumter, offered prayer. Rev. Dr. Storrs, Jr., of New York, read Psalms 26, 47, 98 and part of the 20th. Adjutant General Townsend read Major Anderson's despatches of April 18, 1861, on the Baltic, off New York, announcing the fall of Fort Sumter.

General Anderson now stepped to the front of the platform, and made the following address:

General Anderson's Address.

I am here, my friends and fellow citizens and brother soldiers, to perform an act of duty which is dear to my heart, and which all of you present appreciate and feel. Did I listen to the promptings of my own heart, I would not attempt to speak; but I have been desired by the Secretary of War to make a few remarks. By the considerate appointment of the honored Secretary of War, I am permitted to fulfil the cherished wish of my heart through four long years of bloody war, to restore to its proper place this very flag which floated here during peace before the first act of this cruel rebellion. Thank God, I have lived to see this day! [applause] that I have lived to be here to perform this, perhaps, the last act of duty to my country in this life. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the signal blessings which he has given us—blessings beyond number. May all the world proclaim—'Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace and good will toward man!'"

The general then took the halliards and hauled the starry flag to its proud place, amid mingled enthusiasm and tears of joy. The emotions of the moment were sublime. The Star Spangled Banner was sung in stirring chorus, and the guns of Sumter and Moultrie, and Battery Bee, and Fort Johnson pealed forth thundering salutes.

Oration of Henry Ward Beecher.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the oration, which was frequently and warmly applauded, and was followed by the singing of "Old Hundred," and a closing prayer and benediction by Rev. Dr. Storrs.

We extract from the *Journal* the leading or more eloquent portions of Mr. Beecher's address:

On this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the United States, with the prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty and religion. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds.

* * * * * * *

You have come back with honor who departed once, four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down are dead, or scattered, or silent, and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. *Rebellion has perished, but there flies the same flag that was insulted.*

Lifted to the air to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, not a State is blotted out. [Applause.] Hail to the flag of our fathers and our flag! Glory to the banner that has been through four years, black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! and glory be to God who, above all hosts and banners, *hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!* [Applause.]

* * * * * * * *

This flag commands, not supplicates. There may be pardon, but no concession. [Great applause.] There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honied compromises. [Applause.] The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent. [Applause.] The only condition of submission is to submit. [Laughter and applause.] There is the Constitution—there are the laws—there is the government—they rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved; they are the conditions of peace. One nation under one government, without slavery, has been ordained and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States.

* * * * *

We are expected to forget all that has happened! yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced as solemnly as on Mount Sinai. God says: "Remember, Remember!" Hear it to-day under this sun—under that bright child of the sun, our banner—with the eyes of this nation and the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's evidence, and recite the solemn decrees. No more Disunion! No more Secession! No more slavery!

* * * * *

When the passage of the Stamp Act, in 1765, aroused the Colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans." This was the voice of South Carolina. That shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo, but it is coming. We now hear it sadly sighing through the pines, but it shall yet break upon the shore. No North, no West, no South, but one United States of America. [Applause.]

* * * * *

Raise up the glorious gospel banner and roll out the messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the flush of shame but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure, as they say to the night that thy stars lead towards morning, and to the morning that a brighter day arises with healing on its wings; and then, O glowing flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness, whilst thou art bearing round and round the world the solemn joy—"a race set free!" "a nation redeemed!"

* * * * *

There is half a hundred years advance in four. We believed in our institutions and principles before, but now we know their power. We had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshipped the calf at the base of the mountain. A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it. [Applause.]

* * * * *

The originators and leading spirits of this needless bloodshed, caught up in black clouds, full of voices of vengeance and lurid with punishment, shall be whirled aloft and plunged downward forever and ever in an endless retribution, while God shall say: "Thus shall it be with all who betray their country;" and all in heaven and upon earth will say amen [Voices "Amen!" "Amen!" "Amen!"] But for the people misled, for the multitudes drafted and driven into this civil war, let not a trace of animosity remain. [Applause.] The moment their willing hand drops the musket and they return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity, and smooth down the furrows of war.

WORK. There is nothing in American society that should give us reason to scorn those that work. You are all workers, or you are vagabonds. Nowhere else under God's heaven is there a place where a man's standing so depends on what he can do as in this country. And no man should be ashamed to acknowledge that he earned his property between the handles of the plow. The less chance a man has for success the more credit is due him if he succeeds. Any man can run down hill, but he that can clamber up to the top of a steep precipice where birds can scarcely go, and where few men dream of going, and cast down opposition, and intrench himself there, deserves the highest praise.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

PERSEVERANCE IN CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A SERMON

PREACHED BY

Henry Ward Beecher,

IN

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that he receiveth it."—Rev. ii. 17.

Many of you will have observed that exaltation of mind renders things about us harmonious which in a lower frame seem at discord. In a low frame mirth and solemnity seem utterly incongruous; but in a higher religious mood they are perfectly reconciled and go together. And so of a million other cases. The inspired mood out of which came the truths of Scripture was after this kind. We frequently, therefore, see things joined together. There seem to be violent collocations of unlike things in the utterances of Scripture. Figures are put together, and incidents are mixed, which to a low state of feeling seem strangely inappropriate, but which are perfectly natural to a very high degree of excitement. Our text furnishes an instance. It is a solemn call to victorious perseverance in Christian life. As a motive, two promises are made—one of *hidden manna*, and the other of *an unknown name upon a white stone* One refers to the historic period, the past, and the other to the future. The one was founded upon fact, and the other is mystical. And is the mingling of these two seemingly unlike and strange elements that indicates that high state in which things and relations are seen that are not ordinarily discerned in a low state of mind.

Let us elucidate a little each of the figures, and derive from them such spiritual profit as seems appropriate to the occasion.

The Israelites, who were God's typical people—not his only people, but the people by which pre-eminently he developed and made known the moral side of truth—had been cruelly oppressed and held in bondage in Egypt. We are not left to our own fancy when we say that this is still the experience of all those who attempt to follow the Lord Jesus Christ; for the New Testament appropriates that historic condition. We, too, are represented as being in boudage, or as having been in bondage. Whom a man serves, to him he is in bondage; and we have been under the dominion of the world, under the power of the appetite, under the control of our own will, and so we have been in Egypt.

God appeared in a special and glorious manner, and set his people free, and brought them forth with a high hand and an outstretched arm from Egypt; and so, with a continuous parallel, it is represented in the New Testament that the Christian is brought from the house of bondage into light and liberty. For in the New Testament, though religion is sometimes represented as a service, at other times, and more comprehensively, it is represented as an enfranchisement, as an act of emancipation, as freedom conferred, as liberty achieved.

When the Israelites had been delivered from their pursuers, and had crossed the sea, instead of making straight for the promised land, they took counsel of their fear and their love of ease, and were obliged, in consequence, for forty years to wander up and down through the great desert land. But at length, after a generation, after those that first set out had from cowardice laid their carcasses in the wilderness, the people came into the promised land, where long ago they might have been settled. And so, those that have been brought out from under the dominion of their sin into newness of life, through Jesus Christ, instead of aiming at once at the highest Christian states, attempt to avoid, as much as they may, labors and self-denials, and, in consequence, impose upon themselves the very things, in the long run, that they seek to avoid, and make a life of circuits. And they may well be compared to the children of Israel who wandered in the wilderness of Egypt.

Now, during this long pilgrimage of the Israelites, it was impossible for them to sow and to gather harvests. They were dwellers in tents. They had been shepherds and husbandmen; but they could not pursue for a livelihood their old avocations. It was needful, therefore, that there should be a supply granted to them miraculously; and by a divine command manna fell daily from heaven. And the revelator says, "I will feed conquering Christians with manna." As we are like the Israelites, in bondage, in deliverance, and in wandering in the wilderness, "so" saith the revelator, "the parallel shall continue; and as God fed his people, not through their own skill and industry, but by a direct power, so God promises that those who are victoriously faithful in the Christian life in all their wanderings and vicissitudes shall have divinely-bestowed manna." But, lest it should seem as though it was to be a repetition of the old miracle, it is declared that it is not to be substantial and visible manna, such as the Israelites plucked from the ground, but "hidden" or secret manna—that is, invisible, spiritual manna, in distinction from visible and material.

Heavenly cheer, spiritual comfort, the soul's bread—that is the manna which is here promised.

Let us then see, for one single moment, what is the scope of this promise. *To them that overcome I will give hidden manna.* The implication is that Christians are in great conflict and peril; and that, in consequence of the strifes and dangers of Christian life, they need something more than they can minister to their own selves. They need food that is higher than the daily bread for which we are taught to pray. And the promise is that, if they are faithful to their Christian life, God will give them this other food that they need.

It is only a mystic and poetic expression of the same thought that our Saviour indulged in when he declared, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed;" "but, seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Here the same truth is set forth in another mode of expression—namely, Fight the battle of temptation, wage the conflict of Christian life, be bold, be faithful, and God will feed your souls. As in the one case God will take care of the body according to the literal promise of Christ, so here we have included something higher and better.

We are incessantly tempted, in this life, to conform our ethical conduct either to our direct or implied physical condition. There is a natural, but not too good, tendency to make the metes and bounds of ethical truth and duty conform to natural law, and then to interpret natural law on the side of selfishness. We are perpetually tempted by compliances, by customs, by seeming physical necessities, by social sympathies, and by even moral biases, to depart from propriety and rectitude. In all the relations of life—in the family, in the neighborhood, in business, in their whole estate—men are strongly inclined, if not to give up right and duty, yet to moderate their ideas of what is right; to take on milder conceptions of duty; to see if the cross cannot be evaded or avoided, or to make it as inconspicuous as possible. That tendency is natural, using the word *natural* in its lowest acceptation.

There is always present, more or less obtrusively, the economic argument in the soul, and we often find ourselves resorting to it to excuse ourselves from adhering to that which is incumbent upon us. When we are irradiated with conceptions of Christian life, when we have heroic ideals, we mean to be absolutely true men; we mean to have an unadulterated faith in God; we mean to have the utmost sincerity of life; we mean to burn with a conrage that shall never know obliquity; we mean to be enterprising, abounding in work. And yet, when we come out of the inspirational hours that sometimes come to us, and enter upon the actual experience of life, we come into the economic and argumentative mood. And the question arises whether it is proper in our circumstances—which are always peculiar—for us to do so and so. And in this mood we are always tempted as much as possible to avoid the cogency and urgency of the reasons which incline us to fulfil our duties, and to argue whether it is best for us, for ours, and for the world about us, to press forward in the path of duty which is opened before us.

Now, I do not undertake to say that these casuistical questions are not a part of our necessity; but I do say that the application of truths and principles requires right judgment and the continuous exercise thereof. It is not half so much trouble to know what the truth is in general as it is to know what the truth is at any particular time, and in its applications to particular phases of experience. And it is at this point, not that we are necessarily deceived, but that we are extremely liable to lean toward a compliance with worldly ways and customs, for the sake of getting along easier; for the sake of having more certain, solid, assured success.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," said the Saviour, when he was himself tempted. And the promise of our text is, Do not comply with evil under any circumstances; do not give way to worldly counsels, where they are distinctly opposite to spiritual counsels; do not consume yourselves with anxieties; do not use your strength needlessly; do not expend it on this thing or that when it might be better spent on something else; do not judge your prosperity by outward signs alone, and you shall have your reward. I will give to every man that is a true soldier; to every man that holds the faith of Christ, and that means to maintain a godly and pure life—to every such man, whatever may be his trials, whatever may be his perils, and whatever may be his inducements, if he will only overcome his temptations, I will give a hidden support. I will feed him inwardly. As the Israelite had visible manna, so he shall have manna that is invisible, hidden, mystic.

I would to God that in some adequate way the experience of this truth might be gathered out of that army of suffering ones that the world has seen, and framed into a history, and poured forth upon men, that the world might know how God does do exceeding abundantly more than we ask or think for those that are willing for Christ's sake to cut off the right hand, or pluck out the right eye, or forego any temptation or any inducement of pleasure.

There is nothing that seems more apparent to men of the world than for a man to stand, as it is said, *in his own light;* for a man to give up position, and in many respects, it may be, innocent good, for the sake of some notion, some ism, some moral scruple. But yet it has been the experience and the testimony of more than one can count of blessed saints in heaven, and of multitudes that still dwell upon earth and are engaged in its conflicts, that, no matter how rugged or steep the path may have been, they have been best fed and best sustained when they have followed Christ the nearest. I will not say that those who follow Christ at all hazards will be best sustained outwardly, (though they will have enough for their outward wants;) or, when they do not have this, what is better, they will die, but they will have, in spite of their circumstances, more of those ends for which men strive than they could have attained if they had conformed to the world.

Why do men strive? There is a pleasure in the use of our faculties that makes men industrious and enterprising; that leads them to become engineers, mechanics, laboring men or scholars. There is pleasure in a life of activity. But mainly men are living for the sake of supplying themselves with a multitude of worldly benefits; that they may have a broader foundation for their family; that they may, if possible, derive more enjoyment from leisure; that they may multiply the sources of their improvement. In other words, various joy, that shall develop the mind and fill up the heart; the evading of evil, which is a reflex seeking for possible joy—this is that which is the universal spring, the grand motive, of human action; and when you take away from a man the fear of evil and the hope of joy, you paralyze him. No man would be more than a leaf on a stream that had not this fear or this hope.

Now, it is the experience of men, and one of those experiences which we come to slowly and reluctantly, and which dawn upon us only after we have gone through a long course of struggle, that, after all, we find more happiness in the faithful performance of Christian duty at every hazard and sacrifice than we would have found with unobstructed freedom along the course of prosperity.

Let me take the case, for instance, of a man that pursues the most innocent course of life. It is thought of industry that it is good, that it is right, that it is praiseworthy. It is. But little by little a man in the course of duty peils himself for others' sake, and begins to undermine his health and strength. He would draw back, but there is an obligation imposed upon him. It is a soldier, in time of war, and he is called to do duty in places of danger, and to sacrifice his bodily heath. And ere long, by maims and wounds, or by rheumatic twistings and contortions, or by organic weaknesses, the man is laid aside from labor. And men say, "It is a pity that this man should not have avoided this excessive taxation upon his physical system. There is moderation in all things." But I have taken notice that when it is moral things moderation is known to all men; and when it is physical things moderation is known to nobody. There is a general public sentiment that zeal and fervor for the animal system is all right enough; but that for the moral nature there should be great moderation and self-restraint. And so men look with pity upon a man that has been laid aside from activity by reason of over-exertion in the discharge of the most solemn duties that can be known in the providence of God.

It is hard to stand still enforcedly. It is hard to see the thunderous processes of industry go past your skilled hand and willing feet, and you not be called to take part and lot in them. And yet many a man has learned, after the first days of bitterness, that he could reap more joy bedridden than he could on his feet. In many a case helpless hands, that could not be lifted in prayer, have reaped better harvests for a man, if you measure by the satisfaction of the soul, than they could under any other circumstances. Many a man that has been laid aside early in life, and for long and useless years, has realized, without knowing it, the promise of God, "I will give you hidden manna if you will overcome in the position in which, in my providence, I have placed you; stand firm in the path of duty, and I will see to it that hidden manna is ministered to you, and that so you are fed."

Are there not those that can bear witness here to-day that a man may lose all things, in the common acceptation of the term, and yet be exceedingly happy, and blessed of God? A man may be stripped of property, a man may be bereft of friends, a man may lose his health, a man may have the way of usefulness blocked up to him; and yet he may experience a happiness that is indescribable, if he only has left this thought: "Heaven cannot be touched. Here I am tossed about and rolled over, and I am like a vessel borne down before a tempest, and swept hither and thither; but ah! there is a rest that remaineth, God keeps it for me, and ere long I shall dwell in his presence. And I am sure that I am a better and happier man by reason of the things which I have been made to suffer, since they have rendered my soul suseeptible to the mysterious touches of God's hand." It is the fulfilment of the promise, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." The man that is willing to stand up wherever his lot may in the providence of God be cast, and that stands victoriously, God will feed, not outwardly alone, but inwardly.

Now comes the other mystic promise, of something nobler, yet. The explanation that I shall give of the *white stone, with the name which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it,* will seem fanciful to you, unless you think of the difference which there is on this subject between modern and occidental thought and ancient and oriental thinking. But no one who is acquainted with the sentiment of antiquity will think this explanation fanciful; for precious stones were almost the very form of literature for the expression of the idea of precious truths—so much so that God, when he wished to describe how heaven itself was builded, instead of saying that it was a building whose tower was justice, and whose foundations were mercy and love and sympathy, said, "It is builded of sapphire, and ruby, and other precious stones." Precious stones were identified with great moral truths and qualities. Just as we say *ermine* in referring to the office of a judge or magistrate, just as we speak of white fur as signifying purity, so to the ancient, the oriental, a precious stone was associated with moral truths and moral qualities. And God always speaks in conformity to this use of precious stones in representing such truths and qualities. In the description of heaven they were largely employed, whose walls, it was said, were of jasper, and whose pavements were likened to a sea of glass.

But, more significantly, though less poetically, perhaps, precious stones were set, and worn as breast-stones. All the priests wore them in the Jewish economy. On the ephod they were placed. And the kings wore them. Now, in modern times, they are worn merely for show; but then they were worn to signify moral and regnant qualities. Crowns carried them symbolically, much as in coronets they still flame.

But more frequently than in any other way, precious stones were made into signet rings; and as such they carried authority, because they suggested the personal identity of the wearer. Where precious stones were set as signet-rings, they were worn, probably, in part, on account of their brilliancy, and for mere private and personal pleasure; or else they were presents, given as tokens of ordinary regard, by neighbor to neighbor, or friend to friend; or else they were bestowed as honors. Where a prince or a monarch desired to confer the highest testimony of his appreciation of one that had served him or the kingdom, he gave him a precious stone, with his name cut on it.

But more preciously these stones were used as love tokens; and in this case they were cut with mystic symbols. As two lovers agree upon names which no one but themselves know the meaning of, or as they speak to each other in endearing terms which belong to them severally; not in baptism, not in common parlance, but by the agreement of the heart; so it was customary to cut in stone names or initials which no one knew but the one that gave it and the one that received it.

Now, these last two uses of precious stones—that by which monarchs conferred honor upon their favorites, and that by which lovers gave token of their affection for each other, with names inscribed, and known only to love—are blended. And this, I apprehend, is the origin of the figure of our text, "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." God says, "I am the eternal King, and I am the universal Lover; and to him that is faithful to me and that overcometh I will give, as a token of my love and honoring, a white stone." What is meant by *a white stone* I do not know; but I prefer to think that it was an opal—the most human of all stones. The diamond is the more spiritual, there is less of color and more of suggestion in it; but the opal has in it more sympathy, more feeling, more wondrous beauty, more of those moods that belong to the human heart; and of all the stones that are worn to signify human affection, none is to be compared to the opal. And methinks, when God makes this promise of the white stone, it is as if he said, "I will cut your love-name in an opal; and as your King and Lover I will give it to you; and no man shall know the meaning of that name but you yourself."

SMILES. Nothing on earth can smile but a man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor can living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the cheerfulness of love. The smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs. But when the storm passes, and every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down a pretty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust; the walnut-leaf bitterness; some flowers poison; while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet-briar lend their aroma to the twinkling drops, and send them down in perfumed drops. And so it is with smiles which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant. [Henry Ward Beecher.

Worcester Daily Spy.

From the Mayflower, by Mrs. Stowe.

1776.—THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY.

Dick sprang, and had the table out in a trice with an abundant clatter, and put up the leaves with quite an air. His mother, with the silent and gliding motion characteristic of her, quietly took out the table cloth and spread it, and began to set the cups and saucers in order, and to put on the plates and knives, while Aunt Hitty bustled about the tea.

"I'll be glad when the war's over, for one reason," said she. "I'm pretty much tired of drinking sage tea, for one, I know."

"Well, Aunt Hitty, how you scolded that peddler last week, that brought along that real tea."

"To be sure I did. Suppose I'd be taking any of his old tea, bought of the British? Fling every teacup in his face first!"

"Well, mother," said Dick, "I never exactly understood what it was about the tea, and why the Boston folks threw it all overboard."

"Because there was an unlawful tax laid upon it that the government had no right to lay. It wasn't much in itself, but it was a part of a whole system of oppressive measures, designed to take away our rights and make us slaves of a foreign power."

"Slaves!" said Dick, straightening himself proudly. "Father a slave!"

"But they would not be slaves! They saw clearly where it would all end, and they would not begin to submit to it in ever so little," said the mother.

"I wouldn't if I was they," said Dick.

"Besides," said his mother, drawing him towards her, "it wasn't for themselves alone they did it. This is a great country, and it will be greater and greater; and it's very important that it should have free and equal laws, because it will by and by be so great. This country, if it is a free one, will be a light of the world—a city set on a hill, that can not be hid; and all the oppressed and distressed from other countries shall come here to enjoy equal rights and freedom. This, dear boy, is why your father and uncles have gone to fight and why they do stay and fight, though God knows what they suffer, and—" and the large blue eyes of the mother were full of tears; yet a strong, bright beam of pride and exultation shone through those tears.

"Well, well, Roxy, you can always talk, everybody knows," said Aunt Hitty, who had been not the least attentive listener of this little patriotic harangue; "but you see the tea is getting cold, and yonder I see the sleigh is at the door, and John's come; so let's set up our chairs for supper."

The chairs were soon set up, when John, the eldest son, a lad of about fifteen, entered with a letter. There was one general exclamation, and stretching out of hands toward it. John threw it into his mother's lap; the tea table was forgotten, and the tea kettle sang unnoticed by the fire, as all hands crowded about mother's chair to hear the news. It was from Capt. Ward, then in the American army, at Valley Forge. Mrs. Ward ran it over hastily, and then read it aloud. A few words we may extract:—

"There is still," it is said, "much suffering. I have given away every pair of stockings you sent me, reserving to myself only one; for I will not be one whit better off than the poorest soldier who fights for his country. Poor fellows! it makes my heart ache sometimes to go round among them, and see them with worn clothes and torn shoes, and often bleeding feet, yet cheerful and hopeful, and every one willing to do his very best. Often the spirit of discouragement comes over them, particularly at night, when, weary, cold, and hungry, they turn into their comfortless huts, on the snowy ground. Then sometimes there is a thought of home, and warm fires, and some speak of giving up; but next morning out come Washington's general orders—little short note, but it's wonderful the good it does! and then they all resolve to hold on, come what may. There are commissioners going all through the country to pick up supplies. If they come to you, I need not tell you that to do. I know all that will be in your hearts."

"There, children, see what you father suffers," said the mother, "and what it cost these poor soldiers to gain our liberty."

"Ephraim Scranton told me that the commissioners had come as far as the Three Mile Tavern, and that he rather 'spected they'd be along here to-night," said John, as he was passing round the baked beans to the silent company at the tea table.

To-night?—Do tell, now!" said Aunt Hitty. "Then, it's time we were awake and stirring. Let's see what can be got."

"I'll send my new overcoat for one," said John. "That old one isn't cut up yet, is it, Aunt Hitty?"

"No," said Aunt Hitty, "I was laying out to cut it over next Wednesday, when Desire Smith could be here to do the tailoring."

"There's the south room," said Aunt Hitty, musing; that bed has the two old Aunt Ward blankets on it, and the great blue quilt, and two comforters. Then, mother's and my room, two pair—four comforters—two quilts—the best chamber has got——"

"Oh, Aunt Hitty, send all that's in the best chamber! If any company comes, we can make it up off from our beds," said John. "I can send a blanket or two off from my bed, I know;—can't but just turn over in it, so many clothes on, now."

"Aunt Hitty, take a blanket off from our bed," said Grace and Dick at once.

"Well, well, we'll see," said Aunt Hitty, bustling up.

Up rose grandmamma, with great earnestness, now, and going to the next room, and opening a large cedar-wood chest, returned, bearing in her arms two large, snow white blankets, which she deposited flat on the table, just as Aunt Hitty was whisking off the table-cloth.

"Mortal! Mother, what are you going to do?" said Aunt Hitty.

"There," she said, "I spun those—every thread of 'em, when my name was Mary Evans. Those were my wedding blankets—made of real nice wool, and worked with roses in all the corners. I've got *them* to give!" and the old lady stroked and smoothed the blankets, and patted them down with great pride and tenderness. It was evident she was giving something that lay very near her heart; but she never faltered.

"La! mother, there's no need of that," said Aunt Hitty. "Use them on your bed, and send the blankets off from that; they are just as good for soldiers."

"No, I shan't!" said the old lady, waxing warm; "'tisn't a bit too good for 'em. I'll send the very best I've got before they shall suffer. Send 'm the *best!*" and the old lady gestured oratorically.

They were interrupted by a rap at the door, and two men entered, and announced themselves as commissioned by congress to search out supplies for the army. Now the plot thickens. Aunt Hitty flew in every direction, through entry passage, meal room, milk room, down cellar, up chamber—her cap border on end with patriotic zeal—and followed by John, Dick, and Grace, who eagerly bore to the kitchen the supplies she turned out, while Mrs. Ward busied herself in quietly sorting and arranging, in the best possible traveling order, the various contributions that were precipitately launched on the kitchen floor.

Aunt Hitty soon appeared in the kitchen with an armful of stockings, which, kneeling on the floor, she began counting and laying out.

"There," she said, laying down a large bundle on some blankets, "that leaves just two pair apiece all round."

"La!" said John, "what's the use of saving two pairs for me? I can do with one pair as well as father."

"Sure enough," said his mother; "besides, I can knit you another pair in a day."

"And I can do with one pair," said Dick.

"Yours will be too small, young master, I guess," said one of the commissioners.

"No," said Dick, "I have got a pretty good foot of my own, and Aunt Hitty will always knit my stockings an inch too long, 'cause she says I grow so. See here—these will do;" and the boy shook his head triumphantly.

"And mine, too," said Grace, nothing doubting, having been busy all the time in pulling off her little stockings.

"Here," she said to the man who was packing the things into a wide-mouthed sack; "here's mine," and her large blue eyes looked earnestly through her tears.

Aunt Hitty flew at her. "Good land! the child's crazy. Don't think the men could wear your stockings—take 'em away!"

Grace looked round with an air of utter desolation and began to cry. "I wanted to give them something," said she "I'd rather go bare footed on the snow all day than not send 'em anything."

"Give me my stocking my child," said the old soldier. "There I'll take 'em, and show 'em to the soldiers, and tell them what the little girl said that sent them. And it will do them as much good as if they would wear them. They've got little girls at home, too." Grace fell on her mothers bosom completely happy, and Aunt Hitty only muttered:

"Everybody does spile that child; and no wonder, neither!"

Soon the old sleigh drove off from the brown house, tightly packed and heavily loaded. And Grace and Dick were creeping up to their little beds.

"There's been something put on the altar of Liberty to-night, hasn't there Dick?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, and looking up to his mother, he said, "But, mother, what did you give?"

"I?" said the mother musingly.

"Yes, you, mother, what did you give to the country?"

"All that I have dears," she said, laying her hands gently on their heads—"my husband and my children."

Miss Asphyxia.

Mrs. Stowe has in press a new novel called "Oldtown Folks," which is to be issued this week. The following extract from the advance sheets shows that her unrivalled talent for delineating the peculiarities of New England character is as fresh and vigorous as ever:

Miss Asphyxia was tall and spare. Nature had made her, as she often remarked of herself, entirely for use. She had allowed for her muscles no cushioned repose of fat, no redundant smoothness of outline. There was nothing to her but good, strong, solid bone, and tough, wiry, well-strung muscle. She was past fifty, and her hair was already well streaked with gray, and so thin that, when tightly combed and tied, it still showed bald cracks, not very sightly to the eye. The only thought that Miss Asphyxia ever had had in relation to the *coiffure* of her hair, was that it was to be got out of her way. Hair she considered principally as something that might get into people's eyes, if not properly attended to; and accordingly, at a very early hour every morning, she tied hers in a very tight knot, and then secured it by a horn comb on the top of her head. To tie this knot so tightly that, once done, it should last all day, was Miss Asphyxia's only art of the toilet, and she tried her work every morning by giving her head a shake before she left her looking-glass, not unlike that of an unruly cow. If this process did not start the horn comb from its moorings, Miss Asphyxia was well pleased. For the rest, her face was dusky and wilted,—guarded by gaunt, high cheek bones, and watched over by a pair of small gray eyes of unsleeping vigilance. The shaggy eyebrows that overhung them were grizzled like her hair.

It would not be proper to say that Miss Asphyxia looked ill-tempered; but her features could never, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to wear an expression of tenderness. They were set in an austere, grim gravity, whose lines had become more deeply channelled by every year of her life. As related to her fellow-creatures, she was neither passionate nor cruel. We have before described her as a working machine, forever wound up to high-pressure working point; and this being her nature, she trod down and crushed whatever stood in the way of her work, with as little compunction as if she had been a steam-engine or a power loom.

Miss Asphyxia had a full conviction of what a recent pleasant writer has denominated the total depravity of matter. She was not given to many words, but it might often be gathered from her brief discourses that she had always felt herself, so to speak, sword in hand against a universe where everything was running to disorder,—everything was tending to slackness, shiftlessness, unthrift, and she alone was left on the earth to keep things in their places. Her hired men were always too late up in the morning, always shirking, always too long taking a nap at noon; everybody was watching to cheat her in every bargain; her horse, cow, pigs,—all her possessions,—were ready at the slightest winking of her eye, or relaxing of her watch, to fall into all sorts of untoward ways and gyrations; and therefore she slept, as it were, in her armor, and spent her life as a sentinel on duty.

In taking a child, she had her eyes open only to one patent fact,—that a child was an animal who would always be wanting to play, and that she must make all her plans and calculations to keep her from playing. To this end she had beforehand given out word to her brother, that, if she took the girl, the boy must be kept away. "Got enough on my hands now, without havin' a boy trainin' round my house, and upsettin' all creation," said the grim virgin.

"Wal, wal," said old Crab, "taint best; they'll be a consultin' together, and cuttin' up didos. I'll keep the boy tight enough, I tell you."

Little enough was the dinner that the child ate that day. There were two hulking, square-shouldered men at the table, who stared at her with great round eyes like oxen; and so, though Miss Asphyxia dumped down Indian pudding, ham and fried potatoes before her, the child's eating was scarcely that of a blackbird.

Marvellous to the little girl was the celerity with which Miss Asphyxia washed and cleared up the dinner dishes. How the dishes rattled, the knives and forks clinked, as she scraped and piled and washed and wiped, and put everything in a trice back into such perfect place, that it looked as if nothing had ever been done on the premises!

love—of our brother, not one teasing, provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

After this Miss Asphyxia produced thimble, thread, needle, and scissors, and drawing out of a closet a bale of coarse blue home-made cloth, proceeded to measure the little girl for a petticoat and short gown of the same. This being done to her mind, she dumped her into a chair beside her, and, putting a brown towel into her hands to be hemmed, she briefly said, 'There, keep to work;" while she, with great despatch and resolution, set to work on the little garments aforesaid.

The child once or twice laid down her work to watch the chickens who came up round the door, or to note a bird which flew by with a little ripple of song. The first time, Miss Asphyxia only frowned, and said, "Tut, tut." The second time, there came three thumps of Miss Asphyxia's thimble down on the little head, with the admonition, "Mind your work." The child now began to cry, but Miss Asphyxia soon put an end to that by displaying a long birch rod, with a threatening movement, and saying succinctly, "Stop that, this minute, or I'll whip you." And the child was so certain of this that she swallowed her grief and stitched away as fast as her little fingers could go.

As soon as supper was over that night, Miss Asphyxia seized upon the child, and, taking her to a tub in the sink-room, proceeded to divest her of her garments and subject her to a most thorough ablution.

"I'm going to give you one good scrubbin' to start with," said Miss Asphyxia; and, truth to say, no word could more thoroughly express the character of the ablution than the term "scrubbing." The poor child was deluged with soap and water, in mouth, nose, ears and eyes, while the great bony hands rubbed and splashed, twisted her arms, turned her ears wrong side out, and dashed on the water with unsparing vigor. Nobody can tell the torture which can be inflicted on a child in one of these vigorous old New England washings, which used to make Saturday night a terror in good families. But whatever they were, the little martyr was by this time so thoroughly impressed with the awful reality of Miss Asphyxia's power over her, that she endured all with only a few long-drawn and convulsed sighs, and an inaudible "O dear!"

When well scrubbed and wiped, Miss Asphyxia put on a coarse homespun nightgown, and, pinning a cloth round the child's neck, began with her scissors the work of cutting off her hair. Snip, snip, went the fatal shears, and down into the towel fell bright curls, once the pride of a mother's heart, till finally the small head was despoiled completely. Then Miss Asphyxia shaking up a bottle of camphor, proceeded to rub some vigorously upon the child's head. "There," she said, "that's to keep ye from catchin' cold."

She then proceeded to the kitchen, raken open the fire, and shook the golden curls into the bed of embers, and stood grimly over them while they seethed and twisted and writhed, as if they had been living things suffering a fiery torture, meanwhile picking diligently at the cloth that had contained them, that no stray hair might escape.

"I wonder now," she said to herself, "if any of this will rise and get into the next pudding?" She spoke with a spice of bitterness, poor woman, as if it would be just the way things usually went on, if it did.

She buried the fire carefully, and then, opening the door of a small bed-room adjoining, which displayed a single bed, she said, "Now get into bed."

The child immediately obeyed, thankful to hide herself under the protecting folds of a blue checked coverlet, and feeling that at last the dreadful Miss Asphyxia would leave her to herself.

Miss Asphyxia clapped to the door, and the child drew a long breath. In a moment, however, the door flew open. Miss Asphyxia had forgotten something. "Can you say your prayers?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," said the child.

"Say 'em, then," said Miss Asphyxia; and bang went the door again.

"There, now, if I hain't done up my duty to that child, then I don't know," said Miss Asphyzia.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MEMORY.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Galilee saw their Master transfigured, his raiment white and glistening, and his face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care, from our heart-friends every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold touch every object. Absent friends and friends gone on the last journey stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and, like the disciples who saw their Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord, it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the gray-haired father, the manly son, the bright-eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault, some flaw; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home we remember not a dark day, not one servile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns and the radiance of its bright days—of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of

NEW ENGLAND SERMONS.—In Mrs. Stowe's new novel. one of the characters gives the following synopsis of an old-time New England sermon: "Wal," said Sam, leaning over the fire, with his long, bony hands alternately raised to catch the warmth, and then dropped with an utter laxness, when the warmth became too pronounced, "Parson Simpson's a smart man; but, I tell ye, it's kind o' discouragin'. Why, he said our state and condition by natur was just like this: We was clear down in a well fifty feet deep, and the sides all 'round nothin' but bare ice: but we was under obligations to get out, 'cause we was free, voluntary agents. But nobody would, unless the Lord reached down and took 'em. And whether he would or not, nobody could tell; it was all sovereignty. He said there wasn't one in a hundred—not one in a thousand—not one in ten thousand—that would be saved. Lordy massy, says I to myself, ef that's so they're any of 'em welcome to my chance. And so I kind o' ris up and come out, 'cause I'd got a pretty long walk home, and I wanted to go round by South Pond and inquire about Aunt Sally Morse's toothache."

Read This!

[*An Extract from Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney Corner," in the February "Atlantic."*]

FAULT-FINDING. The first fox that I mean to treat of, is Fault-finding,—a most respectable little animal that many people let run freely among their domestic vines, under the notion that he helps the growth of the grapes, and is the principal means of keeping them in order.

Now it may safely be set down with a margin that nobody likes to be found fault with; but everybody likes to find fault when things do not suit them.

Let my courteous reader ask him or herself if he or she does not experience a relief and pleasure in finding fault about or with whatever trouble them.

This appears at first sight an unevenness in the provisions of Nature. Generally we are so made that what it is a pleasure to us to do, it is a pleasure to our neighbor to receive. It is a pleasure to love: it is a pleasure to be loved; a pleasure to admire; a pleasure to be admired. It is a pleasure to give and a pleasure to receive. It is a pleasure also to find fault, but *not* a pleasure to be found fault with. Furthermore, those people whose sensitiveness of temperament lead them to find the most fault are precisely those who can least bear to be found fault with; they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on other men's shoulders; but they themselves cannot bear the weight of a finger.

Now the difficulty in the matter is this: there are things in life that must be altered. Life must be a constant series of erasures and amendments; for things to be altered, they must be spoken of to the people whose business it is to make the change. This it is that opens wide the general door of fault-finding to well-disposed people, and that give them latitude of conscience to impose on their fellows all the annoyances which they feel in their own minds. The father and mother of a family are fault-finders, *ex officio*; and to them flow back the tide of ever separate individual complaints in the circle, till often the family air is chilled and darkened by a drizzling Scotch mist of complaint. Very bad are these mists for grape-vines, and produce mildew in many a fair cluster.

Thus it is Enthusius falls in love with Hermione, because she looks like a moonbeam,—because she is ethereal, spiritueIle, frail as a summer cloud. He commences forthwith the perpetual adventure system that precedes marriage. He assures her that she is too fair for this world, too bright and good for any of the uses of frail mortality,—that she ought to tend on roses, sleep on the clouds—that she ought never to shed a tear, know a fatigue, or make an exertion, but live apart in some bright, ethereal sphere worthy of her charms. All of which is duly chanted in her ear in moonlight walks or sails, and so often repeated, that a sensible girl may be excused for believing that a little of it may be true.

Now comes marriage, and it turns out that Enthusius is very particular as to his coffee; that he cannot be comfortable with any table arrangements that do not resemble those of his notable mother, lately deceased in the odor of sanctity. He also wants his house in perfect order at all hours, and he is excessively disturbed if his meals are irregular, and still he does not propose to provide a trained housekeeper; it is all to be effected by means of certain raw Irish girls, under the superintendence of this angel who was to tread on roses, sleep on clouds, and never know an earthly care. Neither has Enthusius ever considered it a part of the husband's duty to bear personal inconveniences in silence. He would freely shed his blood for Hermione,—nay, he often frantically proposed the same in the hours of courtship—when of course nobody wanted it done, and it could answer no manner of use; and thus to the idyllic dialogues of that period succeed such as these:

"My dear, this tea is smoked: can't you get Jane in the way of making it better?"

"My dear, I have tried; but she will not do it as I tell her."

"Well, all I know is, other people can have good tea, and I should think we might."

And again at dinner:

"My dear, this mutton is overdone again; it is *always* overdone."

"Not always, dear, because you recollect on Monday you said it was just right."

"Well, *almost* always."

"Well, my dear, the reason today was because I had company in the parlor, and could not go to caution Bridget as I generally do. It's very difficult to get things done with such a girl."

"My mother's things were always well done no matter what her girl was."

Again: "My dear, you must speak to the servants about wasting the coal. I never saw such a consumption of fuel in a family of our size;" or, "My dear, how can you let Maggie tear the morning paper?" or, "My dear, I shall actually have to give up coming to dinner if my dinners cannot be regular;" or, "My dear, I wish you would look at the way my shirts are ironed—it is perfectly scandalous;" or, "My dear, you must not let Johnnie finger the mirror in the parlor;" or, "My dear, you must stop the children from playing in the garret;" or, "My dear, you must see that Maggie doesn't leave the mat out on the railing when she sweeps the front hall;" and so on, upstairs, and downstairs, in the lady's chamber; My dear is to see that nothing goes wrong, and she is found fault with when anything does.

Yet Enthusius, when occasionally he finds his sometime angel in tears, and when she tells him he does not love her as he once did, repudiates the charge with all his heart, and declares he loves her more then ever—and perhaps he does. The only thing is that she has passed out of the plane of moonshine and poetry into that of actualities. While she was considered an angel, a star, a bird, an evening cloud, of course there was nothing to be found fault with in her, but now the angel has become chief business-partner in an earthly working firm, relations are different, Enthusius could say the same things over again under the same circumstances, but unfortunately, now they never are in the same circumstances. Enthusius is simply a man who is in the habit of speaking from impulse, and saying a thing merely and only because he feels it.

Before marriage he worshipped and adored his wife as an ideal being dwelling in the land of dreams and poetries, and did his very best to make her unpractical and unadapted to enjoy the life to which he was to introduce her after marriage. After marriage he still yields unreflectingly to present impulses, which are no longer to praise, but to criticise and condemn. The very sensibility to beauty and love of elegance, which made him admire her before marriage, now transferred to the arrangement of the domestic menage, leave him daily to perceive a hundred defects and find a hundred annoyances. Thus far we suppose an amiable, submissive wife, who is only grieved, not provoked,—who has no sense of injustice, and meekly strives to make good the hard conditions of her lot.

Such poor, little, faded women have we seen, looking for all the world like plants that have been nursed and forced into blossom in the steam-heat of the conservatory, and are now sickly and yellow, dropping leaf by leaf in the dry, dusty parlor.

But there is another side of the picture, where the wife, provoked and indignant, takes up the fault-finding trade in return, and with the keen arrows of her woman's wit searches and penetrates every joint of the husband's armor, showing herself full as unjust and far more culpable in this sort of conflict.

Saddest of all sad things is it to see two dearest friends employing all that peculiar knowledge of each other which love has given them only to harrass and provoke; thrusting and piercing with a certainty of aim that only past habits of confidence and affection could have put in their power, wounding their own hearts with every deadly thrust they make at the other, and all for such inexpressibly miserable trifles as usually form the openings of fault-finding dramas.

For the contentions that loosen the very foundations of love,—that crumble away all its fine traceries and carved work,—about what miserable, worthless things do they commonly begin,—a dinner underdone, too much oil burned, a paper torn, a waste of coal or soap, a dish broken,—and for this miserable sort of trash, very good, very generous, very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are made and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established, they will throw away *their happiness*. Better cold coffee, smoked tea, burned meat, better any, inconvenience, any loss, than a loss of *love*, and nothing so surely burns away love as constant fault-finding.

For fault-finding once allowed as a habit between two near and dear friends comes in time to establish a chronic soreness, so that the mildest, the most reasonable suggestion, the gentlest implied reproof, occasion burning irritation, and when this morbid stage has once set in, the restoration of love seems well-nigh impossible.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

IT DESTROYS A LOVER'S PEACE OF MIND.

Interesting Correspondence.

One of those "gentlemen," "personally strangers" to Gen Butler, who steal dispatches and open letters for him, while passing through Springfield the other day with the private correspondence of six Boston families in his carpet-bag (probably on his way to Gloucester), threw the following letter out of the car window. Although it contained nothing suitable for electioneering purposes, we "venture," as Gen Butler says, to publish it:—

NEW HAVEN, October 8, 1868.

My Dear Mansfield: You know, when I was a boy and you boarded at my father's, I always used to go to you for advice if anything was the matter. The old habit sticks to me. I never wanted or needed your advice more than I do now, for I never was in quite so perplexing a predicament before. Please hear my story, and take my case into consideration.

Miss Mary Meserve was the most intimate friend my sister Ellen had, in the young ladies' seminary, last winter. One Monday early in the season, Ellen told me, with a good deal of animation, that Miss Meserve had promised to come home with her next Friday evening and remain till the following Monday. Ellen evidently had a great desire that I should like her friend, for she spent a part of every evening, between then and Friday, in telling me what a charming girl she was, what beautiful eyes she had, what splendid teeth, what an elegant figure. My impression, in the time of it, was that Ellen was painting her friend in most too glowing colors. But I had to confess that before I had been introduced to her half an hour I repeated to myself what the queen of Sheba said on a certain occasion—"the half was not told me."

It was a clear, frosty afternoon when she came home with Ellen. I saw them as they entered the gate. Our house, you know, is set back from the street about ten rods. I sat by one of the front parlor windows and watched them as they came leisurely up to the door. They were chatting cheerfully, and they both looked very happy. Miss Meserve's cheeks had a most beautiful rosy tint upon them, caused, probably, in part, by her long walk in the keen, frosty air; and her eyes danced and sparkled like dewdrops in the sun, as she laughed merrily at something Ellen was telling her. When she smiled she had a beautiful dimple in each cheek, and I doubt if there is another girl in the world that could show a handsomer set of teeth than she did. You know me of old, Mansfield, and I think you will admit that I am a very prudent, cautious fellow, not easily wrought upon by any thing, but true as I live, for all that, I felt as though I would like to print a kiss upon those coral lips of hers before the first evening was over.

For two or three Saturday afternoons after that, I took sister Ellen in, and drove up to Miss Meserve's father's,—they live about two miles out of the city;—then we, Ellen, her friend and myself, would go sleighing an hour or two together. Sisters are quite handy to have about, in the commencement of such an acquaintance, but, after that, I managed to leave Ellen at home and drive alone with Miss Meserve. Well, the long and short of it is, that, before the winter term in the seminary closed, we were engaged. I used to think, very often, Mansfield, how proud I should be when I could introduce her to you, as my young wife. If you only could have seen her as she used to trip along, last winter, on the sidewalk to the seminary! I always managed to get a seat at the side window, in my office, in season in the morning to get a glimpse of her as she passed along. Somehow it put me in good humor for the whole day. Some folks may laugh at what I am going to say, and think it was only because I was over head and ears in love; but, you know me so well, you will believe me when I tell you that I never saw another woman walk as well as she did,—she was so free, easy and graceful in every motion. But, alas for human pride and expectations! That is all changed, and if she really were my wife, now, and I knew you were going to call upon me, I should entreat her not to walk across the room, or even get out of her chair, while you were in the house, I should feel so chagrined. It is such a misfortune, such a sad thing for us both! I pity the girl from the bottom of my heart, but I don't think I can possibly bring my mind to marry her, unless her disease is curable. Let me explain to you, and then tell me if you can blame me.

Directly after the summer term closed at the seminary, (she graduated this summer, and I was hoping that by Christmas I could call her my wife), she went with her father's family to the seaside. I promised her, notwithstanding my business was very pressing, that I would try to join them in a few weeks, and spend a few days with them. Well, in a little less than two weeks (that was as long as I could stand it without seeing her), I took the cars one Saturday morning, and reached Newport about three o'clock p. m. I found Miss Meserve had gone to ride with her father, mother, and little brothers. I took a seat by a window in one of the public parlors, where I could get a good view of the drive up to the door. I know that you will sympathize with me when I tell you that, man as I am, I am obliged to lay down my pen and wipe my eyes before I can write the rest.

In about fifteen minutes I saw them coming. I did not go down to the carriage, for I preferred that our first meeting should be in their private parlor; so I staid by the window. Well, Mr Meserve got out, and after him came the two little boys. Then Mr Meserve assisted his wife to alight, and I thought, of course, Mary would come next. But instead of her he helped out a bowed over woman, who moved so much as old Aunt Sukey Taft used to, I should have thought positively it was she if she hadn't been dressed elegantly and so youthfully for one of her years. You remember Aunt Sukey, as all the young folks used to call her, don't you? I boarded with her when I taught school in Wethersfield. Her husband used to raise a great many onions. She said that one summer, about ten years before that, Mr Taft was very feeble, and she took the whole care of the onion beds herself. One day she had got a large bed nearly weeded as a cold rain set in. She was so nearly through she thought she would stick to it till it was completed. But she says she had better have left the weeds a-growing and gone into the house; for all the money they got for those onions didn't half pay her doctor's bill. She took a dreadful cold in her back and was laid up for months with the rheumatism, and from that day to this she has never been able to straighten her spinal column. After Mr Meserve helped the bowed-over woman out—she was much longer getting out than Mrs Meserve, she was so cramped in her motions—the driver touched up his horses and moved away. 'What does this mean?' I said to myself. 'Where is Mary?' Imagine, if you can, what my consternation was, an instant afterward, as the little, crooked, and apparently crippled woman turned her face toward the parlar windows so that I had a full view of it, to behold that it was my own Mary so metamorphosed.

'Good Lord!' I exclaimed aloud, without stopping to see if there was any one present to hear me: 'What ails that girl's back? What can have happened to her?'

A colored waiter, who was adjusting the drapery at one of the windows, looked out and grinned so that he showed all his ivories, and said:—

'I presume, sah, she has got the Grecian bend, sah, the new disease, sah.'

'The Grecian—what do you call it? What kind of a disease is it?'

'The Grecian bend, sah,—the new disease, sah,' he replied, grinning again, from ear to ear. 'Ever so many young ladies have been taken with it since they came here.'

What in thunder are you grinning at?' I asked, curtly. 'I don't see any thing very funny in such distortion, myself. What kind of a disease is it, anyhow? You say a good many have got it. Is it catching like measles and mumps?'

'I should say, sah, that it was as contagious as the small-pox, by the way it has spread since it come here. The first case that I noticed was about a month ago, and, now, I hardly see a girl, sah, but what has it!'

'Well, how long a run does it have? Are those, who were first attacked with it, getting over it? And have they got straight again, or will they always be bowed over?'

'I haven't seen any one that has got over it yet, sah. It is difficult to tell how long a run it will have. But it seems to me, sah, that after a body's back one has been bent in that way for any length of time, the j'ints would become so stiffened it never could get straight again.'

Mary must feel awfully to see me, in her present condition. Besides, if the disease was so catching, I might take it myself. I wished I hadn't come. It wouldn't be any comfort to either of us to meet under such circumstances. If she was alone I would stay and do all I could for her. But, no doubt, her father and mother were feeling quite as badly about her condition as I was, and would do all that I could do for her, and a good deal more. I concluded that I had better go immediately back to the depot and take the next train for home. I did so, and was just in time to swing myself on the last car as the train moved off. The next Monday morning I wrote her a hurried letter, telling her that circumstances of such a nature had transpired, since she left, as to make it inexpedient for me to visit her during her stay in Newport. I would explain more fully in my next letter, &c.; thus giving myself a little more time to consider what to say to her. Now, my friend, what would you advise me to do? They are coming home next week. Mary has written me several times since they left Newport, but she has not once alluded to her situation; but I have ascertained that her terrible malady is on the increase instead of decrease. I want to do what an honorable man should do under such circumstances. You know that you used to tell me I was so fastidious in my tastes in regard to women, I should certainly take up with a crooked stick, at last. Did you, really, see this dark cloud hanging over my future, when you thus prognosticated? And must your predictions be fulfilled so near to the letter? If so, I beg of you, consult your horoscope once more and see if her terribly malady will ever be removed, so that she can stand erect and move with her former grace and freedom.

Please let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Ever your friend,

JONATHAN PARTICULAR.

GREESHUN BEND.

CEDAR CREEK,

where the "little General" turned a disgraceful rout into a victory, and where he annihilated forever Early's army, we found the earthworks still entire. The beautiful stream flowed on as quietly and sweetly through the rich meadows as though it had never seen war or been colored with blood. We sat down upon its banks and recalled the accounts we had heard of the battle, felt like hurrahing for the brave little General, and *did* take occasion to repeat these few lines of "Sheridan's Ride:"

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

"Were you here during the war?" asked we of a seedy-appearing man in the door of the hotel. "I recon I *was;* don't I look like it?" said he, lifting the flap of his ragged coat and taking a general survey of himself. We had to confess that he had the air of burning houses, ruined fences and smoky battle-fields about him, at which he seemed pleased, entering at once into a lively conversation about the war. He stated that he was a staff officer, and was in the valley nearly all the time during the war.

"What do you think of Banks's campaign?" said we, to draw him out.

"What do I think? Why I *know* this much, that it was a failure; and that old Dick once sent back a lot o' paper collars which he captured with one of Banks's baggage trains, saying to the Federal General that he had fried, stewed and boiled them, but found them indigestible, and requested Banks to exchange hard tack for them.

"Was Sheridan a failure, too?"

"Oh, no, no; he was a bully fighter, no mistake. But you Yankees had a mighty queer way of managing the war. You sent Banks up here with ten thousand men, and because he couldn't hold his own against twenty thousand of us, why, you vote him a sham at once. Then you send Sheridan with a hundred thousand against thirty, and because he licked us out after getting mighty near annihilated himself, why, you say, Oh! Sheridan's a bully good fellow; give him an office; write songs about him, and all that sort o' thing."

"I suppose you are glad the war is over."

"I be blowed if I aint! I've seen *men* enough killed and have seen ruin *enough*, I tell you! Whenever I see them old black chimneys standing all along the valley where houses used to stand, and see nothing but ashes where mills, factories, churches and fences once were, I be blamed if I don't hate Jeff. Davis and his whole click."

"I suppose you thought you were right," said we.

"Yes, I thought we'd got a big thing somewhar, but, I declare, I didn't exactly see whar. I had an idea that we were not having our rights, somehow or other; but I've been a thinkin' and thinkin' and a thinkin' ever since the war, about that thing, and you may swamp me if I can make out what in the devil we were fighting for. Perhaps old Jeff. knows, but if he does, he is mighty perticklar 'bout keeping it to himself."

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a party for which our companion had waited, and soon after he, with his seedy grey coat, disappeared around the corner, and we at once took the cars for

HARPER'S FERRY.

No place have we found, in any part of the South, so full of interest and so alive with interesting associations as Harper's Ferry. Here it was that the great conflict began,—the war for freedom. Here, that insane old man,—the representative, nevertheless, of a great idea, and the humble instrument in the hands of God for the performance of a great work,—John Brown, first opened the war with slavery. Here, with his little band, he captured the armories and fortified himself in the engine house. From this place he was taken to Charlestown, twelve miles away, tried, and hung. Here, too, the second act of the great tragedy was performed. Here Lieutenant Jones, when attacked by the Virginia militia, set all the armory buildings on fire, and blew up the arsenal preventing the rebels from getting the arms, and saved Washington. Here General Patterson came and drove Joseph E. Johnston from the cragged mountain opposite, called Maryland Heights. Here Major Gould, of the 13th Massachusetts, began the fight of Camp Heights. Here it was that General Banks began his campaign against Stonewall Jackson. Here it was that that inefficient cowardly Colonel Miles allowed himself to be entrapped by Lee at the first invasion of Maryland Here it was that McClellan's army lay idle after the battle of Antietam while he "had some correspondence with Washington." Oh! that he had moved forward then! Again we quote,

"Of all the words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these,—It might have been."

To this place withdrew Milroy from Winchester when Lee came to make a second invasion of Maryland. And here it was that the gallant General French posted himself in Lee's rear after the battle of Gettysburg, and held the heights.

No part of our long journey through the South have we enjoyed like this visit at Harper's Ferry. We ran about from canal to railroad, barracks to hotel, from one ghastly ruin to another, and from hill to hill, to see the places where such stirring events occurred. On Loudon Heights we stood and thought of General Washington, who once purchased the whole tract of land about Harper's Ferry. On Camp Heights we gazed at the old ruined walls of "headquarters," and recalled the history of the generals who had made it their abode. In the shot-riddled ruins, that once heard the sound of prayer and of preaching, we stared at the black ceiling and crumbling walls, wondering where the minister and congregation were gone. In the shattered and desolate ruins of the armory buildings we stood and pondered on the time when they were full of workmen with whom the proud Virginians would hold no intercourse. In the little engine house, still kept as a guard house or jail by the town authorities and military, we looked at the port-holes which John Brown and his men made with their pikes, and laughed in spite of ourselves to think how he put the "raw militia" of chivalrous Virginia to flight by pointing a single musket at them. In the dismantled mills, whose walls threatened to cave in upon us, we hunted for pieces of shot and shell, and regretted that such a water-power and such building material should lie idle for the need of sufficient enterprise to put them to practical use. On the magnificent iron bridge which crosses at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, in the village, we walked to and fro, dreaming of the scene when the wooden bridge, its predecessor, was covered with flame and smoke. We stood on the railway and sighed for the friends of those who had fallen while tearing up the track or defending it from the foe. On that magnificent spot, far, far above the Potomac —up in the very clouds—on Maryland Heights, we stood and gazed down upon the village and the diminutive-appearing men in the streets, imagining the effect of a few hundred pound shot. In the old stone fort on the highest point we picked up pieces of old iron and tossed them against the dilapidated wall, wondering whose hands grasped them last. Along the ridge down to the lower hills we strayed, musing upon the time when Colonel Miles threw his cannon down this rugged steep. Over the fortifications, along the hills, out to "John Brown's church," where he used to preach, out to his farm house, where he lived and pretended to make mining tools, down to the canal, across again to Harper's Ferry, we went, filled with thoughts we cannot express, and which might not be interesting to any one but the "boys who have been there," if we did. Dreary and deserted, surrounded by piles of ruins that remind one of the remains of ancient cities, situated in so narrow a valley that the sun reaches it near midday, Harper's Ferry may be entered in our reader's note-book as a lonesome, unthrifty place, yet there are many Yankees there from Massachusetts and Vermont, who propose to build up the town. We hope they may, but we will confess to a feeling of relief when we left Harper's Ferry behind us and rode over the mountains toward Antietam.

"Who is Auntie Etam? " asked a farmer, of whom we inquired the way.

RUSSELL.

Deep Sea Exploration.

Of the expedition undertaken by the coast survey, to explore the bottom of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Boston Advertiser says:

"The work of dredging the bottom of the ocean was begun in 1867, and during the past two years the operations have gone on under the direction of Count Pourtales of the coast survey, who has already prepared valuable reports of his work. The results obtained by it have induced the superintendent of the coast survey to start another and much more comprehensive expedition, which is now about to sail from this port. The objects of the expedition are to study the physical character of the ocean, its inhabitants, and to compare the condition of the Pacific Ocean with that of the Atlantic. For the latter purpose it is especially important, since the project for an inter-oceanic canal has been revived, and is pursued with a good deal of attention. It is claimed by some that the Pacific Ocean is much higher than the Atlantic, and it is necessary that the fact should be ascertained before anything is done. The expedition has for its primary object the survey of the ocean in such a way as to furnish the means of comparison between the two sides of the continent, the observations being not limited to the shore, but extending to the greatest depth of the ocean. With a mind more comprehensive than his predecessors, Prof. Peirce sees the connection of the phenomena of nature more clearly, and is therefore inclined to have investigations made which have such a comprehensive character, and which will place this expedition far above the similar surveys of any other country. The study of the currents and of the tides cannot be carried a step beyond the point which has been reached now unless the form of the trough in which the water is contained is known—unless we know all the inequalities of its form, and the valleys which intersect it all over its course. Professor Agassiz's theory is that the great ocean currents flow according to the shape of the bed in which they rest, and are determined by the inequalities at the bottom just as the Mississippi flows from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico between the great mountain ranges. Every fisherman on the coast knows why the Gulf stream helps him when he goes east, and why the north current helps him when he goes south if he keeps close to the shore; they move in opposite directions. But nothing is known of the currents which form the Antaretic ocean and the south pole and pour into either ocean. All the troubles which navigators experience in rounding Cape Horn are in a great measure owing to the ignorance which exists with regard to the currents and their temperature. Of course the present expedition will not be able to settle all this, but a course of investigation will be begun which, according to Prof. Agassiz, will be pursued for the next half century and perhaps longer.

With great liberality the navy department has provided for the expedition a new vessel, and co-operated in all the arrangements in a most efficient manner. Nothing had been withheld in the building of the vessel, the F. R. Hassler, named in honor of the first superintendent of the coast survey. The plan of the Hassler is an original one, devised by Captain Patterson, an officer of the department, who has special knowledge of the requirements of such a vessel. The burthen is only about four hundred tons, and the draught very light to enable the steamer to run close to the shore, and there is a steam launch to run in shoal water. The accommodations are all for work; neither speed nor capacity has been sought, but only advantages for the dredging operations. Another vessel of the same class, the Bache, will soon be completed, and a similar expedition will then be sent to the north Atlantic. If the Hassler had been completed in mid-summer, as was intended, the work of the present expedition would have been begun in the north Atlantic, but the lateness of the season renders it impossible to begin work there now. The officers of the Hassler have been selected with reference to the work of the expedition, and they are all of them gentlemen interested in scientific pursuits. Some of them are practised photographers, and will serve the expedition in that way. Their assistance will be valuable. The scientific corps is made up of gentlemen interested in the different departments of science, so that the work of the expedition will be admirably distributed. The management of the scientific matters is in the hands of Professor Agassiz, who, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, starts out on an expedition to the Antipodes in the pure love of science. He will of course devote himself principally to the department of natural history. Count Pourtales of the coast survey, who will have charge of the dredging operations, has had more experience than any other man living in such operations. Ex-President Hill of Harvard college will accompany the expedition and devote his time to the physical investigation of the sea—its transparency, its specific gravity, its motions. One of the most interesting matters which will come within his study will be to ascertain the depth to which light penetrates the ocean. Dr. White of Philadelphia goes as the chemist of the expedition. His task will be to ascertain by analysis the saltness of the ocean at different depths, and investigate other questions which bear upon the general subject of the ocean currents. Dr. Steindachner will have the care of the specimens of natural history, especially of the fishes. Professor Agassiz will also be assisted by one of his pupils, Mr. James Blake of Provincetown, who will have charge of the mollusks, and he will be accompanied by Mrs. Agassiz, who renders her husband material assistance.

The course of the expedition will be straight for the West Indies, and there a stop of some length will be made for the purpose of testing the apparatus, as it is impossible to test it before starting, on account of the roughness of the water in the vicinity of this harbor. The testing of the apparatus will be made near St. Thomas, after which the expedition will go outside the West India islands to ascertain how the great current that comes from Africa enters the Gulf of Mexico, and how the gulf stream is supplied. Then the Hassler will move to the eastward, seeking the greatest depths of the Atlantic ocean. She will then go to Rio Janerio for coal, and thence to the east coast of Patagonia and Falkland islands, where another series of investigations will be made especially with a view of studying the currents that come from the south pole in the Atlantic. The Hassler will then pass through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific, exploring the glacial phenomena in the straits on the way, and then through the archipelago of Chiloe, striking out into the broad ocean towards the islands of San Juan Fernandez. This will be during the month of February, and about midsummer in that latitude. The course of the expedition will be next to Valparaiso, crossing the great current that flows north along the west coast of South America. Here it will be sought to ascertain whether this current is the counterpart of the current which flows southward along our coast. The expedition will then proceed to the Gallipagos islands, and then to the continent, probably to Acapuleo, although the point is not fixed, and will be determined by the progress of the expedition. Next summer will be devoted to the exploration of our own coast from Panama to San Francisco, and a visit will be made to the islands to the west of lower Califoruia, which have never yet been explored. The voyage will occupy about ten months and may extend as far north as Puget's sound, perhaps even beyond there. The party will return across the continent. There will not be time to bestow much care upon the collections and they will be sent home from different points on the route as fast as they are made.

Hitherto, knowledge of the bottom of the sea has been obtained by the use of the lead merely. The result has been that little except the depth of the water has been ascertained, and some limited scientific data obtained from the fragments of shells which have been brought up by the tallow attached to the lead. During the investigations of the past four years the sea bottom has been scraped by apparatus which brings up large quantities of matter from the sea bottom,—rocks and living animals. The bottom of the ocean is in fact fished out. Professor Agassiz has sometimes secured a whole tubful of fresh specimens at once, and the condition of the bottom of the ocean between the Florida Keys and the West India islands is about as well known to scientists as the slope of the White mountains, and the vegetable growths at the bottom of the sea are as well known as the character of the vegetation between Littleton and Mount Washington. In the course of centuries it is anticipated the entire bottom surface of the Pacific will be equally well known. The American coast survey has the honor of being the pioneer in this great work, which nobody thought of undertaking until these expeditions were organized. The British government is already moving to fit out a similar expedition, but it will be sent out in a large ocean steamer, and will not be able to carry on its work with such facilities as will our expedition. The Swedish government has also done something recently in the way of deep-sea dredging near the Canary islands, but the publication of results is not yet very advanced. The explorations were mainly made near the shore, but our expedition will dredge chiefly off shore, with a view of ascertaining the qualities of the ocean without special reference to the coast. The expedition will touch shore only when it becomes necessary to obtain supplies, and this will not be frequent, as the Hassler can carry a fifty days' supply of coal. The principal points at which she will touch on the Atlantic side are St. Thomas, Rio, Montevideo, and the straits of Magellan, and to each of these points Prof. Agassiz has sent a thousand gallons of alcohol, while the Hessler will also take that amount of the preservative fluid. For the expense of this part of the work the government does not provide, simply conceding to Prof. Agassiz the privilege of sending all the specimens to the Cambridge museum. Money enough has been collected to pay for the operations as far as the straits of Magellan. There, if no more funds are contributed, the work of making collections will have to stop. Ten thousand dollars have been contributed by the friends of the museum, and ten thousand more are needed to render the expedition completely successful. With this amount of money Prof. Agassiz would be able to put the museum at Cambridge ahead of all the other museums of the world, for none of them can have this splendid opportunity for gathering collections from the depths of the two greatest oceans of the world."

A SPLENDID STORY.

LETTING IN THE NEW YEAR.

It was the last night of the old year, and Grace Dean and her mother were alone in their cottage on the edge of Walcott woods. Once Grace had been a petted and humored heiress, but since the insolvency and death of her father, she made only too familiar acquaintance with poverty. Little did the inhabitants of Pineville think that the pale weary-looking seamstress who had come as a stranger amongst them and rented the Walcott cottage, and who depended chiefly for her subsistence on the patronage of Judge Walcott's family, had once, in a distant city, moved among the highest of the land, and been even the belle of her set.

And on this night the heart of Grace was heavy. Though it was nearly midnight, she still plied her needle, and her tears fell as fast as she sewed. She was thinking of the festive party up at the hall, with its lights and flowers, its music and dancing; and she pictured the portly old Judge, once her friend, gaily leading the revels; and another, younger and handsomer than even the Judge had been in his best days, who was also alienated from her.

Mrs. Dean sat slumbering in her chair, occasionally awakening to bemoan their hard fate, that they had again to seek their fortune in some strange place; but the mother did not know of the deeper sorrow of the daughter, and Grace had vowed she never should, though her own heart broke for it.

Grace had been sewing at Judge Walcott's when Mrs. Walcott was seized with a malignant fever. The servants had fled in dismay, leaving only the invalid's two daughters to take care of her, and they were young, and ignorant, and necessarily inefficient. In this emergency Grace had tendered her service. All through Mrs. Walcott's long and dangerous illness Grace nursed her faithfully and tenderly. For many days the room was kept darkened and quiet; Madge and Fanny hovering uneasily about, obeying Grace's suggestions with the docility of children, while the Judge and Richard would steal in by the sufferer while Grace rested.

At length came the day of convalescence, and now the family gathered in Mrs. Walcott's room, and whiled away the hours with reading and conversation, and, as she became stronger, there were long pleasant evenings in the luxurious pariors, when Madge played and Richard and Fanny sang, and Grace sat by Mrs. Walcott's side, quiet and happy. In these days all social distinctions seemed to have been forgotten, and the poor seamstress was treated as a valued friend.

Grace could never forget the evening when Mrs. Walcott first joined the family at the tea table. The Judge carried her out to the dinner room, while the rest followed. It was a warm, pleasant evening. The windows were open and the sweet odors and sounds of summer came stealing in. Mrs. Walcott motioned Grace to a seat beside her, saying,

"I have had Grace by me so long I should feel entirely lost without her."

They were all in high spirits; all glad and grateful, that the danger had passed, and the beloved wife and mother was with them as she was of old.

Grace sat and listened to their cheerful flow of words, but she felt strangely; she could not eat. Richard, who sat opposite, noticed it, and said:

"Miss Dean looks like an invalid herself."

A faintness came over Grace, and she fell insensible. When she woke to consciousness again she was on a sofa, and the family were grouped around with anxious faces. Madge was bathing her head, and Grace heard the physician's voice saying:

"It is the fever; she was worn out with her exertions in your sick room, madam, and will need the best of care."

Grace was weak and helpless as a child, and Mr. Walcott carried her up stairs. Then came a blank. Sometimes she would see kind, anxious faces beside her; then all would be dark again. But it passed at length, that terrible illness, and then it was so pleasant to be carried into the sitting room, those pleasant autumn mornings, while Mrs. Walcott, who was quite restored, occupied her usual place. Madge usually busied herself about her embroidery, and Richard often read to them, while Fanny flitted about like a little humming bird, as she was. When Grace grew stronger she often went out in the carriage with Mrs. Walcott, and sometimes one or both the ladies. When the danger of infection was over, things fell more into their usual course—Grace returning to her mother at the cottage. But she was, nevertheless, almost constantly at the hall, where, though nominally still the seamstress, her position in the household was entirely changed. Whenever the family spent the evening at home alone, she often joined them in the parlor, and afterward a servant would be sent to attend her home, or the judge, or his son, would walk down with her.

It drew near Christmas. Some guests had arrived several days before, among whom was Mrs Lansdowne (Mrs. Walcott's sister), and her daughter Minnie, with Maud Redfield, an old school friend of the Misses Walcott. Nothing could be more unlike than the fair violet-eyed Minnie Lansdown, and the dark, regal beauty of Maud Redfield; and Grace felt, from the first, as decided a dislike to the latter as she did a preference to the former. The antipathy seemed to be mutual, for whenever they met, Miss Redfield regarded Grace with a haughty stare, that deepened her dislike.

One day after Miss Redfield's arrival, Grace met Richard on the stairs. He greeted her cordially—

"Where do you keep yourself, these pleasant days, Miss Dean? I'm afraid our guests frighten you into making a prisoner of yourself."

Grace blushed more at his manner than his words, and before she could reply, a voice said "I'm ready, Mr. Walcott," and, looking up, she saw Miss Redfield standing at the head of the stairs, dressed for a ride. Richard answered with a bow and smile, and offered her his arm, while she gave Grace a look mingled contempt and hatred.

Christmas came and went. New Year was at hand. New Year was always a great day at Walcott Hall. The Judge belonged to an old Knickerbocker family, and, besides, New Year was his birth-day. This year New Year fell on Tuesday. On Saturday, as Grace was sewing at the hall, Miss Redfield entered the room.

"Will you sit down?" Grace asked, scarcely knowing what this visit portended.

Miss Redfield smiled and drew a chair up beside Grace, saying: "I have come to ask of you a favor. It is a trifle, and I am sure you will grant it. I had a dress made just before I left home, and intended to wear it on New Year's Eve; but I neglected to try it on till yesterday, when I found that it needed some alteration before I could possibly wear it. I was out a long time, trying to find some one to do it, in the village; but everybody is busy just now, and as a last resort, I come to you."

"Certainly I would do it, if I had time," replied Grace; "but I do not know how it will be."

"Oh, I know you will have no time on Monday," interrupted Miss Redfield; "but you might do it to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Grace repeated, in dismay. "Surely you don't mean it. To-morrow is the Sabbath."

"But," laughed Miss Redfield, "it is a work of necessity."

"Pardon me, Miss Redfield," said Grace, "but it does not seem at all necessary to me. I have seen you wear a number of beautiful dresses since you have been here, and surely some of them would do for Monday evening."

"Yes, yes," she rejoined, impatiently, "but I have worn them all ever so many many times, and this is new, and so becoming. I have set my heart upon it, and *must* have it!" And she placed a shining gold piece in the hand of Grace.

"Then that honor me I will honor," seemed to sound in Grace's ears, and she answered decidedly, as she returned the gold: "No, Miss Redfield, I cannot do it to-morrow. Money is no temptation to me to violate the law of God and my own conscience. And if I did it at all," she continued, somewhat proudly, "I should do it for nothing."

A malignant expression crept over Miss Redfield's face as she rose saying: "You will repent of this! But I know what your object is; you have got some of the Walcotts puritanical ideas, and think your saintly ways will find favor in Richard's eyes. But, I can tell you, he is as proud as he is good, and, with all his chivalrous ideas of right and honor, he will never stoop—"

The hot blood was flushing Grace's face as she rose and held open the door. Miss Redfield, angrier than ever at the hint of dismissal, could not finish the sentence, but, with a look of bitter hatred, passed out. Grace closed and locked the door; then threw herself on a chair and wept as if her heart would break.

On Monday there was a joyous bustle through the house. Grace was working busily upon some article that she knew Mrs. Walcott wished to have done that day, when she heard Miss Redfield's voice in the hall, saying, "I have a protege, whom I would like to recommend to you in her place. I think she would please you better. I will show you a specimen of her needle-work."

To Grace's astonishment she heard Mrs. Walcott say, in reply, "Thank you; I think I will employ her, as I have contemplated a change for some time."

Grace was thunderstruck. What could Mrs. Walcott mean? How could she have offended Mrs. Walcott, who was so gentle and so just? All the morning Grace pondered her words, and wondered what she should do when cast off upon the world again.

She will surely help me to find another place, Grace thought, She knew she had done right; and, as human helpers seemed to fail away, she leaned with firmer trust upon the Divine. Truly, she thought, the ways of the All-Wise are mysterious and past finding out. It seems so strange to me that this wicked girl should triumph; but I know it is all right. The hearts of men, oh God, are in thy hands, and, trusting in Thee, I will await the issue."

And so she sat, that bright morning, and listened to the joyous sounds, and noted the guests as they flitted past the half open door, and saw the sleigh drive off with Richard and Miss Redfield.

It was afternoon when Madge came in hurriedly, saying:

"Why Grace, how pale you are. We have been so busy, that I haven't seen you.—You are too much confined here."

"Yes, and it's a shame for her to be stitching away this merry holiday time, when everybody else are enjoying themselves," chimed in little Fanny, who had entered unperceived. "Mamma sent me to tell you," she continued, "not to mind about finishing that trimming; something else will do just as well. She said she meant to tell you before, but she had so much to take up her attention lately. We are going to have a grand time to-night, and mamma wants you to come down."

"I thank you," Grace managed to say, "but I think I had better not come."

"Oh, but you must," said Fanny, and, never supposing that Grace would continue obstinate, left her.

But how could Grace go? What was there in common between her and the happy, brilliant company to be assembled that evening? The dream of her life was over. Not until it had been so rudely disturbed was she conscious that she had indulged in it. How insane she now saw it to have been! Ah! little—she thought—did her triumphant enemy know of the blows she had struck, and how they had gone to Grace's heart of hearts.

When night began to fall, she had come home, plodding her way wearily over the snow, and having prepared her frugal supper, had sat down to sew. Her mother had observed her evident distress, and had insisted on knowing its cause. So Grace, unable to put her entirely off, had mentioned her dismissal from Mrs Walcott's as the reason for her depression.

In vain, however, had her mother begged her to lay down her work. Her answer had been, "No, I must be more industrious than ever now. God only knows, indeed what will become of us. We must leave here; nobody will employ me now that Mrs. Walcott casts me off." And her mother, unable to comfort her, and equally oppressed with fears of the future, had finally desisted.

The moonlight lay bright and cold without; the woods, except where the avenues pierced them, were dark, but neither was colder, nor darker, than the heart and hopes of Grace. It was the habit of Pineville, as it is in many other places, for parties to go about, from house to house, singing, which they called letting in the New Year. As Grace sat sewing she suddenly heard voices without; but she was in no mood for such a visit, and she rose to draw the curtain, not without a secret fear, for the cottage was lonely, and she knew no one who would be likely to come singing at their door, unless rude boys or ruder men. Her alarm was increased when she saw through the latticed window a face that was unknown to her, and she gave a scream. At that moment, however, another step was heard, and a deep voice, that made her heart leap with a sudden bound, was heard, speaking authoritatively, even angrily. Instantly there was a knock at the door, and the same voice cried,

"It is I—don't be afraid, Grace."

With trembling hands she opened the door. The men were disappearing down the road; the little gate into Walcott's wood's was open; and up the avenue (which led to the hall) she thought she saw a sleigh, with a muffled figure or two in it.

"Oh! Grace, how could you?" were the first words of the young man, as he took her hands.

She blushed crimson, but could not answer. What did it all mean? Richard gave her no time for thought.

"We expected you till night set in," he said, "and then the Judge finding you did not come, ordered me to start in the sleigh and bring you, rating Fanny soundly for having forgotten to ask your mother, which is the reason, he says, you didn't come. So Fanny is out in the sleigh waiting to help you dress; and the housekeeper comes to stay with your mother, if Mrs. Dean thinks it is too cold to go out to-night."

What could Grace do? Before she could reply, Richard had darted back to the sleigh, and was leading back Fanny. Mrs. Dean, when her wonder let her understand how things were, said she was too old to leave a warm fire at such an hour, and so the housekeeper was called in. Grace, still bewildered, was ready, thanks to the nimble fingers of Fanny and her simple wardrobe, and with a beating heart, took her place in the sleigh, which moved merrily off in the moonlight and under the still, grand old trees.

The Judge came down to the front door, to hand Grace out of the sleigh, and himself led her up to Mrs. Walcott, who rose and kissed her as if Grace had been her own daughter. Miss Redfield, standing aloof, looked daggers at the new comer.

Poor Grace did not dare to imagine what it all meant. It seemed so strange to her to be moving among that throng, leaning on Richard's arm.

The pleasant remarks of her companion had the effect to restore her in some measure to herself, and she was almost surprised to find herself talking so freely to Miss Lansdowne, whom they met near the door of the conservatory, to which her partner soon led her.

The perfume of the rare exotics greeted her here like the breath of summer. At the farther end of the room they stopped to admire a brilliant flower, when Richard said:

"I have a gift, Grace, which I want you to accept from me," and he held up a diamond ring: "but first will you give me the hand upon which I would place it?"

"Richard! Mr. Walcott!" she exclaimed, "you are not in earnest?"

"I never was more so," he said. "Will you take the ring?"

"But your parents?" she asked, half bewildered, hardly knowing what he said.

"I have their sanction, dear Grace, and I await yours," and he held up the ring with a question-gesture.

Grace extended her hand; he pressed it to his lips, placed the ring upon her finger, then drew her head to his bosom. "My poor little lamb," he murmured, drawing aside the veil of curls that hung over her face, and pressing a kiss upon her throbbing brow, "now I have a right to take care of you. It has made my heart ache to see you looking so pale, and to think of your toiling so patiently."

Grace could only listen passively; the change was so sudden that it overpowered her; she could hardly realize that she was betrothed to Richard Walcott.

At length she said, "They will miss you; had you not better return to the parlors? I will stay here awhile."

He smiled and replied, "I want to present you to my parents first."

"Oh! I cannot see any one to-night!" she exclaimed. "Indeed I cannot!"

"You needn't fear," he said, "you will receive a daughter's welcome." And he led her back to the parlor. The Judge and Mrs. Walcott were standing together, and though everything around Grace seemed to float and blend in inextricable confusion, yet she was conscious that they welcomed her to their hearts and home; and she heard Miss Lansdowne say, "So you will be a cousin, Grace. Well, I shall love you dearly."

And then came Madge and Fanny, with their warm hearts and graceful welcome. But everything seemed to Grace like a dream, till she found herself again in her little room, Richard having driven her home himself.

And that was the way for Grace, that the New Year was let in.

[From the Round Table.]

"ADSUM."

(DECEMBER 23-4, 1863.)

"And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back."—*The Newcomes.*

I.

The angel came by night;
(Such angels still come down!)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep;
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear:
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went,
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide;
Where grand old Homer sits,
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Corvantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all,
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."

R. H. STODDARD.

FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin ware, to-day, ma'am?—pails, brooms, needles, scissors, thread, washboards—all kinds of glass ware, cheap for old rags, iron, money, or credit? Want to purchase? Should like to trade with you."

This was the salutation of a tall, handsome youth, as he opened Mrs Phillips's kitchen door, one fine morning in August, and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window. Now, Mrs. Phillips was a little nettled with the disobliging conduct of a skein of yarn, which she was winding, and she answered the fellow's string of inquiries rather tartly for her:

"No—I don't want any of your trash!"

Mrs. Phillips's eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows drew into closer relationship, as if determined that no peddler should be suffered to annoy their aimable owner.

"Please, Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper!" called a childish voice from a back porch—and Eva Phillips, the first and the last born of her parents, came bounding into the room. Eva was a beautiful child, and the young peddler gazed at her in undisguised admiration.

"And pray, for what does my curly-headed girl want a tin dipper?" he asked, with an amusing expression on his face.

"Oh, to dip up water from the brook—to get berries down on Blackberry Hills, and," she added with charming *naivete*, "to see my face in."

The peddler laughed.

"Female vanity alike the world over!" he muttered to himself; then—"Well, my dear girl, you shall have the dipper. The best tin in the world might be proud of mirroring such a face! Come out to the cart and get it."

Eva ran merrily down to the brown gate, where the peddler's good-natured horse was patiently awaiting the master's coming, her happy head full of the grand times she'd have with that tin dipper. The peddler opened the box, and took from thence a very bright dipper, and then, with the point of his knife, he engraved his name—Eugene Fuller—upon the outside, and gave it into the child's hand.

"There, my little Miss, what is your name?"

"Eva Pearl Phillips," said the little girl, inspecting her gift with sparkling eyes.

"Miss Eva!—a pretty name. Well, accept this dipper as a love-gage from Eugene Fuller, who, when you get older, is coming back to make you his little wife. Good-bye, wifey!" and the laughing boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife!" mused Eva, on her way back to the house; "I wonder what mother will say? I wonder if she will begin to make pillow-cases and sheets, just as Aunt Ether did before Cousin Carrie Pearl was married! I must tell her about it!"

Eva dashed into the kitchen full of the important news:

"Mother, mother! the peddler-man says he is going to marry me one of these days! Ain't it funny! Only think—then I can have just as many tin dippers as I like!"

"As many fiddlesticks! Go help Jane to shell the beans for the dinner. I do wish there hadn't been a peddler created—they are a pest!"

Mrs. Phillips rocked violently forth in her hen-cushioned chair, and made an extra knot in the refractory yarn.

Time passed on—and Eva kept the tin dipper among her most cherished playthings—she did not use it often to hold berries or to dip spring water for fear its lustre would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced. Mrs. Phillips despised the dipper, because she despised peddlers, and she would have destroyed the "amulet" had not her mother's love pleaded against it.

So, when Eva had reached her tenth year—a bright blooming little lassie, full of gaiety and happiness—the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its age, and its oft repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

Eva was as fond of it as ever—she kept it on her pretty dressing bureau, that it might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One would have thought that the little maiden was completely infatuated with what Eugene Fuller five years before had styled a "love-gage"—and perhaps she was. There is no accounting for the fancies of a female head—no philosopher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition.

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry, and, it being dusky in the room, she hit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a large pan of buttermilk, which Jane, the careless housemaid, had left on the floor. There was quite a splashing and spattering, and Mrs. Phillips, though unhurt, was decidedly put out—not out of buttermilk, but out of temper. Her favorite poodle dog was frightened so much at her fall, that he flew upon the cat's back for refuge, and the latter animal made her escape through the chimney, leaving poor Roche to drop down at his leisure.

From the ruins, phœnix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose, and, on Jane's bringing a light, she proceeded to investigate matters, wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon dispelled by the appearance of Eva's dipper—for the child, wearied out with a long ramble over the fields had returned home so drowsy that her mother had sent her directly to her room, without giving her a chance to put away her treasure. The sight of the tin dipper only seemed to increase Mrs. Phillips's indignation, and she vowed vengeance on the unfortunate cause of her fall.

Consequently, the next morning, when Eva arose and looked about for her dipper, it was not to be seen. She went to her mother for information, but that lady was profoundly ignorant in the matter; and Jane proved—on being brought to the inquisition by Eva—to be in a like blissful state with her mistress.

Then Eva went through with a grand system of reconnoitering, which resulted in the recovery of the dipper from a mass of rubbish in a corner of the wood-shed. It was bruised and battered a little, but was in other respects as good as new, and Mrs. Phillips, though guilty of the intent, was not exactly in act of the sin of the iconoclast.

Resolved to guard against all further profanation of her idol, Eva carefully tied the dipper in a piece of strong silk—which had been given her by the village milliner to make her doll a dress—which she deposited in a little hollow at the foot of the pasture, and covered the aperture with a flat stone.

Some days afterwards she was sent by her mother on an errand to her Aunt Ethel, and as her way lay down the pasture lane, she thought she would take out her dipper, give it an airing, and perhaps fill it with strawberries down in Grant's meadow. Singing blithely, she went her way, the exhumed dipper, still in its bandages, hanging upon her arm. She came to the narrow bridge across the Dead River, and was nearly in the middle of the crossing, when her attention was attracted by a large cluster of wild dragon star, clinging to the willows which hung over the bridge.—Thoughtlessly her eyes fixed on the flowers—the advanced to the verge of the bridge—the plank bent and tipped with her weight—one scream, and the little form of Eva struggled in the water. She closed her eyes, and gave herself up for lost—but no, the dipper, bound with silken cloth, acted like a life-preserver, and kept her above the surface.

"Help me! Do somebody come and help me!" she screamed, as she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their corn. In a moment a stalwart man cleft the waters, and reaching Eva, he grasped her in one hand, while with the other he swam to the shore.

"Where am I, and where is my dipper?" queried the child, as soon as she came to realization.

"You are here," replied the man; but what of your dipper? Ha! as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper—rather the worse for wear—tied up in a rag! Well, it has saved your life!"

Then the good man put her into his rough farm wagon, and conveyed her home, taking particular care to relate to her mother the important part the dipper had played in the rescue of the child.

"I tell you, ma'am, if it hadn't been for that ar' tin dipper's keepin' her above water, she'd been a dead drowned afore any mortal man would 'a reached her! Thank the dipper, ma'am, and not me!"

This unbiased account of the praiseworthy behavior of the dipper, softened Mrs. Phillips towards it, and she allowed Eva to keep it wherever she chose.

Months and years rolled away, and when Eva Phillips was fourteen, she was sent to a celebrated female seminary in a neighboring State, from whence, after a long three years' course, she was emancipated, a "finished young lady." But her learning and accomplishments had not spoiled her—and she was the same gay, light-hearted, little fairy who had begged a tin dipper from Eugene Fuller twelve years before.

Shortly after Eva's return to Wheatwold, her mother sickened and died—and although in many respects a hard woman, she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

With the coming summer, Mr. Phillips, at Eva's earnest desire, let his farm for a couple of years, and with his child set out upon a European tour. Eva's beauty excited the most fervent admiration wherever she went, but, although she received many offers of marriage, she preferred to remain with her father. They visited all places of interest in Southern Europe—sighed over Rome, walked upon the lava of Vesuvius, beheld the magnificent prospect from the highest peak of Mont Blanc, floated upon the waters of Lake Constance, admired the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, and sojourned for some months in the French capital.

At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs; and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on an eastern railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender cord hangs our destiny! At lightning speed the train which carried our travellers sped on; Eva, joyous and cheerful in view of beholding once more the dear old place; her father rejoicing in his daughter's happiness In crossing a bridge built on a broad, but shallow river, the machinery of the engine became disordered, and in an instant the foaming monster plunged into the river, dragging the train after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with a fixed attention, dashed towards her and clasping her in his arms, reached the tottering platform just as it was going over—one frantic leap and he, with his senseless burden, went down beneath the water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for shore.

Boldly he swam on, and at last he safely reached the land, when, after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dwelt near the bridge, he returned to the scene of accident, hoping to be of some service in rescuing those yet imperiled.

Sad to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the killed, and Eva, on the return of consciousness, found herself orphaned, and alone in the world, among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her, and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the shock. She suffered herself to be guided entirely by the advice of her unknown preserver—depending upon him with the trust of a helpless child. Under his protection Eva set out for home—home no longer, now that there were none on earth to care for her. The house at Wheatwold had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in expectation of their coming. Everything there was damp and mouldy—the curtains were falling to pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere—everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fell that gloom when the closed coffin holding the remains of Mr. Phillips was brought into the long, dark parlor—awaiting the funeral service of to-morrow's morn.

Eva's affliction was dreadful to witness. She took notice of nothing, neither ate nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors. The young stranger, who accompanied her home, took charge of everything, and the good people of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquiries concerning his right to act as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife, and Eva, on the arm of the pitying old clergyman, went down to the grave, icily, tearlessly—like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion—uttered no sigh—her eyes looked vaguely into the vacancy with a fixed immovable stare. The funeral over, the stranger engaged two trusty servants, a man and his wife, to take charge of domestic affairs about the place, and then he made preparations for immediate departure. The morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted, and she met him in the little boudoir attached to her chamber, where she had passed the greater portion of her time since her return. He came in with a little hesitation in his step, and took the chair her silent nod indicated. As he did so, his eyes involuntary fell upon the tin dipper, which still retained its olden place upon her dressing bureau. He started up, and approached it, took it into his hands and examined it long and attentively. Still retaining it, he came to Eva's side:

"Miss Phillips!"

She looked up drearily on hearing her name spoken, but her face brightened instantly when she beheld her own favorite plaything.

"May I ask how you came by this, Miss Phillips?"

"It was given to me by a pedlar some years ago—his name is on the side."

"And you have preserved it through all this time—you evidently prize it!"

"Prize it!—sir, it has saved my life."

"Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy?—would it please you to see Eugene Fuller?"

"Yes, it would gratify me above all things. Then I would thank him for the good his gift has been to me."

"Then, Eva Phillips, look up into my face and thank me!—I am Eugene Fuller!"

The girl rose hurriedly to her feet, and threw a long, searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell, and she said, with something of doubt—

"Is it true?"

"It is true," he answered.

She put her hands confidingly in his.

"And it is to Eugene Fuller to whom I owe my preservation from a terrible death in that time when"—

Her voice failed—a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart—her frame shook—and tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face. They were the first she had shed since her orphanhood. Eugene blessed them—for he knew that only through much weeping could the burden which crushed her be lightened. When she was calmer, he drew her down beside him on a settee, and said—

"Eva, it is fifteen years ago, that I—a youth of fourteen—charmed with the beauty of a little girl—gave her a tin dipper, with my name cut thereon, telling her that when she was older (and when I was older), I should come back and make her my wife. Dost thou remember this, Eva?"

Eva's voice was low and subdued as she answered him—

"Yes, I remember it."

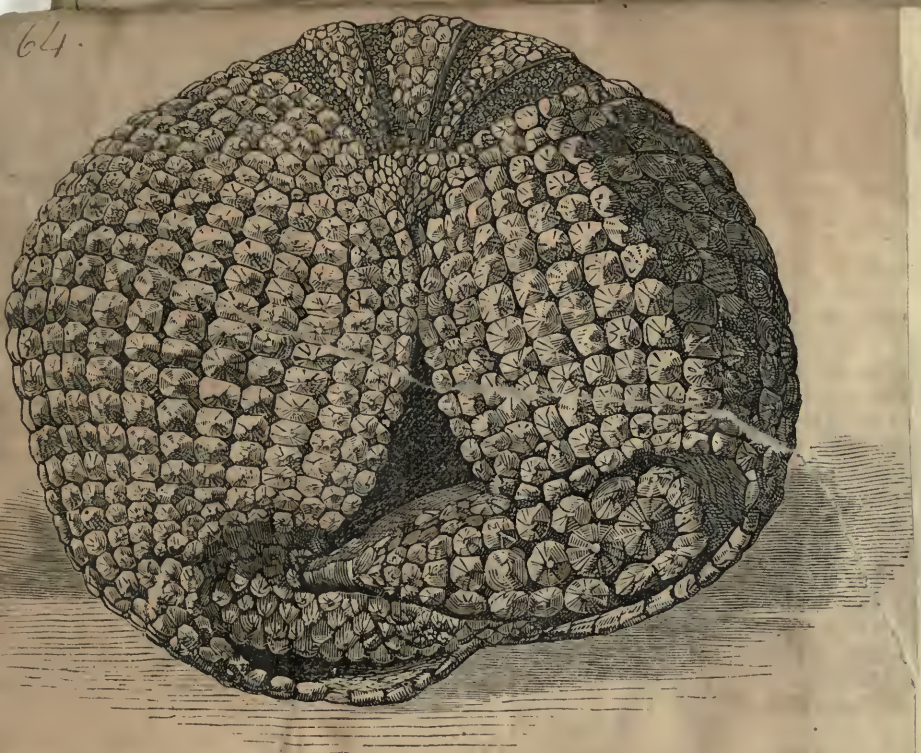
"Well, I am older now—twenty-nine summers have passed over my head, giving me wealth and influence, and to-day the heart of the man but echoes the sentiments of the boy. I have always remembered you—have always cherished the fond idea of coming back to this country town where I first saw you, and renew our acquaintanceship, but until last Thursday my business could never be arranged for leaving. Fate placed me on board that fatal train of cars, and the first face which I saw on seating myself was yours. I did not recognize you as Eva Phillips, but I recognized you as the twin of my soul, for I have been a strong believer in predestined marriages. I saved you from death because I felt that my life would be desolate without you, and when afterwards I learned that you were Eva Phillips, my contentment was perfect. And now, Eva, the mate of my spirit, may I waive all etiquette, now in this moment when your heart is suffering from your sorrowful bereavement, and ask you to give me, of all the world, the right to comfort you?"

Eva's head dropped lower, her lips quivered as she spoke the words he so longed to hear:

"Eugene, I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms, and kissed off the tears which still clung to her cheek. And she feeling again the warm bond of affection around her, looked up with hope and trust to the hope of all happiness—to Heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank by the coteric of distinguished guests assembled, from the tin dipper, which subsequently became a heirloom to the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on their union, and their lives were blessed to them.



THE ARMADILLO.

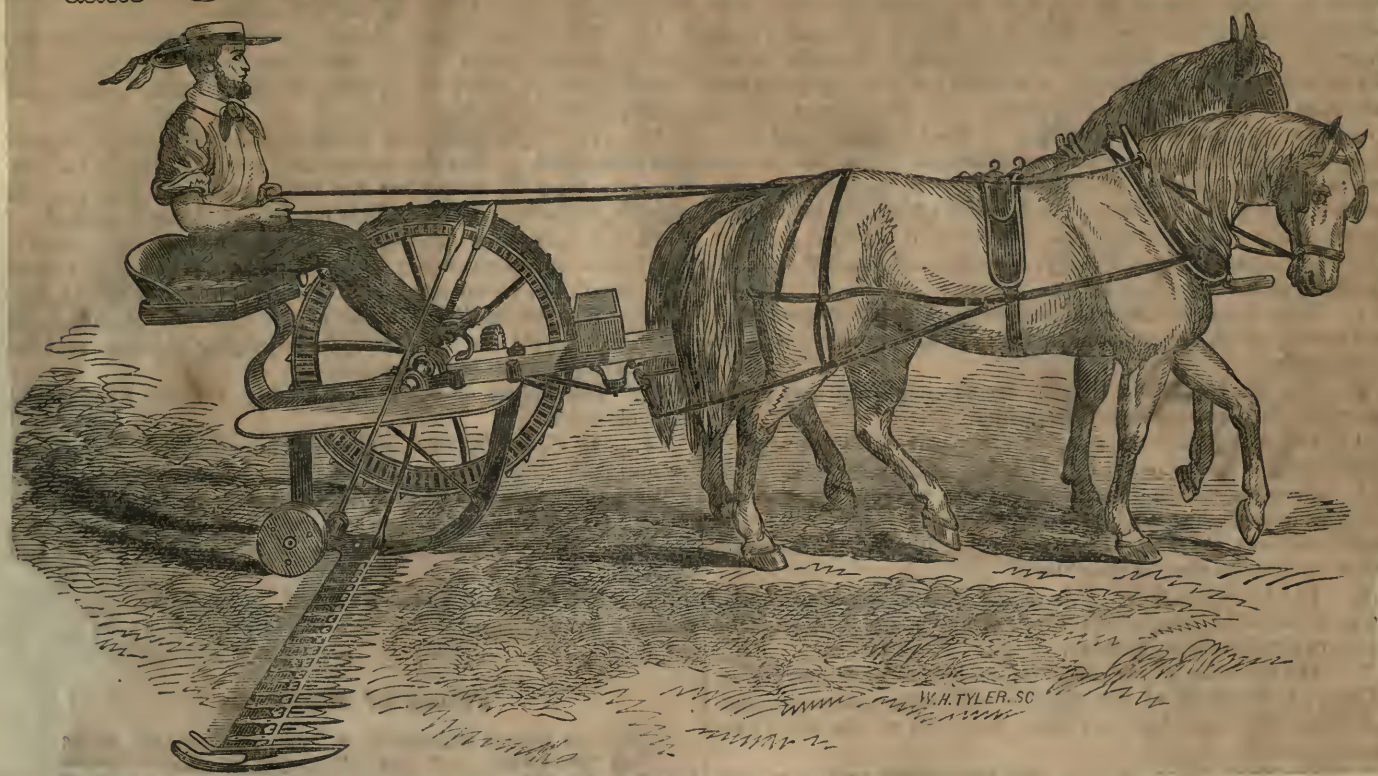
The armadillo, or, as the Guarani Indians term it, tatu, has the whole of the upper surface of the body, the top of the head, and also the tail, defended by plates and bands of horny or even bony armor, diversely arranged in the several species. This armor, which reminds us of that of the lobster, consists of a broad buckler covering the neck and shoulders, and a similar buckler covering the hind part of the back and the thighs. Between these bucklers, and occupying the centre of the back, are bands, laid upon a tough, leathery skin, which, when the animal rolls itself up in a hedgehog-like fashion, appear between them. These bands vary in number in the different species, and, if we may trust Azara, even in the same species, according to age or sex. The top of the head is defended by a flat skull-cap; the tail, variable in length, is inclosed either in bands or in a wrinkled sheath, and the limbs are encased in a tough skin more or less studded with hard pimples. The general armor of the head, body and tail presents a tessellated appearance, being composed, in some instances, of square or angular pieces welded, as it were, together; in others, as in the *mataco*, of rosettes, arranged with order and elegance. The power of rolling themselves up into a ball-like figure possessed by these animals, is not possessed to the same degree alike by every species, and in general this defensive attitude is only assumed when they are surprised and unable to regain their burrows, to which they first direct their course. Still, it is their ordinary attitude of repose. The armadilloes are, with a few exceptions, burrowing animals, and also nocturnal, at least to a great extent in their habits. Their burrows are very deep and narrow, with two or three sharp turns, and they excavate them with wonderful expedition. It is only by smoke or by water that they can be driven forth from these retreats; such is their strength, and such is the tenacity of their hold in the narrow passage, that they have been known to leave their tail in the hands of the hunter on his attempt to drag them out. The

THE MONK WEATHER GLASS.

THE MONK WEATHER-GLASS.

The most simple form of the hygrometer was formerly a very favorite indicator of the state of the weather, and usually consisted of the figure of a monk with his hood, which is attached to a bit of catgut; this covering of paper, painted to represent the hood, falls over the head on the approach of damp weather, and inclines well back during the period that the air is dry or contains less moisture; and simple as it is, this hygrometer, in conjunction with the reading of the barometer, may assist *paterfamilias* in deciding the fate of a pet bonnet or velvet mantle, which is or is not to be worn on a doubtful day. The hood, A B, covers the head to dotted line C in wet weather, and takes various intermediate positions, being quite back on the shoulders in dry states of the air. A thermometer, D, is usually attached.

MOWING MACHINE,



HYDRAULIC

CLOTHES WASHER AND WRINGER

THE GREAT BENEFACTOR!

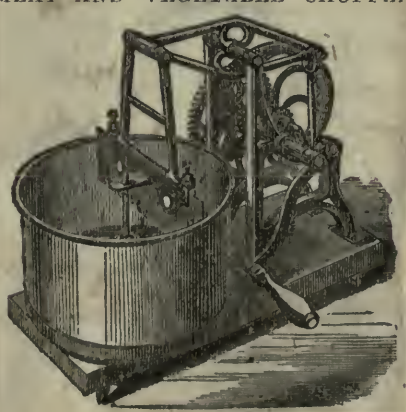
THE HOME

Washing Machine,

KING OF THE WEST

Washing Machine!

MEAT AND VEGETABLE CHOPPER



BAY STATE

GAS STOVES,

FOR COOKING.

PATENTED 1865.

THE NEW BABCOCK PATENT

FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

GARDEN ENGINE AND A FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMBINED.

HOT AIR ENGINE.

THE NOVELTY

PRINTING PRESS

The Good Wife.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
A never have found in my life,
But then sho keeps overy one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
Of the care and worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing.

My house is as neat as a pin,
You should see how the door handle shines,
And all tho soft cushioned chairs,
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors, Oh, yes,
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffron and squills.
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spriug;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
Oh, she is such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So much that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
Alas I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing;
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given,
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure I know neighbor Green,
But she is such a fidgety thing.

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.
He who would climb the heights sublime
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to rest in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And his good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

THE BRUTALITY OF MAN.—Of all the creature in existence, whether they be tame or wild, whether they are in a state of peace or war, man is the only one that lays violent hands on the female of his species. The bear offers no injury to his; the lionness is safe by the side of the lion; the heifer has no fear of the horns of the bull. What pest of abomination—what fury from hades, has come to disturb in this respect the bosom of human kind? Husband and wife deafen one another with injurious speeches, tear one another's faces, bathe the genial bed with tears, nay, sometimes with bloodshed. In our eyes, the man who can allow himself to give a blow to a woman, or even hurt a hair of her head, is a violater of nature and a rebel against God; he that can do that is not a man at all, but a fiend with a man's face.

"O shame, where is thy blush!"

Charity.

"Now abideth these three: Faith, Hope, Charity but the greatest of these is Charity."

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses.
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow—
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above
Hold but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Flitting o'er the dewey grass,
If we knew that birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe;
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,
And kept in life are flowers by snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light above,
We may say, "Dear Father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

How neatly and lovingly, in the following verses, has some one expressed the thought that springs daily from many a heart while waiting patiently for "The Step on the Stair:"

"Twilight is coming, and work is o'er,
And I am quite free from all care;
I silently, patiently watch, and I wait
For the sound of the step on the stair.

"'Tis a welcome sound to my listening ear,
And my heart beats quick and fast;
For I know that my darling's returning to me,
And the toil of the day is past.

"Baby is sleeping within his warm nest,
The tea-kettle sings in loud glee;
Nearer the sound of the step on the stairs—
Husband's come home to his tea.

"He comes, and I'm happy: my heart is at rest;
I've no trouble, nor shadow of care.
How he'll laugh when I tell him I watch and I wait
For the sound of his step on the stair.

"God grant that we ever may thus happy be;
All trials we'll equally share.
If I were called first to that bright home above,
I'd still list for his step on the stair."

An Old Man's Dream.

Beside a stream whose liquid beam
Was carolling and shining,
As dewy blades and azure flowers
Harmously were twining,
An old man sat and heeded not
The bliss below—above him;
But sighed, that in a lovely spot
No heart was there to love him.

From bower and tree the bird and bee
Flew happily over, singing,
While from a tower across the lea
A marriage bell was ringing.
The old man wended to the place
And met the people leaving;
He looked upon each sunny face
And stayed a while his grieving.

But as they left, again bereft
Of joy, he looked above him
And sighed, though all the sky was blue,
That there was none to love him.
Again he sought the wildwood stream
And rested, sad and weary,
Upon its mossy bank to dream
A vision bright and cheery.

He seemed to rove in a land of love,
Where lute-toned bells were ringing,
And decked with jewelled light was one
Whose speech was more than singing.
Oh, she was memory's morning light,
That beamed on earth above him;
He slumbered, woke and found that night
God, Heaven and her to love him.

"QUIET." There is a period in life when to be quiet is the greatest enjoyment that can offer itself. This must be the rest after a well-fought day, the sleep of the brain after intense and protracted thought, the escape into some secluded nook of the man who has been too long deafened by the roar and whirl of a great multitude. Above all, it must not be the mere precautions taken by indolence for the sake of selfish sloth. The rest only of the laboring man is sweet, and, however humble may be the home whose influence lulls the soul to pure thoughts and quiet influences, that at least shall be the one spot in all earth for which the heart shall pant at last, when the great battle of the world has been fought, and fought well. Whether it be won or lost, the thoughts of that quiet home shall come after the conflict, and if it be lost the subdued but not quite broken man may deem himself happy if he find an asylum beneath the roof where every early image is recalled and the intervening struggle is shut out like an ugly dream.

PASSING AWAY.

O River of Time! how ceaselessly
Thou floweet on to the boundless sea—
Whether upon the sunny tide
The sweet spring-blossoms drop and glide,
Or whether the dreary snow-flakes only
Fall in the winter cold and lonely—
Whether we wake or whether we sleep,
Thou hastest on to Eternity's deep.

'Twas long ago in my life's sweet May,
My childhood silently floated away.
I hear the noon-bells distantly chime.
And youth glides by on the stream of time;
My days, though sunny or overcast,
Are stealing away to the changeless past;
But I mark their flight with a smile of cheer,
And not with a sigh or a falling tear.

So often, so sadly, the people say
"Passing away! still passing away!"
That the words have borrowed a pensive tone,
And a shade of sadness not their own.
And I fain would reclaim the notes again
From their minor key on the lips of men,
And make the refrain of my gladest lay
"Passing away! ever passing away!"

For what is the transient? and what will last?
What maketh its grave in the growing Past?
And what lives on in the deathless spheres
Where naught corrupts by the rust of years?
Doth Time, who gathers our fairest flowers,
Destroy no weeds in this world of ours?
What rises victorious o'er dull decay?
And what is that which is passing away?

Our time is flying. The years sweep by
Like flitting clouds in a breezy sky.
But time is a drop of the bonndless sea
Of an infinite eternity.
As our seas are spanned by the arching skies,
'Neath the presence of God that ocean lies,
And though tides may fall in life's shallow bay,
Eternity's deep is not ebbing away.

List to the words which the mourner saith,
"The lives we have loved are lost in death."
O tell him that Jesus hath brought to light
A life not subject to mortal blight.
We are not bubbles that shine and break
On the river of time in the great world's wake.
While immortality cannot decay,
Our real life is not passing away.

The trivial things of this earthly life,
Its petty cares, and its noise and strife;
Its riches that moth and rust can spoil,
Its fretting troubles, and fruitless toil;
Its greater sorrows, its woes and pain;
Its long despair, and its hope in vain;
Its clouds of anguish and dark dismay;—
These are the things that are passing away.

But the heart's best treasures of faith and love,
Bear the seal of death'lessness from above;
While the summers flit over earth's green plain,
The roses die, and the thorns remain:
But the heart's sweet flowers know a better way—
The blossoms live and the thorns decay;
And we know that beyond heaven's crystal wall
No thorn can grow and no sweet rose fall.

While our Heavenly Father's throne is sure,
While eternal ages shall endure,
We need not grieve for the joys of sense
Which day after day are passing hence;
Though the heavens depart, and this lower world
Be taken away like a banner furled,
Though the sun and the steady stars be gone,
Our deathless happiness liveth on.

As we climb Heaven's stairway we need not grieve,
For the rich carved work of the step we leave,
For brighter than which has gone before,
Is the near approach to the palace door.
And oh, the joy as we enter in!
And find naught gone but the stain of sin,
And know, as we look back over the way,
That only the shadows were passing away!

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to a parent's wishes, or will, or commands. Would that parents more universally felt that! When they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God by breaking one of His commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God, in just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger, from an amiable wish to gratify a child, of counter-ordering our own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child, as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children should grow up cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon this filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. To begin right is the way to end right.

GOODNESS of heart has comfort for all the troubles of the soul; it is the angel of consolation and hope; it does more than relieve misfortune, it teaches how to support it; it reanimates the being who is laid low by adversity, communicating to him its own moral life; it bestows upon men the greatest of blessings—it makes them love virtue.

A HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.— The following beautiful hymn is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, canon of Westminster Abbey, and nephew of the poet laureate:

I.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the Throne,
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy,*
To the Great *Three in One.*

II.

On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

III.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

IV.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home;
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

V.

To-day on weary nations
The Heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

VI.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises,
To Thee, blest *Three in One.*

HE THINKETH UPON ME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

Psalm 40th and 17th.

Saviour! who while here below
Chose the ranks of want and woe,
Friends, no princely power that bore,
Friends, the fisher's coat who wore,
Sought the weary and the worn
Whom the world beheld with scorn.
Art Thou not, though throned above,
Full of pity, full of love?
Then regard the suppliant sight,
Poor and needy, Lord, am I.

Knowledge here, with toil and pain,
Drop by drop, we slowly gain;
Or, perchance, its pearls and gold
Let some fickle casket hold.
Treacherous Memory, weak and vain,
Blinded eye, or soften'd brain;
All our wisdom here on earth,
In Thy sight is nothing worth,
Save with penitence we cry,
Poor and needy, Lord, am I.

Heart with heart forms linked line,
Love and Hope strong tendrils twine,
There our garner'd joys we lay
Building for a future day.
Fearful words dissolve our trust,
"*Earth to earth, and dust to dust.*"
Falling clods, and closing tomb,
Board and fireside wrapp'd in gloom;
Deign the gushing tear to dry,
Poor and needy, Lord, am I.

Wealth, with all its envied fame,
Finds a foe in flood and flame;
Finds a wreck whence none may save,
From the blast and from the wave;
Hath no balm its lord to cheer
In the hour of mortal fear;
But, alas! among his heirs
Oft engendereth feuds and cares.
Not on gold would I rely,
Poor and needy, Lord am I.

We are told, though frail his span,
Thou dost deign to think of man;
And that blessed word transcends
All that earth's distinction lends;
Nought have we, the born of clay,
For such priceless thought to pay,
Nought save impotence and death,
Wandering feet, and fainting breath,
Unto Thee the helpless fly,
Poor and needy, Lord, am I.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 24th, 1862.

SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

My country weepeth sore
Above her fallen brave,
By field, by grove, by stream they lie,
Their faces toward their native sky,
And scarcely find a grave.

She listeneth to the wail
That from a thousand homes
By town, by tower, by prairie bright,
At dawn, at noon, at dead of night,
In wild discordance comes.

She at the threshold grieves,
Where stretched on pallets lie
Beneath the surgeon's scalpel keen
The stalwart form the noble mien,
Convuls'd with agony.

She bendeth o'er the wave
Where sank the patriot train,
Whose volleying guns a farewell sent
As downward with their ship they went
To the unfathomed main.

She listeneth as the Earth
Surchar'd with bloody rain,
Her many cherished sons demands;
Her bold, her beautiful, whose hands
Make rich her harvest-wain.

She kneeleth at the Throne
Of mercy, day and night:
She loometh o'er the war cloud dim,
With an unwavering trust in Him
Who doeth all things right.

HYMN OF FAITH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God sent me in this world to stay,
And He will take me hence away,
Whene'er His wisdom shall decree
It is the fitting time for me.

Where'er the sphere or what the task,
It is not meet for me to ask;
Since He who gave this being first,
And lent the breath that stirred its dust,
Hath a full right to fix its date,
And as He wills to legislate.

Why need I fear alone to tread
The unseen regions of the dead?
To earth I came without a guide,
And found my every want supplied.

I'll reach my hand to Death and say,
Blest angel lead me hence away,
Where'er His love appoints my lot,
I follow thee, and murmur not;
And whereso'er His sway is known,
There Truth and Goodness fill the Throne.

It is not mine to choose the way,
Mine but the province to obey;
And so I lift this trustful song,
Bidding my soul be glad and strong
In Him who will not do it wrong.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

If thou hast peace at home
What boots it though the rabble rout
Uplift their hoarse, discordant shout,—
Though the unquiet world should toss
And cast up feculence and dross,
And warring tides each other mock
And vengeful surges smite the rock,—
And men contend with angry mind
If thou in shelter'd nook canst find
Sweet peace at home.

Why need'st thou care though throngs of pride
If thou hast love at home,
With sneer of scorn thy course deride?
Assail the fabric of our fame
And ring their changes on thy name?
Thou would'st not to their taste refuse
Such pungent pastime if it choose,
While shielded from the unseemly blast
Thy comforts all are garner'd fast
By love at home.

If there is rest in heaven,
And so the Unerring Word declares,
Why shrink from labors, griefs or cares?
The appointed agencies to try
Thy patience and thy constancy.
For like the illusion of a dream,
Like passing bubbles on a stream,
Shall be their memory and their pain
When thou at last shalt blissful gain
The rest of Heaven.

TRUE RICHES.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who in his cot at rest
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

[Mrs. Sigourney.

PRAYER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.—SIGOURNEY.

Dr. Watts expresses his feelings during a painful illness in the following beautiful and characteristic lines:

"Yet, gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
Reign through the realms of conscience. All within
Lies peaceful, all composed. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
Though stained with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles, amidst this desolation,
Break out in happy moments with bright radiance,
Cleaving the gloom;—the fair celestial light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

"O! glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God. A friend at home,
And better friend on high. This is my rock
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
Put on thy courage. Here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven."

PRAY FOR WHOM THOU LOVEST.

"Pray for whom thou lovest; thou wilt never have any Comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray."

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; thou mayst vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessing for the loved one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou could'st not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop and wave ere long
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-loving throng;
But seek the friend who when thy prayer for him shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent prayer for thee.

And should the flowery path of life become a path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time of prayer.

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

WHEN beings who are destined to be blessed with real friendship meet for the first time in the world, does it not seem that they recognize each other, as if an indistinct presentiment had announced them to one another?

THIS BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful this earth, where God
His ceaseless bounty shows,
The dropping of autumnal fruits,
The fragrance of the rose,
And all the varied harvest-wealth
That he on man bestows.

How beautiful the snowy flocks
That in green pastures feed,
The patient, plastic herds, intent
Their master's call to heed
And with intelligence endued,
The noble, prancing steed.

How beautiful the human face,
Through whose expansive lines
And lit the dawn of infant grace
Or where bright youth reclines,
Or age in holy calmness smiles,
Creative glory shines.

How beautiful the unfolding mind,
Where Reason fills its urn,
And Knowledge stores unrusting gold,
And lights of Fancy burn,
And Memory bids the buried Past
In pictur'd tints return.

How beautiful the immortal Soul,
Its heavenly birth that feels,
And looking upward to its Sire
With faith that meekly kneels,
Gains strength that heightens every joy,
And every sorrow heals.

How beautiful this life we lead,
That brightens year by year,
And bears upon its brow the hope
Of a more perfect sphere;—
To fit us for that world, we'll strive
To be a blessing here.

MOZART.

Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, January 27, 1756. He was the son of Leopold Mozart, a man of eminent musical ability but who was content to devote himself almost wholly to the education of his boy and girl after their taste and talent for music had manifested itself to his attention. In this respect Mozart was much more fortunate than are many men of genius who are successful in gaining undying renown. We have seen how Händel was obliged to struggle on against every kind of opposition from his friends, and how Hadyn was only too glad to stifle the pangs of hunger and cold by close communion with his beloved harpsichord and violin; but Mozart we find assisted from the very first by a kind and careful father, whose gratitude to God for the gift of such a son could often be expressed only by his flowing tears.

Under such advantages it is not to be wondered at that a child of such surpassing genius should make more rapid progress in his art than many others of perhaps equal talents. When he first drew his father's attention to himself by the delight he found in striking chords upon the harpsichord, seeking particularly for *thirds*, and by the facility with which he learned passages from his sister's lessons, though at this time only three years old, he found the most ready sympathy from both his parents, and henceforward they were unwearied in their instruction. The child himself would leave every other employment, though passionately fond of the amusements of his age, for his beloved music, and was ever ready, at the slightest sign from his father, to proceed with the duties which were appointed for his performances. In his fifth year he began to compose little melodies in "an easy style and taste, which were much approved of." Many of these simple compositions his father was at the trouble of writing out, and specimens of them may be found in the biographies by Holmes and Nissen.

His extraordinary talents soon came to the notice of persons high in influence, and in his seventh year his father conceived the plan of making an artistic tour to Munich; and accordingly the whole family left their home in Salzburg and were soon prepared for their great undertaking,—the presentation of their children at court. In Munich Wolfgang and his sister Maria, who in the five years from 1762 to 1767, always appeared with her brother at public concerts, played before the Elector and excited the deepest admiration. On this occasion the Elector encouraged the boy by saying that he need fear nothing from the august presence in which he was to perform; little Wolfgang immediately placed himself at his harpsichord with an arch look of confidence, informing his highness that he had already played before the Empress Dowager. It was in the autumn of the same year, 1762, that the family visited Vienna. The fame of the children had preceded them; and before their father could apply for an audience at court, he was summoned to appear at Schönbrunn, before the Emperor. Francis was pleased to call the boy the "little magician," causing him to play with one finger, with a cloth spread over the keys, a feat which Wolfgang performed with the utmost precision.

In the summer of 1763 another journey was undertaken. The boy, who was now seven years of age, excited more admiration among musicians by his organ playing than by his performances on the harpsichord or violin, as is shown by an inscription on an organ in Heidelberg. At Nymphenberg Wolfgang played a concerto upon the violin in a most wonderful manner, and thus his arrival in the several cities upon their route was only a fresh triumph for the young musician in every place, both princes and people resting unsatisfied until they had seen and listened to the youthful prodigy. Travelling through Frankfort, Coblentz, Aux la Chapelle, and Brussels, they at last came to Paris, where their reception at court was more than they could have wished. It was at this period that Wolfgang's first work was published, four sonatas for the harpsichord and violin. Soon afterward the family went to London, where their reception was even more flattering than at Paris. The Queen accepted the dedication of six sanatas of the boy's composition and at every concert which he gave there were numbers refused admission.

Upon the return of the family to Salzburg some time was spent upon the further education of the children, but during this period Wolfgang composed an opera, *La finta simplice*, at the request of the Emperor Joseph II. It was during his visit to Italy that he performed a feat, showing his wonderful proficiency and his memory for music, which may perhaps be reckoned as one of the most remarkable of his whole career. His father took him to the Sistine chapel, on the evening of Ash Wednesday, that he might hear the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri performed. It was said that the Pope's musicians were forbidden to give copies of it under pain of excommunication; therefore young Mozart resolved to commit the whole to memory. Incredible as the fact may appear, when he returned to his inn he sat down and wrote it all off. When the service was repeated on Good Friday, he again attended, this time taking his manuscript with him, and thus he was enabled to make the few corrections necessary, and to carry home with him a perfect copy of the *Miserere*. The story made some talk in Rome, and it was much discredited by some; but when, in order to ascertain the truth, the boy was engaged to sing the *Miserere* at a public concert, he executed it to such perfection, that Christofori, who had performed it at the Sistine chapel, and was present at the concert, was overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion, and Wolfgang's triumph was complete.

From Rome the Mozarts went to Naples, where the audience at one of the concerts stopped the boy in the midst of one of his sonatas, ascribing his wonderful power to a charm which they thought was held by the ring he wore. But when the magic circle was removed, the music was found to be none the less beautiful. On his return to Rome the Pope bestowed on him the cross and brevet of a Knight of the Golden Spur, and when at Bologna soon afterward he was elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, and, indeed, throughout Italy he was generally known by the name, *Il Cavaliere Filarmonico*. In 1772 he composed the cantata, *Il sogno di Scipione*, and at Milan, where he passed the winter of the following year, he wrote *Lucio Silla*, a serious opera, which had twenty-six successive representations. This was his last opera written for the Italian stage. The early part of Mozart's life was the most extraordinary, and therefore I have been led to speak of it at such length, though even now much has been left unsaid that should have been mentioned, and many of his composition have been passed by unnoticed. The remainder of his too short career must be treated even more hurriedly.

At the age of nineteen Mozart had attained the very summit of his profession. He was regarded by all Europe as the greatest living exponent of the divine art, and wherever he went he met only with the greatest honors and the most distinguished attention. To give even an enumeration of his compositions would require too much space for any work save an extended biography. Most of his operas were composed in Vienna, and had great success; the *Zauber-Flöte* was performed over a hundred times in one year. Like Raphael, Mozart embraced his art to its whole extent; there was no department in which he did not excel: he was great in all. His sympathy was most extensive; he lived again with Bach in the fugue, he gloried with Handel in the grandeur of church music, while Gluck in serious opera and Haydn in instrumental music found in him a zealous and noble rival. His management of the orchestra is, perhaps, the most surprising of all his developments in music. The way in which he employs the wind instruments is at least novel; the flute in his hands becomes a marvellous and more than beautiful instrument, in which respect he differs widely from Cimarosa, who rarely used it. Indeed, in everything it was originality that attracted and kept his attention, and it is this characteristic that has subjected him to the charge of taking interest only in his own music.

Of all his works the *Idomeneo* played the most important part in raising its author to eminence, and, indeed, Mozart himself always considered it his best production. This work and *Don Giovanni* he esteemed most highly, though of the latter he said, one day, "To tell the truth, I wrote it only for myself and my friends." The overture to this opera, which is generally thought the best of his overtures, was composed in little more than two hours.

Of all his sacred music the *Requiem* is the most sublime. To its composition he gave all the force of his genius, all the strength of his inspiration, for he felt that this was to be his last work. Returning from Prague, where he had been engaged during the ceremonies of coronation at the accession of Leopold, king of Bohemia, he devoted himself to the work which he had promised to do prior to leaving Vienna. A mysterious personage had one day called upon him and requested him to write a requiem, for which he paid one hundred ducats in advance. Mozart now was to fulfil this engagement. In ill health when he began the work, he devoted so much time to it and labored so incessantly that his strength soon began to fail him. All his efforts to discover the name of the person for whom he was writing it were futile, and he soon began to imagine something supernatural in the affair. He conceived the idea that he should look upon the appearance of the mysterious messenger as a warning from heaven of his own death, and he could never afterward divest his mind of the thought. Repeatedly he observed to his wife that he was writing the Requiem for himself. In this state of mind disease seized upon him and he could work no more, and he sank slowly away till the morning of the 5th of November, 1791, when he breathed his last.

It is a little remarkable that the last written words that we have of Mozart's are those quoted from his *Zauber Flöte* in a letter to his wife: "The hour strikes! Farewell! .We shall meet again!"

HAYDN.

When the plan of a series of sketches of great composers was first projected by the author of these articles, he proposed to take up in their chronological order the lives of those musicians whose names are most familiar to the public ear, thus extending the series to perhaps ten or twelve numbers; but the decree of our good *Traveller* has gone forth against such extensive preparations, and it is declared that he can find room in his carpet-bag for but five articles upon the subject before us. Many omissions must therefore be made of names that have gained preeminent and lasting fame, and only a few can claim our attention in a space so limited as that allotted to us. Passing by, then, Johann Sebastian Bach, who was born only twenty-six days after the birth of Händel and who ought, therefore, to have been the subject of our second sketch, we must turn at once to the great mentor in orchestral and chamber music,—"the father of the modern quartet and of the grand symphony."

Joseph Haydn was born in Rohrau, Lower Austria, March 31, 1732. As is the case with so many great masters in the various departments of art, his genius manifested itself very early in life. In his fifth year his musical talents attracted the notice of a relation, at whose intercession he was sent to the school at Haimburg, where he became familiar with all the instruments then used in orchestras which his childish powers would admit of his playing. His voice, which was one of remarkable power and sweetness, gained the attention of the chapel-master of the cathedral of St. Stephens' in Vienna, through the recommendation of a parish priest of Haimburg, and when he was eight years old he was received into the choir of the cathedral, in which situation he remained eight years, learning much of practical music but almost nothing of its theory and science. But in all these years the boy's genius was constantly at work, in spite of the many ad-

verse circumstances under which he labored, and the instinct which nature had given him for perfect harmony and counterpoint, fostered as it was by constant practice in the works of the best Italian and German ecclesiastical composers, enabled him to produce many a composition marvellous in conception, and often, too, in execution, for one of his age.

It was when he was sixteen years old, that his master, Reuter, enraged with him for the perpetration of a practical joke upon one of his fellow pupils, turned him into the streets of Vienna, with only a miserable coat and a few shirts, besides what he was wearing, to seek for himself the living that the poverty of his parents and the mere goodwill of the very few friends he had could not afford him. He found a home in a garret of a five-story house, in a miserable room, which he shared only too freely with the rain and snow, that the cold blasts of winter blew in at every crevice in the roof. By careful saving, he was enabled to buy a few theoretical books at a second-hand shop, using for the purpose money that he should have spent upon fuel and food, and thus he acquired a knowledge of the principles of his art, studying with a perseverance which could overcome all obstacles. His old, worm-eaten harpsichord and his violin were companions of which he never wearied, and often it was only by his happy converse with them that he forgot his cold and hunger and could look back in after years upon those days with recollections of joy, greater than that which he experienced at any other time of life. His great passion was love of music rather than love of reputation or glory, and from his very lack of ambition he wrote with more freedom, seeking rather his own gratification in the working out of the ideal of his soul, than the favor to be gained by catering to the taste of others, although they might be those who pretended to be his superiors. It was about this time that he obtained in some way the first six sonatas of Emanuel Bach, which he studied with the greatest care, and which had a great influence upon his style in the compositions of his after life. In his old age he said, "I could not leave my instrument until I had played them through; and whoever thoroughly understands me, must see that I owe very much to Emanuel Bach; that I comprehended and industriously studied him." In a short time he attracted the notice of the poet of music, Metastasio, who lived in the same house in which Haydn had his home, and through him he became acquainted with the celebrated Porpora, who was then giving lessons in Germany.

From the time of his entering the service of the Prince Esterhazy till his visit to London in 1790 his labors at composition were almost without cessation. It would be impossible to enumerate the different works of this period, though some of them may be named. We know of 163 pieces for the baryton; there were at least four symphonies per annum for the full orchestra; there were between thirty and forty masses and other works for the chapel service; more than 100 works of chamber music, and many simpler compositions, besides which he wrote at least sixteen operas, the seven adagios for orchestra to which the Seven Words of the Saviour were adapted, and thirteen concertos.

On his return to Vienna from his second visit to London, where he had been received with the greatest enthusiasm, he began the great work of his life, the "Creation." He began its composition in his sixty-third year, and in his sixty-fifth year completed it. It was first produced in 1799. Its great success led to the preparation of the "Seasons," but in this last labor the continued strain upon his powers proved too much for him, and from this time his health steadily declined. Only once more did he appear in public; this was at a performance of the "Creation," in the great hall of the university. At the famous passage, "And there was light!" in the first chorus, the applause was deafening. Haydn pointed upward with trembling hand and said: "It comes from there!"

He died in May, 1809.

Haydn must ever claim a high place in the roll of those great artists who have left the abiding marks of their genius upon the world. His mission was not Händel's, nor Mozart's. He wrote in accordance with his happy, genial disposition, and although his music often reached the sublime, it was seldom mournful or tragic.

Before he died, he wrote his epitaph:

"VENI, SCRIPSI, VIXI."

We who listen in these days to his grand "Creation" surely cannot err in reading for the last word, not the past, not the completed act, not the life all done with and laid away forever, but rather the present, the quick influence that thrills our hearts to-day, the word that a grateful posterity would have written for him, not *vixi*, but *vivo*. M.

Beethoven though great was not, it must be confessed, exactly a pretty man. He looked in fact like a little ugly mulatto; he was very short, had a yellow skin, broad spread-out nose, and projecting teeth, over which his heavy lips shut. He wore his cheek bones like an Indian, and a sombre and morbid expression of countenance.

BEETHOVEN.

The remark has been made by Wegeler in his biography, that the objects of Beethoven's attachment were always of the higher rank. Yet it was not because of his desire to benefit himself at the expense of those persons who had already a high standing in life, but it seemed to be the peculiar lot to which he was destined, that his noble nature should be fully developed and his distinguishing qualities with which nature had endowed him should receive a rare cultivation by means of his close contact with those accustomed to the advantages of the best society and of an artistic education. A man of surpassing genius, claiming as his friends the noble and great, and inspired not only by the divine afflatus but also by the sympathetic praise of those well able to appreciate his efforts, could not but produce noble works as the results of his toil

Ludwig von Beethoven, born December 16th or 17th, 1770, at Bonn, was one of the greatest of musical composers that the world has ever seen. Like the subjects of our previous sketches, he exhibited at a very early age proofs of his musical talents, and his father, a man of somewhat loose habits, cherished the hope of deriving profit and fame from the exhibition of his son, as had so recently been the fortune of Leopold Mozart with his son Wolfgang. But the boy was found less willing to devote his time to the harpsichord than his illustrious predecessor had been, and though his love for music was great, the restraints imposed by his father soon became irksome to him, and his father's wishes, it seemed at one time, were not to be fulfilled. But still, little Ludwig was one of the chosen ones, and though sometimes literally driven to the harpsichord, he often enough sought it of his own accord, and exhibited a sufficient rapidity of development to attract the attention of influential patrons.

But we must pass with haste the days of his boyhood, for we have more to do with a later period of his life. When fifteen years of age he was appointed organist to the Electoral Chapel, an office obtained through the influence of Count von Waldstein, a patron of the arts, and not only a connoisseur in music, but himself a practical musician. The four succeeding years were years of great exertion. His salary was small and the profits of teaching insignificant; indeed he had very little patience as a teacher, and at no time in his life was he very successful in this respect. For a considerable part of this period, too, he not only had to support himself but also his brothers, since at its commencement his mother had died, and thus much care that should have devolved upon his father came upon him. At the death of his mother he had returned from Vienna to Bonn, but in 1792 he again went back to Vienna, where he resided till his death, except during the time necessary for one journey to Berlin and two to Prague, and his summer tours for his health. The first five years of his stay in Vienna were the happiest of his life. During this time he was a favorite in the best society, numbered among his friends people of the highest rank, and was assigned the leading place in his profession by the best critics of the day. The first works of importance which he published were the three sonatas, op. 2, and the three trios, op. 1; but the publications which followed appeared in such quick succession and were all productions of such merit, that his fame increased with surprising rapidity, and the fertility of his genius gave promise to the world that his career would be in few respects behind those of Händel and Bach, Haydn and Mozart. But now an affliction came upon him, which proved a source of the greatest sorrow to him, inasmuch as it prevented him from much enjoyment, and became to some degree an obstacle in his way to success. But although his deafness was indeed a great calamity, probably depriving the world of many a work of genius that it otherwise would possess, yet in one sense it proved a blessing, for it is to this cause that we may trace much of the depth of feeling and passion that are to be found in Beethoven's music.

The weakness of his hearing, however, as I have said, was a source of the greatest sorrow to himself. We see this particularly from a letter to his brothers, in which he says: "Ah, how could I proclaim the weakness of a sense which I ought to possess in a higher degree than others; which once I did possess in the highest perfection—a perfection equalled by few of my profession. Alas, I cannot do this! Forgive me then, if I draw back when I would gladly mingle with you. My misfortune inflicts upon me a double woe in causing me to be misapprehended. For me there can be no joining in refined and intellectual conversation, no recreation in social intercourse, no mutual outpourings of the heart with others. . . Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair—a little more, and I had put an end to my life. One thing only, art—this restrained me. I could not leave the world until that was accomplished which I felt was demanded of me." And so he struggled on in defiance of the great burden that was weighing him down.

Among the many compositions of the next few years are some of his best works. The "Heroic Symphony" was produced in 1804; "Fidelio" in 1805; the 4th, 5th, and 6th symphonies, and the mass in C, during the next four years. The "Battle of Vittoria" and the 7th symphony appeared in the autumn of 1813 and the 8th symphony was written in 1816. From this time the intervals between the productions of his works were longer, owing partially to the greater scope and grander plan of the compositions themselves, and also to the fact that an important legal process now occupied much of his attention and caused him a great deal of anxiety. The last six sonatas, the grand mass in D,—upon which he expended three years' labor,—the overture in C, op. 115, the 9th symphony, with chorus, and the last grand quartets, were the productions of the last ten years of his life. After the 9th symphony was finished, he proposed to himself the composition of an oratorio, which should be a work in every respect worthy of the powers which he felt that he possessed It was to be written to words composed by a friend, C. Bernard, entitled "The Victory of the Cross," and had not occurrences prevented the execution of his design, the world would have been blessed by the production of a work rivalling in its grandeur of conception and elegance of composition the noblest works of a kindred nature ever written. For when such a genius as that of Beethoven is pleased to devote its energies to the consideration of the grandest theme that the whole range of possibility could offer, surely we may be justified in expecting the greatest result.

Much has been said of Beethoven's petulancy, and more stories have been told of his fits of anger than are true. His deafness was undoubtedly the cause of much of his quickness of temper, and those persons who are ever so ready to pick the motes from their brothers' eyes, would do well to remember that often great afflictions, while they purify the soul, have an influence seeming to those not called upon to suffer them, to be other than good.

A marked trait in Beethoven's character was his total inability to provide for the future. His productions often brought him large sums of money, but he was continually in difficulty, often making his daily portion a can of beer and some bread, while the cases were not seldom when he had hardly a decent coat to his back. Yet in all his pecuniary troubles he learned but little of providence.

During his last illness, his mind was constantly forming new plans for the future. The noblest symphonies that had ever been given to the world were yet to be composed, and in all he appeared to have no foreshadowing of what was to be. And so, in the midst of his great designs, while the chambers of his soul were still ringing with the

echoes of heavenly music, Beethoven sank away, till on the evening of the 26th of March, 1827, in the midst of a sudden storm of rain, hail, and lightning, the soul of the great man took its flight, with the wild music of the elements breathing its dirge over him. M.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

Correspondence of the Traveller.

NEWPORT, June 13, '67.

A delightful Sabbath finds me at this delightful watering place, in common with a large multitude of "Friends," who have come up to this, their spiritual Jerusalem, at their annual love feast. There is an unusually large number present, and I believe the number and interest of those attending is increasing every year All the hotels that are open are full, and the capacity of those who entertain strangers on such occasions is put in full requisition.

Let me tell you how the friends accommodate themselves. After the hotels and boarding-houses are filled, it is quite common for them to hire houses and cater for themselves. Perhaps they have an eye to economy in this arrangement, but it makes it very pleasant and social.

Newport does not alter much, especially that part of the town near the water. Some cottages and residences have been built in the fashionable part of the town; but Swampscott, Nahant, Hampton and Rye Beach, are sharply contesting for the palm, and drawing away many of those who spend their season at the sea-shore to those attractive places.

But to return to the Friends. These meetings have been fully attended, and the Baptist and Methodist Societies both threw open their churches to the Friends, which were filled to repletion, besides the old Friends' House, which alone will accommodate two thousand people. Daniel Hill, of the Philadelphia yearly meeting, Zaccheus Powell, of the New York, and Rebecca Collins, ministered here: while at the Methodist, Caroline Talbot of Ohio, and Charles Coffin of Lynn, spoke. Caroline Talbot is a most eloquent and effective preacher; educated as a Baptist, and descending from the Episcopacy, she brings all the fervor of one, and the learning of the other. She proceeded to her task without text or reading of the Scriptures, the key-note of her discourse being regeneration, and held her large audience in the closest attention forty-nine minutes. Her manner is both pleasing and convincing; not so much by the power of her logic as her direct application of the invitations of the gospel. Charles Coffin is also an agreeable preacher, divorcing his remarks from that disagreeable, singsong twang too common to Quaker preachers, and presenting his topics with clearness and that spiritual earnestness which make him at once a favorite preacher. This evening there is to be a meeting at the Atlantic House. Opposite the Atlantic there has been quite an attraction placed in a most conspicuous position, just above the old "Stone Mill" or tower, a full-length bronze statue of Commodore Mathew C. Perry, with this inscription:

"Commodore Mathew C. Perry. Died 1853, aged 64.
Treaty with Africa 1843, Mexico 1848, Japan 1854.
Erected 1868 by August and Caroline Belmont."

Many people confound this with Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie; but all the money of August Belmont, who married a daughter of the other Perry, can never efface from the memory of a grateful people the gallant exploits of his brother, Oliver H. Perry, when our infant navy achieved such a triumphant victory, which at once gave us prestige abroad and confidence at home. The statue is an ornament as a work of art, and is placed on a handsome granite base, the whole costing $20,000. Newport may justly feel proud of the renown which both these sons of her's have shed upon her history. I see by the recent address of the Mayor, which I find in the *Mercury*, which claims to be the oldest paper in America, dating back to 1758, 'that the feeling has been universally expressed that a monument will be at no distant day erected to the memory of Oliver Hazard Perry, who was more closely identified with the citizens of Newport in a no less conspicuous spot,' The Legislature of Rhode Island has gone; in fact they sat only four days, quite a commentary to ours.

Col. Francis Brinley, formerly of Boston, and once a commander of the "Ancient and Honorables," was a member from Newport, where he now resides. He brought experience you will recollect from the Massachusetts Legislature, where you will remember he served in both branches.

The Old Colony is reaping a harvest of travel from this meeting of the Friends. The arrangements in the way of trains and cars are excellent and reflect credit on W. H. Bullock, Esq., the popular superintendent.

I hear much about Miss Ida Lewis, whose praise is in all mouths. Thus far she has saved eleven lives. Her picture is to be seen in the shop windows. She does not make a striking picture, is twenty-seven, and is about to be married, which will make an end to romance and my letter.

QUI EST.

A MARRIAGE BY TELEGRAPH.—The Albany *Standard* of Wednesday publishes the following:

"A marriage by telegraph took place yesterday afternoon, between a young lady in one of the principal villages on the Oswego railroad, and an artillery soldier on duty near Washington. The chaplain of the bridegroom's regiment telegraphed the material question of the marriage ceremony to the lady, viz "Do you take —— to be your husband?' directing her to answer, 'I do;' and to authorize him to propose a like question to the gentleman. Two hours after the lady received the chaplain's first message she received a second announcing that the soldier and she were man and wife. This telegraph is her marriage certificate. It is understood that the parents of the lady were opposed to the union, and that this method was taken to outwit them. The time for the ceremony had been fixed by correspondence beforehand, and the lady was in waiting when the first message was received at the telegraph office."

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, R. I., Tuesday, July 25, 1865.

"Once more to the breach"—after a long absence—or interval since my last pennings for the TIMES from the other side of Jordan. I hardly expected to resume my duties as correspondent from a fashionable watering-place, but as I find myself thrown ashore here by the "sea of circumstance," I will tell you what of the doings and goings on in this most delightful and coolest of all sea-side places.

The principal hotel, the Ocean House, is rapidly filling up, and nearly all the cottages and villas are occupied—the latter Newport can boast of the most numerous and costly in any watering-place in the United States. To one who has been long absent the increased number and beauty of the Summer residences is astonishing, and it is a wonder where so many wealthy people come from, who can thus afford to spend $50,000 or a $100,000 for a house and grounds for occupancy for four months of the year. No place in Europe can compare with Newport in this respect, and the amount of money spent here during the last ten years should have made the native population all rich. The Newporter is by nature an early bird, who is lively in the morns and does not require many hints on prices; he takes it easily, and proves to you that his motto is that hay should be made while the luminary is brightest. They are a thrifty set, these same Newporters, and are putting money in their purse every year, gaining and accumulating and getting rich on the follies of the day. To one who knew the town in its primitive days, before it was a fashionable resort, the transition from the prices of those days to the present is astonishing. What was then ten cents is now a dollar. Then you could hire a boat all day for a dollar, now it costs a likeness of MR. CHASE for a single hour. Everything is up. Clams have riz; bass bait that recently cost only 25 cents a hundred now $2 and scarce at that. Everything from an old broken down horse and rattling old chaise to the largest sailing craft is in requisition. Everything pays. Everybody busy—down town—but go up on the hill, the crest of which is the dividing line between the town proper with all of its busy bees making honey, and the abodes and resorts of those who spend. Bellevue-avenue is the back-bone, and the ribs of radiating streets from it are lined with beautiful shade trees and shrubbery, behind which are nestled the cosiest cottages and stately mansions, with winding gravely walks arbors and verandahs, cool and inviting a siesta in one of the many hammocks swinging in the breeze. Just think of the green shades, cool breezes and cosiness of a cottage at Newport, and all you who are sweltering in cities, saying, "How hot it is"—come here, if you can get away. The weather is charming, never hot, always a delightful breeze, and *such* nights for sleeping. One's appetite and sleepitite are astonishing, and the poor souls who board us groan inwardly, and consternation is written upon their faces as they see the rapid and mysterious disappearance of viands.

In the matter of hats I have been amazed at the ingenuity of womankind—the numerous changes. I have been here ten days now, during which period seven distinct fashions have been aired in the avenue, had their day and disappeared; some turn up, some turn down, and some don't turn at all, but all have the everlasting pheasant's tail or goose wing, but not one of them have a vestige of protection to the face, and the broad glare of the sun falls full upon the faces of the wearers, which is particularly comfortable when a lady is driving and cannot handle her sun-shade; the consequence is the contortions of countenance are fearful, disfiguring the prettiest faces with frowns and squints to such a degree that their own mothers would scarce know them. There are any quantity of teams driven by young ladies, and lots of pony phætons, conveying, at first glance, the idea of a bundle of clothing going to the wash in a baskets.

It seems to be the thing for ladies to invite the nice young men to a drive, and you see a great many young ladies "doing the avenue" holding the ribbons, and by their side a young man being "aired," who, for want of occupation for his hands, in the awkwardness of his position, either carries the parasol in a clumsy manner, vainly endeavoring to shade the delicate nose of the lady and his own eyes, but the more orthodox style is to fold the arms, à la NAPOLEON, looking as if they were sitting for their pictures and had just given the word "all ready," and were also following the artist's directions to "now wear a pleasant expression.'

31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly-living,
And a terrible heart thrill,
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless;
The world is wide, these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are All.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Dr. Carter, a distinguished Philadelphian, writes to a friend in Rhode Island in a letter dated Vevey, Switzerland, July 8th: "I am convinced that Newport is the coolest and most charming summer resort in the world, and that there is no place in Europe like it. It is hot enough here, I can tell you, and with no particular attractions except scenery, and that does not cool one."

Our Newport Letter.

NEWPORT, Sept. 14.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

The fashionable season may be said to be over, though the cottagers show no disposition to leave, and evidently intend to make the most of the summer. The public houses, with one exception, are closed, except those which remain open all the year. They have enjoyed a good season, and most of them have doubtless paid handsome dividends. With board at five dollars a day, it would be strange if they did not; yet our landlords are always complaining of short commons. A similar complaint is occasionally made by the boarders. It is to be hoped before another season that we shall have a new roomy hotel close by the water. Nobody wants to go to the seaside for sea air and views, and put up a mile from the shore, and be obliged to pay from four to six dollars for a carriage every time they get a sight of it. The hotel at Rocky Point, and all the places of resort along the shores of the Narragansett, are falling back to their period of winter repose. By taking rest now, the caterers to the pleasure seeking public will be better prepared to receive their guests when, like the birds of spring, they shall come again. There is not much gayety just at present. The wedding of Secretary Fish's son, which took place last week, has been the chief topic of conversation among the fashionables for some time. The bride, Miss Clemence Bryce, has been a belle here, and has received much attention abroad. Many distinguished guests were present, as well as all the elite of this city, and everything was conducted on a magnificent scale. It is said the floral decorations of the house were the finest of the kind ever seen in Newport. Julia Ward Howe, Kate Field and Mary Clemmer Annis are still here. Tuckerman, the poet, is to be seen at the old Redwood Library at all times of the day. He is growing old rapidly, and his health seems poor. Ida Lewis is very feeble, and has been ordered by her physician to see no one. The excitement of the past three months has been too much for her, and the constant conversation she has been obliged to keep up with callers has told seriously upon her lungs. She will not go to Philadelphia as has been talked of.

The gale ruined the appearance of our city for some time to come. All our foliage is dried up and falling, and vegetation looks as if scorched. The crops are spoiled on the island, and the damage done everywhere is very great. Some of the most beautiful trees on the avenue are uprooted, and others are so splintered as to make it necessary to take them down. The slate roofs of the summer residences suffered, parts of them being lifted bodily and carried away. The fishermen feel their loss keenly. To many of them the loss of their boats has thrown them entirely out of employment.

The Good Will Fire Company of Trenton, N. J., passed through this city on their way from Boston, and spent a day at Rocky Point. The Newport companies gave them a reception, and on the evening of their arrival formed a torchlight procession, and, with their engines beautifully decorated, escorted them through the principal streets. The oldest fire company in the United States is the Torrent, or No. 1, of Newport. It was organized in 1756, and the books containing all the records since that date are still preserved. A piece of the first engine is also carefully preserved and bears the original lettering—the date, maker's name, &c. It was made in London in 1735. They now have a steamer, but besides the first and the present engine they have had but one other.

The weather here is delightful just now. About a dozen bathing houses have been made of the fragments of 133, and a few, loth to give it up, bathe daily. One would hardly believe that wind could ever produce such an effect as did the late gale at the beach. The loss to the bathing proprietors is about $2000. Nothing will be done there this year, but by bathing time next season everything will be in readiness.

Our bridges are not repaired yet, and communication with the main land is uncertain. There being no passenger cars on this side, passengers are carried to the bridge on freight cars and there are obliged to walk across to meet the train on the other side. The mails are irregular and we have no telegraph wires yet. Work is going on rapidly, however, and we shall soon be all right again. The weather-wise gravely predict that the line storm will be fully as violent as that of last week. A movement is on foot among the fashionables to raise something for the sufferers by the gale, by private theatricals or in some such manner. An auction sale of the household furniture and ornaments of one of our first, and at one time wealthiest families, is taking place to-day. Enthusiasm runs high among the buyers over tiny bits of old china, worth their weight in gold, and rare old articles, which are bringing marvelous prices. There is a clock bearing the date 1661; a set of chairs bought in 1775; another, once belonging to Coton Mather, and old pictures not bigger than your hand, for which the starting price must be $500; Venetian glass dishes are selling at $20 each—such is the passion for antiquities.

P. P. P.

BY THE SEA.

Music by the Band---A Garden of Girls---Rye and the Shoals.

Correspondence of The Republican.

OCEAN HOUSE, RYE BEACH, August 20.

Would you like a few words from this pleasant place? I presume not; but as every one who goes from home in these days, whether to cross the ocean or climb a mountain, feels it his duty to tell the reading public his experience I must follow the fashion.

This hotel, one of the best on the coast, has only 180 guests at present, though capacity of entertaining over 300. The cold weather keeps people at home. The surf-bathing is delightful, —if the water was not so cold. I noticed that on the days when I did not try it it was always "just as warm!" At least, so the drenched, draggled Guys assured me, as they came shivering up to the bath-house; but I never have had any reason to accuse old ocean of the fault for which the Laodiceans were reproved. We have an excellent table, if a little of the butter's strength could be transferred to the tea and coffee, and if the meats did not have a uniform flavor of stewed-all togethry-ness, which is so discouraging to one who prefers a variety, and has yet some little faith in human nature and a—bill of fare. Then, too, we have a band,—a dozen pieces,—with a reportoire of perhaps the same number of tunes, which would be a treat if we were not afflicted with "Capt Jinks" indefinitely. We have music for breakfast, dinner and tea, (so that we even chew with a gentle rhythmical motion), music whenever the stage comes in or goes out, and for dancing all the evening. Yet those solemn men sit with eyes fixed on their notes, as if the dashing captain were an entirely new acquaintance, and a mistake would be fatal. You have heard of the illiterate minister who, when reading the third chapter of Daniel to his congregation, found the names of the numerous musical instruments mentioned there a little tedious as well as difficult. So, instead of stumbling over the sackbut and dulcimer a second time, he merely waved his hand in an impressive manner and said, "The whole band as before." That's what we have.

In regard to guests, I feel as if I had been suddenly set down in Mormondom. Where are all the young men, brave, gallant and appreciative, who ought to be here? It is not cheerful to be constantly reminded of the alarming overplus of women in New England. Here is a bevy of pretty girls charmingly dressed, bathing, driving, playing croquet, dancing all by themselves, and hardly any one here to see them but their papas, who doubtless have too fresh a recollection of big bills to survey the effect with much complacency. It is really too bad, and if this doleful yet attractive picture of "a garden of girls," blooming and blushing all alone, shall draw hither even one masculine admirer, I shall feel, as humble authors say in closing a preface, that "I have not written in vain!"

And now for another connndrum. Where are all the children? I see plenty of little creatures, frizzled, flowered, and furbelowed, who engage the croquet ground and do most of the dancing, control society in fact; but there are no dear little girls of the good old times, simply dressed and natural. I saw, one evening long after ten, a little tot, just able to walk, (not yet "out" I suppose) standing on the stairs watching the dancing, with her nurse behind her. She was dressed elaborately, and taking all the steps of the lancers with such an air! I wish you could have seen her courtesy! The little specimen from Lilliput, too, who rushed up to me in such a patronizing way, exclaiming, "Oh, you must help us make up a set," I shall not soon forget.

The cottages in the neighborhood are all crowded,—a much better place for families to spend the summer. The little burying grounds on one corner of the farm, paled off from the surrounding corn and potatoes, form a prominent feature of the place. Almost every family has its own graveyard, and for this reason the farms are handed down from one generation to another without change. I saw a cow the other day stand with head over the enclosure gazing solemnly at the headstones, as if musing on our common mortality.

The boatmen and fishermen here are very intelligent and communicative. It cannot be the fish they eat that stimulates their brains, for they tell me they scarcely touch it. How little we value what we can have freely! These people rarely take a dip in the surf, and the women seldom swim or row. No doubt their greatest ambition is to get to the mountains. It is the fashion to go to the Isles of Shoals, this year. The proprietors of the Appledore house hope to make at least $30,000 this summer. It may be very delightful, but I do think the glowing, poetic article in the last Atlantic will not be realized by all who go there. It is a little like Murray's Adirondac romance; delightful to read, but not quite literal enough for a guide-book.

But listen! is that a new tune? The band is discoursing again to call us to dinner, and my appetite in this health giving place will not be trifled with. Nothing else could induce me to leave you. Do you bless the music that—"carries me away?" Good-by. KATE S.

SMUTTED HANDS.

that long period. In addition to these antiquities with their inventory, made in the eighth century, are some fresh objects, added within five or six hundred years, so the whole exhibition is a curious record of a thousand years of national existence.

SMUTTED HANDS.

Through all of life, the toughest task
Before mankind that stands,
Is doing what the world may ask,
Yet never soiling hands—
To be a statesman, and forego
The bribes of place and power;
To be a priest, yet never know
Some weak and tempting hour;
To be a merchant, and refuse
Some quick unhallowed gain,
When one could win though others lose,
And profit hallow stain.
All these and many more are hard,
In manhood's tempted path,
And he must be most lucky starred
Who such good fortune hath.
Young Johnny, left awhile alone
Within the kitchen's bound,
Though all the truth he scarce has known,
The fatal hour has found.
The saucepan's tempting sides have given
His hands a grimy hue,
That washings five and scrubbings seven,
Can scarcely all undo.
With rue he scans those digits black,
And thinks of ways and means;
Yet nothing in his thought, alack!
Those Ethiop fingers cleans.
Pray heaven that in his older life
He finds no fatal hour,
When, fresh from scene of human strife,
He lacks that self-same power!
Pray heaven, in decades far away,
A stronger man he stands,
From having had in childhood's day
A pair of smutted hands.

FROM MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine we can speak with entire clearness and confidence, after the use of one, eight years or more, in our family. We look upon it as one of the benefactions of the age, and one which will constitute an era in the history of woman. Its song should be:

Click! click! click!
While the cock crows loud and free,
And click! click! click!
Is a merry sound to me.
With bodice trim and neat
I seam, and gusset, and band,
With my dainty-slippered feet,
And a small, white-fingered hand.
Stitch to the click of the steel;
And never an aching head
While I turn the gliding wheel,
With the gleaming silver thread.
Oh, woman! no more a slave
To seam, to gusset, and band,
Shall beautiful grow and brave
In the light of our happy land.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

BY SOLON ROBINSON.

Set to Music, and dedicated to the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Light dawns on the world at last!
The world of woman's labor—
The furnace roars in fiery blast,
With steam, its working neighbor;
And both engage in giant toil,
And day by day are bound to moil,
To lighten woman's labor.

Light dawns on the world at last!
And woman's hope grows stronger,
The power of steam is working fast,
With water-power, its neighbor;
And both engage in right good will,
To work with men of cunning skill
To lighten woman's labor.

Light dawns on the world at last!
A light that shows the needle,
At woman's will, now move so fast,
With music like the tabor;
And stitches form so free and fast,
That woman's time in song is past,
To lighten woman's labor.

Light dawns on the world at last!
Machines now drive the needle.
And seams are made so strong and fast,
'Tis Heaven's latest favor
To sew with crank, and arm, and wheel
Machines that toil and never feel,
But lighten woman's labor.

Henry Ward Beecher,

Proper Use of the Bible.

A great many people think that the Bible is a very sacred book. I will tell you how it is a sacred book. If you read this book, and find moral qualities in it, and they are transferred as living virtues to you, then to you it becomes a sacred book. This book is sacred to you just so far as its teachings are incorporated in your experience and feelings, and not a bit further. All that part of the Bible is Bible to you which you live by. So much of the Bible as you vitalize is valuable to you; but so much of it as you do not vitalize is of no use to you. You put your Bible in your book-case. There it stands all the week, perhaps. Or you read it once a day, or once a week, as the case may be. And you do it very decorously. The room is still, and your children sit around the room in a stiff row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read, you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn note; and you read all the way through the chapter and are like a blind man walking along the road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides, never seeing a single one. Men read thus, and feel a great deal better because they have read the Bible to their family! Now, I tell you, the only thing you read in the Bible is that which jumps into you, and which you cannot get out of you. It is the vital, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible. Suppose I should set up housekeeping on the same principle that some people set up their religious housekeeping? A man goes to housekeeping, and gets a Bible, with his name on the inside, and his name on the outside, and puts it on the table, in his best room; and there it lies for months and years without being opened—unless there is a funeral in the family. Suppose I should go to housekeeping, and should give an order to the grocer for three boxes of sperm candles, saying, "I am going to have a luminous house," and should put those candles away in the attic, and never light one of them? What is the use of candles but to burn? That is the very figure of our Master. He says, "No man puts a candle under a bushel, but he lights it and puts it on a candlestick."

Mr. Beecher's Answer to the Pope.

When the mild and summery old Pope sends his missive to the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and says, "Brethren, wandering in irregular paths, behold! we have called an ecumenical council: come all, that a universal Christendom may be represented in this council:" I say to the Pope, "God bless you, dear old man: and God bless your bishops, and make them a hundred times holier than they are; and God bless all the churches that are under your authority according to the arrangements of men. If it were convenient for me to go to Rome, and I could throw any light on the liberty of the individual, I would sit in your council. But it matters very little to me whether I go or stay. For the church is not with you. You do not own Christ, and you do not own the world. Grace be unto you, because you are a part of God's flock, with all your faults. Grace be unto you in all your endeavors. However imperfectly your priests and bishops may preach; however much they may have brought down from a mediæval age of luggage on their backs, nevertheless, I will rejoice because Christ is preached."

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—As I look back on my father's life, I cannot remember, in all the retrospect, a single act of self-seeking on his part. I cannot remember ever to have heard him decry or severely criticise a brother in the ministry. I cannot remember ever to have heard him rehearse his own doings with eulogy, or praise, or conscious pride. His life was as simple as a child's; and it was as straightforward, and as honest, and as spiritually well-meaning, as I can conceive a life to be. And now I can analyze, and see what I could not in my childhood—that it had a powerful influence on my mind. I cannot express what I owe to my father's silent example, and what a power it has been against doubt, as confirming and intensifying my consciousness of the reality of true and spiritual religion. The example of my father and mother are an everlasting bulwark to me against infidelity; so that if my reason were assaulted, if I could not meet the arguments that were raised against religion, I should still have, as it were in transfiguration, the memory of my parents, who were an embodiment of piety; and that would hold me, if other things gave way, so that I needed anything to hold me. The vision has clung to me just as after the Master was transfigured on the Mount, the vision of that scene clung to the men who witnessed it. The bewitchment of that wonderful occurrence remained with them. Blessed are they who have had a vision of transfiguration in childhood, and who have never lost a belief in the reality of true religion.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

THE LESSON OF MR RAYMOND'S LIFE AND DEATH.—What are those things which engaged his days and hours? What are the cares, the frets, the petty ambitions, the stinging annoyances, the small strifes, the friction, the sweat and fear of life? What are those things, as we stand here and look back upon them, measured by this hour, that should measure the worth of all things? What are those things that are past? How vain, how useless! What best may we do that, judged by this hour, we shall stand by his memory, who lived not for himself, but so associated himself with the welfare of mankind, especially with the community in which he was placed, that the work he leaves behind him shall be his memorial. For no man is great enough to be remembered in selfishness. The things which shall make our names memorable are those things which we do upon others and for others. Not those who have lived for themselves, but those who have lived for others, for their country, for their age. You and I, too, ere long, shall come to this hour. You are strong, the blood beats now healthily in your veins, but in a short time you shall be in the coffin, and you shall be followed by your friends to the tomb. Could we, if you were called hence, to-day, speak well of your history? Have you earned the right to be spoken of gratefully in this solemn hour, and have your name handed down to others? Are you living above the world while in it, christianly, purely, and nobly? Are you living with fear of God and with hope of immortality? For, surely, it is no unmeaning service of respect that you pay to-day.—*Mr Beecher at Mr. Raymond's Funeral.*

HEARTY AND HEALTHY RELIGION. We make the following extracts from a report of a sermon by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the New York Evening Post:

The mind may be influenced by fear, by emotions, by veneration, by a sense of infiniteness and beauty; by the sympathies, or benevolence and love. But these are not alike desirable; although it is better to be touched by the lowest than not at all. The earliest feeling towards God was that of fear, and this is the most universal. The fear of God is of two kinds—one belongs to generous feelings; the other is a shrinking from something that is doubtful or terrible. This crouching, servile fear of God, not only debases God, but degrades the man who acts under it; for fear, as a general thing, never works upon the inner nature towards goodness, but only upon the outer, towards conduct. A man who thus fears, is like the man who should go towards the Polar sea thinking to get to the equator. He is on the wrong train, with the wrong engineer, and instead of leading to life, the road leads to death. There is no gospel in it.

There are many who think this servile fear is a sign of grace. They are miserable without it. This feeling of inferiority, this shrinking awe, is popularly understood as worship. To be religious with persons entertaining it, is to exercise this homage—this crouching as a slave in the presence of his master. This is the religion of the Romish church, and though Protestantism has abandoned its forms, it has not abandoned its spirit.

He did not ridicule this spirit in its place, but pronounced it as false as anything can be. There are churches which are built in obedience to this spirit, with gloomy walls of stone and coffin-colored pews, which remind one of his last narrow resting-place; the windows are darkened to shut out the light of heaven; and those building such churches depend upon the deep, solemn music, rolling heavily along the shaded and gloomy aisles, to impress the mind with a sense of awe.

Awe is precisely what it is; it is not worship, it is awe and nothing more. And the man who yields to these influences, and is impressed with the sepulchral gloom of the place, when he goes out of the church draws a long breath, breathes freely once more, and thinks himself as good a Christian as the rest.

Such worship is always narrow. It is not to see Christ smiling and saying:—"I call you friends; come unto me in every time of need." It always sent a shiver over him to enter such a church. "There are thousands," said the speaker, "who would be shocked to hear me talk as I do about it, but I cannot help it. Your God is a jailor; my God is a Father."

One of the greatest obstacles a minister had to contend with is this spirit of servile fear. Men think that in order to be converted they must go through the Inferno, as Dante did; they must snuff the brimstone. He regretted that men should be so mean and grovelling in their thoughts, and not be willing to come to God as a friend and father.

The reverend gentleman said that a minister who should study to make an audience laugh by a poor pun or joke, was not fit to enter the pulpit. But if a spontaneous smile arose from the audience, he was not disturbed. He never attempted to make them laugh, neither did he try to stop them. Laughing, he thought, was just as good as crying, and a good deal better. Cheerfulness is characteristic of Christianity.

If there were present any conscientious liars, in quest of a paragraph, he should expect to see it going the rounds of the conscientious religious press that he said people should go to church to laugh; but he called the audience to witness that it would be a lie—he had said no such thing.

The Effect of Emigration on Our Home Life.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The advent of so many people of different nations will tend, it seems to me, to enliven and enrich the social customs of our land. We are wont to look more upon the conflicts, and to be more conscious of the jars, which manners and customs bring upon us, than to think how much there is, besides these, of gratulation. We are to look particularly to the emigrants of northern nations for social wealth. Whether it be something in race, or, more probably, the final result of climate, the fact is this: that the northern races are the races of domestic and home habits. There is in Spain but little; in Italy less; and in Greece and Turkey there is no such family idea as there is in the north. Winter, that shuts men up for months under the roof and around the hearth, is the true patron of the household. Open skies and balmy Januaries will never know the true flavor of household life. Such climates are centrifugal. They drive men out from their proper centre. But winter shuts up wood and field, and drives men and women homeward. The long nights must have occupation. People live together—not in neighborhood, but *together*. Household life in a religious atmosphere breeds household virtues and family affections. It is not with the heart as it is with the purse. Society is better off when riches are not concentrated, but diffused. Society needs great riches, but it needs them in a great many hands. It is average wealth that determines their economic power and blessing in civilized society. But the heart needs concentration. Affections that are never intense, but are gently diffused over a wide space, are always feeble and inoperative. To love our neighbors well, we must love ourselves wisely. The intensity of a few gives quality and flavor to the general love of the many. Only in a compact household will this love be developed, and disciplined, and intensified, and made potential. I am so extreme on this point that I had almost said that the frost-line marks the realm of republicanism. Where men do not live in the house, summer or winter, monarchy will prevail. Where men are shut up together for long periods, and are obliged to develop household loves, they will have hearts that can take in at length states, and form commonwealths. And true republican commonwealths grow out of the power which is generated only in the Christian household. It is to our northern emigrants, coming from the household, and bringing household ideas with them, and not from southern plains, that we look for a gradual contribution to the social and decorative customs of our households, for amusements, for graceful imaginations and associations. Not always will these peculiar races flow side by side unmixed. Not always will they rigorously keep their manners and their customs. We shall remit something of our rigor, and they will add a little to theirs. They will learn self-restraint, and we shall see reasons for innocent self-indulgence. We cannot invite the people of the world hither, and expect that with foreign allegiance they will also lay down foreign education. They bring us capital; they bring us labor. They bring also opinions, and sentiments, and customs, which are to have a great and, as I believe, enriching influence upon the coming American. There will, therefore, be a time when the manners, and customs, and social indulgences of all the nations of the earth will conspire to construct in America a household richer, purer, more intelligent, and more powerful than any that has yet been known.

Your Heavenly Father Knoweth.

I love to repeat the phrase, *your heavenly Father knoweth.* Nobody else knows as God knows. He knows hundreds of things that nobody else can know. He knows many things that nobody else ought to know. He knows many experiences that you will not tell, and many that you do not understand. *Naked and open are you before Him with whom you have to do.* There is no sorrow so deep, there is no darkness so profound, there is no complication of circumstances so entangling, but that you may say, "Well, there is nothing that affects me which my heavenly Father does not know." If you will take notice of the whole passage, (Matthew vi. 25-34,) you will see that our Saviour was saying to them, "Do not be anxious; and through a spirit of excessive anxiety do not be saying, all the time, 'How shall I get a living?'—for that is the meaning of the questions, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" "Do not," said he, "give yourself any concern; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." When men think of God's taking care of time and eternity, they are apt to feel that he has on hand so much more important business than our clothes, and our bread and butter, that he scarcely can be expected to pay much attention to these things. They are apt to think, therefore, that he remits to natural law the care of physical things, which are scarcely worthy of his own special thought. But God is the most minute housekeeper in the universe. Nobody else knows so well as he what is needed for the meal and for the wardrobe. Nobody else knows so well as he what the till has in it. Nobody else knows so well as he about rent and fuel. Nobody else knows so well as he about the body. He attends to the physical wants of his creatures. He is a Father to us in these respects. And it was with this thought that Christ was pleased to say, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Henry Ward Beecher,

I hold that bishops are all well enough. I do not object to bishops. I dare say I should like to be a bishop myself! I do not object to a pope. His place is eminently desirable; and I do not suppose there is a man in this congregation who would not be a pope if he could. It is not a pope that we object to, but it is *the Pope in Rome*. We do not object to the pope that lives in us. Every man has a pope in him. There are in the family hundreds of popes, male and female. Wherever men can have power over others, and they exercise it, and love it, they are pope. And I do not object particulary to any church that chooses to organize itself with a pope, and cardinals, and bishops, and priests, and ministers, provided it says that neither of them is of such divine ordination as to be obligatory on the whole church. If they merely say, "Experience has taught us that this kind of organization, this method of preparing ministers and governors in the church is a good one, and leads to the accomplishment of a good work, and we prefer it," I have no more to say. It is their liberty, and I respect that liberty. I might not like to conform to such a method, but I have no objection to it. When, however, they attempt to impose it on me; when they say to me, "You must do so and so;" when they say, "Unless the church in which you worship is thus and thus organized, and has just such an order of men, it is not a Christian church;" when they look benevolently down upon me from their human-built walls, and say, "You *may* be saved out of your church; don't know; it is possible; God is very merciful, but it is an uncovenanted mercy; you'll have to take your chance: we up here are going to be saved; but you down there, that live irregularly—can't make you any promises; you'd better come in here, and be safe"—when men take this way with me, I am even wickeder than they are. I have more contempt for them than they have for me. They must not attempt to force their human-made institutions upon me. If they say they are good, and take them of their own free choice because experience has shown that they are good, that is fair and rational. I make no objection to that. But where they undertake to say that it is the only thing whereby a man may be saved, I lift up my heart and my Christ against them, and say: "My salvation comes, not through this medium or that, but from God's great love to my soul through Jesus Christ, and I am safe, though all the ocean should lift against me its mighty waves, and storms embattled should sweep the heavens. 'If God be for me, who can be against me?' I stand on the verity of this simple power of God's heart on my heart. That saves me." And if they say, "You have gifts for preaching, and you might have been a tolerable preacher if you had been properly ordained," I reply that I *was* properly ordained. My father ordained me. Ah, I was better ordained than that: my greater Father ordained me. He ordained me twice; first, when he put his hand on my head before I was born, and said, "Be a head;" and then, after I had carried it around a few years, when he stretched out his hand and touched my heart rather than my head, and said, "Be ordained again." First, he makes the head-piece, to think; and then he touches the heart, and says, "Go preach my Gospel." When a man has had that done to him he is ordained. A pope could not make him any better; a bishop could not make him any better; a whole presbytery could not make him any better. Yet, if a man says, "I should feel better if I only thought that this bishop had been touched by that bishop, and that bishop by that bishop, and that bishop by that bishop, and that bishop by that bishop, clear back to the apostolic battery, and that finally a little spark had come down on me," then that is his liberty. Let him by all means take the shock! I have no objection to it. It is a free country not only, but it is a free ecclesiastical economy. You have perfect liberty to take whatever you think will make you feel better. If this mode of ordination addresses itself to your sentiment, to your poetical instincts, or even to your affections—which is the last thing that I can imagine—and if you want it, that is the reason why you should be at liberty to take it. It is not this that I object to in high churches. It is their domination; it is their arrogance; it is their despotism; it is their declaration that *they are the people*, and that *wisdom shall die with them;* it is their assumption that there is but one order, and that that is in their church. I hold that every man who knows Christ Jesus, and loves him, and loves his fellow-men, not only has a right to preach what he is, and what Christ has done for him, and what life, and life eternal, is, but has a right, if he chooses, to gather those to whom he preaches into a brotherhood, and call them a church; and if he chooses to dispense the bread and wine to them, that is the communion of the Lord's Supper. Though never priest saw him, nor minister touched him, he is ordained, and is authorized to administer the sacrament.

Oh! that those men who are so fond of finding the apostles could only find the inside as well as the outside. What they seem to seek is the apostles' old coats, their old linen, their cast-off garments—not that glowing soul of catholicity, not that large element of true and manly love, not that broad sense of liberty, not that intense feeling of personal independence, which was in Paul, and which was in the Master before him.

The sooner it is understood that churches and sects are just what States are in this government the better it will be. A man is born in Connecticut, and he thinks it is the best State in the Union—until he sees some other. And when he goes out of it, he does not forget his native State. He goes to New York, and settles there; but does anybody think of saying to him, "Turncoat! turncoat! born and brought up in Connecticut, and left it, and gone to live in another State with an entirely different organization?" By and by, on a land speculation, he moves to Michigan; but is it said of him, "Capricious fellow! always changing his State; born in Connecticut, lived in New York, and now settled in Michigan?" What if he goes next to Illinois, and then to Mississippi, and then to Georgia, and then to the Carolinas, and to Old Virginia, does anybody charge him with recreancy? He may think that some one of these States is better than any other, and yet be a true patriot. It is a part of our civic liberty, that a citizen of one State is a citizen of every State. And it ought to be so in church organization. Here are the Methodists, the Baptists, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians of different shades, the Episcopalians, and the different shades of Catholics (for the Catholic church is like a chestnut burr: the burr is one, but there are two nuts, and sometimes three, inside of it!)—here are all these various denominations or sects; and I hold that a person ought to feel about them as he does about States or towns. If you are in a place where the Episcopal church is the one that gives you the most food, do not hesitate to go into that church. There is no inconsistency in such a course. Or, going from that place to another, is it a Presbyterian church that is best calculated to do you good? You are perhaps a red-hot Congregationalist; but you need not on that account hesitate to go into a Presbyterian church. If you find that there God's ministrations best fit you, go there. These are externalities. They are matters of perfect indifference, so far as consistency is concerned.

I hold that there is a preference among governments; but I also hold that the poorest government so far answers the end of government, that a man can stand in it; and that, however different governments are, one from another, a man is not inconsistent that passes from one to the other. And as it is with governments, so it ought to be with churches. There ought to be a door so wide between sects, that when a man is with Methodists, he can be a Methodist; and when he is with Baptists, he can be a Baptist; and when he is with Presbyterians, he can be a Presbyterian; and when he is with Episcopalians, he can be an Episcopalian; and when he is with Congregationalists, he can be a Congregationalist.

God, that never made two faces alike—God, that never made two leaves alike—God, that makes unity with infinite diversity—he does not mean that men shall feel just alike. The amplitude of being is expressed by variations of being that go back to essential unity, and take hold of a common root. And the attempt to bring the glowing and fervid Orientals, the staid and practical Occidentals, the mediæval minds, the artist minds, the sombre and unirradiating natures, and the light and gay natures, all to one statement of speculative truth, is as wild and preposterous as the boy's race after the rainbow. It cannot be done.

I believe in the doctrine of man's sinfulness, and I state it in my way and language. I hear other men, who believe it just as much as I do, state it in their way. I cannot take their statement, and they cannot take mine; but why should we not go along side by side? Why should we insist upon fighting each other? Why should we not recognize each other's liberty? Why should I not state it as it seems to me, and leave him to state it as it seems to him? Take the question of God's grace in the soul. It looks to you one way; and to another man it looks another way; and you give your statement, and he gives his.

Who are the Patriots?

The men and women that are patriots—who are they? Mothers who are bringing up their children in the nuture and admonition of the Lord—they are writing better Declarations of Independence than ever Thomas Jefferson inscribed. Humble fathers who are training their children in essential manliness, in self-reliance, in independence, making them ashamed to beg, and proud to rely upon their own resources—they are patriots. They are lovers of our country. The humble schoolmistress that gathers her summer brood and pours her refined life into the bosom of these rustics—she is a patriot. The schoolmaster, who stands nearer to the work of God in the world, and in our age, than even the minister himself does—he is the patriot. The editor, that is taking knowledge, and given to it multiform wings, and setting it flying round and round the world—he is the patriot. Those men who augment the substantial qualities of manhood—the preachers of the Gospel; the humble missionary; the colporteur; the devoted Christian in every neighborhood—those men who are working for the spiritual development of man—they are God's truest patriots. They, of every name, everywhere, who make men larger, are working for liberty; and they who are demoralizing men, and making license turn into lust and hellmine appetites, are the devil's instruments, and are working for bondage and for despotism.

BEECHER'S IDEA OF A BOY.—At twelve, at fourteen certainly, a boy is capable of taking care of himself out of doors. He ought to be able to drive a horse, to climb the highest tree, to swim skillfully, to carry a gun safely and to use it aright, to be of such a manly disposition as not to provoke attack, or, if wantonly assailed, to have such a courageous way of using himself as that the same miscreant will not choose to meddle with him the second time. Nimble of hand, quick of foot, strong of loins, patient of fatigue, loving action for mere luxury,—this is the boy that a pious mother finds it not hard to train Christianly, and when to this outward freedom is added the self-control which a true religion gives, he will grow up such a man as the State needs, as good men honor, and true women fervently love.—*Christian Union.*

THE FIRST SUMMER LETTER. *Matteawan, July 19th*, 1857. The summer has broken forth. The earth is filled with heat, and the whole heaven is hot! The morning greedily drinks up the dew. The plump stems, by noon, lose their tenseness, and wilt down. The afternoon rides over the subdued flowers. We all seek the shade, and hold open our necks to the winds, meanwhile greatly admiring the insects on every side, that grow more nimble with every degree of heat. With the thermometer at 60 deg., flies are quite sedate and thoughtful; at 75 deg. they grow gay and musical; but at 85 deg. or 90 deg. they become wild with excitement, and whirl and dance through the quivering air as if heat was wine to them.

But we have taken to ourselves the friendship of mountains, and made league with them against the summer fervor. They lift up their great orb as a shield against the morning sun, and when, turning their flank, the sun comes down from the south, they breathe forth a cool wind from their hidden places, and we defy the heat!

Every summer has its own portrait and peculiar individualism. This summer has brought around us multitudes of birds beyond any former one. We are living in a pleasant old house, around which fruit trees have grown in which birds have bred and lived unmolested from year to year. It is but a dozen wing-beats from the house to the mountain woods. Nothing can please a meditative bird better than to have domestic scenes on one side, and the seclusion of the wilderness on the other. A bird loves a kind of shy familiarity. Here we have a garden, a door-yard, an orchard, a barn, grouped together, —and then, on the other, hand, the young forests of scooped mountain side. So the birds come down here for fun, and go up there for reflection. This is their world; that is their cathedral. I notice that they are fond of congregational singing; not only, but every one sings his own tune, in his own time, and to his own words. Nevertheless their singing sounds well. They begin when the stars fade in the morning, and not an hour till star-time again do they leave untremulous with music. The sweetest of them all is the song-sparrow or song-finch; and it is most numerous and most constant in its music. Two or three pairs seem to have nests in the yard, and apparently many neighbors come to visit and have a chat with them over a social worm.

The Bobolink has ceased his song. This fantastic fellow only sings during his love season. Then he takes to the duties of life with great sobriety. He goes through his season, and flies off to the South to become a rice-bird. The song of this bird sounds to me as if they were trying to laugh and sing at the same time. Their song is in snatches, like an old harper's preliminary touches before he sounds forth the real tune; only, they are *always* preluding, and never come to the real subject-matter! Then we have goldfinches, or "yellow-birds," the egotistic "phebes," that sit and call their own name for amusement; the pert and springy wren, barn-swallows, and martins, robins, larks, and at night *whippowills*. Blessed be the whippowill! that opens up so many volumes in the mind and sets one thinking backward,—if, as I did, one ever heard them in their youth, waking in the moonlit chamber to hear them sound their notes, bold and plaintive, upon the rock that stood in the edge of the wheat-field! From that day to this the whippowill has had the luck to gather about him fond associations. How little he knows, as he sings, unconscious messenger, what he is saying to me!

Untamed birds there are, I know not how many. But I have my hooks. I shall find you out, every one of you, whose names are there written; and if there be anything worth imparting, our readers shall have the benefit thereof.

[Henry Ward Beecher in the Independent.

Useful, Curious and Scientific.

A SPONGE—WHAT IS IT?

"What is sponge made of?" said George, gasping, snuffing, and winking under his Croton bath. No one near could tell him; and the maid suggested that he "needn't be askin' such foolish questions, but just keep still and get washt," and so the matter ended.

Now listen, Georgie, and I will tell you what a sponge is.

The very sponge which washes your face was brought up from the bottom of the ocean, and was part of a living animal. For a long time sponges was supposed to be plants, but later observations have decided them to be animals; and they are placed in the class Protozoa, the class most resembling plants.

When first found in the water their appearance is very different from this which you now see. This is the skeleton only, the part corresponding to our bones. When this was a complete living thing, deep down under the ocean, it was covered all over the outside, and filled in every one of these little holes with a soft substance something like the white of an egg, and this was like our flesh. It was fastened tightly to a rock, and its color was a dull bluish black on the upper side, and a dirty white below. It was formerly supposed to be a plant, because it was always fast in one place; but for other reasons it is decidedly an animal. All through this mass is a regular circulation, like our blood and food. It has been seen to absorb nutritious matter—that is, to eat, or rather to drink. You see all over its surface orifices or holes; these communicate with each other throughout. Into the largest of these, called pores, the sea-water is constantly entering, and out of the small ones, called vents, it is regularly spouted out; and it doubtless finds in the sea-water minute animals which serve it for food, and increase its bulk.

And this strange animal produces others like itself; I will tell you how.

From the soft part a little globule is seen to float off—and after moving about a while very briskly here and there, as if looking for a place, it fastens itself to some rock. Next, gradually, begins to be seen the more solid skeleton (what we have here), the soft part increases, and so it grows; not very slowly, either, for the divers find it at the end of three years large enough to bring away.

To get these sponges from the bottom of the ocean furnishes occupation for a great number of people. One thousand men are busy in the Grecian Archipelago alone; and thousands besides, with many hundred boats, are engaged in the Gulf of Machri, on the Barbary coast, and elsewhere; so that in many villages there, from May to September—the best diving time—only old men, women and children can be found.

The finest kind is brought from the Ægean Sea. At daylight there in the summer time, when the weather is pleasant—for it requires smooth water—the boats, each with six or eight men and one pair of oars, will leave the shore and proceed to where the water is eight or ten, or even thirty fathoms deep; for those found in shallow water are very inferior.

Here they stop, and the divers prepare to descend. Each one puts a hoop around his neck, and to this fastens a bag, in which the sponges are put as they are gathered. In very deep water the diver uses a rope with a heavy stone to it. He sinks the stone to the spot he intends to reach, and this holds the rope steady, which he uses to assist himself in coming up again to the surface.

After being busy thus till noon, they return to some of those pleasant little nooks which abound on the shores of the Archipelago, to prepare what they have gathered fit for sale.

The first thing is to press out the soft part of the animal, and then to bleach the remainder in the sun; so they beat them, and stamp on them, and trample them till there is no more life left. The skeleton part is then washed, and spread in the sun until it is quite clean, and grows to be this dull yellowish color; then it is packed in bags and sent to market for sale—sent to all parts of Asia, Europe and America.—*Selected.*

Curiosities of the British Post Office.

Out of the 650,000,000 letters posted per annum, only about 3,000,000 fail to be delivered: in other words, less than half per cent. The increase of letters on Valentine's Day is not less than 500,000 throughout the kingdom. The book-post was established in 1848, and 80,000,000 book packets and newspapers annually pass through the post. Tens of thousands of tons weight of newspapers are annually posted to India, China, or Australia, at one penny each paper. If a copy of the Times was charged by the letter scale, the postage would be tenpence, as it weighs five ounces.

The profits of the money order office are now more than £30,000 a year. In 1838 this department was carried on at a loss. About 8,000,000 of orders are now issued for £15,000,000. During the famine year (1847), the sum of £150,000 was sent to Ireland, and principally in small sums. During the last few years, a large sum of money has been saved in this department, by simply reducing the size of the money-orders and advices; and by abolishing seventy-eight superfluous ledgers, the labor of sixty clerks has been saved.

The difficulty of delivering letters in many parts of the metropolis is very great, for, setting aside the fact that many of the addresses rival the Egyptian hieroglyphics in indistinctness, there are fifty King streets, as many Queen streets, sixty St. John streets, sixty Wilham streets, and upwards of forty New streets. For many years the postal authorities have been supplying pillar and letter boxes at the rate of 500 a year. In 1865, 12,000 letters were posted in Great Britain without any address at all, and these contained valuables in the form of checks, notes, and money to the amount of £3,700. On one occasion £5000 in notes were sent improperly addressed, open at the ends like a book packet. Coleridge tells a story which shows how much the post office is open to fraud, in consequence of the option as to prepayment which now exists. The story is as follows: "One day, when I had not a shilling which I could spare, I was passing by a cottage not far from Keswick, where a letter-carrier was demanding a shilling for a letter, which the woman of the house was unwilling to pay, and at last declined to take. I paid the postage, and, when the man was out of sight, she told me that the letter was from her son, who took that means of letting her know that he was well; the letter was *not to be paid for!* It was then opened and found to be blank." By the exertions of Rowland Hill a uniform rate of one penny on all inland letters weighing half an ounce, to take effect from Oct. 5, 1840, was established by 2 and 3 Viet. c. 52 (August 17, 1839).

The present general post office was designed by Sir R. Smirke, R.A., and was opened in 1829. It is 400 feet long by 130 wide, and 64 high. It stands in the three parishes of Sts, Anne and Agnes, St. Leonard, and St. Menaelle-Quern; 131 houses, and nearly one thousand inhabitants were displaced to make room for this single edifice. About 2,500 persons were employed by the general post office, £528,000 are paid annually to railways for the conveyance of mails.

In 1846, Rowland Hill received a testimonial amounting to £13,360. He was made secretary to the post office in 1854, and in 1860 received the dignity of knight commander of the Bath. In 1864, Sir Rowland retired with a pension of and £2,000 a year, at the same time receiving the Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, the honorary degree of D. C. L., and last, but not least, a parliamentary grant of £20,000.

The stamped postage covers came into use May 6, 1840, but the idea of a prepaid envelope is as old as the time of Louis XIV. A Stokholm paper, The Tryskitten, stated that as far back as 1823, a Swedish officer, Lieutenant Trekenber, petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the government to issue *stamped paper* specially destined to serve for envelopes for prepaid letters; but the proposition was rejected.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"SCYUGLING IN THE ARMY.—An army correspondent gives a new word which has lately been coined, and which is synoymous with "gobble" and with "skedaddle," and is used for any other word and for want of any other word. He says: "A 6th corps staff officer dismounted near me a moment ago. I inquired where he had been riding. He informed me that he had been out on a general 'scyugle;' that he had 'scyugled' along the front, where the Johnnies 'scyugled' a bullet through his clothes; that on his returned he 'scyugled' an ice-house; that he should 'scyugle' his servant, who, by the way, had just 'scyugled' three fat chickens, for a supply of ice; that after he had 'scyugled' his dinner he proposed to 'scyugle' a nap—and closed by asking how I 'scyugled.'" The correspondent adds that his new word, like "skedaddle," is classical, and is derived from two Greek words.

A STRING OF QUEER TEXTS.—Some preachers of the sensational school select texts that shall be remembered for their singularity. Thus in March, 1858, Rev G. W. Conder preached in Leeds from the words, "Aha! aha!" On February 3, 1861, at All Saints,' Margaret street, London, Dr Wolff preached from the one word "Saul!" (Acts ix. 1.) Rowland Hill once preached from the words, "Old cast clouts and rotten rags" (Jer. xxxviii. 2;) and, on another occasion from the words, "I can do all things," begunning his sermon by a flat denial of the apostle's proposition. In the same style was Sterne's exordium, when he preached from the text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," and exclaimed, "that I deny." This secured the attention of his hearers, and, for a like purpose, Cecil commenced a sermon by saying, "A man was hanged at Tyburn this morning." Whitfield gave out his text, then paused, and shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" as a prelude to his discourse on eternal punishment. Rowland Hill imitated this by crying, "Matches! matches!" but he excused himself for saying what he termed out-of-the-way texts and out-of-the-way observations because he preached to out-of-the-way sinners. It is even said that he called his Wapping hearers wapping sinners. "Han the law and the prophets!" was the mutilated text of a celebrated Scotch divine, who began his sermon with the words, "So says practice, though profession says otherwise." Whitfield once gave as his text, "there came unto Him certain lawyers;" and then, apparently detected his purposed misquotation, and said, "not certain lawyers, but a certain lawyer. It is wonderful that even one lawyer should have been found to do this; it would have been perfectly incredible had there been more;" the point of this lying in the circumstance that some lawyers were present who had expressly come there to scoff at him. A Shrewsbury dissenting minister preached a funeral sermon for Rev John Angell James, of Birmingham, from the combined texts, "A man sent from God, whose name was John. I saw the Angel fly in the midst of heaven. James the servant of God." "There is no fool like the fool-hardy," was the text of the Rev Dr Williamson, who had a quarrel with a parishioner named Hardy. "Adam, where art thou?" was the text of the probation sermon of Mr Low, who, with a Mr Adam, was a candidate for a lectureship; "Lo, here I am!" was the responsive text of his rival, Mr Adam. Mr Joseph, curate of the Isle of Man, reminded the lord-lieutenant, Butler, duke of Ormonde, of his forgotten promise to assist him with preferment, by preaching before him from the text, "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." Bishop Maltby, of Durham, preached on the importance of learning Greek, from the text, "Canst thou speak Greek?" and on March 31, 1858, Dr Jacob preached the tercentenary sermon at Bromsgrove school from the text. "It was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin," advocating the teaching of Greek and Latin in foundation schools. The first sermon preached at St Pauls' for the corporation of the sons of the clergy was on November 5, 1665, by Rev George Hall, afterward bishop of Chester, who chose for his text this verse, "The rod of Aaron budded, and bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds." The text of a celebrated dissenting minister, whose sermon was devoted to a denunciation of the sin of borrowing articles, especially umbrellas, and not returning them, was taken from 2 Kings, vi. 5, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed."—*Once a Week.*

The Sioux language is said to be very different from the Algonquin and Iroquois languages, spoke by the Indians found by the early settlers in the Atlantic states; and to hear a lot of Indians talking is not only curiosity to one who never heard them, but very amusing. The i's and n's used seem to compose the greater part of every word; at least, it sounded so to me, and I think if a cat were to have pennies tied on its feet and set to dancing in a copper kettle it would be a very good imitation of the Sioux language, though some of it is sonorous and gutteral. I would like to give your readers a specimen, but the following chant from one of their religious dances is all that I am able to find already spelled, and I think the letter n does not occur so often in this as in their ordinary jabbering:

"Tunkunixdan pejihuta wakan micage,
He wicake.
Miniyata oicage wakan kin maqu ye,
Tunkanixdan ite kin yuwinta wo.
Wahutopa yuha ite yuwinto wo.

Which translated is:

"My grandfather created for me mysterious medicine,
That is true.
The mysterious being in the water gave it to me,
Stretch out your hand before the face of my grandfather.
Having a quadruped, stretch out your hand before him."

WATCH-MAKING IN GENEVA.

From Frederika Bremer's "Life in the Old World."

I was introduced into the watch-makers' work-ops by M. Viande, one of the merchants of Geneva, man of great humanity, and also of rare amiability disposition and character. I could not have had better guide, even with regard to the moral in-itutes which I wished to make.

We began with the schools of pupils, where young rls learn, for a term of three years, to make every rt of a watch. After this time, they select that rticular part for which they have most inclination, in the doing of which they are most expert. The rfected pupil may be sure, on leaving the school, of taining immediate employment amongst the watch-akers. Young girls from twelve to eighteen years age appear very healthy and well cared for. Each e has her own little table and her own window che for her work.

The manufacture of pocket-watches is, at the esent time, carried to a great extent at Geneva. n immense number are required for the Chinese arket. A well equipped Chinaman, I have been ld, carries a watch on each side of his breast, that may be able to regulate the one by the other. ealthy Chinese cover the walls of their rooms with atches. These watches are of a more ornamental aracter, and have more filagree work upon them, an those made for Europeans. Long live the inese!

At one of the greatest and best-conducted manu-ctories of Geneva nothing but watch-faces are pre-red, and elderly, well-dressed, and well-looking on men sat by twenties and thirties, in clean, well-armed rooms, working upon watch-faces.

"Do you not get tired of always doing the same ork?" I inquired of some of them.

"Oh, no!" replied they, and showed me that each tle dial had to pass through fifty different opera-ons before it was finished. This kept the attention wake, and prevented any sense of monotony. They ork here from eight o'clock in the morning till six seven in the evening, and thus earn about fifty ancs a month.

"Are you able to lay by anything for old age, or in se of sickness?" I inquired from a mother who id worked there with her daughter, side by side, for n years.

"Oh, no!" they replied. "We have no longer en able to do that, since provisions have been so ar."

"Nor yet for a little journey of pleasure or holiday the summer?"

"We never think of such a thing. We should by at means lose not only our money, but also our me, and possibly our place."

"Is not such a life as this heavy and void of in-rest?"

"We have Sundays for rest and refreshment, and e evenings for reading, or occupation of another nd. Besides which, we need not, during our work, e continually thinking about it."

They seemed perfectly satisfied.

The workwomen who are able to execute certain ore difficult parts of the watch get higher wages, nd can earn from five to ten francs a day. In the eantime, this great division of labor causes the eat part of the women not to earn much more than eir maintenance.

"My grandmother made whole watches," said an ld woman, with a sigh, who was sitting at home ith her daughter, employed in one single operation a little cog, for the great manufactory; "and at hat time women were much higher in the work than hey are now, and also got higher payment. They ere few in number, but extremely dexterous. Now hey are innumerable, but their dexterity is em-loyed upon a mere nothing—a very crumb."

And this was true, as far as the old woman was oncerned, for the whole of her work consisted in illing one little hole in a small steel plate, with a ittle machine, which resembled a tiny spinning-heel. Her daughter was seated at another little nachine, and was merely making a little alteration n the hole which her mother had drilled; and six undred of such holes must be made before they could arn three francs.

The old woman, who came of a race of watch-akers "from time immemorial," and whose grand-nother had made whole watches, seemed to me, as she sat there, reduced to making one single little hole, a little portion of the watch, like a dethroned watch-making queen. You saw plainly that her fate grieved her, but she bore it worthily, and with resignation, acknowledging that numbers now lived by that work, which, in her grandmother's days, belonged to a few privileged persons, and made them rich. Her daugh-ters were both agreeable young girls, with fresh courage for life. The one had learned her mother's calling—the other had prepared herself for the occu-pation of a teacher.

Enamel-painting is a kindred class of work, which, as well as watch-making, affords a good and safe means of support to a great part of the female pop-ulation of Geneva, in more than one class. The work is done at home, or in work-shops; many well-educated young girls work for the manufactory at their parents' houses, and thus contribute to the prosperity of the family. The little watch-making shops, the little work-table, are to be met with in every village and small farm-house in the neighbor-hood of Geneva. The daughters of the peasants work at these. I have seen and heard enough of the lives of these female workers, as well in their homes as in their work-shops, to thank God that so great a number of women here are able, by means of a good and inexpensive branch of industry, to pro-vide for themselves, and acquire an independence, which *may* lead to great good; and many beautiful examples can be given of these young female work-ers applying their earnings to the support of their aged parents, or for the education of younger sisters or relatives. For the greater part they seem to be-come principally the means of the indulgences of vanity, or even of less allowable independence.

The female worker, in the full and highest mean-ing of her vocation, in the complete fullness of her life, is a character which I have not met with here, as I have done in Sweden.

I remember, there, a little work-table, at which is seated a woman, still young, working from early morning till late in the evening—sometimes even till late in the night—because work is her delight, and her perseverance and power of work are astonish-ing—her eye continually fixed upon her work, even during conversation, whilst her skillful hand guides the graving-tool, and engraves letters, numbers, or tasteful ornaments, on articles of gold or silver—chronometers, pocket-watches, rings, etc. But the inner life is not occupied therewith; it gazes clearly around, and comprehends, with love, every transac-tion which tends either to the advantage of the fatherland or the honor of humanity. She is near-sighted at her work, but far-sighted as regards the great work in society; her heart beats warmly for this, and the little work-table has a place in its realm. How distinguished a place this is, her numerous friends know, but not she herself—the unpretending artist, the good citizen and friend, the noble worker—Sophie Ahlborn!

THE ORIGIN OF THE ASTER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At the time when our Savior was a child, the Father sent angels down from heaven in the form of boys, to play with the child Jesus and the other pious children of Jerusalem. One night it chanced that the little John, who afterwards became the Lord's best beloved disciple, had wandered with one of his heavenly playfellows into a beautiful flower-garden. Then said the angel to John, "I must now go away to sleep." "But where is thy bed, dear stranger?" asked John. "Up there, among the stars," replied the angel. "Ah, one must sleep sweetly there," sighed the little John; "if I might only go up with thee!" "Thy bed is already made there; but thou must be content to lie wearily awhile longer down here, poor child!"

The boy looked wonderingly into the angel's face, then plucked a bunch of roses and lilies, and gave them to his sweet companion as a remem-brance till the next morning. "There is a nose-gay for thee," said he, "and forget not to bring me one from above when thou comest again early to-morrow, for the flowers up there must be far prettier and larger than ours." "They are indeed," said the angel; but I cannot bring them down to thee. See'st thou the stars shining in heaven? These are our flowers, but they are so large and bright that thy poor, weak little eyes could not look into them, if I should bring them as near to thee as thy roses and lilies. They are not planted in the ground, but in the blue ether, and they drink their life not from the sunshine, but from the light of God's countenance. But this I will do: I will bring thee a seed from one of these flowers to-morrow, and we will plant it in thy earth, and see what will come of it." And the angel kissed the boy and vanished.

The next morning he came again, as he had promised, and in his palm lay a glittering seed. And the two little ones buried it in the earth, and every morning and every evening the angel watered it with water brought in the hollow of his little hand. And the little John told all the good chil-dren in Jerusalem that he had a star sown in his garden; and the children came every day to see whether it had yet come up. And lo! in the autumn there bloomed a lovely flower, round in form, with a circlet of many slender petals, like the rays of a star. And so it received the name of Aster, which in English means star. And when I stand in a clear night by a bed of asters and watch the stars shining down over them and me, it is as if they whispered to each other of their old rela-tionship, and the stars look downward and the asters look upward, as if they would fain exchange a kiss of love.

EUSEBIA.

Americans in Europe.

The statistics of the labors and enterprises in which our countrymen engage abroad would be very curious and interesting. The Yankee has proven himself, according to the familiar epithet, "universal," and may be found everywhere under the sun. In England and on the Continent he is engaged in many important enterprises. Horse railways, life insurance—the consolidation of the banking and commission business—dentistry, and the exploiting of inventions, seem his greatest suc-cesses. The new insurance offices of the New York Mutual in London are the finest in that section of the city where situated; in Parliament street the "Tramway Company" overshadows all other busi-ness; and an American lawyer, only three weeks ago, received a hundred guineas for an opinion, the preparation of which he had been selected for in preference to legal talent native to the manor. The most curious phase of American business abroad is dentistry. Dr. Evans in Paris and Dr. Abbott in Berlin made very large fortunes, and are almost as great local celebrities as Nelaton or Von Graffe, and a host of young Yankees are wrenching jaw bones in nearly every European capital. The American adapts himself easily to all that is good in continental customs, and spurns the slowness and the vices of the old countries; thus he wins admirable success. Many of the great cities will yet be paved with Nicholson's wooden blocks. Two Americans have secured the patent for Europe, and have already begun operations in St. Petersburg. The liberal admixture of Ameri-can element in the construction of Russian rail-roads is well known, and one finds large numbers of the "eternal critters," thriving in business in small towns in Russia and Prussia.

In Paris the most astonishing development naturally occur, as that is the first point to which the attention of an American intending to settle abroad turns. Besides those numbers of what the English call "mongrel bankers," who post office and commission and shop and letter of credit you at a minute's notice, a host of very large commission merchants have started, and are shrewd enough to advertise liberally on the home plan. The Rue Scribe and the Rue Auber are almost given up to American trade. Newspapers for the Anglo Saxon are also numerous in the great city. The *Amer-ican Register*, the *Continental Gazette*, the *Amer-ican Tablet*, the Paris *Echo*, the *European News*, are some of the most successful printed in Eng-lish. They are almost wholly made up of arrival and price lists, announcements and guides, but nearly every one manages to live and thrive. The number of unsuccessful experiments has been very large, however. One fellow recently got as far as his fifth number, when he found himself swamped, and desperately endeavored to get out of his corner by misusing a check which he found "lying around" in an American banking house. Another made out a magnificent prospectus, but never got any farther. Most of them are forbidden by the French government to talk politics, and are therefore comparatively uninteresting so far as real news is concerned.

The fashion of having reading rooms for Ameri-cans in the different cities has lately sprung up all over the continent. To-day the gentleman or lady at Rome or Constantinople, can find all the papers of his or her San Francisco or Boston home on the tables of a prominent banker—only, at most, twenty days late at the remotest points of the grand tour. Throughout Germany some of the soundest of German firms have engaged in American banking and have the most elegant of apartments and enor-mous troops of clerks. At Berlin and Dresden these firms publish daily New York market re-ports, and talk as much of State and railway loans as do those of London. A traveler is always bored with a thousand questions about new American enterprises, of which he knows nothing—which have started since his exodus, but which these sharp bankers are turning over as rapidly as hot cakes.

AWAY OUT WEST.

To the End of The Kansas Pacific Railroad---2.

EXPERIENCES OF BUFFALO AND INDIANS—A FRONTIER TOWN—THE VERDICT ABOUT KANSAS.

Correspondence of The Republican.

ST LOUIS, Mo., June, 1869.

We rode all night, up hill most of the way. In the morning, just before day break, there occurred a tremendous storm, thunder, lightning, hail and wind, so violent as actually to stop the train,—the elements coming down as if they thought there could be nobody out there to get hurt, and they were at full liberty to do it their own way. As soon as it cleared off, which it did suddenly, revealing the most gorgeous morning twilight splendors I ever witnessed, as if nature had been surprised dressing, the cry was raised of "Buffalo!" We of the East, unhappy gazers hitherto only on calves and cows, rushed with wide open eyes to the windows. Droves of these famous animals containing from fifty to a hundred were to be seen through the mist. As the morning advanced, however, they grew more distinct. A small drove got nearly ahead of us on the track, rushing first one way, then the other, confused by the shrill whistle and rattling wheels; and the train had to slacken speed to avoid a collision, which it seems buffalo and engine have about equal reasons to fear. It was very exciting, and I may as well own to a clerical heart not yet so sanctified and released from the vanity of earthly things, especially when they go on four legs, as not to be made exceedingly happy with such a grand specimen of them as a live buffalo. Between the chance of seeing an angel and one of these shaggy children of the prairie, I am afraid I never should have hesitated a moment in my choice; and here I was, ecstatic thought! looking on them by the hundred, if not face to face, yet,—the other way. My emotions, all that glorious morning hour, were not unlike those of a little boy I knew of, taken from the city out into the country, where three nights of the week he could go out hunting coons, who exclaimed one day, when asked if he was having a good time, "O, uncle! I don't never want to be no happier than I am now right here."

The buffalo are plenty enough yet, but are being rapidly destroyed. Their carcases were strewn by the score along the way, shot by passengers from the car windows in mere wantonness. Rifles and revolvers were fired at them frequently as we went along, but I am happy to say with no visible success. Such murder is too bad. They are really a noble animal, the grandest we have left on the continent. There is ample room for them and the railroad, too, on these vast plains. The only harm they do is to rub their shaggy sides against the telegraph poles, which they seem to fancy have been put up for their convenience, the poles sometimes getting the worst of it; but what true American will not gladly pay them the tribute of a scratch for the privilege of running his wires through their domain. Ten, perhaps five years more, and they will all be gone. Let every one who wants to see what is a most characteristic feature of these western landscapes, before it is a matter of only history and photographs, come soon, come with his admiration, but leave his rifle behind.

The whole aspect of the country we had now reached was utterly different from what we had left the night before. It was all one vast prairie, here level, there rolling, covered with short buffalo grass, with brilliant flowers and a species of wild wheat and barley. The rivers had become brooks. Not a tree or shrub was to be seen through a ride of a hundred miles. Towns and cities were not, even in name, which is the part of them out West that is usually built first. Station houses for wood and water loomed up at intervals. We were in the genuine wilderness. It was all, however, wonderfully impressive and beautiful,—did not give one the idea of a waste at all. We were four thousand feet above the Mississippi. The air was indescribably pure and bracing, and could be seen through distinctly for immense distances. I went forward on the engine as soon as Isaac, son of Ham,—Ham refers to his supposed ancestor, not to the article he took delight in cooking,—had given us breakfast, and got a seat with the driver, learning, also, to hold his iron reins. It was grand. We had lost sight of the buffalo; but antelope, elk and deer started up ever and anon before us, giving our steed a sharp trial of legs; and on each side of the road, frequent as the villages of the East, we rode by the towns of prairie dogs, whose inhabitants ran out to see us with faces as full of wonder as those of the boys and men in New England who are beholding a train of cars for the first year, not stopping, however, to loaf quite so long, but after one glance plunging back into their dwellings, and as Washington Irving happily describes them, leaving only the twinkle of a tail and a pair of legs behind.

It is a question what is to be the value of this region. The soil is not wanting in strength. The buffalo grass with which it is covered is exceedingly rich, and the wild barley and wheat which appear on it would seem to indicate a natural aptitude for these grains; but, how about rains sufficient to supply a cultivated harvest? Perhaps, however, it is to remain the country's great pasture. The natural grass evidently stands the season. We passed herds of cattle driven from Texas. They go only a few miles a day, growing fat on the journey, and reach shipping points about mid-summer.

The stations, placed at long distances apart, are used as yet only for wood and water, the first brought from eastern Kansas, the last pumped up without difficulty from the earth. The one we stopped at early in the morning was Ogallah. Whence the name? I asked. The story is that when ground was first broken for the station-house, an Indian looking on, asked what it was for. He was told a new white man's city. "Oh, Golly," he tried to exclaim; but the nearest his Indian throat could come to it was Ogallah; and that is the name which has stuck to it,—of which, O ye etymologists, treading its learned streets a thousand years hence, take note!

Noon brought us to Sheridan, the end of the railroad, seven hundred miles from St Louis, and close to the eastern border of Colorado. It proved a perfect specimen of frontier town, as unique in its way as anything else we had seen on the route, the very froth and foam which the farthest wave of civilization had thrown up there on the great shore of the wilderness. Its houses, except those used for storing freight, are mere huts of mud and canvas, with now and then a piece of board. Its whole population numbers six hundred, a gain of five hundred and fifty since last winter. They are made up of Americans, foreigners, Mexicans, blacks and whites, gamblers and traders, ruffians and honest men, odds and ends of humanity swept before it by the advancing tide of civilization. Society is utterly unorganized. It is under no town, city or county government, no civil law and certainly no divine. Justice, such as there is, is dispensed wholly by Judge Lynch and a vigilance committee. Every man wore a belt with a couple of revolvers protruding from it. Fights are of daily occurrence. The night before our arrival, one ruffian was disposed of by hanging, and the week previous two had suffered the same fate,—hung to the trestle work of a bridge, the country affording no trees. In the cemetery there are twenty-eight graves whose occupants, all except one, and that an infant too small to pull a trigger, had died by violence. The attempt was made to hold a religious service there, one Sunday, not long ago; but it was found, on inquiry, there was not a Bible in the place. If any one wants a new experience let him go to a frontier town like this where the world's two great tides, one of civilization and the other of wild nature, meet together.

The importance of Sheridan arises from its being the terminus of the road. Thousands of teams drawn by mules and driven by Mexican greasers, center here to load with goods and carry them to Santa Fe and New Mexico. The plan is to extend the road on to Denver immediately, and ultimately to a junction with the Upper Pacific road at Cheyenne, making it a through route; and it was with reference to this object, I suppose, that some of the gentlemen with us had come out. The climate is delicious, growing more and more delightful as progress is made into Colorado. Bullets, bowie knives, and Indian arrows are all that any person ever dies of. Denver and vicinity are likely to be the great watering-places of the West. The country there is full of mineral springs, Saratogas in embryo; the scenery bold and romantic; and the air, itself, breath by breath, a medicine.

MINNEHAHA FALLS,

Of which so much has been written and sung, and whose beauties have so often been painted and photographed, was in my list of places to see, and it is one of those pieces of natural scenery whose beauties cannot be overdrawn. In many things which I have had described to me I have been disappointed at seeing, but this beautiful cascade is perfect in loveliness of appearance—every view of it from above, where the placid waters leave their bed under the drooping trees and leap in a misty spray to the pebbly basin below; from the shrubbery at the sides, or from the little foot bridge below, where one looks up and sees the silvery sheet falling like a beautiful curtain and go laughing off among the rocks and down the dell below; and the traveler can walk around under the fall about half way up, and while there see a beautiful little rainbow at the foot of the fall. Minnehaha cannot be seen without calling to mind Longfellow's allusion to it in "Hiawatha," in fact, the two are inseparably associated.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow maker.
In the land of the Dakotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.
There the ancient arrow maker
Made his arrow heads of sandstone,
Arrow heads of Chalcedony,
Arrow heads of flint and jasper
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha;
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
"Minnehaha"—Laughing Water.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.

What of the Chinese? Much that is interesting and important. There are in round numbers one hundred thousand of them in the Pacific states, and the new arrivals now average from fifteen hundred to two thousand per month. They abound as laborers along the whole line of the Central Pacific railroad to Promontory Point, and over this distance have pushed off into the towns as servants and tradesmen, and into the mines wherever allowed to come. They are spreading eastward slowly; there are a few in Omaha, and John Chinaman, with his round hat and pig tail coiled under it, or dangling between his heels, his long blue shirt which he wears over his blue pantaloons, will shortly be no curiosity in the Mississippi valley. He is on his way in force to make his future eastern employers a visit.

Chinatown, as the quarter of the city in which the Celestials live is called, is certainly one of the most interesting spots to visit in California. There are about a dozen blocks whose four sides swarm with them, and a half dozen streets for a distance of several squares are filled with their stores and shops. It is a live scene. The Chinaman moves quick, and the stream in the streets seems constant, though it is the heaviest when those employed over the city pour out from their quarters to their places of employment in the morning, and return in the flood tide at night.

Nearly all are dressed alike, in long blue overshirts and pants. The round straw hat is, however, rapidly being abandoned for the American felt, and the peculiar clogs and shoes for our boots. The higher class of merchants wear a similar dress in style, of a dark and fine cloth, and the rank and station is shown by the length and thickness of the cue. The ladies may be glad to know that these citizens of the Flowery Kingdom brought with them the art of weaving most deceptive additions into their hair so that no matter what the crop is the ladies can have waterfalls of any given size, and the men of standing, even of any length. Through all these streets flaming red and yellow handbills, covered with columns of their peculiar characters, tell these multitudes of sales, and cheap goods, of letters and new arrivals, of theaters and places where laborers are wanted. Every store has its Chinese sign, and most of them an English one also. Chy, Lung & Co. are old merchants of wealth and standing; so are Hip Yik and Hip Wo. They sell silks and ivory goods, inlaid work, teas, Chinaware, table ware, groceries, cigars, and the countless other articles which are included in the name, "curios." Their word or bond is good as gold among the bankers and merchants of the city. Hung Lung sells you cigars. Gem Lee, Hung Lee, Hip Ho and other firms with similar names, make you cigars, mend boots or do your washing and ironing. Their market stalls abound in articles which Americans know little about. Dried fish, from an inch to two or three in length, are brought from China in great numbers, many kinds of roots, a strong if not fragrant kind of butter, rice in large quantities, several kinds of peas and beans, and a great variety of similar cheap food. They use pork in all forms, and very little of the animal goes to waste. In all of these stores accounts are footed up with a counting frame, strung with parallel bars, upon which slide buttons of rosewood, and with this their book-keepers outstrip our method of addition. The books are kept with a brush, and with a neatness which is surprising.

Minnesota for Consumptives.

A paper by Dr. Brewer Mattocks, president of the Board of Health at St. Paul, is published in the Medical Record, and gives some very important suggestions in relation to the effect produced upon the lungs by the peculiar climate of Minnesota. The mortality from consumption in many parts of this country is so great as almost to assume the character of an epidemic, and justly excites apprehension.

By a table taken from the census returns of 1860 it appears that the mortality from this one complaint, in Massachusetts, was one in every 250 inhabitants; in Connecticut, one in every 360; in New York, one in 470; in Pennsylvania, one in 580; in California, one in 720; in Tennessee, one in 770; in Louisiana, one in 840; in Illinois, one in 880; in Iowa and Missouri, one in 900; in Minnesota, one in 1,139; in North Carolina, one in 1,300; in Florida, one in 1,440; in South Carolina, one in 1,720; and in Georgia, one in 2,150.

The consumptive states are those extending from the Atlantic to the westernmost of the great lakes, and southward to the sub-tropical states, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas. In this number Louisiana exceeds the others in the frequency of consumption—a fact to be attributed to the mixture of race so common there; scrofula being the inheritance generally of mongrel peoples. Yet locality evidently does more to produce this disease than predisposition; nevertheless, the haunts of consumption are not limited to certain districts.

Dr. Mattocks places much dependence upon *climatic treatment* for the phthisis. The disease being one bounden by climates or isothermal lines—one side of the continent being terribly afflicted with it, and the other but little subjected to its ravages—the treatment must have direct regard to that fact.

First of all, a dry climate is absolutely imperative. In the table lands of Mexico, and in

Ireland, Iceland and Russia, the disease is hardly known. The principal similarity in the climates of those countries, as will readily be perceived, is their dryness.

THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

[From "OUR NEW WEST," by Samuel Bowles, just issued by the Hartford Publishing Compauy.]

With such extent of territory and such varieties and contrasts of elevation, as she possesses, all degrees of temperature, at every season of the year, are offered in California. The general facts are that the winters are warmer and the summers cooler than in the same latitudes and elevations at the East. The nights, even of the hottest days of summer, are always cool, whether in mountain or valley, and it is very rare that a double blanket is not necessary as bed covering in any part of the state. The summer sun is very fierce, even in the hills, but the atmosphere is so dry and always in such brisk motion that the heat is much less oppressive than the same degree of temperature in a moister climate with stiller air; while the nights are restoring and recompensing.

Along the coast, and especially at San Francisco, the ocean winds temper the summer heat and the winter cold most remarkably. The climate of San Francisco is almost an idiosyncracy; it is probably the mildest,—that is, freest from excess of heat or cold,—and most even of any place in the world. The average temperature for the year is 54 degrees; the coldest month is January, which averages 49 degrees; the warmest September, which averages 58 degrees; while the other months range between these figures. Snow rarely falls, water as rarely freezes, in the Pacific metropolis during the winter, which is usually the more equable and pleasant season of the year there. The ocean wind and mist pour in sharply in the summer afternoons, and, after a struggle with the dry atmosphere, which resists the attack bravely for a long time, they generally gain a partial victory, and make a frequently disagreeable evening. Such a contrast as 97 degrees at noon and 46 degrees in the evening has been known in San Francisco in July; but the usual range in July and August is from 50 degrees to 70 degrees. Woolen clothing of about the same warmth is needed constantly in that city, and no matter how warm the summer's morning may be, the stranger should never be tempted out for the day without his overcoat. For robust, vigorous bodies, there is no so favorable a climate as that of that city; it preserves health and keeps up the tone and strength of the system, and secures more working days in the year than that of any other town in America or the world; but to a weak constitution, and for a quiet, sedentary life, it is too cold. The men like it better than the women do. The doctors say it is the easiest place to keep well, but the hardest to get well in; and they usually order their invalids into the country.

But it is not difficult, as we have suggested, to find any shade of climate at short notice in California; by moving from one place to another, we may be in perpetual summer, or constant winter. The southern coast of California is softer than South Carolina; the Colorado desert country in south-eastern California is warmer than New Orleans; many a shaded spot upon the coast is an improvement over southern France or Italy; and the Sandwich Islands, which California holds to be a half-dependency, offer a climate to which all our tender invalids will soon be hastening,—the thermometer at Honolulu rising neither to 80° nor falling to 70° in any month of the year. The great Sacramento basin escapes the San Francisco fogs and seabreezes, and is four degrees colder in winter, and 16° to 20° warmer in summer. The summer days are often quite hot there; 100° is not an uncommon report from the thermometer in the shade; but the cool nights are invariable. And would we have the tonic of frost, the High Sierras will give us fresh ice nearly every morning the summer through. A railroad of two hundred miles, running south-easterly from San Francisco, through Stockton, Sonora, the Mariposa Big Trees, the Yo Semite Valley, and reaching the tops of the Sierras at ten to twelve thousand feet, would offer any tolerable degree of heat and cold on every summer's day.

The distinctive feature of the climate of California is dryness. It represents if it does not lead all our New West in this peculiarity. Out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the fall of rain in all parts of the state is less than half the average of that in the states on the Atlantic coast. It amounts in San Francisco and Sacramento to about twenty-one inches a year against forty to fifty in New England and New York. Then it all comes between November and June; practically there is no rain in California through six months of the year; and for those six months, at least nineteen out of every twenty days are days of clear sunshine; while for the other six months, or rainy season, at least half the days are pleasant. Absolutely no rain falls at Sacramento in the three summer months; while San Francisco is only able to report the thirteenth of an inch as the average of many years. Thunder and lightning storms are almost unknown in California. The rain fall increases, however, as we ascend the slopes of the Sierras, and the excessive water supply from the rain and snow upon these mountains, compensates in some degree for the scant fall of the valleys and coast lines, and keeps the streams full the year through. Sixty feet of snow fell in one winter on the crest of the mountains near the railroad line; and the rain fall of the Sierras in the season of 1857-8 amounted to one hundred inches. There are exceptional years in the fall of rain in the lower and western parts of the state; thus in 1861-2, when there was a great flood, there were forty-five inches of rain at San Francisco in the four winter months; and at the same time nearly one hundred inches in the foot-hills of the mountains, and, reducing snow to rain, over one hundred inches on the crest of the mountains. By contrast, some winters have passed without rain, and for eighteen months at one time the valleys and coast regions received no moisture. But that was before the present settlement and organization of the state.

The tendency of the climate appears to be toward greater evenness, if not to an increase of moisture. The researches of Professor Whitney indicate that at one time the climate of all the Pacific region was as moist as it now is dry; that snow fell in the summer on the mountains, as it rarely or never does in this era, then producing and feeding glaciers that the dryness of the climate at present forbids, and that, in fact, the now desert valleys of the Great Interior Basin of Utah and Nevada were, in the wet langsyne, vast inland seas! The surrounding mountains, now utterly bare of forest life, would then naturally have been clothed with the thickest and largest of trees. The contrast of present facts with this theory of the past is almost too great for the imagination to comprehend. What mighty means created the revolution?

The Business of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.—The semi-annual review of the commerce of San Francisco shows that 554,000 tonnage entered this port for the last six months, of which 279,000 tons were engaged in the domestic Pacific coast trade. The value of foreign goods received by the above vessels approximates $7,000,000, while the entire value of free goods received via Panama was $23,500,000. The duties collected on imports during the past six months were $3,741,000, and for the fiscal year $8,273,000. The merchandise exports for the last six months aggregate $8,745,000, and the coin and bullion exported amounted to $2,056,000. During last year the merchandise shipments amounted to $21,844,000, the following being the principal articles: flour and wheat, $10,636,000; wine $300,000; wool, $2,378,000; hides, $357,000; leather, $268,000; skins and furs, mostly from Alaska and re-shipped to England, $987,000; quicksilver, $921,000.

THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA. Mr Samuel E. Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, is engaged in writing a series of railroad articles for the Atlantic Monthly. They are full of information, and highly interesting. 12

"With such suddenly developed, yet securely held wealth as these few facts illustrate, the future of California looms before the visitor with proportions that astound and awe. Here nature is as boundless in its fecundity and variety, as it is strange and startling in its forms. While Switzerland has only four mountains that reach as high as 13,000 feet, California has a hundred or two, and one, Mount Whitney, that soars to 15,000 feet, and is the highest peak of the Republic. She has a waterfall fifteen times as high as Niagara. All climates are her own; and variety which her long stretch north and south does not prevent, her mountains and her valleys introduce. Dead volcanoes and sunken rivers abound in her mountains; the largest animal of the continent makes his covert in her chapparal; the second largest bird of the world floats over her plains for carrion; the oldest man has been dug out of her depths; the biggest nugget of gold (weighing 195 pounds and worth $37,400) has been found among her gold deposits; she has lakes so thin that a sheet of paper will sink in her waters, so voracious that they will eat up a man, boots, breeches and all, in thirty days, so endowed in their fountains that they will supply the world's apothecaries with borax, sulphur and soda; she has mud volcanoes and the Yosemite Valley; she grows beets of 120 pounds, cabbages of 75, onions of 4, turnips of 26, and watermelons of 80 pounds, and has a grape vine 15 inches thick, and bearing 6,500 pounds in one season. Her men are the most enterprising and audacious; her women the most self-reliant and the most richly dressed; and her children the stoutest, sturdiest and the sauciest of any in all the known world! Let us worship and move on!"

California.

The opening of the Pacific Railroad has opened the press and the pulpit in California to divers reasonings; and many interesting facts in the history of that land have been gathered, and are well worth considering. This year completes a century since the Romanists, under Father St. Francis, discovered the bay and settled on it, on which San Francisco stands. And this year also is the twentieth anniversary of the great American emigration, and the organization of the State of California. That year—1849—the first steamship came up the coast from Panama; and in September of that year the first steamboat ventured into the Sacramento River.

During the first months of that year 10,000 people landed in San Francisco. The city of cloth tents and shanties, uncomfortably housing 2000 people in 1849, has become a magnificent city of 150,000 people; and sure to make vastly greater and more rapid progress, now that the Pacific Railroad makes it the centre of such vast business operations. To within two years ago the mines had yielded $861,300,000, an amount of money that has affected the currency and business enterprise of every people on the face of the earth. The port that was surprised at the arrival of 300 vessels in a year, recorded 3300 arrivals the last year. Flour, to the amount of eleven millions of dollars was exported in 1868, and the manufactures of California have reached $80,000,000.

The wool clip has gone up from a few thousand to 15,000,000 pounds. The assessed value of property, created almost wholly in twenty years, is $221,000,000. In this time the newspapers have swelled from two or three, to 238. Having no school fund in 1849, they have now property worth $2,000,000. From the four ship-loads of that year, the population has now reached 550,000. From eight churches the number has increased to 350 of all sects, with 20,000 members.

Certainly the Californians have already a noble record of progress, and becoming now a thoroughfare of the world, all the elements of progress are there—a progress another twenty years will show, we believe, to have never been rivalled in the history of the nations.

San Francisco.

A letter from San Francisco speaks of that city in the following hopeful terms:

Here is a city less than twenty years old, and several times during its growth it has been almost reduced to ashes by fires. To-day it numbers a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, embracing representatives from all parts of the civilized world. Its noble bay presents a forest of vessels, reminding one of New York. Its long water margin is lined with wharves and piers, covered with warehouses and filled with every description of merchandise. Its banking houses and insurance offices vie, in number and extent, with those seen in our oldest Atlantic cities. Its principal business streets are thronged, like State street in Boston, and seem in hot haste to outstrip Wall street and Broadway in New York. Its storehouses, though not in general so high, or so elegant as in those cities, are capacious and all occupied, and exhibit unmistakable evidence of substantial prosperity and a constantly increasing business. Its capital, however, instead of being salted down as in olden cities, is actively employed in developing the varied resources of the Pacific coast; and the energy and enterprise of the people impress one with wonder and pride. And yet San Francisco has apparently made but a beginning in her contest with Atlantic cities for wealth and greatness. In the rivalry she possesses many advantages. Her position is central. Her harbor is large enough to float the fleets of the world, and is sheltered as well as the handiwork of nature can do. In this respect she is singularly free from competition on the Pacific coast, as there is no good harbor for a long distance either north or south of her. What Paris is to France, San Francisco is to California. With such natural advantages, with good means of communication by water up and down the coast, with railways stretching off into the interior in every direction, and being the focus where is to centre the resources of a State in area equal to more than fifteen like Massachusetts, furnishing greater variety and yielding a larger abundance of products than any other portion of the continent of like extent, one cannot be surprised at the confidence and enthusiasm with which Californians speak of the future of this cosmopolitan city.

1869.

The first through train on the Pacific Railroad, from Sacramento, arrived at Omaha, on Sunday last, May 16th. There were 500 passengers. West of Omaha the travel is great.

Gen. Sherman on the Completion of the Pacific Road.

PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, May 14.—The following message, just received, has been furnished for publication:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11.—*Gen. G. M. Dodge:* Your dispatch of the 10th has been received, in common with millions. I sat yesterday and heard the mystic taps of the telegraphic battery announce the nailing of the last spike in the great Pacific road. Indeed, am I its friend. Yea, I claim yet to be part of it, for, as early as 1854, I was vice president of a company in San Francisco which made an effort to commence the work under the contract of Robinson, Seymour & Company. As soon as General Thomas makes certain preliminary inspections of his new command on the Pacific, I will go out, and I need not say with how different a feeling from that of 1846, when the only way to California was by sail around Cape Horn, taking our ship 196 days. All honor to you, Durant, Jack and Dan, Casement, Reed, and thousands of brave fellows who have fought out this glorious national problem, in spite of deserts, storms, Indians, and the doubts of the incredulous. All obstacles you have now happily surmounted.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, General.

The Completion of the Pacific Railroad.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—At a meeting of the Commercial Exchange, to-day, J. H. Michener, president, called attention to the completion of the Pacific railroad, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the president telegraph to the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco, as follows: "The Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia sends greeting, and extends to the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco the right hand of fellowship, from the iron arm this day completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Flags were displayed to-day on all public and many private buildings, in honor of the completion of the road.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—The Pacific railroad celebration to-day was one to be remembered for all time in San Francisco. The day was ushered in by a salute of one hundred guns; all the federal forts of the harbor fired a salute, the city bells were rung, and steam-whistles blown. At night the whole city was illuminated, and presented a brilliant appearance. The procession was the largest and most enthusiastic ever witnessed in San Francisco. The people were eager and willing to observe an event of so much importance to this city and the Pacific coast, and turned out *en masse*. Business was generally suspended; nearly every citizen exhibited a hearty interest in the demonstration.

Opening of the Pacific Road for Business—The First Freight Sent.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—At 11 o'clock 45 minutes, San Francisco time, the last tie and last rail were laid and the last spike driven on the Pacific railroad. A telegraph wire running from the City Hall, under the streets of the city, and out to Fort Point, was attached to a 15-inch gun, and at the first stroke on the last spike, telegraphed from Promontory Point, the gun was fired by electricity, and by the same agent all the fire bells in the city were rung. The news of the comrletion of the road created great enthusiasm in all the cities of this state.

The first invoice of tea from Japan for St. Louis over the Pacific railroad was shipped to-day, thus inaugurating the overland trade with China and Japan.

GEN. SHERMAN AND THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—The following message just received at Promontory Point, Utah, has been furnished for publication:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11.—Gen. G. M. Dodge: Your despatch of the 10th has been received. In common with millions I sat yesterday and heard the mystic taps of the telegraph announce the nailing of the last spike in the great Pacific Road. Indeed am I its friend; yea, I claim yet to be part of it, for as early as 1854 I was Vice President of a Company in San Francisco which made an effort to commence the work under the contract of Robinson, Seymour & Co. As soon as Gen. Thomas makes certain preliminary inspection of his new command on the Pacific, I will go out, and I need not say with how different a feeling from that of 1846, when the only way to California was by sail around Cape Horn—taking our ship 196 days. All honor to you, Durant, Jack and Dan Casement, Reed and thousands of brave fellows who have fought out this glorious national problem in spite of deserts, storms, Indians, and the doubts of the incredulous. All obstacles you have now happily surmounted.

1869. W. T. SHERMAN."

The occasion was one that warranted much manifestation of feeling, for the enterprise that had been virtually completed is one of the very greatest ever conceived and carried through by the mind and energies of man, whether we have regard to its extent, or to the rapidity with which it was prosecuted, or to its certain effect, or to its possible consequences. It is but yesterday that it was planned, and here it is a completely realized conquest achieved over time and nature. We may overrate the results that are to proceed from it in some respects, but on the other hand it may be fruitful in ways that have not been much considered. That it will, at least soon, have much effect on the course of the world's commerce we do not believe, for commerce changes its lines slowly; but it will be of immense service in the way of promoting the settlement of the West, and thus develop a home trade—and home trade is ever trade's best form — such as has not been dreamed of; for men have been thinking too much of the East in connection with the road to allow even their sleeping thoughts to remain in the West,—dwelling on the foreign trade, to the exclusion of domestic traffic. Politically, the work is one of vast moment, for it helps bind the old United States to the Pacific country indissolubly. Until now, we never have been sure of retaining that country, which, had it chosen to secede, we could not easily have subdued; but the Pacific Railroad clamps the two sections together forever, — as nations understand the word forever. Its existence not only removes the chief objection to far-reaching empire, but it would enable the old part of the country to concentrate forces in the West, should rebellion ever break out there,—of which there is not the slightest prospect.—The road was completed on Monday, May the 10th, at 12, M., the point of junction being Promontory Point, in the Territory of Utah, which lies 1086 miles from the Missouri River, and 690 from Sacramento. Great were the rejoicings on the announcement of the news, even the Mormons turning out in large and lively masses, though it has been kindly told them that the road will be used to crush them out of existence as a community. In Chicago the procession formed was seven miles in length, being handsomely proportioned to the road. In the Eastern cities there were loud rejoicings. All are pleased, for all are certain that a work has been done that is as favorable to the present as it will be fruitful in the future.

Two oceans linked—a continent spanned—the desert made a human hive, and the mother-mountains giving up their primeval treasures for its use—all these things are great—but their dwells in them a more sublime result.

As the mind looks down that broadening vista, the imagination lighting it with the magnificence of possible achievement, it seems that the poet rightly framed the thought:

"What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? *is there going to be but one* heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming, en masse?
* * * * * *
The earth, restive, confronts a new era, * *
No one knows what will happen next—such portents fill the day and night;
* * * * * *
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me;
This incredible rush and heat—this strange extatic fever of dreams and years!"

Time is the great solvent in modern travel. Men ask only "how long?" not "how far?" The Pacific railroad's advantage in this receives its illustration from George Francis Train's proposition to make a trip round the world in ninety days, to inaugurate and celebrate fittingly the great enterprise. He'll do it too.

The most marvelous result seem to flow from the completion of the Pacific of railroad, is the effect it is bound to have on Asiatic peoples, and in all probability on our own and other western nations' intercourse with them. Perhaps the change will only be growth on our part; while with others it must be reversion. Hitherto Europe, the west, has gone to Asia, the east, as conqueror, absorber, aggrandizer. Is this to continue? Will America, to be in the near future more intimate even with China than she is with Europe outside of England and France, follow the same bold, cruel and reckless pathway? There are those to be found who virtually urge this course.

TO THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BY B. A. EATON.

Midway between two mighty ocean shores,
The orient and occident clasp hands.
At *sunrise* and at *sunset* they set out,
To meet at *noon* on the broad prairie plains,
After brief journey o'er the iron zone
Which binds them fast, in wedlock's holy bands.
Proud monument of scientific skill!
As the tall liquid walls of Egypt's sea
Stood up on either side, that Israel's hosts
Might walk dry-footed to the promised land,
So here the flinty mountains disunite,
In towering columns, martially arrayed,
To let *thee* pass!

Fierce rapids whirl beneath thee,
And thou span'st deep valleys and ravines,
Thy sinewy arms embrace the East and West,
And those who glide upon thy course, can hear
Within the circuit of a single week
Pacific's anthem and Atlantic's roar.
Stern iron river! neither wind nor tide,
Nor ice nor drought, thou heedest in thy way.
Nevada's cliffs, that rear their kingly heads
Above thy pathway, in the dizzy air,
Look down in wonder as the rumbling cars
Rush o'er thy surface with a whirlwind's speed!
Below thy ponderous arches rivers dash,
And upward stretch their arms of spray, as though
They fain would drag thee from thy lofty throne.
But still thy march is onward!

Undismayed,
Thou stalkest on, with glorious trophies crowned!
High o'er thee, floating in his pride of place,
Our emblem Eagle flaps his wings and screams,
When the shrill whistle, piercing to his ear,
Disturbs the haughty monarch of the air,
Stride on, young giant, in thy mountain path,
In *peace*, a nation's highway; and in *war*,
Whene'er its gathering ills shall cloud the sky,
Be thou a grand conductor, to direct
The thunderbolts of vengeance on the foe!

Yokohama tea has been received in St. Louis in thirty days. This is owing to the opening of the Pacific Railroad. As tea is much injured by a long sea transportation,—too much water is ever bad for tea,—the Pacific Railroad will prove a real blessing to all lovers of the divine herb. Tea should be brought overland to our farthest Northwestern possessions, and then sent down, still by land, to San Francisco, and thence sent east by rail. Let 's have the caravan trade introduced into America, with additions, and with locomotives and cars for horses and camels. The cafilah going by steam at the rate of twenty miles an hour would astonish the gentlemen who used to listen to the Arabian Nights' Entertainment in Cairo, in Bagdad, in Bassorah, and in Ispahan.

Mr. Winston, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, with his daughter, arrived here yesterday morning from San Francisco, by way of the Pacific Railroad. They left San Francisco on the afternoon of the second, in the first train that came through, and left Salt Lake City on the afternoon of Monday last, coming through, without stopping, in six days and six nights. The whole time occupied in transition from San Francisco was eight days and eleven and a half hours. The Central Pacific road seemed in pretty good order, and they came very comfortably and on good time, although there is some part of the road where extra engines are used, and where a tunnel is expected to be cut. May 17, 1869

The Pacific Railroad, from Bangor to San Francisco, is of the length of 3769 miles. A long road, that. But it is a series of roads, the Pacific Railroad proper not including quite half of it, or about 1882 miles, which is more than five times the length of the Via Appia, that Queen of Ways.

through ticket, first class, from New York to San Francisco, costs $170; second class $75. Do n't all start at once!

A Sacramento, California, dispatch, dated the 12th, announces the arrival in that city of a train of the Springfield built cars, which were the first to cross the continent.

The telegraph operator at Promontory Point is evidently a man of strong business instincts, and resembles Fanny Dorritt in having "no nonsense" about him. When the Pacific railroad was completed he telegraphed: "2:40 P. M.—*We have got done praying;* the spike is about to be presented."

THE ALTITUDES OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The question of altitudes is one of the most interesting connected with the construction of this great work. The initial point of the Union Pacific at Omaha is 937 feet above tide water; and Cheyenne at the base of the Black Hills, 517 miles west of Omaha is 6,062 feet. The difference in elevation between these two points is therefore 5,095 feet, or an average of about 10 feet to the mile. Sherman at the summit of the Black Hills is 8,262 feet above the level of the sea, the ascent from Cheyenne westwardly being nearly 69 feet to the mile. The westward descent of the Black Hills is in striking contrast to this, Echo Canyon, 423 milee distant from the summit, being 6,333 feet above sea level. The summit of the Sierras on the line of the Central Pacific is 7.042 feet above the sea. When the question of the road over these mountains began to be seriously mooted, it was doubted if a railroad could be operated at the height to which it would be necessary to carry it. The atmosphere, it was believed, would be rarified to such an extent that there would not be sufficient oxygen left to support combustion. Even if fuel could be induced to burn after much persuasion, it was declared that water would be converted into steam at so low a temperature as to lose its expansion force, and upon this theory a prediction was predicated that the locomotive would stand still in its tracks, or rush backward down the steep ascents, urged by its own weight. But, somehow or other, these scientific theories came to naught, and the iron horse of the Black Hills rushes to meet the iron horse of the Sierras, and today they meet on the confines of the Great Salt Lake, within the territories of the Saintly Brigham.—[*N. Y. Tribune.*

As very much of the business of these steamers derived from the Chinese, everything on board made to adapt itself to these people in their eculiar wants and tastes. A cook is provided oldy for them, and all the Chinamen n board, crew and steerage, waiters and servants, eat in their own way their own food, which mostly rice, with a little meat added. There also a room where opium intoxication can be ndulged in. It is large enough to accommodate our at once, and here we saw the four stages, ne preparing his pipe and drugging himself, then he stupid, dead-gone condition, after this the illy, laughing, leering state, and then consciousess mainly returning, when his looks say—if othing else—that he is ashamed of this operaion. It takes him from six to eight hours to go hrough all the stages, and it is only achieved in he day time.

With all these luxuries and necessaries of a watering place, which this steamer affords, it strikes me that there could not be a better watering place selected for a family for two months than apt Doane's steamer America.

The sea is sure to be quite calm during June, uly and August, so that the most sea-sickish ced have but few apprehensions of nausea; a ea bath with water fresh from the middle of the Pacific ocean is always at hand, food healthful, utritious and delicate is always in readiness, nd everything in the shape of attention and are is lavishly bestowed upon the travelers who nay come under the direction of the officers of his vessel. One word upon Sunday services, bout which this company has been maligned. The rule is, that the captain shall read the Episopal service, provided there is no clergyman on oard of any denomination, whom he may deem t best to invite to conduct the service in his own manner. This seems to put the matter on the right foundation, always securing some service that shall mark he day and yet not put the service in the hands of man who calls himself a preacher, no matter whether he have any brains, heart or common ense to go with him or not. As a result, Prof eelye has preached one sermon on each of the abbaths of the voyage, and he now has an invitation from the officers and passengers to deliver some lectures or essays, as he may see fit. The Portuguese men-of-war and flying fish are ow not uncommon sights, and the captain informs us, this morning, that we are more than alf of the way between San Francisco and Yokohama.

E. HITCHCOCK.

Life on a Pacific Steamship—The Vessel and Its Passengers—Meeting with a Homeward Bound Steamer—Pleasures of the Voyage.

Correspondence of The Republican.

STEAMSHIP AMERICA, Pacific Ocean,
2485 miles west of San Francisco,
Monday, August 12, 1872.

We sailed from San Francisco at the appointed day, hour and minute indicated in the advertised tables. But our first day was the roughest one we have as yet experienced during the whole voyage. Nearly all the passengers were so sick that we kept our berths to an unusual hour on Friday morning. Our steamship America is not only the largest and best vessel of the Pacific Mail Steamship line, but is the largest wooden steam vessel that floats. She is 398 feet in length, about 50 across her paddle-boxes, and 55 in extreme depth, and is of 4264 tons burthen. Her engine is 3000 horse power, the cylinder 102 inches in diameter (it being, at the time it was made, the largest cylinder on any boat), and the stroke 12 feet, making since we started an average of 59 revolutions to the paddle-wheel per mile. Our captain, S. Doane, is a Cape Cod man, one under whom the passengers feel secure, because he has everything at all times and in all places, in order and under the most perfect discipline; and yet he is an affable, quiet man in his conduct with the passengers at the table and elsewhere as we meet him. We advise all our friends to travel in the America, under Capt Doane. Our first officer, too, is a Cape Codder, our engineer a New Yorker, and our purser a Granite state man, so that we cannot but feel safe and delightfully comfortable under such home influences. The crew are entirely Chinamen, each watch having its boatswain, a China man, who is also interpreter for them. Our table waiters, too, are Chinamen, and the most excellent ones that it has ever been our pleasure to find. Why can't we have colonies of them imported to New England, and help us out there in the everlasting labor question?

The passengers are few. Partly because of the system of two steamers a month, just introduced, and partly because of generally slack travel at this time of the year. A baker's dozen only are Americans, eleven are Italians going to Japan to buy out the market of silk worms' eggs, and the balance are Spaniards, French and some undescribed nationalities. The cargo is an assorted one, from sulphuric acid up to specie, the latter of which is on board in the shape of Mexican dollars to the amount of one and one-half millions. The comforts which this company secures for its passengers are luxurious and delicious. The state-rooms are large, well ventilated and most scrupulously clean. A table with every style and variety of food that can be found at our best hotels, with a chance to eat five times during the day, and extra serving and attention furnished if it is but requested. The saloon is not only supplied with the most comfortable of furniture, but also with a well selected library and a Steinway piano. A cold, warm, hot or shower bath of salt or fresh water is within a moment's call of any passenger. If any one fears that our meats may not be well preserved we have but to step forward and see a stall of nice, clean and comfortably fed oxen, sheep and hogs, (chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys, too,) all quietly eating and waiting for the butcher's knife as the appetites of the ship's load may demand. All the water used on board is distilled and condensed from the ocean, so that we need have no fear of organic impurities or metallic salts. On going from the cabin to the steerage it is like stepping from the western to the eastern world. There are 177 Chinese passengers and none else in the steerage, so that everything there is arranged for their comfort alone. They sat in squads on mats on the floor, eating their rice and meat with their fingers and chop-sticks. A Chinese cook prepares all their food in their suitable national manner. Their gambling habits are so ingrained that it is hardly possible to move around among them because all the floor space is taken up by their games. They play with implements very much resembling our dominoes, though by a far different game. The only stakes in sight are cash coins of the value of a mill, and buttons.

On Wednesday night we experienced one of the infractions of the monotony of sea life which was truly delightful, the meeting of a homeward bound steamer. We had expected her for over 24 hours, but as the previous night was stormy, we presumed she had gone by unseen. But at a little past 11 o'clock our polite steward tapped at our blinds saying that the Japan was in sight. Of course we all were soon on deck, and after a proper interchange of light signals by the vessels, we came alongside of each other, about a quarter of a mile apart. Soon a small boat appeared and after a line was thrown to her, the boatswain said there were letters for the captain and purser to which he wanted answers. He also said they were in want of potatoes, as these esculents are carried from San Francisco for both voyages. Soon three sacks of these articles were dropped down into the boat, with a box of apples, the mail delivered and the little boat dropped to the rear, and all the rest we saw was a rocket let off by the Japan, as much as to say "much obliged." The homeward bound steamer does all the boarding, and makes all the demonstration, as they are the ones most in want of news.

"THE EVERLASTING GOD FAINTETH NOT, NEITHER IS WEARY."—Did anybody ever try in their small measure to be a Providence—to do in their little spheres what God does in his great one,—bear the wants and carry the sorrows, counsel, comfort, aid and guide the struggling, the shipwrecked, the suffering and the lost?

We think no one ever tries to do this, as pastor, as city missionary, as Sunday-school teacher, as beneficent benefactor, without coming very soon to a sense that the pressure of human want and weakness and desire is enough utterly to use up every susceptibility, and that, when every nerve is strained to the utmost, and every fibre aches, there still remains the same hopeless, clamoring, imploring, wailing mass of human want and sorrow.

For a person with an ample fortune to be advertised as possessing a tender heart and open hand, is to lay that person open to a stream of applications, entreaties, urgencies, revelations of sorrow, revelations of perplexities, that might soon exhaust the most copious fortune.

A lady of great benevolence was left at the head of an ample income, and had a heart to use it to do good. The writer once appealed to her in behalf of what seemed an urgent and peculiar sorrow, and the answer was: "I have already gone over my income, and spent of my principal to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the applications increase faster than the money diminishes. My bankers remonstrate, and I have resolved to take no more cases till I have made my affairs square with my income."

The same is true of some other person who has only sympathy, and time, and personal efforts to give. Mrs. —— is known in all the neighborhood. She is pitiful, tender, active,—one who will stop to hear and sympathize, and give time to do; and so it comes to pass that every neighbor who is too busy to help sends every unlucky person to Mrs. ——; and the poor woman's sympathies are drawn on till they are used up; her head aches, her back aches, her feet are worn with running; she is tired out; and still the great work of relieving human pain and perplexity is undone.

A warm-hearted, ardent young minister comes into his work full of zeal, and his sympathetic preaching and the warmth of his Christian charity begin to tell on the community; and forthwith every one that is in distress and want, or in debt, or in perplexity,—every widow that has a mortgage on her homestead, every orphan child, every heart-breaking, cruel woe, want and exigency of this most cruel life of ours is poured upon him.

At first he meets it bravely; he tries to see, hear and talk with every one,—to give heart, sympathy, and even, so far as he can, material aid. But he soon learns that he is mortal. The time comes when he finds a limit to his strength. A man has only so much power of feeling, and that power he *must* use first and foremost in the main work he is responsible for; and the minister finds that if he is to preach the gospel he is sometime or other absolutely to shut the door, and say to the applicant, "I cannot do more. I cannot examine your case. I *cannot* help you."

A celebrated clergyman said: "It is not the work I do that wears on me; it is the work I can't do, and don't do, that kills me." And we venture now to say that this draft on sympathy and heart-power which the modern researches of benevolence lay on ministers in large centres is more wearing than all their definite work. What they see and cannot do, that is what draws on their very life.

"Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, my judgment has passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the Everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, *fainteth* not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

THE LILY OF THE FIELD.

BY REV. HENRY S. OSBORN.

THERE are no flowers which exhibit the various elements of beauty to greater perfection than those of the lily. Nor are there any wherein the mysteries of color are more remarkably developed. Imagine, if you can, that a few atoms are traveling upward to form the colored part of the petal of a lily flower. They start, perhaps, from the fibrous rootlets or from the bulb, and pass by the whorled or scattered leaves on their course; while other atoms, by the side of which they hitherto have traveled, part company, and run into nearer channels. But onward these tiny color-atoms move. Guided by some mysterious attraction, they turn neither to the right nor left, until, at the end of their journey, they have reached that destined spot, to form a circle or line of red or brown or black, just where, for a thousand years, their progenitors did the same for other flowers. There is a mystery in the coloring of all flowers, but of none more so than of lilies.

There is no genus of plants under the Natural System which presents such seeming confusion of species as that to which the lily belongs. Yet the "Lily of the Field" may be identified with less difficulty than many other of the flowers of sacred and classic writings.

Lilies Among the Ancients.

The word "lily" is but an abbreviation of "lilium," used by Latin writers long before the Gospels were written. A Latin poet, Propertius, born before the commencement of the Christian era, calls them "*the bright*" and "*silver lilies*," ("lilia lucida" and "argentea.") Ovid styles the same flower the "*white shining lily*," using an adjective (candentia) which was applied to the light of the moon, ("candentia lunæ," *Vitruvius.*) Virgil calls it the "large or noble lily," ("grandia lilia," Ec. x. 24,) and speaks of the lily as growing freely among thorns, (Song of Sol. ii. 2,) and inviting the bees which yielded delicious honey first to that farmer who had planted lilies upon a sterile farm. (Georg. iv. 130–140.) Pliny says that one lily root would in his time bear fifty bulbs, "than which," he thought, "no plant could be more fruitful," (N. H., Lib. 21, c. 5.) Horace writes of lilies scattered upon the feast-tables in honor of a friend returned to his home, and calls them "the short-lived lily." The poets whose feast-tables were strewn with its flowers, have long since returned to the dust; the very empire whose glory they extolled has crumbled and perished; but that "short-lived lily" still decks the fields and perfumes the air of Italy with undiminished beauty and fragrance. In that country and further East it may be seen beside fallen blocks and pillars, the shattered and corroded fragments of ruined halls and temples, which in its unaltered beauty it has survived. These bright lilies, quietly blooming around the scattered ruins of the East, seem like constant though feeble stars, shining out unceasingly upon the dark night of desolation which has followed the sunset of Roman grandeur.

What has been said of the Latin word for lily may even more emphatically be asserted of the Greek word. There were two words in the Greek tongue for this flower, either of which was applicable to the white lily. One, however, designated the lily *in general*, the other the *white lily particularly*. The former was the word used by our Savior in the sentence, "Consider the lilies of the field." This distinction was made use of before the commencement of the Christian era, as is seen in the writings of the celebrated Greek botanist, Theophrastus, (H. P. 6, 6, 3.) We may therefore reasonably infer that it was known in the time of our Savior. In Syria there were red and purple as well as white lilies, and Pliny, the naturalist, says that in that land the white was held in less esteem than the red. In the passage making mention of this fact, he includes all the varieties under the generic term "lilia." So that the lily of the Latin included the red and purple as well as the white.

If it be asked how we know that the flower intended by our Savior was the "lilium" of which we have spoken, we answer—first, that the description of the flower by the Greek writers is more true to nature than even that of the Latin writers; and, second, that when in early years the Greek was translated into Latin, or the Latin into Greek, the two words were interchangable. Thus, when Jerome translated into Latin the passages in the Gospels above referred to, he changed the Greek generic word into the Latin "lilium," wherever it occurred, and in doing so he only adopted a rendering which had been used before.

The Lily of the Old Testament.

We have said that the English word "lily" is derived from the Latin "lilium." It is interesting to know that the latter is derived from the Greek word "leirion," the specific term in that tongue for the "white lily." Homer, we believe, is the first classic author who made use of the word, (Hym. Hom. Cer. 427,) and this is the earliest known record of the lily in any language, if we except the Hebrew in 1 Kings vii. 19, 26. In this chapter are described the carvings for the capitals of two important pillars, and for the rim of the "molten sea," which were made for Solomon's temple. The Hebrew word translated "lily" appears to have originated in Persia, the land of the lily. In the title "Shushan," frequently used in the Book of Esther in connection with "the Palace," which was the scene of the trials and triumphs of that queen, we have the very Hebrew word which is translated lily in other places. In Persia, among the ruins of Susa, the ancient Shushan, the lily has lately been found carved upon the remains of its marble palaces, or reproduced in the form of vases and other antique ornaments.* (Loftus, "*Susiana and Chaldea.*") Now it is important to remember that, according to two celebrated Greek writers, (Dioscorides and Athenæus,) this "Shushan of the Persians was the lily of the Greeks," and in this announcement they use the very Greek word which, in the original, was used by our Savior.

It is noticeable that the Arabs of Syria call the various colored lilies, but especially the white lily, "*soosan*," a name radically the same as that by which, in the Hebrew, it was known in the days of Solomon.

Thus we have an interesting series of links in the evidence which leads us to the conclusion, that the lily of the Old Testament and that of the New were the same.

The Probable "Lily of the Field."

Of all writers, the Greeks were most explicit and eloquent in their description of the lily. The poet Moschus, who wrote 200 B.C., represents the beautiful Europa as

"Plucking the fragrant white lilies on the soft meadow-lands,"

in which line more is told of the lily than in any other classic line of equal shortness. Another Greek writer, (Dionysius,) about the commencement of the Christian era, prettily describes the same flower in an epigram, as "the white-skinned lily," using the same word for lily which is found in the Gospels. Other writers abound in beauteous similes drawn from the lily, or in interesting allusions to it. (Pind. N. 7 116; Polyb. Crat. Matth. 1; Ar. Nub. 911.)

From all this it is evident that the same flower which is so well known to us, was known and valued in earliest times, but, as we have already remarked while the white was valued most in other lands, the red and purple were better known and more highly esteemed in Syria. The term used by our Savior, it is plain, referred to all lilies as a class, and the effort to limit its meaning to any particular variety of flower now blooming on the hills of Syria, especially of a kind not known as the lily, can only give rise to confusion.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

"WHAT thou lovest, that thou art, and that thou livest."—*Fichte.*

AS FOR death, no one except a fool or a coward fears *that;* the real evil, and the greatest of all evils, is to pass into Hades with a corrupt and polluted mind.—*Plato.*

OUR life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is put upon us, and doing what is given us to do.—*George Eliot.*

THE following, which is suggestive to coffee-drinkers, is from a tombstone in Connecticut:—

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute:
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anno Dominy eighteen forty."

"CONSIDER THE" FLOWERS.

INSCRIBED TO REV. H. W. B.

"In all his glory, Solomon
Was not like one of these arrayed!"
So, Father, 'twas Thy will to crown
With beauty e'en the flowers that fade.

For what but chemistry divine
Could from the chill and rayless sod
Such forms uprear? and thus refine
To life and loveliness the clod?

Each curious petal, veined or white,
Or rich with life's ensanguined hue,
Or with heav'ns purest sapphire bright,
Or dropt with gold, as grass with dew,—

Soft piled, as velvet monarchs wear,
Or rigid, rustling in the wind,
Or delicate, like woven air,
Or downy, like the peach's rind,—

Loading with balm the evening hours,
Or guarding sweets with jealous care,
Or odorless, like pictured flowers,
Or *faintly* perfuming the air,—

Each hue, each scent, each form of grace,
Wrought wondrous from the *self-same* clod;
That in THE GARDEN man may trace
Now, as AT FIRST, the steps of God.

Here, too, our faith, that doubts and asks,
"How shall the dead be raised again?
And with what body clothed?" and tasks
Poor reason's subtlest powers in vain,

Meets her dear Lord's rebuking eye
In every God-wrought form and hue;—
"If He so clothes the grass, oh why
Can He not thus, much more, clothe you?"

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

[THE following exquisite verses from the pen of Horace S. are well worthy of republication and reperusal at least o year:]

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation—

Ye matin worshipers! who, bending lowly,
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What num'rous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that swinget
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are Human Flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread h
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night:
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth?

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My voice would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Flowers Supposed to be "the Lily of the Field"

It may, however, prove interesting, in passing, to notice the opinions on this subject. Even tulips, white, red, blue, and otherwise colored, have been offered as "the lilies of the field," simply because they bloomed on the fields of Palestine, although their name has always been distinct, and they exhale no such fragrance as did the lilies of Solomon's imagery. (Song v. 13.) Sir J. E. Smith has urged a golden liliaceous flower called, formerly, the *Amaryllis lutea*, now *Oporanthus luteus*. Prof. Lindley thinks that it was a flower which now blooms in Palestine, (the Ixiolirion Montanum,) with slender stem and clusters of delicate violet flowers, allied to the Amaryllis. Nor does the fact that it is chiefly found upon the mountains lessen the faith of that botanist in the supposed identity. The "Crown Imperial," (*Fritellaria Imperialis*,) a large red and yellow pendent flower, a native of Persia, seldom seen in Syria, is supposed by others to be the lily in question. Dr. Royle, in Kitto's Cyclopedia, feels confident that it is the brilliant red flower, half the size of the common "tiger lily," (supposed to be the *lilium Chalcedonicum*, or *scarlet Martagon*,) which blooms in April and May near the Sea of Galilee, as seen by Dr. Bowring.

This probably completes the list, so far as any intelligible description of flowers has been offered.

"Consider the Lilies of the Field."

Our Savior was sitting on the side of one of the hills near the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. These hills were on the southern border of a broad and fertile meadow, stretching inland for more than a mile. The red and purple lilies were well known there, as Pliny has told us, and they readily suggested, by their colors, the robes which in those days were a part of the insignia of monarchs; whence the fitness of the allusion to the apparel of "Solomon in all his glory." There could have been no flower more appropriately "considered," none more forcibly associated with Solomon and the times of his "glory." It was at once a royal and a sacred flower. It had been wrought upon the molten sea, and carved upon the two noted pillars of the temple porch. It was the favorite in the flower imagery of the Song of Solomon, and now these lilies were blooming upon the plains and fields before them. Their grace and beauty were the more remarkable in that they grew so freely. They sprang up upon every field, shedding their fragrance upon every passing breeze, decorating the thorn as well as the olive, indebted to no one's care but God's, to his sunshine and his rains alone, for their existence and their beauty. They had survived the rending apart of the kingdom. They had remained upon the fields, and had been "clothed" and renewed in their weakness, while strong ones had been carried into captivity, or scourged by sword and by pestilence. "Consider the lilies of the field." In all this, every lily had its duty to perform—its place to fill in the cycles of the Creator's great and various purposes. Every lily-stalk was gifted with its minute channels up which it drew the life-sap God had provided—it opened its petals in due season, and lavishly gave to the passing breeze its grateful incense of fragrance, or it smiled in its beauty under the warm rays of a spring-time sun. There it stood, quietly working out its duty and its history—"toiling not nor spinning"—a never-failing witness to God's condescending care and mysterious providence—a picture of a sublime truth enfolded in its petal, that God's eternal power may be felt and known in a leaf as in a world, and that the footprints of God's loving presence may be very near us, while to find them we are wandering far away.

> As the water-lilies take root, and grow silently amid the slime and mud in low waters, until in the midsummer they open their great creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists, have we also to sow day by day our small seed of all gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

BURIED PLACES.

1. I KNOW I have nice gloves. 2. Is it true that hens hatch ducks' eggs? 3. Did you see papa rise in the midst of them? 4. Don't wake Nap, lest he bite you. 5. Yes, I am going to start for Europe to-morrow. 6. A clever artisan, Francis Conway, by name. 7. That naughty boy with arms akimbo stoned a cat. 8. Golconda has a large trade in diamonds.

The Number Seven in Scripture.

FROM THE WASTE DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

That there was some mystic idea attached to the number of seven is plain by its being made the number of perfection among the Jews. The rabbins maintain that seven things were created before the foundation of the world—the law, repentance, paradise, hell, the throne of God, the temple, the name of the Messiah. The reason which Philo and Josephus give for the number seven having been held sacred by the sect of the Essenes may have been very satisfactory to themselves; but to us it conveys no meaning. "It is," say they, "because it results from the sides of a square added to those of a triangle."

Cicero is not more explicit, when he says that seven "is the knot and cement of all things, as being that by which the natural and spiritual are comprehended in one idea." That the Creator rested on the seventh day after the world was formed, and ordained that the seventh day in every week from thence should be kept in holy commemoration of the glorious work, seems to have invested the number with peculiar sanctity, and accounts for its being so often connected with matters pertaining to religious worship. This connection is so striking, that, in reading the Bible, it cannot escape observation.

Not only was a Sabbath ordained in every week, but Sabbatical years were instituted. Every seventh year was a Sabbath of rest, and set apart for leaving the ground untilled, "to maintain, as far as possible," Calmet observes, "an equality of condition among the people, in setting the slave at liberty, and permitting all, as children of the family, to have the free and indiscriminate use of whatever the earth produced; to inspire the people with sentiments of humanity, by making it their duty to give rest and proper and sufficient nourishment to the poor, the slave, and the stranger, and even the cattle; to accustom the people to submit and depend on the divine providence, and expect their support from that in the seventh year, by an extraordinary provision on the sixth"—a blessing which the Creator promised and miraculously fulfilled. In like manner were the Israelites provided with a double portion of manna in the wilderness on the sixth day, for a supply for the seventh day. Every seven times seventh year was a jubilee. The great feast of unleavened bread and tabernacles were observed for seven days. The seventh day of the seventh month was ordained a feast for seven days; and the Israelites remained in their tents for seven days. Seven days of mourning was the alloted observance. The men of Jabesh-Gilead, after they had performed the funeral rites of Saul and his sons, fasted seven days. Joseph mourned for his father seven days. Miriam was shut up seven days to be healed of leprosy; the number of animals, in many of their oblations, was restricted to seven.

Balaam prepared seven bullocks and seven rams for a sacrifice. In cleansing the temple, King Hezekiah offered a sin offering of seven bullocks, seven rams, and seven he-goats. The friends of Job, who sat by him for seven days and for seven nights, offered, as an atonement for their sins, seven bullocks and seven rams. Seven bullocks and seven rams were also David's offering, when he was bringing up the ark; but the most inhuman sacrifice which is noticed is that of Saul's seven sons, who were offered to avert a famine.

Abraham gave seven ewe lambs to Abimelech, as a memorial of his right to a well. The law was ordered to be read to the people every seventh year. The young animals were not to be taken from their dams for seven days. By the law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times. Among the ceremonies enjoined at the consecration of Aaron and his sons for the priesthood, we find that the priest was to abide seven days and seven nights at the door of the tabernacle. Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets for seven days, encompassed the walls of Jericho seven times, and on the seventh day the walls fell. Seven days were decreed for an atonement on the altar; and for seven days the priest's son was to wear his father's garments. In the religious ceremonies of purification and consecration, the oil or water was to be sprinkled seven times; and the offering of blood was to be sprinkled seven times before the altar. Naaman was to be dipped seven times in Jordan. If the walls of a house appeared to bear any traces of the infection of leprosy, the owner was to be commanded by the priest to leave it, and it was to be locked up for seven days. If there were any suspicion of infection in clothes they were to be brought to the priest, and locked up for seven days. If, on the seventh day, the supposed mark of infection had increased on the house, it was to be destroyed. If the marks of infection on the clothes were plainer on the seventh day, they were to be burned. The ark of God remained with the Philistines for seven months. Solomon was seven years in building the temple. At its dedication, he feasted seven days. In the tabernacle there were seven lamps. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs had seven pillars. There were seven elders of Israel. Jacob served seven years for the sake of Rachel, and seven years more did he serve for her, for the love which he bore to her. On the seventh day of Laban's pursuit he overtook Jacob. Samuel commanded Saul to sojourn at Gilgal for seven days. Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. The elders of Jabesh entreated Nahash the Ammonite seven days' respite. The son of the Shumanite sneezed seven times when restored to life by Elisha. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood. According to divine command, he took the fowls of the air and clean beasts by sevens into the ark. The ark rested on Mount Ararat on the seventeenth day of the seventh month. In seven days Noah sent out a dove, and waited seven days after her return, to send her out again. Seven years of abundance and seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dream of the seven well-favored and the seven ill-favored kine—the seven full ears of corn, and the seven blighted ears of corn. Seven times did Elijah send his servant to look for the cloud. King Ahasuerus had seven maids, seven days' feast, and sent for the queen on the seventh day. In the seventh year of his reign, Esther was brought to him. The fiery furnace into which Shadrach, Mesbach, and Abednego were cast, had been made seven times hotter. Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the field seven years. The vision of Daniel was seventy weeks. Enoch was the seventh after Adam. The psalmist offered praise to God seven times a day. Our Saviour was the seventy-seventh from Adam in a direct line. He taught that forgiveness of offending brothers should not be restricted to seven times, but should extend to seventy times seven. On one occasion he exemplified his discourse with seven parables. Seven loaves were all that the disciples supplied him with, when he miraculously fed the multitude, who took up seven baskets of the fragments which remained after they were satisfied. Out of Mary Magdalene he cast seven devils. The Apostles planted seven churches, and appointed seven deacons. Sceva's seven sons were overcome by the evil spirits which they were endeavoring to cast out.

Through every part of Scripture we find the number seven brought forward in a remarkable manner; in the declarations of the Creator; in the precepts of our Saviour, and in proverbs and prophecies; in feastings and fastings; in oblations and visions; and in all the historical details, and in all the foreshadowings of futurity.

God threatened to smite his people seven times for their transgressions. If the slayer of Cain was to be punished seven times, the slayer of Lamech was to be punished seventy times seven. Perfection is compared in Scripture to gold seven times purified in the fire. The Revelation tells of seven golden candlesticks, of seven stars, of the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, of the book with seven seals, of seven spirits, of seven angels, of seven kings, of seven thunders, of seven thousand men slain, of seven vials of wrath, and seven plagues.

When the years of the world shall have numbered seven thousand, many commentators believe that a new dispensation will be disclosed. The importance of the number seven is not lost sight of when we close the sacred volume. Rome, seated on her seven hills, professes in her religious creed to acknowledge seven sacraments and seven deadly sins. In some of their most solemn processions, we find that seven acolytes, bearing seven tapers, precede seven deacons, who are followed by seven priests. Mahomet has his seventh heaven. Among our superstitions we find that the seventh son of a seventh son was to be dedicated to the medical profession. We have heard the phrase of being frightened out of our seven senses, though we cannot tell what they are.

Nursery lore treats largely of seven. Pousett and his seven brothers we remember as special favorites, and we recollect the high consideration in which the seven champions, the seven wise men of Gotham, the seven-leagued boots, and the seven wonders of the world, were held; and the mysterious awe in which the legend of the seven sleepers was involved. A little while, and the turmoil of life begins. We hear of the squabbles of families, and the strife of men; and we learn, hence, that those of a house are sometimes at sixes and sevens, and are told of the seven years' war. We turn from such things to the blessings of peace—the cultivation of the fine arts; and we remember that music owes all its charms to seven notes; and that painting is indebted for all its variety of tints to seven colors.

Happy shall we be if we leave behind us a name that is deservedly loved and honored. Happy if the world is better for our having lived in it. The humblest of those who strive to live in the fear of the Lord, and in obedience to His commandments, are not too humble to exist and to transmit an influence for good. Happy, above all, shall we be if we learn to rely with childlike trust on the good and wise Providence of our Heavenly Father;—if we are made interiorly and truly conscious of the "tender mercy of our God, whereby the day spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

DOING GOOD.—There is nothing makes earth so much like heaven as doing good. He left the joys and adorations of heaven, to come down and show what the spirit of heaven was; and what was it? He went about doing good, and turned away from no case that appealed to his humanity. When they crowded around him in the wilderness, he magnified a few loaves, and fed thousands. The leper came and was cleansed. His delight was in ministering to the wants of the poor and needy. Nay, if we may be allowed to speak of the upper sanctuary, God himself is gratified to stand in the attitude of infinite benevolence, and show his creatures that he delights in doing good.

A Gift by the Way-Side.

From Harper's Weekly.

The old farm-house clock has just struck seven, and over all the hills the purple vapors of twilight were coming down, waking spicy odors among the sweet-fern in the pastures and the blue wild grapes ripening in the woods, while the whip-poor-will sang sadly on the mossy rails of the broken-down fence that skirted the ravine, and the katydids chirped shrilly through the morning glory leaves above the window.

"Seven o'clock!" echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had not been watching that slow creeping minute-hand for the last half hour. "He will soon be here now—my boy will soon be here."

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unwonted quiver of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words "my boy." Yes, it was his boy, who was coming back from the smoke of half a score of battle-fields; no wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. His soldier—his hero.

"Surely I ought to hear the stage-horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the maple leaves lay like a carpet of pale gold. "Listen, Sybil, don't you hear it?"

"It's too early yet, father."

The light figure came stealing out to his side, and both together leaned over the garden gate, gazing into the opal gloom of twilight with wistful, searching gaze.

She was not prettier than many another New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face and form that belongs as much to the "frozen north" as its pine forests and cliffs of eternal snow. Pale brown hair, with aureate lights crossing its surface at times, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewey crimson of the wild rose; in pearls and blue crape Sybil Miller would have been "a beauty;" in her dress of gray gingham, she was something far better and nobler.

Suddenly the old man started and uttered an indistinct, glad cry.

"It's he, Sybil; don't you see beyond the elder bushes. Child, don't hold me back, let me go and meet my boy."

"No, father, you are mistaken; it is not Laurence; Laurence is shorter by half a head and that is not his quick, buoyant step."

"You are right, Sybil," said Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do these vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving honest folks such a start?"

"I suppose he did not know we were watching for Laurence," said Sybil, half smiling in the dusk.

"It was only this morning that a beggar, disgracing—I won't say wearing—the United States uniform, came by and had the audacity to ask me for money."

"Did you give him something?"

"Give him something?" repeated Silas angrily, "I'd have seen him starving first. I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here's another specimen of the kind, I suppose. No, my man, you need'nt trouble yourself to recite your pitiful story."

For the tall figure, with halting step and coat thickly powdered with dust, had paused in front of the gate, and Sybil could just discern dark, piercing eyes, and a forehead curiously traversed by a cresent-shaped scar, apparently nearly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas sharply. "Yes, yes, I know what you would say, but it's no use. If you are deserving the proper authorities will take care of you, and if you are not, the county jail is the best place for you. Don't tell me about *want*, what have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you are really what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Even through the twilight Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg."

"No, you'd prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I'm not a proper subject for you, so be about your business, my man."

The soldier turned silently away with a step more halting perhaps and a head more depressed, and passed slowly into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "had you forgotten that our Laurence too is a soldier?"

"No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remembered it, and it convinced me all the more that a man, paid and pensioned like our Laurence, has no need to beg on the public highways."

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, child, I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do no more. I"

He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked round again Sybil was gone.

Footsore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had sat himself down on a mossy boulder by the road-side, when a quick, light footstep came up a little by-path, leading from the back door of the farm-house, through blackberry pastures and mown fields, and a slight figure bent above him.

"Do not mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier-brother.

Before he could speak she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand, and was gliding away across the fields like some gray nun, in her sober-hued dress. He rose up, as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the gleaming token something very like a tear dropped upon its circlet of tiny stars.

"And now tell us everything that has happened to you, Laurence? Oh, Laurence, when I waked this morning it seemed all a dream that you had come back to us again in very truth."

The bronzed, handsome young soldier looked smilingly down into the radiant face that nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes.

"I can tell you, Sybil, it came very near being 'nothing more than a dream' once or twice. I have had more hair-breadth 'scapes than you know of, little sister. I did not tell you, did I, of that skirmish along the Potomac where I stood face to face with death, an ugly death, too, at the point of rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on 'em and saved my life with his own right hand."

"Who was it, Laurence!" said old Silas, with trembling lip and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field for a chance to grasp that hand."

"I don't know—I never came across him again. Probably he was in some of the other regiments. All that I know is that he had fiery black eyes, and an odd scar upon his forehead, shaped exactly like a Moorish crescent."

"And a straight nose, and a heavy black mustache?" interrupted his sisters.

"Exactly."

"Father," said Sybil, turning round, with sparkling eyes and crimson cheek, to where Silas Miller sat, "the poor wandering soldier whom you turned from your door last night was the man who saved our Laurence's life."

Silas rose up from his chair and took an uneasy turn across the room and back, his features working strangely.

"It can't be helped now," he said, in a tremulous voice; "but it is the last soldier I'll ever send with empty hands from *this* door. The man who saved our Laurence's life. Oh, Sybil! if I had only listened to your words!"

But she never spoke of the little lucky-piece of gold. She fancied it might seem like ostentation, this shy, fastidious little wild-flower of the hills. * * *

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half circle. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did not you? And where was that?"

"A poor soldier passed our gate once with just such a scar on his forehead, and"—

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.

"Do you know who gave this to me?"

"Gave it to *you*, Allen?"

"To me, a footsore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar—it was not so. I had money, friends, position; yet I stood sorely in need of a kind word just then for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary my wounds scarce healed. That foot march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it, for"—

He took her hand tenderly into his, and added—

"For although I might have known that my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribboned piece of gold. I never should have known how good and true she was."

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston! Well, I s'pose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind o' hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, dropping the happy, timid letter in his lap, and looking out through dimmed spectacles upon the snowy, sun-bright hills. "I wonder who it is. I should like to see the man that's going to marry Sybil Miller."

Silas would have been a proud man could he have beheld his pretty daughter that self-same night in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brown hair and glowing on her bosom. No wonder that Capt. Leslie's face brightened with grave, quiet pride as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sit down here, dearest, in this quiet little music-room," he said, with caressing authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer. I must have you all to myself for a while."

She looked up with a blushing smile, then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your forehead!"

"What of it?"

THE FIRST NEW BOOTS.

Little Henry wanted a pair of boots more than anything else. But his mamma thought shoes would do for such small feet. He did not tease and cry, though he thought they would be *so* nice.

Many times during the long winter he would try on his older brother's. They made him look like "Puss in Boots," for they kept coming on and on until they almost reached his waist. Then he would take a cane and go clatter, clatter all around the room. He wished many times his feet just filled those *big* boots.

One day in early spring a pair of boots were given him. He was so glad he felt like giving three cheers for all the boot makers in the world. You can't guess how quickly he pulled off the old shoes, and tried on first one boot, then he pulled and pulled and tugged at the other boot, but it wouldn't come on. At last he knelt down and prayed, "Oh God, do please make my boot a little bigger, so I can get it on."

A lady heard the little boy's prayer, and repeated it to a kind gentleman, who called the next morning and invited little Henry to take a walk with him. Henry's mamma gave him his warm red mittens, put on his overcoat and cap, and they started off.

The gentleman took him to a large "boot and shoe store." Henry tried first one pair of boots, then another, until he found some that just fitted him. When little Henry had thanked the good gentleman, he took the old shoes and started for home.

The first thing Henry's mamma heard was the hall-door open and shut—then some great heavy steps. Why, who *can* that be? she thought. But what should enter but the new pair of boots!

"There, mamma!" said little Henry, "God did hear my prayer, for see! these are just big enough."

God has continued to answer that prayer. Every winter when the snow has come, and boys are ready to slide down hill on their sleds, Henry has a brand new pair of boots given him.

"I wonder," said he, "if mother is over there."

His aunt Rachel was astonished.

"Over where?" she asked, "and what made you think of such a thing, Willie?"

"Why," said he, "those clouds look so bright, it seems as if it was a gate leading right into heaven, and I was wondering, if I was there, if I could see her."

"Willie, would you like to see your mother?"

"Oh, yes indeed," he answered, while the tears stood in his eyes. "I wish every day that I could see her. O dear, I am so tired of living without her. I wish I knew just where she is."

"I don't think she is over there among those clouds."

"Don't you?"

"No, I think she is nearer to her little boy than that."

"Why, how?" said he, looking up into aunt Rachel's face with unusual eagerness. "Where *do* you think she is?"

"I think she is often so near her little boy that she could put her arm around him as I am doing now, and kiss his cheek just as she used to."

"I can't see her nor feel her."

"No, because she is now only a spirit, and we can't see spirits with these eyes, nor perceive them by any of our senses. But God has said that his angels are 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be the heirs of salvation.' And in

another place he says that his angels 'encamp round about them that fear him, to deliver them' from evil. Now if our kind heavenly Father sends any angels to take care of a little boy like you, I think he would most likely send his own dear mother if she were in heaven. Don't you?"

Willie's face brightened up with a beautiful smile as he answered, "Oh, aunt Rachel, I like that. Nobody ever told me about it before."

"I think it will be very pleasant for you to feel that your dear mother is one of the holy angels watching around your bed when you go to sleep at night. Don't you remember the hymn she used to sing to you so often:

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed?'

And I will tell you when also I think she is with you—when you are tempted to do wrong. Then she stands by and hopes and wishes you may overcome the temptation and do right."

"I wonder if that is what makes me feel so bad when I am going to do anything naughty," said Willie. "There seems to be somebody saying 'don't you! don't you!' all the time."

TWICE WON.

"Ellen!"

It was certainly no very gentle tone in which the name was spoken; and so the lady to whom it belonged probably thought; for an angry flush came to her check, and she answered, from an adjoining room, somewhat sharply, "Well, Dudley, what is it now?"

"What is it now? Why, the old tale, of course. Not a stocking can I find; and those I have on are thoroughly soaked."

"If you cannot find a pair of stockings, where there are a half-dozen, at least, it is your fault, not mine," returned the lady, rising slowly from her seat, and advancing into the bedroom. A sorry sight met her eyes. The contents of one drawer were heaped on the carpet, in strange confusion, while her husband was elbow deep in another, crushing, in his vigorous search, sundry snow-white shirt-bosoms, fresh from the ironing table.

"Oh, Dudley! pray stop. You *know* I don't keep your stockings in the shirt-drawer, nor with these things, either," she continued, gathering up the crumpled articles from the floor, and beginning to smooth them preparatory to laying them back in their place.

Mr. Grey looked on impatiently. "Well, I suppose I am to wait here the rest of the day, in these one that she laid them aside. When she did so, it was with a bursting heart and a moistened eye. "My noble husband!" she exclaimed aloud; "a heart that could dictate such generous and exalted sentiments as these is too precious to be used as I have used it;" and memory once roused to the task, there came back to her the unnumbered instances of pettish and wilful ways, on her part, that had each had its share in loosening the bonds of union between them and producing the present state of almost daily discord in their intercourse. Her husband was not naturally either impatient or imperious in his disposition. His indulgence had been unlimited, and his wife, presuming too far on his native kindness and goodness of heart, the effect had been a legitimate one. His patience, so sorely tried, had become exhausted, and his affection, so lightly trifled with, had begun to fail. No doubt he had not been wholly blameless, but his wife did not once admit this, in the bitterness of her self-upbraiding. She only saw, what was really the case, that had she by gentleness and sweetness of manner striven to retain the heart that her attractive qualities had once won, there had been no need of this hour of bitter self-reproach, and occasion for these repentant tears that brimmed her eyes.

As she sat pondering thus, in the midst of her gloomy reflections, a sudden thought stole to her heart, and a happy smile broke through her tears. "Can I not win him a second time?" she murmured. "Will not the sweetness and gentleness that

THE PERRY PICTURES. 1864.

CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE, ITALY.

dear [illegible] no pain or s[illegible] more; and there she is waiting until the good Shepherd shall lead her little lamb, too, up to those green pastures of life. You must love this dear Friend, Willie, with all your heart, and try to do as he wants you to in every word and action, and then you will be a happy boy here, and by-and by he will take you to his bright home above, where you will surely see your mother and be with her."

Aunt Rachel kissed the little cheek where the tears were streaming down, just as his new mother came to say it was time for him to go to bed.

"I shall go to bed happier to-night than I have for a good while," he whispered, as he said good-night.

How sweet a thing is the love of home! It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

dinner had just been placed, the meal commenced in silence, Mr. Grey merely looking up in surprise that his wife offered no reply to his provoking speech, and looking down again, a little ashamed that he had made it.

Dinner was over. The street door had closed after the young merchant, and Mrs. Grey, with a heart heavy and a conscience ill at ease, resumed her sewing, and with it the serious reflections of the morning. The thought of the happy hours that had marked their short but blissful engagement; of her care to please Dudley in everything, even to the arrangement of her hair, and the choice of a ribbon or glove; how her sweetest tones and brightest smile were his, and how earnest had been her hope and her belief that once the sharer of his home, she should always delight in rendering him those little services that love is so quick to suggest and so prompt to offer. And once he had been absent from the city for three weeks, and she remembered the letters that passed between them, so full of affectionate confidence in the perfect adaptation of each to the other,—so lavish of promises to bear and forbear with each other's faults; to help each other in gaining more perfect control over self, and in cultivating all those qualities of mind and heart that should cause each to retain for the other the love and respect already so sweetly and completely won. As these remembrances of happier days came over her, Mrs. Grey instinctively arose, and unlocked a small writing desk, on a mosaic table near by, she took out a package of letters, and ran her eye over the familiar handwriting. Presently she became absorbed in the contents, and it was not until she had perused every

[illegible]ays, when his slippers and paper were always ready at his coming; and taking them from her hand, he exclaimed, "Nice and warm? Indeed they are, Nellie. It makes me think of old times." He looked up as he spoke, and for the first time noticed the flowers in her hair. As he gazed, a happy smile and blush overspread the really beautiful face of the young wife.

"Charming! Why, Nellie, upon my word you are looking as young and handsome to-night as you did three years ago, or more. I shall have to make love to you all over again, I'm afraid,—Should you like it?" and he caught her playfully in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek more fond and lover-like than he had offered her for months.

"Like it?" echoed the blushing little lady, half nestling in his embrace; "of course I should like it, of all things; but there is the tea-bell." She was afraid to trust herself to say any more; for was not this old love making to which her husband playfully alluded, the very end to the accomplishment of which, henceforth, her whole heart was pledged.

The clock on the dining-room mantel, struck the hour just as they entered the apartment.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Grey. "True to a minute. There's nothing like punctuality in home arrangements, to men of business."

Mr. Grey had indeed been severely tried in this matter of punctuality, and his wife knew it, but had never given it much thought before. Now she was beginning to see her duty in a new light, and she mentally resolved that he should never

A Gift by the Way-Side.

From Harper's Weekly.

The old farm-house clock has just struck seven, and over all the hills the purple vapors of twilight were coming down, waking spicy odors among the sweet-fern in the pastures and the blue wild grapes ripening in the woods, while the whip-poor-will sang sadly on the mossy rails of the broken-down fence that skirted the ravine, and the katydids chirped shrilly through the morning glory leaves above the window.

"Seven o'clock!" echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had not been watching that slow creeping minute-hand for the last half hour. "He will soon be here now—my boy will soon be here."

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unwonted quiver of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words "my boy." Yes, it was his boy, who was coming back from the smoke of half a score of battle-fields; no wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. His soldier—his hero.

"Surely I ought to hear the stage-horn," he

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, child, I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do no more!"

He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked round again Sybil was gone.

Footsore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had sat himself down on a mossy boulder by the road-side, when a quick, light footstep came up a little by-path, leading from the back door of the farm-house, through blackberry pastures and mown fields, and a slight figure bent above him.

"Do not mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier-brother.

Before he could speak she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand, and was gliding away across the fields like some gray nun, in her sober-hued dress. He rose up, as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the gleaming token something very like a tear dropped upon its circlet of tiny stars.

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston! Well, I s'pose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind o' hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, dropping the happy, timid letter in his lap, and looking out through dimmed spectacles upon the snowy, sun-bright hills. "I wonder who it is. I should like to see the man that's going to marry Sybil Miller."

Silas would have been a proud man could he have beheld his pretty daughter that self-same night in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brown hair and glowing on her bosom. No wonder that Capt. Leslie's face brightened with grave, quiet pride as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sit down here, dearest, in this quiet little music-room," he said, with caressing authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer. I must have you all to myself for a while."

She looked up with a blushing smile, then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your

riously traversed by a crescent-shaped scar, apparently nearly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas sharply. "Yes, yes, I know what you would say, but it's no use. If you are deserving the proper authorities will take care of you, and if you are not, the county jail is the best place for you. Don't tell me about *want*, what have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you are really what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Even through the twilight Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg."

"No, you'd prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I'm not a proper subject for you, so be about your business, my man."

The soldier turned silently away with a step more halting perhaps and a head more depressed, and passed slowly into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "had you forgotten that our Laurence too is a soldier?"

"No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remembered it, and it convinced me all the more that a man, paid and pensioned like our Laurence, has no need to beg on the public highways."

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half circle. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did not you? And where was that?"

"A poor soldier passed our gate once with just such a scar on his forehead, and"—

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.

"Do you know who gave this to me?"

"Gave it to *you*, Allen?"

"To me, a footsore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar—it was not so. I had money, friends, position; yet I stood sorely in need of a kind word just then for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary my wounds scarce healed. That foot march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it, for"—

He took her hand tenderly into his, and added—

"For although I might have known that my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribboned piece of gold. I never should have known how good and true she was."

...ere."

"Over where?" she asked, "and wh... ...ade you think of such a thing, Willie?"

"Why," said he, "those clouds look s... ...ight, it seems as if it was a gate leading right into heaven, and I was wondering, if I was there, if I could see her."

"Willie, would you like to see your mother?"

"Oh, yes indeed," he answered, while the tears stood in his eyes. "I wish every day that I could see her. O dear, I am so tired of living without her. I wish I knew just where she is."

"I don't think she is over there among those clouds."

"Don't you?"

"No, I think she is nearer to her little boy than that."

"Why, how?" said he, looking up into aunt Rachel's face with unusual eagerness. "Where *do* you think she is?"

"I think she is often so near her little boy that she could put her arm around him as I am doing now, and kiss his cheek just as she used to."

"I can't see her nor feel her."

"No, because she is now only a spirit, and we can't see spirits with these eyes, nor perceive them by any of our senses. But God has said that his angels are 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be the heirs of salvation.' And in

another place he says that his angels 'encamp round about them that fear him, to deliver them' from evil. Now if our kind heavenly Father sends any angels to take care of a little boy like you, I think he would most likely send his own dear mother if she were in heaven. Don't you?"

Willie's face brightened up with a beautiful smile as he answered, "Oh, aunt Rachel, I like that. Nobody ever told me about it before."

"I think it will be very pleasant for you to feel that your dear mother is one of the holy angels watching around your bed when you go to sleep at night. Don't you remember the hymn she used to sing to you so often:

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed?'

And I will tell you when also I think she is with you—when you are tempted to do wrong. Then she stands by and hopes and wishes you may overcome the temptation and do right."

"I wonder if that is what makes me feel so bad when I am going to do anything naughty," said Willie. "There seems to be somebody saying 'don't you! don't you!' all the time."

"That, my dear, is your conscience—*God's* voice within you. That always warns and entreats you not to do wrong. It is that holy voice that your dear mother would wish you to heed."

Willie stood silently looking out of the window a few moments; he was thinking. Then he spoke again.

"Aunt Rachel," said he, "do you think my mother knows when I try to do right? for I do try real hard sometimes."

"Yes, my dear, and nothing can give her greater pleasure than to see her little son trying to be good. I think you may always feel that she smiles upon you with a pleasant smile when you do right."

"I love my mother now a great deal better than I used to. I am sure I do, though I can't see her," said the child, with a trembling in his voice.

"But, Willie, do you ever think of that other unseen friend you have, who is with you more, and loves you a great deal better than even your mother does? I mean Jesus, the dear Savior."

"Sometimes, but I don't know much about him. I don't have anybody to talk to me about him. Once I went to see Henry Sanford, and his mother told me something about Jesus, and I've remembered it ever since."

Aunt Rachel's heart ached for the dear little fellow, whose feelings were so tender, whose soul was asking to be led in the way of life. He appeared to her just like a starving child, and she longed to feed and nourish him.

"You know," she said, "that Jesus came on earth and lived, and at last suffered and died, that we might become good and happy. Now he is in heaven, and we cannot see him, but we know he is ever near us, because he has left this word, 'I will *never* leave you nor forsake you.' And he loves and pities none more than those who are sad and in trouble. He knows all about you, and loves you very much. Every moment of every day and night he is by your side, watching over you, and anxious that you should overcome every naughty thought and feeling and be always good. And he can help you too, and if you pray to him and ask him to give you strength to please him, he will. And he will not let anything trouble or hurt you. It is he that is keeping your dear mother safe for you in his beautiful home, where no pain or sickness or distress can ever reach her more; and there she is waiting until the good Shepherd shall lead her little lamb, too, up to those green pastures of life. You must love this dear Friend, Willie, with all your heart, and try to do as he wants you to in every word and action, and then you will be a happy boy here, and by-and-by he will take you to his bright home above, where you will surely see your mother and be with her."

Aunt Rachel kissed the little cheek where the tears were streaming down, just as his new mother came to say it was time for him to go to bed.

"I shall go to bed happier to-night than I have for a good while," he whispered, as he said good-night.

How sweet a thing is the love of home! It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

TWICE WON.

"Ellen!"

It was certainly no very gentle tone in which the name was spoken; and so the lady to whom it belonged probably thought; for an angry flush came to her check, and she answered, from an adjoining room, somewhat sharply, "Well, Dudley, what is it now?"

"What is it now? Why, the old tale, of course. Not a stocking can I find; and those I have on are thoroughly soaked."

"If you cannot find a pair of stockings, where there are a half-dozen, at least, it is your fault, not mine," returned the lady, rising slowly from her seat, and advancing into the bedroom. A sorry sight met her eyes. The contents of one drawer were heaped on the carpet, in strange confusion, while her husband was elbow deep in another, crushing, in his vigorous search, sundry snow-white shirt-bosoms, fresh from the ironing table.

"Oh, Dudley! pray stop. You *know* I don't keep your stockings in the shirt-drawer, nor with these things, either," she continued, gathering up the crumpled articles from the floor, and beginning to smooth them preparatory to laying them back in their place.

Mr. Grey looked on impatiently. "Well, I suppose I am to wait here the rest of the day, in these wet hose, while you arrange the drawers, am I?"

Mrs. Grey rose, flushed and troubled. "Dear me! no. I forgot your wet feet. But you are so provoking, Dudley. Why couldn't you have come to me for dry stockings, and not have made all this fuss for nothing? There;" and she opened a side-drawer, as she spoke, and tossed him a pair of hose; "and if you will only stretch your memory another time, sufficiently to recollect where your stockings are kept, or else call on me to get them for you, I shall be much obliged to you."

She left the room with a hasty step; and yet there was something in the expresssion of her face which betokened more of sorrow than of anger, as she seated herself again at the sewing, which had been interrupted by her husband's impatient and slightly imperious call upon her; for sad thoughts troubled her. Scenes like the above were getting to be of frequent occurrence, and the young wife was beginning to yearn for the old endearments and kindly words that were the bliss of her earlier wedded life. And yet she had been married but three years. A shade of deep sadness came over her face, as she recalled the fact. "Oh, dear! I never thought we would speak to each other in such a way," she sighed, taking up her work. "Is it my fault, I wonder."

Mrs. Grey's mind ran hastily over the past three years. It was not a long process, and by the time Mr. Grey had made his appearance in the room, holding daintily by the tips of his thumb and finger, the almost dripping hose, she had got far enough in her mental survey to be able to rise, with all traces of her anger gone, and a repentant tear half struggling for the mastery over the gentle smile with which she advanced towards her husband. Mr. Grey however was not looking at her; and merely waving her aside, rang the bell.

"Here, Jane," he said to the servant in waiting, "take these stockings, and bring up dinner immediately." He looked at his watch, as the girl left the room. "Ellen, it is past the dinner hour by fifteen minutes. It seems to me there might be more punctuality about the meals. It wasn't so when we were first married. Then I was always sure of regular hours, and—but, heigh-ho! nothing seems as it did then."

Mrs. Grey's heart beat rapidly and her color rose. "That is true, Dudley, I was just thinking so myself."

"Well, whose fault is it?" returned her husband, moodily. I am not conscious of any particular change as far as I am concerned."

The implication on herself was so pointed that Mrs. Grey could not but understand it, and the usual angry rejoinder was rising to her lips; but with a great effort she repressed it. She only sighed, and taking her place at the table, on which dinner had just been placed, the meal commenced in silence, Mr. Grey merely looking up in surprise that his wife offered no reply to his provoking speech, and looking down again, a little ashamed that he had made it.

Dinner was over. The street door had closed after the young merchant, and Mrs. Grey, with a heart heavy and a conscience ill at ease, resumed her sewing, and with it the serious reflections of the morning. The thought of the happy hours that had marked their short but blissful engagement; of her care to please Dudley in everything, even to the arrangement of her hair, and the choice of a ribbon or glove; how her sweetest tones and brightest smile were his, and how earnest had been her hope and her belief that once the sharer of his home, she should always delight in rendering him those little services that love is so quick to suggest and so prompt to offer. And once he had been absent from the city for three weeks, and she remembered the letters that passed between them, so full of affectionate confidence in the perfect adaptation of each to the other,—so lavish of promises to bear and forbear with each other's faults; to help each other in gaining more perfect control over self, and in cultivating all those qualities of mind and heart that should cause each to retain for the other the love and respect already so sweetly and completely won. As these remembrances of happier days came over her, Mrs. Grey instinctively arose, and unlocked a small writing desk, on a mosaic table near by, she took out a package of letters, and ran her eye over the familiar handwriting. Presently she became absorbed in the contents, and it was not until she had perused every one that she laid them aside. When she did so, it was with a bursting heart and a moistened eye. "My noble husband!" she exclaimed aloud; "a heart that could dictate such generous and exalted sentiments as these is too precious to be used as I have used it;" and memory once roused to the task, there came back to her the innumbered instances of pettish and wilful ways, on her part, that had each had its share in loosening the bonds of union between them and producing the present state of almost daily discord in their intercourse. Her husband was not naturally either impatient or imperious in his disposition. His indulgence had been unlimited, and his wife, presuming too far on his native kindness and goodness of heart, the effect had been a legitimate one. His patience, so sorely tried, had become exhausted, and his affection, so lightly trifled with, had begun to fail. No doubt he had not been wholly blameless, but his wife did not once admit this, in the bitterness of her self-upbraiding. She only saw, what was really the case, that had she by gentleness and sweetness of manner striven to retain the heart that her attractive qualities had once won, there had been no need of this hour of bitter self-reproach, and occasion for these repentant tears that brimmed her eyes.

As she sat pondering thus, in the midst of her gloomy reflections, a sudden thought stole to her heart, and a happy smile broke through her tears. "Can I not win him a second time?" she murmured. "Will not the sweetness and gentleness that he used to call so attractive in his poor little Nellie, and which was really genuine,—for I loved him so, and was so happy then,—will they not come back once more to me, and cause him to love me again with the old love? Oh, if it could only be so? And why may it not? It must—it *shall* be so. I see my fault, and I will begin to amend it from this very day, from this very moment."

She glanced at her watch. It wanted just thirty-five minutes of the usual tea honr. With a quick, light step, she passed out of the room, and went to the kitchen. A brisk fire and a hot oven awaited her.

"I am going to make some hot muffins, Kittie. Get me the flour as quick as you can; for it is getting late."

Kittie looked surprised at this strange movement on the part of her young mistress, but obeyed. While she was getting the necessary materials, Mrs. Grey pinned up the flowing drapery of her silk sleeves, washed her hands in a plentiful supply of pnre, soft water, donned an apron, and, in an incredibly short time, with the assistance of Kittie, who buttered the rings, the creamy compound was committed to the oven. With strict charge to Kittie to watch the baking, and an order to Jane to lay the table immediately, Mrs. Grey left the kitchen, and again entered the parlor. Now for Dudley's slippers and the evening paper," she said; and placing the former near the register, and procuring the latter from the hall table to lay it invitingly under the soft light of the shaded astral-lamp, she sat down to await her husband's coming.

The next moment she was up again. "He used to like me with flowers in my hair," she murmured; and selecting a simple white rosebud and a sprig of myrtle, from a vase of flowers that were shedding their fragrance through the room, she wove them into her dark curls with so happy an effect that she could not help blushing at the heightened loveliness which the mirror gave back, as she stood before it. Just then her husband's step was heard in the hall, and she flew back to the sofa.

"Ellen," he said, the next moment, half opening the door, "where is the paper? It isn't on the hall table, as it usually is."

"Here it is," answered Mrs. Grey, advancing with it in her hand.

"He took it from her with a kind "Thank you," and went to the closet for his slippers.

"They are over the register," said his wife, divining his errand. "See how nice and warm they are;" and she handed them to him as she spoke.

Mr. Grey this time looked surprised, as indeed he might, at this return to the usage of other days, when his slippers and paper were always ready at his coming; and taking them from her hand, he exclaimed, "Nice and warm? Indeed they are, Nellie. It makes me think of old times." He looked up as he spoke, and for the first time noticed the flowers in her hair. As he gazed, a happy smile and blush overspread the really beautiful face of the young wife.

"Charming! Why, Nellie, upon my word you are looking as young and handsome to-night as you did three years ago, or more. I shall have to make love to you all over again, I'm afraid,—Should you like it?" and he caught her playfully in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek more fond and lover-like than he had offered her for months.

"Like it?" echoed the blushing little lady, half nestling in his embrace; "of course I should like it, of all things; but there is the tea-bell." She was afraid to trust herself to say any more; for was not this old love making to which her husband playfully alluded, the very end to the accomplishment of which, henceforth, her whole heart was pledged.

The clock on the dining-room mantel, struck the hour just as they entered the apartment.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Grey. "True to a minute. There's nothing like punctuality in home arrangements, to men of business."

Mr. Grey had indeed been severely tried in this matter of punctuality, and his wife knew it, but had never given it much thought before. Now she was beginning to see her duty in a new light, and she mentally resolved that he should never

have reason to complain on this score again. The supper was a pleasant one. Mr. Grey praised the delicate, spongy muffins; and when Kittie came into the room, to supply something which had been forgotten, he complimented her on the unusual success.

"Sure, sir, and it's the mistress that made them," was the ingenuous reply, as Kittie bustled out of the room.

"I knew I could make them better than Kittie," said Mrs. Grey, "and I had an idea that you would like to taste some of my own manufacture again, it is so long since I attempted the feat."

"I might have known you made them, my dear," answered Mr. Grey, evidently pleased at the attention. "No one ever gave them just the taste that yours have. But it is so long, as you say, since you made any, that I wonder you retain your skill so admirably. Yes, they taste just as they used to in old times," he continued, transferring a fresh muffin to his plate.

Had Mr. Grey also been thinking of the old times of love and confidence, that he had thus referred, once and yet again, to them? Yes; for the hasty remark which he had made before dinner, and the unusually gentle spirit in which his wife had received it, had led him also to reflect on the existing state of things, and to long most earnestly for a return to the endearments and joys of other days. "It is partly my fault," he said to himself, in the generosity of his loving heart. "I was certainly to blame this morning. I ought to have been more patient with Nellie. She is young, poor thing, and perhaps the cares of a household are too much for her." With such thoughts in his mind, he was disposed to view everything, on his return that evening, in the most favorable light; resolved to say nothing, even in the event of waiting half an hour for supper—a circumstance not unusual; and to find everything so different from the common order—so like the old times of which he had been thinking—was cheering in the extreme. It puzzled him also. What good fairy had been at work, during his absence, to bring about this pleasing metamorphosis? And would he stay? While he was deep in this question the door-bell rang. Some one called to see Mr. Grey on business; and having finished supper, he went immediately to the door. Meanwhile Mrs. Grey proceeded to the parlor, and wheeling out a work-table, she spread over it a crimson damask cover, and placed the astral lamp in the centre; laid the evening journal and the last new book, which neither of them had read, beside it, and then, drawing two crimsoned-cushioned rocking-chairs invitingly near, she took her work from her basket, and seated herself in one of them, a faint hope dawning in her heart, and growing brighter and brighter as she glanced at the cosy look of the room, that her husband would offer to stay at home and read to her, as he used to do so long ago. She remembered with a sigh how seldom, for the last year or two, they had passed an evening together thus; and she tried to think that an unusual press of business, consequent upon his having become a partner in the firm with which he was connected, was the cause. And so it was, in part; but conscience added, "Not entirely." She bethought her of tardy tea hours, a source of irritation to her husband, which a reasonable care on her part might have prevented; the consequent expostulations on his side, and the indifferent or sullen retort on hers; resulting in his departure from the house as soon as tea was over, when often he had previously intended to pass the evening at home. Sometimes, too, she had objected to the book he wished to read to her, and petulantly accused him of want of sympathy with her taste in his selection, or else had complained of weariness, and, retiring to the sofa, had dozed away the hours, leaving him to the communion of his own thoughts, or the solitary perusal of a book which he had perhaps selected with a special reference to her taste. And all this, too, from no unnatural sourness of disposition or studied design to cause her husband unhappiness, but from sheer petulance and selfish thoughtlessness. These things the young wife recalled, and her face was beginning to look very sad, but she heard her husband's hand on the door-knob, and calling up all her brave and loving heart to the rescue, she greeted his entrance with her brightest smile.

"On my word, Nellie, this looks cosy. Wish I could stay and enjoy it; but one look at the paper and I'm off. Pity! I never was so driven in my life; but I hope business will be easier soon."

He looked over the paper, and was so absorbed in its details that he did not hear the sigh that his wife breathed, nor notice the look of disappointment on her face. She was not aware till then how much she had counted on the success of her loving, womanly device to detain him at her side. But it was some comfort that he had expressed a wish to remain, and that it was only business which prevented it. So, clearing the shadow from her brow, she looked up and replied cheerfully, as, having laid the paper aside, and exchanged slippers for boots, her husband bade her good night.

"I'll be back as early as possible, Nellie, he added; "but if I am detained beyond ten do not sit up for me."

As he spoke he made a slight forward movement, as though he would fain have kissed, instead of spoken, his good night; at least so Nellie thought, but perhaps she mistook. Ah, conscience was at work again! How well she remembered the last time he had kissed her goodbye on leaving her for the evening. It was months ago, and formed a sad episode in her married life; one which we will not record, and one which she would fain have forgotten forever. But that could not be; and it came back upon her now with a conviction of her own blame in the transaction which startled her. She raised her eyes to her husband imploringly. He was about leaving the room, but she sprang to his side and buried her face in his bosom.

"Dudley, dear husband," she murmured. "I was very foolish and wicked; will you forgive me?"

He understood her at once, and, stooping, kissed her affectionately. "Forgive you? Yes, darling, with all my heart. And now let us never think of that again." He added a few words, at once fond and hopeful, and left the room.

How relieved and comforted Nellie felt! She returned to her sewing, hardly regretting the lonely evening in prospect. A new life seemed opening before her. She had tasted once more the sweets of wedded love, and with a keener relish than in her happiest bridal hours, and the evening passed rapidly away, while she wove anew the old dreams, and filled the future with the radiant hopes that had mocked the past.

At nine her husband returned, so the crimsoned-cushioned rocking-chair had not been brought out quite in vain. He threw himself into it, and taking up the new book which still lay upon the table, a happy hour was spent in reading aloud from its contents; while Nellie sat by, plying her busy needle, and nursing in her heart bright hopes so newly born there. Once or twice Mr. Grey looked up from his book to watch her glowing face, so unconscious of his gaze; he was still more confirmed in his former conviction that some good fairy had taken possession of his home, and that the bright sunshine was fast coming back into it, radiant as ever. But even as he gazed a scheme entered into his mind, which, though it seemed almost cruel, he determined to carry out. "I will be in no haste," he said to himself, "to notice this change in my wayward little wife. I will feign blindness; and if it be genuine it will stand the test, nay, be all the firmer for it. If otherwise"—and the sigh that followed told how deeply his heart was interested in the result.

Days passed on, each bringing its joys and its trials to the heart of Nellie Grey. Yes, trials; for it was not easy to break at once the habits of petulance and waywardness which had been growing upon her for months. It was not always easy to repress an irritating remark, or curb an impatient emotion, amid the inevitable emotions attendant upon even the most smoothly-gliding household lot. Yet Nellie bore bravely on, neither discouraged, nor yet unduly elated, as at the outset she had been. She had learned that faults once harbored are tenacious of their place; and in her weakness she had gone humbly to the great Source of strength for light and grace. So daily her brow grew calmer and her smile sweeter. Still she could not see that her husband noticed her altered manner, and this was her greatest trial. True, he had shown her peculiar tenderness on the night from which she dated her determination to become a better wife; but since then there had been no marked demonstration of his awakened regard. O, how she longed to throw herself into his arms and tell him the yearnings of her heart for the old days! But something in his manner deterred her strangely. It was not coldness, nor indifference even, but a sort of hurried, abstracted mood, not altogether unusual with him when business was particularly pressing, and the poor little wife wondered how long it would last, and when the time would come that he would repay her earnest efforts with the loving appreciation of the old times. She never thought to blame him for this apparent absorption, for her penitence was too thorough to admit of this feeling. So she went on her way, content to wait, and sure, in her wifely heart of a happy issue at last.

And her husband? At first he rather enjoyed the part he was acting. It was pleasant to come home at noon, and at night, to find every want anticipated—sure of a smiling welcome and a cheerful room, though it must be confessed that sometimes he entered the house dreading lest the spell should have dissolved during his absence. But when nearly a month had passed and there was no abatement in the loving care and patient devotion of his wife, his heart began to reproach him for his project of feigned indifference, and he determined to bring this trial, becoming even more painful to himself than to the unconscious object of it, to a close. So that very evening, on leaving the tea-table, he followed his wife into the parlor, and, instead of one look at the paper and a hurried retreat from the house, he deliberately took off his coat and donned his dressing-gown, took possession of his crimson-cushioned rocking chair, and stretching his slippered feet over the register, uttered an emphatic "there"—as if defying the very fates to entice him from his comfortable position—and directed a meaning look at his wife.

Poor little Nellie! Her heart beat high with hope. Was he really intending to pass the evening at home? She longed to ask the question, but a strange, choking sensation in her throat prevented it. So she fluttered about the room like a trembling bird over its nest, her heart beating so very fast that it almost suffocated her. Her husband watched her awhile with a puzzled air.

"Come here, you flighty little thing," at length he said, laughing merrily. "Don't you want me to stay home with you to-night that you are keeping up such a mighty fuss and flutter as this? Come, I have something to say to you." He caught her hand as she advanced, and drawing her into her old accustomed seat upon his knees, covered her face with kisses. "My darling wife," he whispered, "you have conquered."

He was proceeding, when a sob from Nellie startled him. It was very foolish in the young wife, but, try as hard as she could, she was not able to keep back the swelling tears that almost burst her heart, and burying her face in her husband's bosom, she fairly sobbed aloud. Mr. Grey was not prepared for a demonstration like this, and his heart reproached him bitterly for the trial he had imposed upon his beloved wife. True, he had not dreamed how hard this trial had been, and his motive from the first had been a worthy one, but he felt almost self-reproved in the result. He soothed her with the tenderest expressions that his lips could frame, and when she was sufficiently calm to hear his confession, he told her of the part he had been acting for the last three weeks, and besought her forgiveness.

"Indeed, Nellie," he continued, "I did it from the best of motives. I thought it would be better in the end for both of us, but if I had known the degree of suffering I was inflicting, nothing would have tempted me to resort to it. But, Nellie, you have not been the only sufferer. It has been a hard trial to me also. If you knew how I had longed to tell you the effect of your constant and successful efforts to make our home happy and attractive, and yourself the most loveable little mortal that ever breathed, you would wonder how I could keep silent and seemingly apathetic so long. When I have beheld, day after day, your unceasing care for my comfort, your devoted, untiring attention to my wants, your victories over domestic difficulties and discouragements, and, more than all, the quiet, sweet-tempered spirit in which you have held on your way, notwithstanding you could see no appreciation of your efforts where you had a right to expect a cordial response to them, I have looked upon you with a wonder and admiration that you little dreamed. Nellie, I am proud of my wife!"—he drew her closer to his bosom—"nay, more, words cannot tell how tenderly I love her; not with the old love, it is true, for that was faint and cold compared with the regard, the devotion, which now sways and masters my whole soul. Before, I did not know you or your boundless capacity to make me happy. Now, I know and trust both."

Happy Nellie Grey!—too happy by far to speak her gladness, but the warm, beaming glance of her dark eyes, as she lifted them for an instant to her husband's face, and then dropped them as quickly, with the blushing bashfulness of the old times gathering over her beautiful features, said more than words. At length her emotions found voice, and touching indeed were the words of penitence and love that flowed from her lips. Thoughts that had brooded in her heart for weeks now found utterance, while her husband listened with a heart in which love and sympathy were equally blended.

"And now, dear Dudley," she added, in conclusion, "say again that you have forgiven your wilful, petulant little wife, and I think she may safely promise never to be so naughty again."

"She has already began to fulfil that promise most richly," answered the husband, sealing his pledge of forgiveness on the lips of the smiling pleader. "Nellie, you have the start of your husband in this matter. You were the first to see the evil clearly, and resolutely to try the cure; so, if you will insist on taking all the blame for whatever has gone wrong between us for the last year or so, you shall have all the credit of settling things right again."

"Not all, Dudley. You know it was something you said that day that led me to think of these things so seriously. You recollect the remark you made at dinner about the old times, and how nothing seemed as it used to then."

"Yes, and I recollect, also, blaming you for it. Nellie, I was a brute."

"You were nothing of the sort," answered Nellie, smiling; "only, as I told you, it did me good; for I resolved, from that day, to bring the old times back. In short, I determined to win you a second time. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," returned Mr. Grey, demurely; "not content with courting me once, you must go all over it again—victimize me afresh," and he heaved a mocked sigh.

"Now, that's too bad," answered Mrs. Grey, laughing in spite of herself, for she felt very serious; "listen to me now, and joke afterwards to your heart's content. For the first few days, it was easy and pleasant to keep my resolution; but, after a while, when I could not see that you noticed my efforts in the slightest degree, and things went wrong in the kitchen, and Jane left in such a hurry, and that dreadful headache of mine came on, I was tempted to give it up and go back to the old course again. I did speak impatiently to you once or twice one day; but, when evening came, I felt so unhappy about it that I determined to persevere, cost what it might. It was not in my own strength that I was able to do this, for, Dudley;" she continued, lowering her voice, "every morning and evening, and many times through the day, I have asked God to help me and strengthen me. At first I was not sure that my motive was exactly a right one, for I cared more about pleasing you, and winning your love, than about his approbation or blessing. But I felt that my heart was open to all kindly influences just then, and that perhaps I should come to a right feeling in regard

to it, and it was even so. In striving to become more worthy of your love, my dearest husband, I trust I have obtained, also, the love and blessing of that Heavenly Friend."

She paused suddenly, for she did not know how her husband would receive her words. He looked at her a moment in deep silence; then, bowing his head reverently over the clasped hands which he held in his own, he replied—"Thank you, dear Nellie, for this confidence. Be assured I prize you all the more for it, and God grant that your new found joy may be mine also."

Very sweet and full was the communion of the husband and wife in that hour of blessed reunion, but we draw a veil over its sacred revealings. Only God and his angels are worthy witnesses of a scene so hushed and holy. We will only add that, from that hour, a heavenly blessing came down and rested in the house of Dudley and Ellen Grey. And so, blest and blessing, loving and beloved, they passed their days. And when, at length, God's angel, death, called them away, each within a few hours of the other, it was to them only the gracious summons—"Come up higher!" and they went, nothing doubting that the earthly love, so sweet and holy here, would be renewed and cemented there; for, through it, each had been led into that heavenly love which is the only passport to the land where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

Talking about the tropics, "eternal Spring" is only found in a rubber factory.

As Sweden keeps her Stockholm she needn't send hither for horses or cattle.

Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion, "a wooden oath."

"Why am I like a compass?" asked a little fellow. "'Cause I'm boxed so often."

"People never cough after taking my medicine," advertises a Pennsylvania doctor. Is it so fatal as that?

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AX.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy ax, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the ax was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the ax. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his ax and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

"Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" asked a young lady of her lover. "No," said he, "but I've seen 'em kill mice."

An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquent subscribers by this touching sentence: "We must *dun*, or we must be *done*."

DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

"Well, well, that new bridge has gone just as was afeared it would," said old Isaac Baker, return'n from a walk down to the river's side one bright Sunday morning, while breakfast was preparing.

"You don't say, father," said a bright cheery woman who had come out to announce that the morning meal was prepared; "it's only two years this spring since it was built, and there was not such a terrible flood either now."

"No, there ain't much of a swell; the water has scarcely covered the flats; if the bridge had been any more'n half made, it would not ha' gone. I told em how it would be when that Jackson offered to build it for a third less than anybody else; but they *would* give it to the cheapest. I guess they'll see how it pays 'em now."

The conversation at the breakfast table turned principally on the washed-away bridge and the ruinous effects of half-done work generally. Little Abel, old Isaac's favorite grandchild, sat beside him and listened attentively to the numerous stories told of property lost, lives endangered, etc., all resulting from reckless indifference to the quality of work, only providing for the quantity. His head was full of it as he walked off to Sunday-school immediately after breakfast, having a mile and a half further to go through muddy lanes on account of the impossibility of crossing the river at the usual bridge.

By a strange coincidence, Abel thought, the superintendent took as his matter for the closing address the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." He enlarged considerably upon the importance, both temporally and spiritually, of taking the wise man's advice, and he had at least one interested listener that morning. Abel was a quiet, steady little fellow, fond enough of fun too in his own quiet way, but having in his heart a hearty dislike of study. As Abel listened to the superintendent, and recollected how often mother had chided him for just half-doing things, he resolved that he should give her occasion to do so no more; but then his lessons, he had not thought of them. He was not a very apt scholar, and it took him a long time to get his lessons so as to pass at school at all, and if he was to do it with all his might, he thought he'd have no time for anything else; but his teacher's advice pressed hard on him, and as he walked slowly homeward he repeated the text aloud to confirm the resolution he had made: "*Whatsoever* lessons, geography, sums, and all my hand findeth to do, I *will* do it well."

Ten years had passed, and Abel was a tall, lank, firmly knit youth of eighteen, hammering at a blacksmith's forge. See how black his face is, and how hard and black his hands have got; but there is a cheerful, determined look on his face that tells, even if you did not see how his arms go, that he is hammering that piece of iron with all his might. There is not an inch of laziness about him, every sinew is occupied, and by the deep, thoughtful look in his eyes, we would judge that he is thinking with all his might as well as working. Abel has done a great many things with all his might since we first saw him. He has gone to Christ with all his might, earnestly, prayerfully, and he will tell you joyfully that Christ was, as ever, true to his promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He studied well when he went to school, struggling manfully against the old distaste; and if he did not get the first prize at the examination, he got honorable mention as being the best behaved steadiest boy in school—and he was more than repaid. Wishing to be a blacksmith, he was bound to the master with whom he now works, a God-fearing, consistent man. With him as also very soon with willing Abel, for now inclination and duty went hand in hand,

> "Each morning saw some task begun,
> Each evening saw its close.
> Something attempted, something done,
> Had earned a night's repose."

And now the fame of the honest blacksmith and his thorough apprentice became known from the excellence of their work. It has reached the directors of a missionary board, who have resolved to build and fit out a mission ship. And they resolve that this Christian blacksmith shall have as much of the work to do as he can do. And now with what a zeal does Abel work; he has a double motive to work with all his might, for it is God's work as well as his master's. As he welds the links of the chain, he takes particular care that he does it *well*; for may not the lives of the missionaries who are to sail in it depend on their strength, and one of them is his own much loved Sabbath school teacher? And as he hammers he does not forget to pray that God may guard the lives of those missionaries and make them a blessing in the Southern isles for which they are bound.

* * * * * *

The ship groaned and creaked, heaved and tossed now gliding the waves, and anon plunged into a valley of water, only to remount the next mountain wave. The missionaries and their wives looked anxiously at each other. Was this to be the end? Their faith was failing. The captain looked grave the sailors apprehensive. "Let go the anchors," commanded the captain, and with a crouching "aboy!" the order was obeyed. A moment or two and they listen anxiously. Will it be able to withstand the pressure of the water, the pull of the ship? No. A fierce wave, a loud crack, the chain has snapped, the ship is again at the mercy of the waves! "Let go another." Alas! there is no better success. Another and another, and still they break. And now there is only one smaller than the others, whose chain is less than one-half the circumference of the other. They all look doubtingly at it. It seems no use trying that slender thing, when the strong machinery chains were unable to stand the storm. "Try it," said one of the missionaries; "Abel Baker made it." It was Abel's teacher who went to the vessel's side to watch the result. It seemed their last hope. The wind was fast bearing them on to the breakers, and in a short time they must all perish if this chain breaks. How anxiously they watch it! It has touched the bottom, the sailors say, but it yields not. The chain swings backwards and forwards, but the anchor is safe at the bottom, and the chain will not break. They are saved, and the missionaries gather together to thank God for their deliverance, while one proudly says, "It was Abel Baker my scholar, made that chain." And hundreds to whom these missionaries carried the Gospel of peace lived to thank God for their safety, and Abel Baker for the instrument—the strongly welded chain. Abel Baker is now a wealthy, prosperous man, still serving God with all his might, and attending to his business too with all his might. It has been illustrated well in his case, "Them that honor me I will honor."

The Glory of the Pines.—Magnificent nay, sometimes almost terrible! Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay under a great Alpine cliff, far from all houses or works of men, looking up to its companies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledge of the enormous wall; its quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the wall of Hades, not knowing each other, dumb forever.

You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never hear human voice; they are far above all sounds but the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaves of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the vacancy and the rocks; yet with such an iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride, unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin.*

O, ye who sigh to set your lives with the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, *God has appointed you a work where you are.*

Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew, upon the characters around her.

She may little comprehend what a silent force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known."

But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal galleries, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word, the doors shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold and understand."—*Home Magazine.*

.... Even in the harem where they are captives, women busy themselves constantly with that beauty which alone keeps them in slavery. —*Bourdon.*

.... Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—*Bulwer.*

1863.

TERRIBLE FIRE IN SANTIAGO.

BURNING OF THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS, WITH TWO THOUSAND WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

One of the most horrible calamities that has ever fallen upon any people occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, on the night of the 8th of December last.

The Church of the Jesuits, in which was being celebrated the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, was destroyed by fire, and with it were burned and suffocated *over two thousand women and children.*

A few minutes before seven, and when the religious performance was about to commence, they were still lighting the last lights in the chancel, when the portable gas in the half moon of canvas and wood that formed the pedestal of a colossal image of the Virgin Mary began to burn one of the extremities of the apparatus. Some one rushed on the rising flame and succeeded in smothering it, but by a fatal rebound the gas, compressed by the effort, burst out with redoubled vigor at the other extremity of the false half-moon. Immediately a fierce flame rushed up. The persons who thronged the chancel flew towards the sacristy crying 'water, water,' whilst the women, who filled the nave, arose in tumultuous confusion screaming for help.

The fire spread with wonderful rapidity to the *reredos* of wood and hangings, and thence attracted by the current of air that always circulates between the upper boarding and the roof, rolled through the church. In a few moments all over head was a mass of flames. In the meantime the men had succeeded in escaping; for in this church the sexes were separated by an iron grating, and the women had fled as far as the middle of the church in a state of the most terrible confusion. But the headlong hurry, the fainting, the obstruction of the bell-shaped dresses, and the frantic eagerness to gain the street, formed an impenetrable barrier before the two doors, which, by a culpable imprudence, gave access to the free air only towards the open space in front and the small court of the west side of the church. That obstacle was the barrier of death.

And now what appeared most horrible was that, seeing the salvation of lives within reach of our arms, it was impossible to save even one of the victims piled one upon another on the very threshold.

Hardly had the noble men who devoted themselves to save lives at the peril of their own, seized by the arms or the clothes a prostrate form than the other women, mad with terror, from the nearness of the fire, clutched the victim about to be saved, and in some cases dragged those who came to help them into the fiery vortex.

It was almost impossible to extricate even one from that heap of despairing wretches and undo that ghostly knot. But the fire accomplished that which baffled man, and the passage into the doomed church was not cleared until that impenetrable phalanx of precious, beautiful life was a handful of cinders.

At midnight the smoking ruins of the fatal temple, so soon a silent charnel house, was visited, and by the light of a lantern every slip showed to the appalled gaze fearful groups of carbonized corpses, that preserved still the supplicating or despairing attitude of their frightful martyrdom.

In another account from the same paper is found more of the sickening details and fuller particulars. We give it entire:

A dreadful visitation has fallen upon us. Truly this is a day of trouble and rebuke for blasphemy. The voice of lamentation is heard all over the land; the bitter weeping of fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers, for those who were the joy and brightness of their life, that refuses to be comforted because they are not. Hundreds of young girls, only yesterday radiant and beautiful in the luxuriant bloom of the fresh, hopeful spring of life, are to-day calcined, hideous corpses, horrible, loathsome to the sight, impossible to be recognized.

The 8th of December was a great triumph for the clergy of the Church of the Jesuits in Santiago. An enthusiastic audience filled every nook. There were hardly any men there; but three thousand women, comprising the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital, were at the feet of the ecclesiastics, very many against the will of fathers and husbands; but that, of course, only showed forth the power and might of the Gospel. Never had such pyrotechny been seen before; twenty thousand lights, mostly camphene, in long festoons of colored globes, blazed the church into a ball of fire. But the performance had not yet begun when the crescent of fire at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar overflowed, and, climbing up the muslin draperies and paste-board devices to the wooden roof, rolled a torrent of flame.

The suddenness of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, frightened out of their senses, numbers fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed, as those who knew that death was at their heels, to the one door, which soon became choked up. Fire was everywhere. Streaming along the wooden ceiling, it flung the camphene lamps, hung in rows there, among the struggling women.

In a moment the gorgeous church was a sea of flame. Michael Angelo's fearful picture of hell was there, but exceeded. Help was all but impossible; a Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches, who, piled one above another, as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastened the grip of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to bear the most harrowing sight that ever seared human eyeballs—to see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death, that appalled the stoutest heart of man, within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them. It was maddening—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames came on; and then, while some already dead with fright were burned in ghastly indifference, others in their horrible agony—some in prayer—were tearing their hair and battering their faces. Women, seized in the embraces of the flames, were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical delusion: first dazzlingly bright, then horribly lean and shrunk up, then black statues, rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the walls, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock; and then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones. Oh, what a sight the fair, placid moon looked down upon! Closely packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven; the ghastly phalanx of black statues, twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as if imploring mercy; and then, of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with their lower parts entirely untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with an arm or foot unsheathed.

The silence, after those piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry—over two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God.

A SNOW STORM IN AUGUST.—Lieut. Gov. Bross of Illinois thus describes in the Chicago Tribune one of the novel experiences of the Colfax party in their Colorado trip:

We had a delightful ride of 75 miles on Monday, and spent the night at Camp Witters, directly under the Boulder Pass. The early morning found us climbing the range, but within an hour after starting a driving snow storm enveloped us for two hours or more, continuing till we reached the summit. Of course we were cheated out of the magnificent views to be had from this pass, for, being nearly 13,000 feet high, the timber land is far below, and one can get a view from this pass much more extensive and grand than from the Berthoud. But to be for three or four hours in a severe snow storm on the 18th day of August, was an incident which seldom if ever occurs in a lifetime, and in some measure compensates for our other loss. About 1500 feet below the summit on the east side, we came on a ridge not more than a rod or two wide between the north and south Boulder creeks; the sun came out in all his grandeur and a halt was called for lunch. This is certainly one of the most delightful spots on the mountains. Right below a thousand feet, nestling amid grassy and pebbly shores, was a beautiful lake, forming the head of the South Boulder creek. The everlasting mountains were above and beneath us, while the angry storm clouds seemed to roll away, willing to give us a view of this magnificent scene. Here we rested for an hour, and, admonished by the blackness of the heavens gathering before us not to be in a thunder cloud on the naked spur of the mountain over which we had next to pass, we rode forward; but scarcely had we begun to descend when a severe snow storm again fell upon us for the next hour. Lower down it turned into rain, which for the next ten miles made our ride decidedly hard and most uncomfortable, in striking contrast to that rest and pleasure after which our party supposed themselves to be seeking. Col. Dodge, the agent of the Rollins Mining Company, at the town of Boulder, received us kindly, and soon his warm fire and generous hospitality made us forget the little "unpleasness" through which we had just passed. 1863

THE PIRATE SHENANDOAH IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

Terrible Blow to New Bedford.

A dispatch from San Francisco, dated 20th inst., reports the arrival at that port of ship Milo, of this port, Capt. Hawes, twenty-eight days from the Arctic ocean, with the crews of several whaleships, which were destroyed by the pirate Shenandoah in June. The Sheuandoah was continuing her wholesale destructiou of whalers, and would probably soon destroy the fleet, numbering sixty vessels. Her commander was informed of Lee's surrender and of the collapse of the rebellion, but did not believe it. He believed in Mr. Lincoln's assassination, for he expected it. The Shenandoah coaled last at Melbourne. She was manned by English and Irish sailors. Some of the captured whalemen joined her.

The following vessels are reported captured, and "most of them burued:" Ships Hector, Capt. Chase; Abigail, Capt. Nye; Euphrates, Capt. Hathaway; William Thompsou, Captain Smith; Sophia Thornton, Capt. Tucker; and bark Jireh Swift, Capt. Williams, of this port; and ship Edward Cary aud brig Susan Abigail of San Francisco. The above is probably but a small portion of the number destroyed, and if no others have been destroyed, their loss is but small compared with the dispersal of the entire northern fleet and the loss of the season's catch, which is incalculable not only to our merchants but to the entire community. This is a more severe blow than New Bedford has experienced since the British invasion and destruetion of the shipping and business part of the town in 1788. It took many years for the place to recover from the effect of that wanton raid, and now, our city being on the decline, this second act of British vandalism is doubly severe.

Some months ago a communication was addressed by Messrs. Williams & Haven of New London, in behalf of the Pacific whaling interests, to the navy department, setting forth the danger of the fleet being attacked by the Shenandoah, and answer was received that several naval vessels were then in the Pacific ocean, and others were on their way to join the squadron, and no danger need be apprehended. Many war risks have been cancelled by the owners of vessels on this assurance of safety. Still there is no available force now at hand to cope with the pirate. The present wholesale destruetion of vessels will doubtless incite the government to do as much as to lock the barn now that the horse has beeu stolen, aud we have confidence that the Pacific will in a few months swarm with our cruisers, and the pirates will either be driven from the seas or ruu up to the yard arm.

The total value of the vessels belonging to this port was $237,000, and the total insurance amounts to but $116,425. War policies had been cancelled and ceased by limitation amounting to about $80,000. There is much excitement among our merchants and at the insurance offices, and no more war risks will be taken on vessels cruising in the Pacific and Arctic oceans until further advices are received. We hope the English government, which has for more than four years been a most damaging foe to the prosperity of this nation, will at some future day be obliged to make good our losses by these pseudo-confederate, but really British freebooters, with compound interest.

LATER. 1865

A dispatch received by Messrs. Swift & Allen, from Capt. Williams, of barque Jirch Swift, dated San Francisco 20th, states that his vessel was burued by the pirate off Cape Thaddeus 22d Juue. She had taken 400 barrels whale oil thus early in the seasou.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—One hundred and ten years ago, there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Then, what is the most flourishing part of Americea was as little known as the country around the mysterious mountains of the moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioncers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those grand exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in history of the two worlds in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizou no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America! Steam-engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of men. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century just passed has been allotted more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

Frightful Calamity in Pennsylvania.

A Coal Mine at Plymouth on Fire.

Two Hundred and Two Men Shut Up in the Mine.

Fears that all of them have been Suffocated.

There is great excitement at Scranton, Pa., in consequence of the burning of a coal breaker at the Avondale mine in Plymouth, about 20 miles south of Scranton. There are about 200 men and boys in the mine, and the shaft, which is their only means for escape, is choked up by forty feet of burning coal and rubbish. Ventilation is totally stoped.

A despatch from Plymouth gives the following account of the disaster:

A fire broke out this (Monday) morning in a flue in the bottom of the Stuben shaft, owned by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, in this place, and in a short time the whole breaker and outbuildings were in flames, and the hoisting apparatus, the only avenue of escape for the miners, was destroyed. All efforts to stay the flames were unavailing and the whole structure fell, partly filling up the shaft. Over 200 men are in the shaft and have no communication out, with no chance for air, as the only way of getting air into the shaft was through the main opening, and that was filled with burning timbers and debris.

It is feared that the whole number have been suffocated by smoke or perished for want of air. The fire departments of Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Kingston are on hand and are playing streams down the shaft for the purpose of quenching the fire there, so that the rubbish can be cleared out and the condition of the men ascertained. It will probably take until to-morrow morning before any tidings can be received from there. The scene at the shaft is heart-rending.

Miners from all parts of the country are there at work, and in fact the whole population of the town have turned out to assist. The loss by the fire will amount to about $100,000, which is partly covered by insurance. All the physicians in this vicinity have been summoned to attend when the condition of the men is ascertained. The affair has cast a gloom upon the whole community and business is almost entirely suspended. The miners only resumed work to-day, after a suspension of about three months. Among the men in the mines is Mr. Hughes, Superintendent.

After the rubbish from the bottom of the shaft was cleared away two miners descended in a bucket and sent word up to send down a pick and shovel to clear the doors with.

The bucket was brought up and two men started down with the tools. As they started the men at the bottom requested them to hurry, and on their reaching the bottom both were found dead. No hopes are entertained for the men in the shaft. All are supposed to have perished. The black damp is very bad here.

A despatch from Scranton dated at 10 P. M. yesterday says:

The latest information from the Avondale mines states that the shaft was cleared, and two men went down and penetrated sixty and seventy yards to the closed gangway door, which they could not force open. They found three dead mules outside the door, and sulphurous fumes were pouring out through the door. No signs of life were discovered, and it is feared all are dead.

Experts agree that the fire must have communicated from the ventilating furnace to the wood work at the bottom of the shaft, which is 327 feet below the surface. The engineer barely escaped with his life. The buildings covering the mouth of the shaft were 100 feet high and 200 feet long, all of wood and dry as tinder. They were almost instantly enveloped in flames, and it was impossible to reach the mouth of the shaft to help the men below. All who attempted to go down are now out alive, except Williams and Jones. No further attempt will be made to go down until a small engine is rigged.

This mine has been involved in a strike for over three months, but resumed work last Thursday, and was producing 450 tons of coal per day. The works were built in 1867, and it will take from four to six months to rebuild. It will take until 5 A. M. to-morrow (Tuesday) to get the small engine at work at the mouth of the shaft and force air in through a canvas hose. All who have been down say it is very hot, and loud calls have failed to elicit an answer. The only hope for 202 men in the mine is that they may have shut themselves in a remote part of the workings, entirely away from the draft. Several hundred men with tools were taken from here this evening, with the idea of driving the gangway from the neighboring mine into the Avondale workings, but as it must be a solid rock cutting, this means would probably not release the imprisoned men in time. The distance to be cut is variously estimated from twenty to sixty feet, and the time required two or three days. It has been feared that the ventilating furnace at Avondale would some day fire the shaft, as it was a very dry mine. The danger to life is very great in a mine which has but one means of entrance and exit. It is thought that the Avondale is but one of many mines in the same condition.

A New England Earthquake.—About five o clock yesterday morning a distinct shock of earthquake was experienced in this city. Various persons, who noticed the phenomenon, have given different descriptions of the sensation or effect; some stating that they were aroused from sleep by a dull, heavy sound, like the result of an explosion, followed by a perceptible jarring of the earth. There seemed to be two separate shocks, the first being the heavier, and accompanied by a slight rocking motion, similar to that produced by slight waves upon a boat, lasting about three seconds, and followed by a weaker, although readily perceptible, one of shorter duration. The vibrations seemed to be from east to west.

The earthquake was still more sensibly felt in some other portions of New England, and is described as having been accompanied by manifestations of a most decided character in Boston and vicinity, being attended by the shaking of doors, windows, &c.

Our dispatches also state that the phenomenon was observed, as being a most unusual occurrence, in nearly all parts of New England, but nothing is said of its having been noticed in other parts of the country. It will be remembered that it is just about a year since the destructive earthquake occurred in California, and a similar occurrence has been predicted by some writer within a few months, as likely to take place about this time.

This prediction or theory was founded on the fact that the earthquakes which occurred in 1727 and 1755 were preceded by terrible storms, such as visited portions of the country some weeks ago. However much of reason there may have been in this method of propheey, it seems that those portions of New England which were most affected by the recent great storm received the most noticeable "shaking" yesterday morning. In Augusta, Me., for instanee, the shock was so marked that, in the words of the dispatch, "Nearly every one was awakened, door bells rang and buildings were shaken," while at Rockland, in the same state, "In many cases, dwellings were shaken so as to rattle doors, windows and furniture." A Concord dispatch says:

"A shock of earthquake, pronounced the severest ever felt in Concord, occurred here at half-past five, railroad time, this morning. It passed from north to south, and lasted about thirty seconds. No damage was done, although beds and other articles of furniture, and even buildings themselves, were shaken. Children generally were frightened from their beds, and in several instanees adults were seized with terror.

The Story of a Wreck.

The number of shipwrecks and disasters at sea is relatively far below what it formerly was. Improved marine architecture, more accurate instruments, and superior knowledge of the art of navigation, assist in keeping down the average of calamity; and the application of steam, the use of iron in ship-building—especially on the compartment principle—and the increasing stores of meteorological and topographical information within reach of the seaman, all tend to safety. Now and then, however, we hear of a catastrophe that recalls the dismal experience of the past. Such an instance is that of the ill-fated brig *Shelehoff*, which was found floating water-logged in the Pacific, near the Sandwich Islands, some weeks ago. The wreck was seen one morning by the look-out on board the steam-ship *Moses Taylor*, from Japan, bound for San Francisco. A solitary man was taken off the brig, the only survivor of her crew and passengers. He was the Captain of the *Shelehoff*, Luder Hopken, and although, when rescued, he was at the very door of death, he has recovered so far as to be able to tell his story.

The *Shelehoff* cleared from San Francisco for Callao on the 22d of July last. Her cargo consisted of lumber, and her crew of the Captain, two mates, a steward, and four sailors. There were likewise four passengers. Rough, but not dangerous, weather attended the beginning of the passage, but on the 1st of July there was a dead calm. The master employed this in a way common on shipboard, by painting his boats and otherwise setting things in order. In clearing away for the purpose he had the hawser coiled up and stowed in the forecastle; and this act was providentially the means of saving the Captain's life and of prolonging the lives of others. On the 3d of July the ship was overtaken by heavy squalls. Canvas was rapidly shortened, until at last by nightfall the *Shelehoff* was under bare poles. But even this brought no safety. The wind and sea increased to prodigious violence, and it became evident that the vessel was caught in a cyclone. On the morning of the 4th of July the *Shelehoff* was on her beam ends, the sea making a clean breach right over her. It seemed certain that she would founder, and, but for the lumber, she doubtless would have done so. By night, with infinite labor, the masts were cut away, and the ship partially righted. But the lumber on the "tween" decks had got loose, and carried away the sky-lights, wheel-house, and companion-way, and had jammed up the entrance to the cabin. It was found that this was quite immovable, and that it was impossible to get at either provisions or water. Meanwhile the brig was filled by the sea, and her stern, where there was less lumber, had settled deeply, and was completely washed by every wave.

In this desperate condition, without food or drink, or control over their vessel, and out of the track of any probable passing sail, it is little wonder that the luckless mariners thought their case hopeless. Still, they battled vigorously for life. A barrel of tongues and sounds floated up to them. They managed to get from the hold two half barrels of salmon and a box of stareh. The water-butts were stove in, and not a drop could be had from them. A sail was, however, rigged in such a way that some rain water could be caught. The lumber being lighter than the vessel, and the latter full of water, now began to press the deck and sides asunder, and the peril was imminent that the *Shelehoff* would go to pieces. At this moment the hawser came into play. It was lashed seven times around the entire hull of the brig, and the threatened danger was thus warded off. Yet, although safe for the time from drowning, the crew were now tormented by thirst. In vain the Captain begged them not to drink salt water. Some of the miserable men swallowed quantities of it. Then great boils burst out on their bodies, they were attacked by dysentery, and presently died in raging madness. In spite of all the privations endured, it was not until the 17th of October, nearly four months from the time the *Shelehoff* was thrown on her beam-ends, that the last survivor, except the Captain, expired. This was a passenger by the name of Ashley Crane. After his death the Captain gave up all hope, and lay down, hoping soon to follow his last companion. It was ordained otherwise, for he was saved by the people of the *Moses Taylor*, who found him in a state of insensibility. The story of the wreck of the *Shelehoff* is a very pitiful one, and has a resemblance to those old-fashioned chronicles, which, for the reasons named, seldom find parallels in our own day.

IN WASHINGTON'S MEMORY

THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH DULY KEPT AS A HOLIDAY.

WASHINGTON.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Honored and loved—the patriot and the sage,
Born for thy own and every coming age,
Thy country's champion—Freedom's chosen son,—
We hail thy birthday,—glorious Washington.

Nurtured in courage, industry and truth,
Thy noble childhood and thy generous youth,
Like spring's sweet blossoms on the sturdy tree,
Gave early promise of the fruit to be;
And well it ripened, as the years rolled on,—
And stood in manhood, glorious Washington.

Dark was the storm that gathered far and wide,
When rose in threatening might the oppressor's pride:
And men, brave-hearted, stood, in battle strong,
Resolved to avenge the right, and smite the wrong.
Fierce was the fight, and many a hero fell;
Green are their laurels, and they earned them well;
Nursed in the lap of hardship,—sternly taught
To value great ideas and high, free thought,—
With noble sacrifice they staked their all,
To stand with Freedom, or with her to fall;
And many a patriot-mother gave her son,
But one alone gave glorious Washington.

Keep ye his memory green—preserve his fame:
Live in his spirit; love his honored name;
Teach lisping childhood how the warrior stood—
A tower of strength, 'mid scenes of strife and blood;
Let men and mothers to their infants tell
How freedom triumphed and oppression fell,
When he—the Chieftain of the brave and free—
Led out our troops to joy and victory.
No son was his, to bear his cherished name,—
No son, thank God! to bring his father shame;
But every patriot is a worthy son
To bear thy name and title—Washington.

They bear their honors well—these sons of ours—
Trained by fierce fight to show sublimer powers;
Taught, like the eagle, when the storm beats high,
With stronger wing to cleave the threatening sky,
And reach through raging winds the cliffs above,
Where dwell serenely liberty and love;—
Grow strong, through toil, to bear our banners on,
As he once bore them—glorious Washington.

This storm will pass. The flag, in battle torn,
Will wear new honors, by our sons upborne;
Fast anchored on the right,—a glorious Rock,—
The cause of Freedom shall not feel the shock
That aims its force against the Ship of State;—
Weak billows, vain your vengeance; vain your hate!
More patriot-mothers have more sons to send;
More noble hearts have treasures still to spend;
More patriot sinews have more strength to give;
More loving hearts have loving lives to live;
And Freedom shall not lack a faithful son
To track thy steps, O! glorious Washington.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER. In the summer of 1779, Washington, exploring alone one day the position of the British forces on the banks of the Hudson, ventured too far from his own camp, and was compelled by a sudden storm and the fatigue of his horse, to seek shelter for the night in the cottage of a pious American peasant, who, greatly struck with the language and manner of his guest, and listening at the door of his chamber, overheard the following prayer from the father of his country:

And now, Almighty Father, if it is Thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for Thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of Him whom Thou hast called Thy beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done.—*M'Guire's "Religious Opinions and Character of Washington."*

The Funeral of Washington.

A copy of the Ulster county (N. Y.) *Gazette*, of January 4th, 1800, contains an account of the funeral of Washington, from which we take the following extract, which will be read with interest at this time:—

"A multitude of persons assembled for many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief." * *

"In the long and lofty *Portico*, where the Hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was incribed SURGE AD JUDICIUM—about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Departed this life, on the 19th December,
1799, Æt. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corps was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed and moved in the following order:

Cavalry,
Infantry,
Guard,
Music,
Clergy,
} With arms reversed.

The General's horse with his saddle, holsters, and pistols.

Cols.	Pallbearers.	CORPSE.	Pallbearers.	Cols.
Simms, Ramsay, Payne,				Gilpin, Marsteller, Little.

Mourners.
Masonic Brethren,
Citizens.

When the Procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the Vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the armies of the United States and to the departed Hero."

GIFTS TO OUR SOLDIERS BY THE PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF THE NORTH.—*Letter from General Washington.*—The U. S. Sanitary Committee, in speaking of the contributions of the women of the North, state that the gifts which, especially when sick and wounded, the men have sent to them from the women at home, can but have an ennobling influence upon them, and the aid given in this manner to the army, must create in all those from whom it proceeds, an interest in and sympathy with the army, and with its objects, which will prepare them constantly for greater sacrifices and more resolute devotion to the Government, should it be needed. How well Washington understood this, the following letter, written by his own hand at the time when he must have been overloaded with business of the grandest importance, gives evidence. It has never before been published:

Copy of a Letter from Gen. Washington to Mrs. Bache, (Daughter of Franklin.)

HEAD Q'RS IN BERGEN, N. J., *14th of July*, 1780.

MADAM: I have received with much pleasure—but not till last night—your favor of the 4th, specifying the amount of the subscriptions already collected for the use of the American soldiery.

This fresh mark of the patriotism of the Ladies entitles them to the highest applause of their country. It is impossible for the army not to feel a superior gratitude on such an instance of goodness. If I am happy in having the concurrence of the Ladies, I would propose the purchasing of coarse linen, to be made into shirts, with the whole amount of their subscription. A shirt extraordinary to the soldier will be of more service to him than any other thing that could be procured him; while it is not intended to, nor shall, exclude him from the usual supply which he draws from the public.

This appears to me to be the best mode for its application, provided it is approved of by the Ladies. I am happy to find you have been good enough to give us a claim on your endeavors to complete the execution of the design. An example so laudable will certainly be nurtured, and must be productive of a favorable issue in the bosoms of the fair, in the sister States.

Let me congratulate our benefactors on the arrival of the French fleet off the harbor of Newport on the afternoon of the 10th. It is this moment announced, but without any particulars, as an interchange of signals had only taken place.

I pray the Ladies of your family to receive, with my compliments, my liveliest thanks for the interest they take in my favor.

With the most perfect respect and esteem, I have the honor to be, madam,

Your obedient and humble servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

The mercury in Boston early yesterday morning fell to 4° below zero; at 7 A. M. it was at zero; at 2 P. M. 15° above, and at midnight 31°—27° warmer than at midnight Monday.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a log of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard in regular vociferations of:

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said:

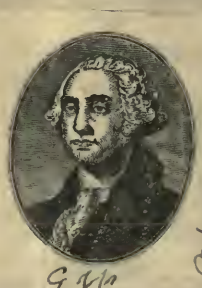
"Sir, I am Corporal."

"You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said:

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was astonished. It was Washington who thus addressed him!



Born February 22, 1732.

Died December 14, 1799.

G. W.

He maintained a grand and stately manner of living such as no president since his day has ventured upon. His own letters and the memoirs of the time show this. Of the house he occupied in Philadelphia while that city was the seat of government he said in a letter to his secretary:

"It is I believe *the best single house in the city.* Yet without additions it is inadequate to the commodious accommodation of my family. These additions I believe will be made. * * * There are good stables, *but for twelve horses only*, and a coach house which will hold all my carriages."

He habitually used a coach and six on state occasions. His receptions were formal and ceremonious to a degree that would provoke a storm of indignation against a president now-a-days. His Philadelphia levees are thus described:

"At three o'clock, all the chairs having been removed, the door was opened, and the president, usually surrounded by members of his cabinet or other distinguished men, was seen by the approaching visitor standing before the fire-place, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, coat and breeches of plain black velvet, white or pearl-colored vest, yellow gloves, a cocked hat in his hand, and a long sword, with a finely wrought and glittering steel hilt, the coat worn over it, and its scabbard of polished white leather. On these occasions he never shook hands, even with his most intimate friends. The name of every one was distinctly announced, and he rarely forgot a person who had been once introduced to him. The visitor was received with a dignified bow and passed on to another part of the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed, the gentlemen present moved into a circle, and he proceeded, beginning at his right hand, to exchange a few words with each. When the circuit was completed he resumed his first position and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed, and retired."

Washington's Birthday in Rome.

The birthday of Washington was celebrated in Rome by about fifty Americans and several invited guests, in a truly patriotic manner, who enjoyed a dinner party at the rooms of the American Club. Thomas Buchanan Reed, the artist-poet, presided, and opened the intellectual festivities of the evening with a brief speech, in which he drew a parallel between the ancient republican institutions of Rome and those of our own country. The first regular toast of the evening was: "The Memory of Washington," which was responded to by Dr. C. F. Winslow, of Boston, in a speech of great interest, which was heartily applauded. The second regular toast, "The President of the United States," was spoken to by J. E. Freeman, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected American artists now living in Rome. The third toast was, "The Memory of Abraham Lincoln," responded to by Dr. Sharpless, of Philadelphia. The fourth toast, "The Pope—the government which protects us," was responded to by the celebrated artist, George Healey. The fifth toast was, "The Army of the United States," responded to by Mr. Farrell, late United States Consul at Cadiz. Mr. S. B. M. Sands, a son of Admiral Sands, responded for the Navy. The seventh toast was, "The Fine Arts," to which the well known sculptor, Randolph Rogers, spoke; and the eighth and last of the regular toasts was, "Our Countrywomen," which met with a general response, the President reciting the following poem:

Feb. 22. 1870

An angel wandered out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of paradise
Made luminous the auroral air;
And, walking in his awful guise,
Met the Eternal Father there;
Who, when He saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love through all those bowers of light.
While deep within his trancéd spell,
Our Eden sire lay slumbering near,
God saw, and said: "It is not well
For man alone to linger here."
Then took that angel by the hand,
And with a kiss its brow He prest,
And whispering all His mild command,
He laid it on the sleeper's breast;
With earth enough to make it human,
He chained its wings and called it WOMAN.

☞ Let a person take up and read through Irving's Life of Washington, and get his glimpses of the revolution through that life, and it will certainly give him courage and strength. He will find that no man connected with the government to-day is half so much maligned and abused as Washington was by the men of his time—that rancor and hatred, such as were leveled at him, are to-day unknown out of the precincts of treason. He will find prevalent everywhere the same impatience, the same caviling spirit, the same cursing and scolding. There were men, then, as now, who could see nothing good in public men, and nothing laudable in public policy. There were men then, as now, who assumed the censorship of all movements, and could find nothing good in any. Yet Washington and his associates stand to-day the glorified objects of our reverend love; and we have no doubt that the men who are at the head of affairs to day are to take their place among the canonized immortals whom grateful patriotism will never permit to die. We say this none the less heartily because the common scolds will turn up their noses at the bare suggestion.

It is easy to sit at home and scold. It is easy to do nothing while others are crushed down by cares of state, or are sacrificing ease and comfort in the camp, and periling life and limb in deadly conflict. We say it is easy to sit at home—nay, it may be easier still to sit in the editor's chair—and scold; but it is meaner than any other thing mentionable. If there ever lived a set of men who deserved the sympathy and the moral support of their fellow countrymen, then those who are engaged in putting down this great rebellion deserve them. The largest charity should be extended to them, and the firmest trust reposed in them. Our hope, under God, must be in them; and even if they should not all be what they ought to be, they are the best we have, and it is impossible to decide impartially upon their fitness for their posts to-day. No man to-day is in possession of the facts that will enable him to decide fully as to the merits of those who are at the head of the civil and military affairs of this country.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Westmoreland (Va.) correspondent of the Richmond Whig has seen an authentic copy of an entry of the birth of Washington in the Bible of his mother, in the following words: "George Washington, son to Augustine and Mary his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 1732, about 10 in the morning, and was baptized the 3d of April following, Mr Beverly Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks, godfathers, and Mrs Mildred Gregory, godmother."

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF NORTHERN SOLDIERS.

In a letter of Washington to his friend Lund, in June, 1776, occurs the following passage, in which he most graphically describes the peculiarities of Northern and Southern men as soldiers, and gives a preference for the qualities of the Northern men, the justice of which the present campaign is likely to verify:

"We have lately had a general review, and I have much pleasure in informing you that we made a better appearance, and went through our exercises more like soldiers, than I had expected. The Southern states are rash and blameable in the judgment they form of their brethren of the four New England states. I do assure you, with all my partiality for my own countrymen, and prejudices against them, I can but consider them as the flower of the American army. They are strong, vigorous, and hearty people, inured to labor and toil, which our people seldom are; and though our hot and eager spirits may suit better in a sudden and desperate enterprise, yet, in the way in which wars are now carried on, you must look for permanent advantages only from that patient and persevering temper which is the result of labor. The New Englanders are cool, considerate, and sensible, whilst we are all fire and fury. Like their climate, they maintain an equal temperature, whereas we cannot shine but we burn. They have a uniformity and stability of character to which the people of no other states have any pretensions; hence they must and will always preserve their influence in this great empire. Were it not for the drawbacks and disadvantage which the influence of their popular opinions on the subject of government have on their army, they soon might, and probably will, give law to it."

JEFFERSON'S SKETCH OF WASHINGTON. His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantages he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best, and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed.

His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence: of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its form and principles until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. [Jefferson's Letter.

President Washington's New Year's Day.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

The levees of President Washington were far more select and rational that those of his successors have been for the last few years. They were numerously attended by all who were fashionable and refined of society; but there were no places for the intrusion of the rabble in crowds, or for the more coarse and boisterous partisan, the vulgar electioneerer, or the impudent place hunter, with boots and frock coat, or with patched knees and holes at both elbows. On the contrary, they were select and more courtly than have been given by any one holding the same office since. Proud of her husband's exalted fame, and jealous of the honors due not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which a grateful country had called him, Mrs. Washington was careful in her drawing rooms to exact those courtesies to which she knew the president was entitled.

Fortunately, moreover, the rudeness of the present day had not then so far gained the ascendancy as to banish good manners, and the charms of social intercourse were heightened by a reasonable attention in the best circles to those forms and usages which indicate the well bred assemblage, and throw around it an air of elegance and grace which only the envious affect to decry and only the vulgar ridicule and contemn. None, therefore, were admitted to the levees but those who had either a right by official station to be there, or were entitled to the privilege by established merit and character; and full dress was required of all. Some show, if not of state, at least of respect, for the high officer to be visited, was exacted down to the close of Mr. Madison's administration. Mr. Monroe required less formality and attention to dress, and the second President Adams less still.

Mrs. Washington was a pleasing and agreeable rather than a brilliant woman. Her figure was not commanding, but her manners were easy, conciliatory and attractive. Her domestic arrangements were always concerted under her own eye, and everything within her household moved forward with the regularity of machinery. No daughter of Eve ever worshipped her lord with more sincere and affectionate veneration; and none had ever greater cause to render homage. When absent he was ever in her thoughts and her mild eyes kindled at his presence. She was well educated, and possessed strong native sense, guided by all necessary prudence and discretion. She rarely conversed upon political subjects, and when the most expert diplomatists would attempt to draw her out, she had the faculty of turning the conversation with equal dexterity and politeness. At all the president's entertainments, whether at the table or in the drawing room, notwithstanding the regard to etiquette heretofore adverted to, there was nevertheless so much kindness of feeling displayed, and such an unaffected degree of genuine hospitality, that golden opinions were won alike from the foreign and domestic visitors.

In those days, also, late hours were not necessary, and many of our fair metropolitan readers, who are in the habit of dressing at 10 to enter a drawing room at 11, will doubtless be surprised to learn that Mrs. Washington's levees closed always at 9.

This was a rule which that distinguished lady established on the occasion of holding her first levee, on the evening of January 1st, 1790. The president's residence was in the old Franklin house, in this city, at the head of Cherry street. The day was uncommonly mild and pleasant. The moon was full, and the air was so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer dresses. Having been introduced by the aides and gentlemen in waiting, tea, coffee, plain and plum cake were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries on the part of Mrs. Washington after the families of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the revolutionary war, and who always received marked attention from Gen. Washington. Mrs. Washington stood by the side of the general in receiving the respects of the visitors. Amid the social chit-chat of the evening the clock struck nine. Mrs. Washington then rose with dignity, and, looking around the circle with a complacent smile, observed: "The general always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." At this hint the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations and retired.

Gen. Washington had on that day been waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city, according to the ancient New York custom of social and convivial New Year's visiting. After having been severally introduced, and having paid the usual compliments of the season, the citizens interchanged greetings and withdrew, highly gratified by the friendly notice of the president, to most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the course of the evening, while speaking of the occurrence of the day, Mrs. Washington remarked: "Of all the incidents of the day, none so pleased the general"—by which title she always designated him—"as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon." To the inquiry of the president whether it was casual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated from the earliest beginnings of New Amsterdam.

DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.—On the thirtieth of September, 1863, the debt of the United States was twelve hundred and twenty-two million one hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-nine dollars. Average rate of interest 3.95 per cent.

AMONG UNCLE SAM'S GOLD CHESTS.—The vaults of the sub-treasury are two in number, and situated on the main floor of the building. The sides and roof of each are of eight feet granite masonry and two feet of iron plates. Between the plates are musket balls laid in loose. The floor is thirty feet of masonry and two feet of iron plates, also with a layer of musket balls. Each vault is closed by four iron doors weighing two tons each, and fastened by two combination locks to each door. The three inner doors are locked without a key, while the lock on the outer ones are operated by means of an instrument about an inch long by half an inch wide which may be carried in a vest pocket. Each vault is about twelve feet square. On the sides of each apartment are built 120 chests of iron, each of the capacity of a quarter of a million in gold coin. Each chest when full is closed by an iron door, and fastened with a lock which is sealed so that the door cannot be tampered with without breaking the seal. At present there are about $75,000,000 in gold coin, and about $10,000 in silver contained in about 150 of the 240 chests. The "loose cash" is in boxes, placed by the respective tellers in the vaults each night after the close of the day's business. The cash—coin as well as currency—in the vaults is in charge of Mr. E. H. Birdsall, who, with the cashier, only has access to them for the purpose of drawing funds out, and the latter only in the absence of Mr. Birdsall. At the present time, as stated above, Mr. Guthrie has charge of the vaults. Many people are under the impression that each piece of coin is counted separately in examinations, but a little reflection will convince them that this is an error. One man could scarcely count $100,000 on an average in a day, and to examine at this rate would consume too much time, nor would it be necessary. Each denomination of gold is packed separately, and the bag labeled with a tag, showing the character of the coin, and the amount. In the process of counting one of the sealed chests will be opened, the contents carried on trucks to the gold room, and then one bag will be counted and the remainder of the same denomination weighed against it in accurately adjusted scales. Should any perceptible difference in weight be noted the contents of the deficient bag will be counted and thus any error will be guarded against. Should nothing occur to prevent, the examination will progress at the rate of $10,000,000 per day. When the contents of one chest have been examined the coin will be returned to it, the chest locked and sealed with the initials of the committee and the representatives of both Senator Folger and General Butterfield.—*New York Times.*

There are now seventy-two postmistresses in the United States, who receive salaries of $1000 and upward, beside women in minor post offices. The postmistress at Biddeford, Me., receives a a salary of $2500, the one at New London, Ct., $2900, at Louisville, Ky., $4000, at Richmond, Va., $4000, at Springfield, O., $3000, at Logansport, Ind., $2800, at Fort Madison, Ia., $2000, and at Jackson, Tenn, $2000. The offices filled by women are reported at Washington as among the best managed under the government.

CLASPING HANDS ACROSS THE BLOODY CHASM.—This has been done at last, although not in the way that Mr. Greeley expected. Massachusetts, with 75,000 majority for Grant, extends her hand to South Carolina who meets her with 35,000; and both unite in cordial support of the soldier who conquered a peace in the field, and the statesman who preserved peace in the Cabinet. Throughout the broad land, the south responds to the north; the States that stood by the Union and the States that vainly attempted to break it up, and that now, by their votes, accept the situation.

13

Our "Anglo-Saxon" People.

In the year 1860, according to the census, the population of the United States was numbered and described as follows:—Native Americans, 23,353,386; foreign born, 4,136,175; slaves, 3,953,760. But those classed as native Americans were not all of English descent. A portion of them were children of immigrants from Europe who arrived here in years previous to that date. During the years from 1850 to 1858, the average number of immigrants landed annually at ports of the United States, was about 353,000. In 1854, the whole number was 427,883. From 1858 to 1868, the annual average was about 250,000; from 1840 to 1850, 142,000; from 1830 to 1840, 53,000; and from 1820 to 1830, 13,000. A very great majority of the immigrants have come from Ireland and Germany; but many of them are Scandinavians, and many have come from England, Scotland, Wales, Switzerland, and other European countries. At the present time, the immigation from Germany is much larger than that from Ireland; and the Scandinavian immigration, which goes chiefly to Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other northwestern states, is increasing. The immigrants from England are now becoming more numerous than those from Ireland. But the figures we have given do not present the whole case. It is estimated that four-fifths of the immigrants who land in the British provinces, come to the United States; and many native Canadians come also, especially those of French descent.

The Irish immigrants remain chiefly in the states on the Atlantic coast. Some of them go west; some are found in California; but the great body of them stop in the cities and manufacturing towns of the Atlantic states. The Germans go largely to the western states; and most of them become thrifty farmers and landowners. The following table will show the proportion of each nationality in some of the eastern and western states. The figures are taken from the census of 1860:

	Irish.	German.
Massachusetts	185,432	9,961
New York	493,072	250,252
New Jersey	62,006	33,772
Ohio	76,826	168,210
Indiana	24,495	66,705
Illinois	37,573	130,304

We are becoming more and more a mixed people, although a very large majority of the inhabitants of the United States are those usually described as "people of English descent." The first colonists of the country, however, were not all from England. Hollanders, Swedes, Germans, and Irish, settled in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. The oldest church edifice in the county, is that at Wilmington, Delaware, known as "the Old Swedes' Church," a remarkable stone structure now used by Episcopalians. French Huguenots settled in South Carolina; and we annexed Spaniards and Frenchmen, when Louisiana and Florida were transferred to us. We use the English language, and the controlling English element has given the country its institutions and character; but we are not Englishmen. We have an individuality of our own, which is becoming more and more developed; an American individuality, which will make the hundred million people, who will soon fill our territory, different from every other people on the face of the earth.

A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. One of the Wise Men of the East—was it Louis Agassiz?—said, when he first came here, that one of the amazing things which he found in America was, that no set of men could get together to do any thing, though there were but five of them, unless they first "drew up a Constitution." If ten men of botany met in a hotel in Switzerland to hear a paper on the habits of Tellia Guilielmensis, they sat down and heard it. But if nine men of botany here meet to hear a paper read on Shermania Rogeriana, they have to spend the first day, first in a temporary organization, then in appointing a committee to draw a constitution, then in correcting the draft made by them; then in appointing a committee to nominate officers, and then in choosing a president, vice-president, two secretaries, and a treasurer. This takes all the first day. If any of these people are fools enough, or wise enough ("persistent" is the modern word) to come a second time, all will be well, and they will hear about the Shermania. [From "Ten Times One is Ten," by Edward E. Hale, published by Roberts Brothers.

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.

The bureau of statistics furnishes in its la report comparative statements of a valuabl character, relating to the immigration fro 1856 to 1868. It appears that the total numbe arriving during the specified twelve years wa 2,938,296; of which total, 1,215,600 were fro Great Britain and Ireland,—much more tha half being from the last named. From Scot land only 25,829 are set down. Germany is se down as furnishing 911,426, and the Scandi navian countries as sending only 71,332. I wa informed in New York that the Swedes and Nor wegians compose about one-fifth of the immi gration now entering. During the last thre years over one-half of these emigrants have en tered. It appears that emigrants from Grea Britain, Ireland, the German States, Sweden, Nor way and Denmark have during the period embrac ed in these tables numbered 2,198,358, leaving to all other countries, only 739,838, which wil have to be reduced more than one-half, as it ap pears. Of the total of arriving passengers 372,652 were citizens of the United States, so that only the remainder of 353,786 arrive from the remainder of the seventy coun tries from which our emigration came; of this number, Holland is credited with 11,205; France, with 49,383; Switzerland, with 24,539; Spain, with 10,340; Italy, with 13,425, of whom some must be tourists. British America is set down as giving 108,531, which is doubtless very much below the real figures, as there can be no account kept of the arrivals by way of the ordinary railroad traffic. From countries not specified, 46,532 are set down, and *four* are stated as born at sea. China figures to the number of 65,943, which is considerably below the figures usually given for the Chinese population on the Pacific coast, or else it shows they have increased more than over half. In 1868, 10,684 arrived, against 4,733, in 1856. In 1861 and '62, the emigration was over 7000 each year. In 1866, it went down to 2,385. Only 89 are set down from Japan, and seven from other portions of Asia.

The occupations of this large body of emigration is not as diversified as the countries from which they come. Only thirty-one employments are named. These are set down as, laborers 515,217, as farmers 264,949, as mechanics 196,503, and as merchants 138,214. The servants are set down as 68,628. Clergymen figure at 3,322, and artists at 3,561—probably some of these latter were "artists" in hair, or other material not strictly within the term "art"—in its true sense.

THE RESOURCES OF NEW ENGLAND.—New England has an area of 62,383 square miles, not so large as either the State of Missouri or Virginia. She has a population of 3,135,000—not so much as the single State of New York. But with her people, she is far richer than the Empire State, which has a total valuation of $1,142,000,000. Massachusetts alone possesses $808,000,000, or nearly two thirds of that sum. Of 5,036,000 spindles in the United States, New England owns 3,960,000. Of $116,137,000 worth of cotton goods produced in 1860, New England produced $90,800,000. Of $68,866,000 worth of woolen goods produced in 1860, New England produced $40,569,000. She also owns about one-half of the shipping of the nation, which in round numbers, amounts to 5,000,000 tons. And in population, as in all other material interests, she is yearly increasing.

Rufus Choate's description of the climate of New England, viz:

"Cold today, hot tomorrow; mercury at eighty degrees in the morning, with a wind at southwest, and in three hours more a sea-turn wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the bea in New Hamsphire, then floods carrying off t bridges and dams off the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July, and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island—you would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and the latter rain falls each in his season, seed time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us; the Indian summer with its bland southwest and mitigated sunshine brings all up; and on the 25th of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty and happiness."

In 1860 the United States contained a total population of 41,433,321, of whom 4,441,830, or more than fourteen in every hundred, were of African birth or African descent.

TWENTY LEADING CITIES.—The following is a list of twenty leading cities of the United States as shown by official figures of the last census. For the sake of comparison, the population of the same cities is also given, together with the rate per cent. of increase in ten years:—

No.	Cities.	1870.	1860.	Per Cent.
1	New York,	922,531	805,658	14 6
2	Philadelphia,	674,022	565,529	19 2
3	Brooklyn.	396,300	266,661	48 7
4	St. Louis,	310,864	160,773	93 4
5	Chicago,	298,983	109,260	173 7
6	Baltimore,	267,354	212,418	25 9
7	Boston,	250,526	177,480	40 9
8	Cincinnati,	216,239	161,041	34 3
9	New Orleans,	191,322	168,075	13 5
10	San Francisco,	149,382	56,802	163 2
11	Buffalo,	117,715	81,129	45 1
12	Washington,	109,204	61,122	78 8
13	Newark,	105,078	71,940	46 1
14	Louisville,	100,759	68,033	48 1
15	Cleveland,	92,846	43,417	113 9
16	Pittsburg,	86,235	49,217	75 3
17	Jersey City,	81,744	29,226	179 7
18	Detroit,	79,580	45,619	74 5
19	Milwaukee,	71,490	45,246	
20	Albany,	69,422	62,367	

In 1840 the value of the real and personal estates of the Union was $7,000,000,000. By 1850 it had increased to over $16,000,000,000. In 1870, it went over $30,000,000,000. This is more than quadrupling in two-thirds of a generation.

DIRTY AND RAGGED CURRENCY.—Congress failed to pass the bill to get rid of the dirty and ragged national bank notes, but everybody, according to the mathematical editor of an exchange, is not aware that it would require 5,603,224 sheets of paper to replace the present dilapidated bank circulation. This, at 18 pounds per one thousand sheets, the weight heretofore used, would be 100,858 pounds. The average cost of the paper used for the circulation of national banks is 78 cents per pound, or a total cost of $78,669. The number of pounds of paper manufactured into legal-tenders or greenback notes is given as 206,637 pounds, costing $175,341; manufactured into fractional currency, 316,176 pounds, costing $243,407; manufactured into bonds, 110,873 pounds, costing $91,388; manufactured into internal revenue stamps, 78,002 pounds, costing 36,689. The account thus stands 812,608 pounds of paper at a cost of $625,494. There is in addition a reserve of paper, to be manufactured into greenbacks, fractional currency, bonds and revenue stamps, which amounts to 257,183 pounds, costing $204,812; so that the grand total of paper used or to be used in our paper money is 1,069,791 pounds, costing $830,307. It will give the reader some idea of the amazing bulk of our paper money, bonds, etc., to know that 535 tons of paper are required for its production. Add to these items the engraving, printing, etc., and the aggregate cost of our paper liabilities are found to greatly exceed what is generally supposed.

In an elaborate paper by BEHM and WAGNER, published in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen*, we have the result of a careful inquiry into the present population of the globe, the summation of their results being as follows: Europe, 301,600,000; Asia, 794,000,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,365,000; Africa, 192,520,000; America, 84,524,000; or a total of 1,377,000,000. These figures are derived from the estimates or statistics of population for the years 1869, 1870, and 1871.

In the enumeration of the population of towns, London stands at the head, with 3,251,000; next Su-tchoo, in China, with 2,000,000; Paris, 1,835,000; Pekin, 1,648,000; Jeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Siang-tan, China, 1,000,000; Tchang-tchoufoo, China, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Vienna, 833,855; Berlin, 825,389.

The Population of the United States.

The following table, compiled from the latest official returns, which, so far as the first schedule, that of population, is concerned, are now substantially complete, makes important changes in the population and in the relative rank of several states, and the total population is somewhat smaller than it has been represented in previous tables:

States.	Rank in 1860.	Popula- tion 1860.	Rank in 1870.	Popula'n 1870.
New York	1	3,880,735	1	4,370,346
Pennsylvania	2	2,906,215	2	3,517,272
Ohio	3	2,339,511	3	2,652,302
Illinois	4	1,711,951	4	2,527,674
Missouri	8	1,182,012	5	1,703,000
Indiana	6	1,350,428	6	1,676,046
Virginia, Old	5	1,596,318	10	1,209,607
Virginia, West			28	450,000
Massachusetts	7	1,231,066	7	1,457,351
Kentucky	9	1,155,684	8	1,323,087
Tennessee	10	1,109,801	9	1,258,326
Iowa	20	674,913	11	1,190,345
Michigan	16	749,113	12	1,134,296
Georgia	11	1,057,286	13	1,179,886
North Carolina	12	992,622	14	1,085,500
Wisconsin	15	775,381	15	1,055,296
Alabama	13	964,201	16	997,500
New Jersey	21	672,035	17	906,514
Mississippi	14	791,305	18	834,190
Texas	23	604,215	19	797,500
Maryland	19	687,049	20	781,055
Louisiana	17	708,002	21	728,000
South Carolina	18	703,708	22	725,000
Maine	22	628,279	23	630,423
California	26	379,994	24	556,208
Connecticut	24	460,147	25	537,836
Arkansas	25	535,450	26	486,103
Kansas	33	107,206	27	362,307
Minnesota	39	172,023	29	335,000
Vermont	28	315,098	30	330,535
New Hampshire	27	326,073	31	318,300
Rhode Island	29	174,620	32	217,306
Florida	31	140,424	33	189,995
Delaware	32	112,216	34	125,015
Nebraska	—	28,341	35	123,000
Oregon	33	52,465	36	90,922
Nevada	—	6,857	37	42,491
Dist. of Columbia	—	75,080	—	131,706
Territories	—	150,229	—	319,059
Total		31,443,321		38,307,899

THE NINTH CENSUS. The following table, prepared for the New York Evening Post, shows approximately the population of each State, as determined this year, in comparison with the census of 1860. The States are given in the order of their present rank in the scale of total population:

State.	Rank in 1860.	Populat'n. 1860.	Rank in 1870.	Populat'n. 1870.
New York	1	3,880,735	1	4,370,346
Pennsylvania	2	2,906,215	2	3,467,484
Ohio	3	2,339,511	3	2,652,302
Illinois	4	1,711,951	4	2,540,216
Missouri	8	1,182,012	5	1,714,102
Indiana	6	1,350,428	6	1,688,169
Virginia, Old	5	1,596,318	10	1,209,607
Virginia, West			28	447,943
Massachusetts	7	1,231,066	7	1,448,055
Kentucky	9	1,155,684	8	1,323,264
Tennessee	10	1,109,801	9	1,258,326
Michigan	16	749,113	11	1,184,158
Iowa	20	674,913	12	1,182,933
Georgia	11	1,057,286	13	1,179,886
Wisconsin	15	775,881	14	1,052,166
North Carolina	12	992,622	15	1,041,030
Alabama	13	964,201	16	1,002,000
New Jersey	21	672,035	17	895,672
Texas	23	604,215	18	850,000
Mississippi	14	791,305	19	831,190
Maryland	19	687,049	20	775,279
South Carolina	18	703,708	21	735,000
Louisiana	17	708,002	22	715,384
Maine	22	628,279	23	630,426
California	26	379,994	24	556,208
Connecticut	24	460,147	25	537,998
Arkansas	25	535,450	26	486,103
Minnesota	30	172,023	27	460,037
Kansas	33	107,206	29	353,182
Vermont	28	315,098	30	338,235
New Hampshire	27	326,073	31	317,976
Rhode Island	29	174,620	32	217,319
Florida	31	140,424	33	189,995
Delaware	32	112,216	34	132,252
Nebraska	39	28,841	35	116,888
Oregon	36	52,465	36	90,776
Nevada	41	6,857	37	44,686
Dist. Columbia	..	75,080	..	....
Territories	..	150,220	..	....
Total		31,443,321		38,038,463

POPULATION OF PRINCIPAL CITIES IN 1870.

New York	942,250	Detroit	80,000	Scranton	35,000
Philadelphia	673,000	Milwaukee	71,000	Reading	34,000
Brooklyn	400,000	Albany	69,000	Columbus	34,000
St. Louis	311,000	Providence	69,000	Paterson	33,000
Chicago	299,000	Rochester	62,000	Dayton	33,000
Baltimore	267,000	Alleghany	53,000	Kansas City	33,000
Boston	251,000	Richmond	57,000	Mobile	33,000
Cincinnati	215,000	New Haven	51,000	Portland	31,000
New Orleans	191,000	Charleston	49,000	Wilmington	31,000
San Francisco	149,000	Troy	46,000	Lawrence	29,000
Buffalo	117,000	Syracuse	43,000	Toledo	29,000
Washington	109,000	Worcester	41,000	Charleston	28,500
Newark	106,000	Lowell	41,000	Lynn	28,000
Louisville	101,000	Memphis	40,000	Fall River	27,000
Cleveland	93,000	Cambridge	40,000	Springfield	27,000
Pittsburgh	86,000	Hartford	37,000	Nashville	26,000
Jersey City	82,000	Indianapolis	37,000	Utica	26,000
				Peoria	26,000
				Covington	24,500
				Salem	24,000
				Quincy	25,000
				Manchester	23,500
				Harrisburgh	23,000
				Trenton	23,000
				Evansville	23,000
				New Bedford	21,300
				Oswego	21,000
				Elizabeth	21,000
				Lancaster	20,000
				Savannah	20,000
				Camden	20,500
				Davenport	20,000
				St. Paul	20,000
				Minneapolis	20,000

After saying that we are naturally apt to imagine that the Fourth of July, 1776, was a day of great excitement and rejoicing in Philadelphia, he informs us that it was far otherwise. Here is the statement:—

"The day was in fact quite dull. There was no crowd of excited citizens, no booming of cannon, no open-air meeting, no bonfires and illuminations. Patriotic songs they could not have sung, if they had desired to, for they had none to sing—those now standard with us all being then unwritten. They did not fling out the flag of the new nation from the house-tops; and if they had made such a display, it would not have been the flag we now glorify, for it made its first appearance more than a year later, at the battle of Saratoga. Every church bell in the city was silent; the Episcopal clergy wore King George's collar, the Quakers were opposed to war on any account, and the Methodists were busy with a revival under the management of one Captain Webb. And no matter what might have happened, it would not have got into print the next day, for there was no then a daily paper in the country, and only one semi-weekly and thirty-six weeklies."

In another part of the number, the editor contributes a paper showing the order of succession by which many American flags were finally merged in *the* flag:—

"In an article on the National Anniversary, in another part of this number of our Magazine, it is stated that the "stars and stripes" first floated at the battle of Saratoga, in the autumn of 1777, more than a year after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. It should not be inferred from this that the country was without a flag up to that period, for such was not the case. On the contrary, it had an abundance of them. When the first sounds of war were heard, and the Colonists began to organize military companies, there was, as poor Halpine sung,

"A bloom of banners in the air,"—

bannors of various shapes, sizes and colors, and bearing all sorts of emblematic words and figures. Every Colony, and almost every regiment, had one of its own. The one that the troops carried at Breed's Hill was a red flag, with a pine tree on a white field in the corner. The one that Putnam unfurled on Prospect Hill, a month later was also red, bearing on one side the motto *Qui transtulet sustinet*, and on the other the inscription, "An appeal to Heaven." As the war progressed, most of the regiments and divisions of the army had their names and numbers put on their flags, with three-word mottoes, such as "Liberty or Death" (the one used by the troops which Patrick Henry recruited) and "Conquer or Die" (the one adopted by Washington's Life Guard.) The floating batteries first used a white flag, with the words "An appeal to Heaven" upon it. And the first flag used in battle at the South—the one which Sergeant Jasper heroically placed on the summit of the merlon at Moultrie in the thickest of the fight, on the very day that the Declaration of Independence was reported to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia—was a blue one with a crescent in the corner.

"The Colonies had a general flag, however, before the beginning of the Revolution, although it was rarely used on public occasions. It was the ancient national flag of England, the banner of St. George—a white field with a red cross. It was decided to discard this, and adopt a new and distinct flag, in the latter part of 1775; and Congress appointed Dr. Franklin, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Lynch a committee to attend to the matter. They went at once to the military headquarters at Cambridge, and after consulting with the officers there, agreed upon a plan; and the new flag was first displayed to the army, January 2d, 1776—a flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. This union of the former Colonial flag and the then national flag of England was intended to signify that the Colonists did not yet desire to separate from the mother country if they could secure their rights without it, while the thirteen stripes were meant to be symbolical of the union of the thirteen Colonies in demanding justice and defying wrong and oppression.

"The flag was not changed until the 14th day of the following June, when Congress resolved 'That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation. This resolution was not made public until September, 3, 1777, and the first flag manufactured according to its requirements (the thirteen stars being arranged in a circle) was that which led the American forces to victory at Saratoga. A Tory newspaper, alluding to the flag, said that Mrs. Washington had a mottled tom-cat with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to Congress the same number of stripes for the new standard—which indicates that back-alley journalism is not a creation of our times."

77.

"ICE TREE," MIDDLE TEMPLE.

The subject of our Engraving represents one of the most curious effects of the late frost, in the metropolis. A great portion of our readers must remember the solitary little fountain in one of the courts of the Middle Temple—a spot enshrined in the amber of Miss Landon's poetry,* and in the humour of Mr. Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." Upon the north side of the fountain pool stood a low tree; and, during the severe weather, the spray from the jet of water, as it fell upon the branches, became incrusted into icicles, and a kind of fairy frost-work, which had a very beautiful appearance. The phenomenon (for such it really was) attracted the notice of several persons; but, in the midst of their admiration, the tree broke down with the weight of its incrustations.

Our Engraving is from a Daguerréotype, taken for this journal: it shows the beautifully frozen tree, with the wintry background, and a portion of the Middle Temple buildings. Whilst the artist was operating for a second Daguerréotype, the tree fell, as we have described.

In the "Illuminated Magazine" for the present month, we find the following graceful lyrical address to this tree:—

Gelidis luxuriosa comis.

Exotic stranger, whence and what art thou?
A spectre rais'd from Flora's winter tomb,
In ghostly bloom!—
Fair Beauty sits upon thy snowy brow
As gracefully as e'er was seen
In summer woodland green,
Where weeping willow o'er some gentle brook
Hath seem'd to look
Into its mirror for the memory
Of happy hours that long have ceas'd to be—
(Alas!
No glass
Can show us what we once could see,
And well descry,
Through Nature's own intending eye!)
Thou dost appear
A love lorn Dryad come
From northern forest drear,
To weep a tear
Over the wat'ry tomb

BOBOLINK AND CANARY.

AT the window hangs Canary,
Singer sweet and true;
Bobolink, from out the hedge-row,
He is singing too.

Now his liquid notes Canary
Pours like music rain;
Now the voice from out the hedge-row,
Bobolink again.

Stints his song awhile Canary;—
"Who may this bird be,
That with ever-answering carol
Strives to vie with me?"

"Only Bobolink, the singer;
Merry bird am I.
Through the wood and fields and meadows
Back and forth I fly."

Now his bravest song Canary,
Now his finest trill;
Bobolink's from out the hedge-row
Braver, finer still!

Then the tender-voiced Canary,
Wondering, paused in pain,
And the careless hedge-row singer
Trilled his lay again.

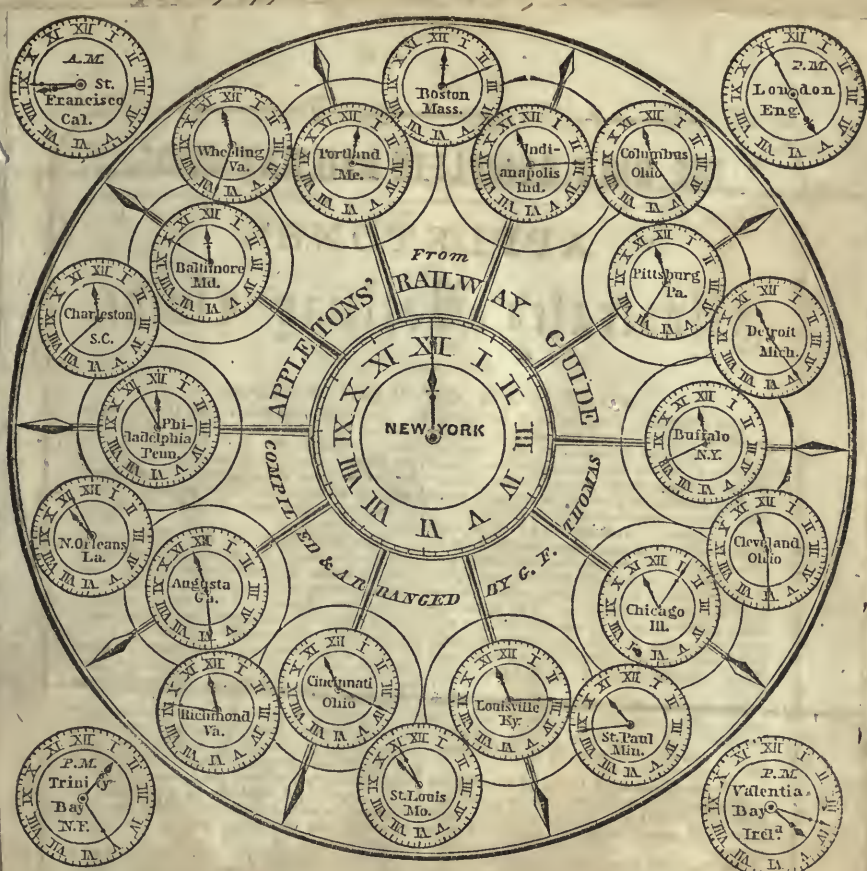
"I am weary," sobs Canary,
"I am all outdone;
'T was the trial test between us,—
Bobolink has won.

"Even my mistress, she who fancied
My poor song divine,—
See, how eagerly she listens
To *his* song,—not mine.

"Knows she why in happy music
He surpasses me?
I am but a caged Canary;—
Bobolink is free."

Mrs. A. M. Wells.

I.	1. First
II.	2. Second
III.	3. Third
IV.	4. Fourth
V.	5. Fifth
VI.	6. Sixth
VII.	7. Seventh
VIII.	8. Eighth
IX.	9. Ninth
X.	10. Tenth
XI.	11. Eleventh
XII.	12. Twelfth
XIII.	13. Thirteenth
XIV.	14. Fourteenth
XV.	15. Fifteenth
XVI.	16. Sixteenth
XVII.	17. Seventeenth
XVIII.	18. Eighteenth
XIX.	19. Nineteenth
XX.	20. Twentieth
XXI.	21. Twenty-first
XXII.	22. Twenty-second
XXIII.	23. Twenty-third
XXIV.	24. Twenty-fourth
XXV.	25. Twenty-fifth
XXVI.	26. Twenty-sixth
XXVII.	27. Twenty-seventh
XXVIII.	28. Twenty-eighth
XXIX.	29. Twenty-ninth
XXX.	30. Thirtieth
XL.	40. Fortieth
L.	50. Fiftieth
LX.	60. Sixtieth
LXX.	70. Seventieth
LXXX.	80. Eightieth
XC.	90. Ninetieth
C.	100. One Hundredth
CC.	200. Two Hundredth
CCC.	300. ThreeHundredth
CCCC.	400. Four Hundredth



UNITED STATES TIME INDICATOR.

I	1 One
II	2 Two
III	3 Three
IV	4 Four
V	5 Five
VI	6 Six
VII	7 Seven
VIII	8 Eight
IX	9 Nine
X	10 Ten
XI	11 Eleven
XII	12 Twelve
XIII	13 Thirteen
XIV	14 Fourteen
XV	15 Fifteen
XVI	16 Sixteen
XVII	17 Seventeen
XVIII	18 Eighteen
XIX	19 Nineteen
XX	20 Twenty
XXI	21 Twenty-one
XXII	22 Twenty-two
XXIII	23 Twenty-three
XXIV	24 Twenty-four
XXV	25 Twenty-five
XXVI	26 Twenty-six
XXVII	27 Twenty-seven
XXVIII	28 Twenty-eight
XXIX	29 Twenty-nine
XXX	30 Thirty
XL	40 Forty
L	50 Fifty
LX	60 Sixty
LXX	70 Seventy
LXXX	80 Eighty
XC	90 Ninety
C	100 One Hundred
CC	200 Two Hundred
CCC	300 Three Hundred
CCCC	400 Four Hundred

THE HAYES MEDAL.

We give herewith an engraving of the gold medal recently awarded to Dr. I. I. Hayes by the Geographical Society of Paris, which is the sixth compliment our countryman has received from foreign governments and societies for his Arctic explorations and services—the former ones being the British "Arctic Medal;" a special medal from the British Government to the members of the Kane Expedition for their "generous services" in the search for Sir John Franklin; the Patron's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London for 1867; honorary membership of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin; and the decoration of Officer of the Order of Guadalupe from the late chivalric though unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO DR. I. I. HAYES BY THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

The ceremony of the presentation of the French medal appears to have been attended with all that delicacy for which the French are so eminently distinguished. It took place in a full meeting of the society April 30, to which the American Minister, General Dix, was specially invited, with the assurance of the members that it would be very agreeable to them if he would receive the medal in behalf of Dr. Hayes.

The reply of General Dix on this occasion, made in French, which the General speaks with the ease of a native, was peculiarly happy, and was received with great cordiality.

HUME.

For the Young.

ANNIE'S SAVINGS BOX.—"There is one of my glove-buttons gone," said sister Kate, as she was preparing to go out. "How provoking it is! A glove looks so untidy unfastened."

"Just wait a minute, sister," said Annie, "I believe I have some glove-buttons in my box," and opening the lid she took out a little tin mustard box, and, pouring the contents in her apron, soon found the required article. Her handy little needle and silk quickly sewed it on, and she was well repaid by a kiss from her sister, and a hearty "thank you, Annie, dear; your little cabinet of curiosities is a perfect gold mine. You can always find the right thing there," and she tripped down the steps now quite satisfied that all was right.

"How long have you had that box, cousin Annie?" asked Ned, who was spending a week at the house.

"Ever since she can remember, I guess," said her mother, laughing. "She always was a careful little thing from the time she could toddle about the floor. She used to make little collections of buttons and tamarind stones, and I do not know what all, when she was four and five years old. It is a good habit, though, and I am sure we are all indebted to her every day of our lives. It would be a curiosity to keep an account, some day, of the calls she has."

"I think I will do it," said Ned. "Where can I find a paper and pencil?"

Annie opened her little box again and took out the half of an old envelope she had saved, cutting off the torn side, and a little piece of pencil some one had swept out doors.

"You can set down three things, to begin with," she said, laughing—"a glove button, piece of paper, and pencil."

Just then little Martha came running in, the string off her bonnet, and she in "such a hurry."

"Run to Annie," said her mother, who was busy making mince pies.

Up went the box lid, and this time a little bag, containing all sorts of odds and ends of old strings and ribbons, was overhauled. The right thing was sure to be there, and taking a threaded needle from a cushion, it was sewed on in a minute's time, and Mattie was dancing off to her play.

"Number four," said Ned, just as father came in and asked Annie if she could find him "a good strong tow string. He wanted to mend his harness enough to drive to the harness maker's and have it repaired." Another little bag was produced, which contained just what was wanted, and with a "Thank you, daughter, you are a treasure and so is your box," he went his way.

"Just take your work and don't stir from that corner to-day," said Ned, "you'll be wanted. You might set up a store. If they all had as many customers these hard times, they would thrive. Well, Tommy, what can we do for you?"

Tommy did not deign to glance at his cousin, but went straight to Annie.

"I have lost my mitten, sister, and I can't make a snow man without it. Can't I have another?"

"Now I guess you are at a stand, Annie," said Ned; "your resources will fail for once."

Annie smiled and said to Tommy, "If sister will give you another mitten, will you go out and look hard for the lost one?"

The little fellow promised, and was bid to go and warm his feet by the fire a little while. Annie took out a paper pattern and a bit of thick cloth, which was quickly cut into a mitten shape and sewed up, all in fifteen minutes' time. Ned looked on, dumb with admiration, and secretly resolved to learn a lesson.

Who else would like to set up such a savings box? It is very easy and very delightful, and what is more, will be very useful, not only to yourself, but to those around you. It will help, too, to form a good habit, which will be of life-long advantage to you.—*Chronicle.*

---

little poem by Bret Harte:—

JESSIE.

Jessie is both young and fair,
Dewy eyes and sunny hair;
Sunny hair and dewy eyes
Are not where her beauty lies.

Jessie is both fond and true,
Heart of gold and will of yew;
Will of yew and heart of gold—
Still her charms are scarcely told.

If she yet remain unsung,
Pretty, constant, docile, young,
What remains not here compiled?
Jessie is a little child!

THE BAG OF BEANS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

IN a country village of New England there dwelt not many years since a lawyer and a physician, both intelligent, educated men; both members of the same church. They have both passed away, but not without doing some good in the world.

Just ten years ago this month, one frosty morning, there walked into that village a little boy, looking very tired and desolate. His garments were old, but neatly patched; his hands and face were clean, and his hair smoothly combed; withal, there was about him a most attractive air of decent poverty.

So thought Dr. A. as he drew near the lad, who had seated himself upon a stone opposite his gate.

"What are you thinking about, my little man?" he kindly asked.

The boy started, stared at the doctor with his great brown eyes, as much as to say, Can it be that such as you take any interest in me? then the tears began to trickle over his bronzed cheeks, and fell fast upon his patched garments.

The doctor was moved. He patted the boy gently on his head, and again asked what he was thinking of. The child seemed reassured, and, despite his choking sobs, exclaimed,

"I was thinking, if God would only open a way for me to become great and good like you, how I might help my dear mother, who is working her life out to get bread for her children."

The doctor himself now brushed a tear from his eye, and softly said, still keeping his hand upon the boy's head, "Good you can certainly become; great too in virtue; and all other greatness God is able to add thereto. Take heart, my son—*act* if you would *be*."

"Oh, sir, if *you* would only help me," exclaimed the lad, springing up and confronting his new-found friend with glowing face and sparkling eyes.

The graceful attitude of the child, the vigor of his expression, the seeming firmness of his purpose, turned the scale with the doctor. "I do not need you, child," he said, "but I will take you and give you a start; may God help you do the rest. You may be my chore-boy. I will board, clothe, and teach you till you can do better. No thanks, lad; but take my horse there to the stable, and tend him carefully."

The boy silently obeyed, and his benefactor turned away. The hearts of both were full of gratitude—the child's for his new found home, and its donor's for the rich assurance that he was but doing his Maker's bidding.

Neither the boy nor his patron had ever reason to regret the decision of that morning. The one proved a kind and considerate master, the other a careful, diligent servant. His evenings the boy eagerly spent in study, and quickly mastered all the branches taught in district schools. Here he might have stopped, despite his longings, and have passed the rest of his days in humble, honest poverty, had not a most trivial incident turned the whole current of his life.

One morning the good doctor, in his daily visit to his stable, while rummaging in his hay-mow, stumbled upon a bag full of beans—a half-bushel of nice, fresh beans. Here was a mystery. How came they there? To whom did they belong? Was there anything wrong about it? His wife could tell him nothing; so he next had recourse to James. The boy colored, hesitated, stammered, and then was silent altogether.

A faint suspicion flashed across the doctor's mind. Could it be? No! he flung the idea from him at once. Honesty was stamped upon every feature of that manly face.

The boy seemed to read, by intuition, his every thought. Again he put himself in the half-tragic attitude of his first appeal to the doctor, and exclaimed, "A *thief*? No; I'd sooner die than touch what did not belong to me. Those beans my mother saved to help me buy a Latin grammar with. Do you think I could be untrue to *such* a mother's teachings?"

"No, my lad," said the doctor, firmly grasping his hand, "and your mother may well be proud of *such* a son. Henceforth the way to learning shall be no thorny one to you, if friends can help you."

So it proved. The physician and lawyer went hand in hand in such works of benevolence; the large heart of the one and the abundant means of the other went well together. Their kindly interest and good advice cheered on the struggling boy. Books he had in abundance; and when the time came for him to begin his student career amongst new scenes and faces, their influence found him a place where his native powers could begin to carve out his destiny.

That destiny is now well assured. The forlorn, distrusting chore boy is now the self possessed, honored professor. Nature had given him a comely person, and the graces have been kind to him. His home is amongst the educated, the polished, and the refined; yet is he not now untrue to his mother's teachings; and now even he grasps her homely hand just as warmly as he did on the day when he took from it the bag of beans wherewith to buy his first grammar.

FIRST LESSONS.

"SEE, this is the way she walks!" said Miss Carrie Little, drawing herself up and marching around with a ridiculous gait, in mockery of her teacher; whereupon three or four other little girls, seated around their dinner-baskets at the noon recess, laughed applause.

"Wait, Carrie, let me reprove you now. See, girls, I'm going to give her a *severe* reproof for talking;" and piping her pretty voice into a squeal, she continued, "'Miss Little, *Miss* Little! is it *pausible* I can't rely on you? Where's your *prcenceple*, Miss Little?' I can always see Cal. laughing out of the corner of her mouth."

"Don't you wish she'd leave those ridiculous bows be me? Ma says she's a perfect old maid," added Alice Manners, whose beautiful rosy mouth should have spoken pleasanter things. "And her collars, she makes 'em out of scraps, I'll bet."

"I know it," resumed Carrie. "Don't you think last week when I had a cold and stayed home, she must call to see me! Ma says she don't care about *everybody's* calling on her—she's very particular about her acquaintances."

"I guess Miss Tyler's equal to any one, Carrie Little," spoke up a larger girl from beside the bookcase, in a distant part of the room, where she had been standing while the others were having "such fun," as girls term this sort of scandal. "Her father was a governor, and she's had a splendid education, fit for any society."

"Well, she's poor anyhow, or she wouldn't have to keep school."

"What of that? Mother says no one is fit for my teacher who isn't as good as she is; you ought to be ashamed to make fun of such a faithful teacher, who does so much for us."

"Isn't she paid for it? I guess she does not do any more than she's paid for," retorted Carrie.

"Is she paid for taking as much interest in us as our own mothers? She isn't paid for giving us rambles and rides, and pleasure parties, and for offering prizes to make us study, and for being more patient and gentle than even our mothers are with our faults, I know. If Miss Tyler only did what she's *paid* for, we might have a different sort of school. For my part, I think we owe a great deal of gratitude to our teachers, and that that is the only way we can pay them. I've heard it said that some people owe all their character and good fortune to their teachers."

"Well, we would be more grateful if she didn't wear her hair so horridly and keep on those great bows!" replied Alice, striving to renew the former theme; but her sally was faintly responded to—scandal's spell was broken.

"Just as if character depended on any such thing. For my part, I never improved so much under any one as I do under Miss Tyler, and I've had teachers that were selfish as could be, and didn't take the least pains. You ought to have too much principle to laugh at one of your best friends."

Here, to end the talk, the young Mentor took her book and left the room.

"Anna Miller's always trying to teach her betters!" said Clara spitefully.

"Come, girls, let's go out and play;"—and with their departure falls the curtain on this little scene of young life—mere reflection of parlor social scenes, where the thoughtless gossip of mothers and sisters falls on minds open and ready. OAK.

Having with me in a horse-car the other Sunday a beautiful bouquet which had been handed me as I went into church, and which had attracted the admiration of all classes and ages as they took their seats in the car, a gentleman suddenly asked me if I saw anything written on it. As my brain had been somewhat puzzled as to the giver, and supposing he had heard me say so to a friend, I eagerly turned it over, thinking some hidden card or note might give the solution of the secret. There was nothing there, and a little perplexed I said I saw nothing. To his reply that he did, again, in some sort of dumb wonder, I turned it over, supposing that the arrangement of the flowers conveyed in flower-language some sentiment or name. Unsatisfied and puzzled still, he said he saw the words "God is love." Then "I took," and answered that I saw that everywhere. And yet, that is more true in sentiment than in reality. One knows that that brief phrase is written everywhere—in life as in flowers—but we walk with holden eyes, and only now and then see it dimly as the blind man saw. This sea, whose voice is never still, whose waters never sleep, sometime sluggish as the gorged king of forest, sometimes lashed to fury as that king roused; now blue, now green, now mottled, now gray, now laughing and now growling; now your plaything and now your fear; why it speaks of the great Divine love all the time, yet only now and then, in some moment of tender thought or of rare and quiet beauty does it say out to you so as to be heard over the ordinary noises and stir of life, that God is love. I think I have before told of the woman who was vexed because all things were not drab, but to how many of us are all God's things draped in a darker livery, and never show themselves in the varied colors in which he chooses to paint in the love that never fails, changes or fades. There are many who never name the name of God without a pucker of the mouth, a drawing out of the features, a nasality of tone, a putting off of everything natural and a putting on of everything unnatural, which shows that they have as little idea of the love that God is as of the love that God asks.

I dare say that somewhere away in the villages that nook themselves among the hills, may yet be found the goodwife who ties her *calash*, as with stocking in hand she starts to spend the afternoon, and "tea" with her neighbor, but how completely has that once brave article of female apparel faded from the view of this generation. Once it was as momentous a thing in the village fashion-world as a to-day bonnet, and cost as much talk, and as much "going to the store," and as much anxiety that it should be "becoming." What taste it was that saw the becoming, or the convenient, in those old bellows-tops! How feeble were the resources as the results of fashion in the days when Paris was farther away than Japan is now, and a city bonnet in a village church was enough to put the village in a ferment for a week, let alone the effect upon the parson's "seventhly and finally and to conclude with." What pranks fashion has played with the female head since then, and what a marvel of shades, shapes, covers and uncovers have been born and set aside since the days of the calash, and what tortuous ways have heads been tortured into following till now not the cavernous depths of the calash and smooth hair, but each particular hair, as if charged with some individual electric repulsion, straggles and scatters not so much within as without the tiny bonnet or the nobby flat. I proposed to some one the other day, anxious to get up a sea-side garden, that she should plant the off-cast ladies' hats. Such a glory do they now put on, as Solomon was never arrayed with—that a very various parterre might be got up not so much regardless of expense as of drought and weed. I think in the Crimea they made fair gardens out of discarded crutches, frying-pans, kettles and the like, with a few fir-trees, and well selected paints judiciously laid on, and if rude art so triumphed over nature then, and made a counterfeit to amaze as amuse, much as one shrinks from counterfeits, he feels that a more various and delicate effect could be produced by the millinery than by the military. And for those with whom the love of show is all and the love of nature nothing, the thing were an economy as a convenience.

To whom shall be given the honor of these eye-glasses—nippers, are they?—which so comfortably bestride the nose of growing years, and make second childhood's second sight? We who must grow old mayhap grow old no more gracefully but surely more comfortably. Is he known, or must he like the true benefactor he is, as so many benefactors before him, retire "unhonored and unsung?" How much time, temper, discomfort does he daily save us! None of those weary hunts for "spees" in which households used to indulge, when all the youngsters, at least, were routed out by the well known inquiry, "Have you seen my spees," or the equally well known order to find them. We used to think "grandma'ams" were a species always in search of spectacles, and that with them our "grand-sirs" donned wisdom. Dear me! after a flurry that has convulsed the house, and heated the faces and tempers, how many of us can remember the sudden exclamation, "Why, grandma, there they are—on your own head," just as thimbles and scissors much-hunted-after are invariably found in pocket or on finger. And then as soon as a man made the turn, and could no longer depend on his own eyes, what a circumstance it was getting out the ease, laying that one side, getting out the silk handkerchief for a preliminary wipe, preceded or succeeded by the preliminary or supplementary blow of the nose, then both hands to adjust, and at last a settling down to a reading that always seemed unsatisfactory and slow. I often think of a scene one night at West Point. A very consequential, ordinary looking man with wife and daughters, more offensively both, had attracted attention on the boat, and I found him at the office-record just before me. It took some time to lay duly down on the counter cane and umbrella, then to get out a big silk handkerchief and give the preliminary twist to the prominent feature of his face, then to fish up, wipe, adjust the spectacles, then to square round the book, occupy the rest of the counter with his elbows, and then with the slow motion of a school-boy and the well-known accompaniment of head and tongue, painfully in large round hand, to write it out that we had before us "Alderman So-and-so, and family, of New York." I have seldom seen more that was portentous crowded into the same space and with the same result.

BOBBY ROB'S LITTLE SERMON.

Yesterday morning Bobby Robb climbed up into his grandmother's arm-chair, and preached this little sermon to the children in the nursery:—

"Beloved Hearers and Chil'ren:—I'm a goin' to preach to you about shoes. It was what my aunty told me oncet, and it is true. Every mornin', beloved hearers and chil'ren, there's two pair of shoes a standin' by every boy's and girl's bed,—not by the cradles, coz babies don't know enough. Well, one pair of these shoes is niee, and makes you good-natured and pleasant, and the other pair is all wrong, and makes you just as cross as tigers. If you put on the good pair, you'll walk through the day just as good and cheerful as a birdy-bird, and everybody'll like to hear you comin', and your step'll be just like the musie of a beautiful hand-organ, with little men and women all dancing round and round; and everywhere's you go, things will seem all right and nice, and you won't even mind having your face washed, nor your hair curled, if they don't pull too awful. But if you put on the other pair, you won't have any comfort, and nobody won't want you, and everything will kind o' *creak*. Now, my hearers and chil'ren, (O, Mary Ann! mamma said you mustn't jump your witch-box while any of us was a preachin'!) Now, my hearers, 'emember these two kind o' shoes is by everybody's bed every morning. You can't see 'em; but they're there, and all you've got to do is to say, I'll put my feet in the good-natured shoes, and wear 'em all day, and not forget it, and you'll do bully. But just as sure as you don't, your feet'll slip into the bad shoes afore you know it; and then look out!

"Now, my hearers and chil'ren, I must get down. The breakfass-bell is a ringin'. I want you all to 'emember what I just said to you,—and another thing: if you've got on your good-natured shoes this morning, you'll wait for me till I get my hair brushed, coz I've been preachin', an' we all ought to start fair if there's griddle-cakes.—*Hearth and Home.*

Our Spice Box.

Douglas Jerrold's Ready Wit.—One evening, in a mixed company, Jerrold and some friends were playing a game to test their knowledge of Shakespeare. Each person was to name an object, it mattered not what, to the guest next to him, and the latter, under pain of a forfeit, was to give some quotation from the poet to illustrate it. To Jerrold was given the word "treadmill," and he hardly hesitated a moment before replying, in the well-known language of *Lear*, "Down, thou climbing sorrow!"

The Empress on the Stage.—One of the pleasantest incidents of the French court stage occurred when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly hissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a little operatic part in the theater in the palace at St. Cloud. She demurely stepped forward and remarked that any one of the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire, and have his money returned to him at the doors. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

Beating Barnum.—Orator Henley excelled Barnum in his way. Once he attracted together to his chapel an immense number of shoemakers, by advertising that on the following Sunday he would lay open to the public a mode by which a pair of shoes might be made in four minutes, and demonstrate the ease and certainty of this new method by doing it in the face of the audience. He did so by producing a pair of boots, and cutting the feet off!

SELECTED TALE.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY ELIZA RODMAN.

The Rev. Sydney Saybrook preached his first sermon to an admiring congregation. The people of L—— were astonished; old men dwelt on the expedient home truths introduced, as it were, amid a bed of flowers—young men admired the eloquence and frank bearing of the speaker—and young ladies, ah! *that* was the thing. *They*, disdaining the matter of fact admiration of the rougher sex, looked forward into futurity, and, as the young minister was reported free of encumbrances, they thought of putting an end to his season of bliss by providing him with *one* as soon as possible.

This, however, is in strict confidence—they would not have acknowledged it for the world, and yet many of the brains pertaining to those attentive faces were busily at work within the pretty parsonage, altering, remodeling, arranging things to their own particular tastes. One would have that rose-vine taken away—it obscured the view; another would not only leave the rose, but would add a honey-suckle, too—it looked pretty and romantic; while a third had recarpeted the stairs to the last flight by the time that Mr. Saybrook arrived at "thirteenthly."

Milly Ellsworth was a very pretty girl, and, therefore, what might, perhaps have been vanity in one more plain, was with her only a pleasant consciousness of her own charms: as, in apparent forgetfulness of the saying that it takes two to make a bargain, she exclaimed:

"I have made up my mind to captivate Mr. Saybrook—it must be so beautiful to be a minister's wife."

The last remark was intended as a sort of compliment to their visitor, who enjoyed the enviable distinction, but Mrs. S—— merely smiled as Milly's earnest face was raised towards her.

"Only think of it," continued the young enthusiast.

"I do think of it," replied Mrs. S——, quietly; "but the thought to me bring up some scenes that are anything but agreeable. If I cannot tell 'tales that would freeze your very blood,' I can relate some that *would* freeeze a little of that enthusiasm. A *minister's wife!* You little know what is comprised in that title."

"Of course," replied Milly, with a demure face, "it is a station of great responsibility, and has its peculiar duties. A minister's wife, too, is a sort of pattern, and should be a—a—in short, just the thing."

"Exactly," returned Mrs. S——, smiling at this very satisfactory explanation, "but for 'pattern' read 'mirror'—a reflection of every body's own particular ideas; in which, of course, no two agree. But let me hear *your* ideas on the subject, Milly—I wish to know what you consider 'just the thing.'"

"Why," continued Milly, warming with her subject, "her dress, in the first place, should be scrupulously plain—not an article of jewelry—a simple straw hat, perhaps, tied down with a single ribbon—and a white dress, with no ornament but natural flowers."

"Very good," said Mrs. S——, "as far as it goes; but the beauty of this "simple straw hat" is, of course, to consist in its shape and style, and country village are not proverbial for taste in this respect. It would never do for a minister's wife to spend her time in searching for a tasty bonnet, and with a limited purse this is no light labor. Then, too, she is obliged to encourage the manufactures of the town in which she resides. If you could have seen some of the hats I had to wear!"

Milly shuddered; she could have borne the reverses of fortune, could even have stood at the stake unflinchingly, supported by the glories of martyrdom; but an unbecoming bonnet is one of those petty trials for which one gains no credit but that of bad taste.

"As to the white dress, continued Mrs. S——, "you must intend it to be made of some material from which dirt will glance harmlessly off on one side. Or perhaps you have one already—a legacy from one of those everlastingly white-robed heroines in the old novels. Those most assuredly have been spectre woods that they wandered in, for in *our* days brambles and underwood save their marks. I was obliged to give up white dresses."

Milly looked thoughtful.

"Oh, well," said she after a short pause, 'dress is very little, after all. I should like the idea of being a minister's wife; you are so looked up to by the congregation, and then they bring you presents, and think so much of you."

"Yes," replied Mrs. S—, "there is something in that; I had seven thimbles given to me once."

"Well, that must have been pleasant, I am sure."

"It would have done very well, had they not expected me to use the whole seven at once. Don't look so frightened, Milly; I don't mean in a literal sense; but I was certainly expected to accomplish as much work as would have kept the seven well employed. This, with my household affairs, was somewhat impossible."

Milly sighed; she was not fond of work, and had vague visions of meals of fruit and milk, and interminable seams accomplishing themselves with neatness and dispatch.

"Now, that you look more rational," said Mrs. S—, with a smile, "I will give you little of my own experience, that you may not walk into these responsibilities with your eyes half shut, as I did. My ideas upon the subject of minister's wives, were very much like your own, and when I left my father's house in the city to accompany Mr. S— to his home in a distant country village, it was with the impression that I was to become a sort of queen—over a small territory, it is true, but filled with adoring subjects. Mr. S— is not very communicative, and as he did not pull down my castle-in-the-air with any description of realities, I was rather disappointed to find no roses or honeysuckles; but a very substantial looking house, with an immense corn-field on one side and a kitchen-garden on the other. I could scarcely repress my tears; but Mr. S—, who had been accustomed to the prospect all his life, welcomed me to my future home as though it were all that could be desired.

"The congregation soon flocked, not 'to pay their respects,' but to take an inventory of my person and manners. I was quite young and naturally lively, and old people shook their heads disapprovingly at the minister's choice, while grave spinsters disappointed ones perhaps, tossed their heads at the idea of 'such a chit.' The very rigid ones black-balled me from *their* community as unworthy to enter, while the gay ones regarded me as a sort of amphibious animal, neither one thing nor the other.

"Before long, the gifts of which you speak thronged in. I was pleased at the attention—not dreaming, in my innocence, that twice as much would be required of me in return. My ignorance on a great many subjects excited the contempt, and often the indignation of my country neighbors; they made not the least allowance for my city education.

"I was standing in the kitchen one day, with a delusive notion of making cake—for my attempts in the cookery line always placed me in a state of delightful uncertainty as to the end, it was quite a puzzle what thing *would* turn out—when a middle aged woman made her appearance, and, without being invited, seated herself near me. A basket accompanied her; and after remarking it was 'awful hot!' she asked me "if I wouldn't like some turnpike-cakes?

"Previous unpalatable messes had been sent in to the table, and afraid that I might be drawn in to taste some nauseous compound, I replied rather hastily, 'No I thank you—I do not think that I am very fond of them.'

"Mrs. Badger, for that was my visitor's name, placed a hand on each hip, and looking me full in the face, burst forth into a laugh that would have done credit to a back woods-man. I trembled, and felt myself coloring to the tips of my ears. To this day I have a vivid recollection of the impression made upon me by that woman's contempt.

"Well, wherever was you broughten up," said my visitor at length, "to 'spose that turnpike cakes was made to eat! Why, bless your heart, child! they're to make bread with!"

"I caught eagerly at the idea; Mr. S. was partial to home made bread—Mrs. Badger, who was by no means ill-natured, willingly left the turnpike cakes, and I was soon plunged up to the elbows in my labor of love. I had very mistaken ideas, though upon the subject of bread and its capabilities of rising; I supposed that a very minute piece of dough would bake into a pretty

loaf, and was extremely surprised when I beheld only an extensive tea cake. Mr. S. laughed good-naturedly at my baking, and pronounced it very well, what there was of it. Anxious to distinguish myself in his eyes as a good housekeeper, I toiled over pies, cake and everything eatable that I could think of; but, alas! the meed of praise always fell short of my expectations. He despatched the pies with a mournful air, as he assured me that 'he never expected to taste any equal to his mothers;' and after trying in vain to reach this standard of perfection. I gave up in

"Anxious to put an end to this perpetual state of surprise I went into the kitchen to oversee the girl's performance—knowing about as much of the matter as she did. Her request, "and would ye plaze, ma'am, to be afther showin' me," just meant to do it myself. The sensations that Mr. S. experienced on finding me thus employed were almost too deep to vent themselves in words, but he positively forbade my doing it again; so, whenever I knew that he was off on some lengthy visit, I continued my mysterious occupation unsuspected; while he rejoiced at Biddy's improvement, and in the innocence of his heart, exclaimed,

"'Don't tell *me*," my dear, that these Irish cannot be taught—look at Biddy."

"I did look at her, and encountered so hopelessly vacant a visage that I laughed to myself at his credulity.

"I was invited, rather *commanded*, to join 'The Dorcas Society for the Relief of Indigent Females,' which met every week, and where the members always sewed on unbleached muslin and sixpenny calico; they made me president, and in consequence I was expected, at each meeting to take home the unfinished work and do it up during the week. I was collector for the poor—and in my rounds some gave me sixpence, some nothing, and some impudence. I was superintendent of the Sunday school, besides teacher of a Bible class of middle-aged young ladies who were not quite grown up. I was a member of a 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Reading,' which also met every week; and where, had I not been a minister's wife, I should certainly have fallen asleep over the 'Exhortations,' 'Helps,' Aids,' and 'Addresses' that were showered upon us poor women; while I wondered that nobody took the trouble to write to men.

"You must acknowledge that my time was pretty well employed; but, besides all this, I was expected to entertain innumerable visitors. Travelling clergymen always made our house their stopping-place; and it must have been conveniently on the route to almost every place in the Union; for some were going North, some East, and some West, but that was always the halting-place. Their hours of arriving were various and unexpected; but I was expected to furnish banquets at the shortest notice—to drag forth inexhaustible stores of linen and bedding—and throw open airy apartments that had hitherto been concealed by secret springs. Mr. S——was firmly convinced that the house possessed the elastic properties of India-rubber, and mildly disregarded my ignorance when I asserted that it would not stretch to any extent.

"A convention of ministers was to meet in the village, for some purpose or other, and the visitors, like British soldiers during the revolution, were to be quartered upon the inhabitants—with only this difference, they were to be invited before they entered a house. I was seated in Mr. S——'s study when he mentioned the ministers.

"I spoke for you, too, my dear,' said he coolly, and said that we could accommodate six.'

"Mr. S——!" I exclaimed, roused past all endurance; 'are you really crazy!"

"Anna!' replied my husband, as he turned his eyes upon me. Mr. S——was usually very mild, and appeared to think that a look was sufficient to subdue refractory spirits. He now undertook to *look* me into reason; while I fairly boiling at the idea of being treated like a naughty child, and yet struggling with a sense of right and wrong, sat with downcast eyes trying in vain to get cool.

"I hope,' continued Mr. S——, 'that my wife has not forgotten the rules of hospitality, or the precepts of the Bible?"

"But it is so impossible!" I pleaded.—'Neither beds nor anything else will hold out under such an inundation.'

"Remember the widow's cruse of oil,' replied my husband.

"Yes,' said I, for I felt just the least bit termagantish,'but such things do not happen now a days.'

"Mr. S—— *looked* again, and I was quieted, though I felt very much like laughing.

"One can sleep on the sofa,' continued my husband, after a pause.

"It was the nearest approach toward calculating probabilities that I had ever known him to make; but I took somewhat of a wicked pleasure in replying.

"Not if he is very tall—and then he would probably roll out, it is so narrow; and, after all, that is only one.'

"Chairs!' suggested Mr. S——.

"Don't you think,' said I, rather hesitatingly, 'that they would rather go where they could be better accommodated?'

"Anna,' said Mr. S——, as he deliberately laid down his pen, 'I am really sorry to see you so unwilling to contribute your mite toward entertaining those who should be welcome guests in every house.'

"Mr. S——,' said I, in a sort of frantic hope of reducing him to reason, 'there are exactly two spare beds in the house—and these divided among six full grown men

"I sat like one bewildered, and thought. Mr. S—— would not imagine the possibility of our not being able to accommodate them; and I foresaw that all the blame of a failure would fall upon me.—Had they only been girls, I could have disposed of them somehow; but the idea of packing away six grave ministers, like so many bundles, was quite repugnant to my feelings of reverence. I thought,however, in vain—there was no conclusion to come to; nothing left for me but inglorious retreat. In spite of having taken him 'for better or for worse'—notwithstanding that I had vowed to cling to him through everything—I deserted him in his hour of need. Yes, I thought that a good, practical lesson might be of benefit both to him and me; so I went off on a visit,ostensibly to spend the day, but I contrived to be gone all night—the very night that the ministers were to arrive.

"They arrived about dinner-time, and rather disconcerted at my absence, Mr. S—— did the honors of the house with all the egregious mistakes that usually fall to the lot of absent-minded people. No extra provision had been made for the six guests; and Mr. S—— helped the oldest minister so liberally that the others were in danger of falling short. As he proceeded in his employment the alarming scantiness of the viands struHe sent to the neighbors', and soon supplied deficiencies;

"The hour for retiring approached, and then, indeed, came the 'tug of war.' Mr. S—— examined the accommodations again and again, but no more beds grew beneath his eye; and at length, in despair he concluded to marshal them up stairs in the order of precedence,and see how things turned out. Brother A—— took the light from his hand, and bade him "good night' in an imposing manner, but without a single hint that the company of Brother B—— or Brother C—— would be acceptable; and somewhat desparingly he descended to his other visitors. Brother B——, being of a convenient size, was bestowed upon the sofa; but there now remained four others for one bed and a half, for Mr. S—— had concluded to take one in with him. Two were dispatched to the remaining room; one was invited to share his apartment, and, after giving brother A—— abundance of time to establish himself comfortably, Mr. S—— presented himself at his door with the remaining visitor, and aroused him from a sound sleep with a request to take him in. No wonder that Brother A—— looked dignified at this miserable management, or that Mr. S—— began to think that I might be half right, after all.

"The next morning matters drew to a crisis. The coffee, manufactured by Mr. S—— was execrable; and this, with a banquet of burned beef and something that Biddy termed 'short cake,' lumps of dough, scorched without and raw within, utterly failed to satisfy the appetites of the six visitors, who were going upon a long journey; and they departed with a conviction that my husband's invitation had been extremely ill-timed, and prevented them from accepting others that might have proved pleasant.

"My dear," said Mr. S—— to me one day, after I had been home some little time, "are you not making an uncommon quantity of cake? Do you expect any visitors?"

"I do not *expect* any," I replied. "But they may come without expecting. Perhaps the six ministers may stop here on

"It was very foolish of me to be unreasonable—but I have had a lesson that will not be soon forgotten."

George Peabody,

one of the greatest of the world's benefactors, has been gathered to his fathers. The melancholy intelligence reaches us that at half-past eleven on the night of the fourth instant, in the complete possession of all his faculties, and full of years and honors, he gave up the trials and tribulations of life and entered upon that immortality which, though in the reach of all, is only achieved by the just made perfect.

Mr. Peabody was born in the neighboring town of Danvers, in Essex county, on the 18th of February, 1795. He came from the Pilgrim stock, and was the descendant of a family settled formerly in Leicestershire, England. His parents were poor, and his early education was acquired in the district-schools. At the age of eleven years he was apprenticed to a grocer in his native town, but left him in his fifteenth year, and after spending a year with his grandfather, in Thetford, Vt., went to Newburyport as a clerk for his elder brother, who was in the dry goods business there. The next year, in 1812, he went with his uncle John Peabody to Georgetown, D. C., and entered into business with him; the business being conducted in the name of George, although he was a minor. After two years, finding himself in danger if he continued the relation, of being held responsible for debts he had not contracted, he withdrew in 1814, and entered into partnership in the wholesale dry goods business with Mr. Elisha Riggs, who furnished the capital, but entrusted the management of affairs to Mr. Peabody. In the following year the house was removed to Baltimore, and prospering greatly, branches were established in Philadelphia and New York. In 1827 Mr. Peabody crossed the Atlantic for the first time for the purpose of buying goods, and in 1829, by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, he became the senior partner of the house. During his subsequent visits to Europe, he was entrusted with many important negotiations by the State of Maryland, which he always brought to a successful issue. In 1867 he took up a permanent residence in England, and in 1843, having withdrawn from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., he established himself in London as a merchant and banker, and through his exertions, confidence in American securities, which was greatly shaken by the disastrous period of 1837, was fully restored. The house which he established in London has ever been the headquarters of Americans in that city, and the centre of American news and intelligence. Mr. Peabody was essentially a man with "a hand open as day to melting charity," and he was foremost in all good works, giving lavishly of those means which he had acquired by years of honorable industry. In his benefactions he was universal, and he knew no creed or nation. He supplied at his own cost the arranging and decoration of the United States department of the great Exhibition of 1851; and in 1852 contributed largely ($10,000) to Dr. Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his fellows; in the same year, at the bi-centennial celebration of his native town of Danvers, he sent a toast in a sealed envelope, with the injunction not to be opened until the day of the anniversary. That toast was—"Education, a debt from the present to future generations," and to pay his share of that debt, a check for $20,000 was enclosed, to be expended in the founding of an institute, lyceum, and library for the town, which is known as the Peabody Institute; subsequent gifts increased the amount to $60,000, and an additional $10,000 was bestowed upon North Danvers for a branch library. In 1866–7 he gave $300,000 to the city of Baltimore, with a pledge to increase it to $500,000, (afterwards increased to $1,000,000), for the purpose of founding an institution for the promotion of science, literature and the fine arts. In 1862 Mr. Peabody retired from business, and on the 12th of March of that year he presented the city of London with the princely sum of £150,000, to be applied to the benefit of the working-classes, and expended in the erection of comfortable and convenient lodging-houses; and in 1866 this sum was increased by an additional £150,000. For this munificent act Mr. Peabody received the freedom of the city of London, and the Queen sent him a letter of thanks and presented him with her portrait which is deposited in the Peabody Institute at Danvers. His statue was also erected in London and unveiled by the Prince of Wales. The first block of buildings built from this endowment was opened in Spitalfields in 1864. In October, 1866, he presented to Harvard College the sum of $150,000, to establish a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology, and Ethnology. His crowning gift, however, made in March, 1867, was the placing of upwards of two millions of dollars at the disposal of a number of trustees, for the promotion and encouragement of the moral and industrial education of the youth of the destitute portion of the southwestern part of the Union. The trustees included a number of the most eminent gentlemen of the country, from all ranks of life. This donation of Mr. Peabody astonished the world. The President personally expressed the thanks of the nation; and in the national Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution of thanks, with a proviso that a gold medal should be struck and presented the donor in the name of the American nation. Early in 1867 Mr. Peabody made preparations for his return to England, and took his departure on the first of May following. On reaching England he was the recipient of many tokens of esteem, all classes of the community seeking to do him honor. Oxford had previously conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and in the following June our own Harvard College made him an LL. D. In December, 1865, he made another special bequest to the poor of London, making his gifts in all to that city amount to £350,000. He remained abroad two years, and on the 8th of June of the present year, arrived again in this country. The Queen was desirous of conferring knighthood upon him, but this honor Mr. Peabody with his characteristic modesty, declined. On the first of July, 1869, at a special meeting of the trustees of the educational fund holden in Newport, R. I., Mr. Peabody increased his gift by the addition of another million dollars. On the 14th of July he attended the ceremonies at the dedication of the Peabody Institute at Danvers, and on the 17th left for the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, with the hope of enjoying a restoration of health. But no permanent advantage was derived; and but a few weeks since he sailed once more for England. He reached London with impaired health, which gradually declined until his life terminated. The number and amount of Mr. Peabody's benefactions will, perhaps, never be accurately ascertained, for he was one of those men who never let his left hand know what his right hand did. The more prominent of his donations, however, may be summed up as follows: For institutes at Danvers and Peabody, $250,000; Peabody Museum at Salem, $150,000; Newburyport, for a library, $30,000; Memorial Church in Georgetown, Massachusetts, to the memory of his mother, and free public library at the same place, $100,000; Phillips Academy, Andover, $30,000; Massachusetts Historical Society, $20,000; Harvard College, for museum and professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology; $150,000; Yale College, for Museum of Natural History, $150,000; Peabody Institute at Baltimore, $1,000,000; Maryland Historical Society, $20,000; Kenyon College, $25,000; Public Library at Post Mills, Thetford, Vt., $10,000; Southern Educational fund, $3,000,000; London Poor, $1,750,000. His kindred, $1,500,000. Mr. Peabody was one of the noblest of men, and his fame will endure longer than the monumental effigies that have been made of him. He was essentially one who loved his fellow men. Let us trust that his loss is not irreparable, but that his example will induce others to follow where he has led the way. His life throughout was a grand one

"And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

One of the best things said by the late George Peabody is this, spoken at a reunion at his native town: "It is sometimes hard for one who has devoted the best part of his life to the accumulation of money to spend it for others; but practise it, and keep on practising it, and I assure you it comes to be a pleasure.

Anecdotes of George Peabody.

Mr. Peabody's great interest in education doubtless partially arose from the fact that he was taken from school at the early age of eleven years, and was thus deprived of what, in that day, was known as grammar school instruction. The first money he earned outside of the small pittance he received as clerk, was for writing ballots for the federal party in Newburyport. This was before the day of printed votes. When Mr. Riggs invited Mr. Peabody to be a partner, the latter said there was one insuperable objection, as he was only nineteen years of age. This was no objection in the mind of the shrewd merchant, who wanted a young and active assistant. James Read of Boston was the first merchant who gave George Peabody credit. The purchase was for a thousand dollars, half of it on credit. The amount was promptly paid, and the transaction led to a long business relation and life-long friendship. Two gentlemen are living who were friends of Mr. Peabody in boyhood, and who willingly paid his share of the cost of sailing and fishing parties, ten-pins, etc., during the war of 1812-14—his excellent company being considered more than an offset to his lack of funds.

Mr. Peabody did not bestow many gifts to relieve individual poverty or distress. He thought that much of the money thus contributed only tended to increase the evil it sought to alleviate. He was a beautiful penman, and his letters were usually brief and to the point. Mr. Peabody was strongly opposed to fraud in little matters. The conductor on an English railway once overcharged him a shilling for fare. He made complaint to the directors and had the man discharged. "Not," said he, "that I could not afford to pay the shilling, but the man was cheating many travelers to whom the swindle would be oppressive."

When Mr. Peabody first resided in London he lived very frugally, taking breakfast at his lodgings and dining at a club house. His personal expenses, for ten years, did not average six hundred pounds per annum. Mr. Peabody had a very retentive memory, particularly in regard to names and places. He would give the most minute particulars of events that occurred between fifty and sixty years ago. Mr. Peabody first appeared in print as the champion of American credit in England, at the time our state securities were depressed on account of the non-payment of interest by Pennsylvania.

Essex county, where Mr. Peabody was born, has five public buildings erected by his liberality. They are consecrated to the uses of education, science and religion. Mr. Peabody leaves a sister, Mrs. Daniels, formerly Mrs. Russell of Georgetown. He has several nephews and nieces, to all of whom he has been very generous. Mr. Peabody was very fond of singing, Scottish songs being his favorites. The favorite games of Mr. Peabody were backgammon after dinner, and whist in the evening. He was as fond of the latter and as vigorous a player as Charles Lamb's friend, Sarah Battle, who neither gave nor took quarter. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Peabody was so much pleased with an American lady visiting London that he offered her his hand and fortune, which were accepted. Learning a short time afterward that she was already engaged, a fact of which she had kept him in ignorance, he rebuked her lack of sincerity and broke off the engagement.

Mr. Peabody visited, incognito, the houses erected by his munificence for the poor of London, to see if those in charge of the charity properly attended to their duties. He asked the wife of the superintendent the name of her child, and was answered, "George Peabody." This prompted a present to the infant, which the mother quickly interpreted, and announced to her neighbors the presence of their distinguished benefactor, who gladly took refuge in a cab to be rid of their benedictions.

Letters by the hundred were daily received by Mr. Peabody of late years. They were first looked over by the secretary and only a few ever reached the eyes of the great banker. He received one of thirty-six foolscap pages from a decayed English gentleman who solicited a loan of a few thousand pounds to establish the claims of his family to an estate. Mr. P. wrote in reply substantially this: "That you should have written such a letter, would surprise your friends; that I should have read it, would indeed surprise mine." Chief Justice Shaw paid Mr. Peabody the compliment of remarking that a business document, written by him, was one of the clearest and most comprehensive papers that had ever been presented to our supreme court. By temperament, religious training early education, political bias and business connections, Mr. Peabody was conservative. The last time Mr. Peabody spoke in public was at the national peace jubilee in Boston. It was a fitting place and occasion for one whose long and useful life had done so much for peace and concord. Several years ago Mr. Peabody selected his grave in the beautiful cemetery near his native place, called "Harmony Grove," where the remains of many of his kindred are buried.—*Boston Transcript.*

George Peabody, the American, amassing a princely fortune to bequeath to the poor of Great Britain; George Peabody, the American, buried with a nation's lamentation among her princes and statesmen in Westminster Abbey; George Peabody, his body, after the highest honors Great Britain could pay it, carried across the ocean in a British ship of war, there to be interred, for its final resting-place, in his own land; George Peabody is a link of peace and love between the two nations which must never be broken. And, as American and British statesmen stood around that open grave; as American and British citizens blended their voices in the prayer to "Our Father in Heaven" to forgive us our trespasses as we forgive each other; as at the same hour when this solemn service was performing in Westminster Abbey, the cradle of both nations, similar services were being conducted in America, while flags were lowered and bells were tolled, I felt that, whether diplomacy has yet finally and formally completed its business or not, there never again can be a question about the maintenance of friendship; all thoughts of the possibility of quarrel must forever pass away, and in the grave of Peabody, both at Westminster and at Danvers, must every remaining suspicion and memory of evil be buried; both nations resolving that no deeds or words of menace or ill-will shall again be exchanged, and that not mere rigid justice, but generous love, shall settle all matters still in debate.

PEABODY, Feb. 8.—The final obsequies over the remains of George Peabody were attended today by between eight and ten thousand people, and the programme was carried despite the severe snow storm.

The casket containing the remains had been quietly removed at dead of night by the guard of honor from the Peabody institute to the South Congregational church, and when the populace arrived at early morning and during the afternoon to view the remains, the funeral decorations in the buildings and on the fronts of public buildings and many private residences only met their curious gaze.

The interior of the church was appropriately decorated and darkened, the few gas jets that were lighted giving a sombre effect to the surroundings. The casket as it lay in front of the pulpit was elaborately strewn with the choicest flowers in the most exquisite funeral designs. The Sutton guard stood sentinel over the remains. At eleven o'clock the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased took their seats in the church, the ticket holding public having been seated in the galleries.

The first among the distinguished guests to arrive were Prince Arthur and Mr. Thornton. The governors of Massachusetts and Maine with their staffs came next, officers of the British and American armies and navies, including Captain Commerell of the Monarch, Captain McComb of the Plymouth, and the staff of Admiral Farragut followed. President Eliot, of Harvard university, and representatives of various educational institutions, Mayor Shurtleff of Boston and delegations from several other cities were included in the congregation.

At half past eleven o'clock the services began with a voluntary upon the organ. Scripture selections were read by Rev. Daniel Marsh, pastor of the Peabody memorial church in Georgetown. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop then delivered a eulogy. At the conclusion of the address the beautiful trio of Tuckerman, "Their sun shall no more go down," was sung by ladies of the choir, and was followed by a prayer, and a benediction.

The military escort consisted of five companies of the fifth United States artillery, the Salem Cadets, and five companies of militia. The pall bearers were Robert C. Winthrop, Charles F. Adams, John H. Clifford, Rev. Milton P. Braman, D. D., Alfred A. Abbott, James M. Beebe, Nathaniel Thayer, Henry Poor, George A. Osborne, Lewis Allen, Elijah W. Upton, Fitch Poole, Samuel F. Dana, Otis P. Lord and Eben King. Funeral car, by the sides of which marched the Sutton Guards. Next came the relatives, Prince Arthur and suite, Admiral Farragut's staff, the governors, Capt Commerell of the Monarch, and others.

The procession, which comprised one hundred and twenty-five carriages, proceeded to the music of four bands, through the drifting snow, to the Peabody tomb in Harmony grove. The remains were deposited in the tomb at three o'clock, and the procession went back to the town through the deep snow.

A few days ago we went to see some of the houses built by Mr. Peabody for the poor of London. We found four large, nice brick blocks, surrounding an open square, each five stories high, and constructed upon the same general plan for the accommodation of poor families. On each floor there is a hall extending through the centre of the long diameter of the building, upon both sides of which are situated the different sized rooms. These are rented at a very low figure, The price of one room is about sixty cents in gold per week, two rooms ninety-six cents, and three rooms one dollar and twenty cents. At these prices the homes are full, and many families are now waiting their turn to take a vacancy. These four blocks are, at present, occupied by one hundred and fifty families. In looking at these comfortable houses, many of whose windows are a garden of flowers, one cannot fail to be impressed with the amount of good accomplished by the unparalleled benevolence of this prince of charity givers.

CHARITY.

When thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency, which may render them considerable. While we look with fear or hatred upon the teeth of the viper, we may behold his eye with love. In venomous natures something may be amiable; poisons affords anti-poisons: nothing is totally or altogether uselessly bad.—[SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

The Pilgrim's Progress—New Edition.

The following, which was first published we believe, last year, now appears with some variations from the original text, in the Hartford Courant Almanac for 1876. The author is J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford:

1620. Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.

1621. Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of over-eating.

1622. Builds a Meeting House.

1623. Proclaims a Fast Day.

1628. Cuts down a May Pole at Merry Mount, as a rebuke to vain recreations.

1635. Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm at Connecticut.

1637. Makes war on the Antinomians, and the Pequot Indians, and whips both.

1638. Starts a *College*, and

1640. Sets up a *Printing Press*.

1643. Goes into a Confederacy—the first Colonial Congress.

1648. Lays down the *Cambridge Platform*. Hangs a Witch.

1649. Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."

1651. Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or other such gew-gaws.

1652. Coins Pine Tree Shillings, and makes the business profitable.

1663. Prints a Bible for the Indians.

1680. Buys a "hang-up" Clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him guess the time of day. About this period learns to use Forks at table; a new fashion.

1692. Is scared by *Witches* again, at Salem; but gets the better of them.

1701. Founds *another College*, which, after a while, settles down at New Haven.

1704. Prints his first *Newspaper*, in Boston.

1705. Tastes *Coffee*, as a luxury, and at his own table.

1707. Constructs another *Platform*—this time at Saybrook.

1710. Begins to sip *Tea*—very sparingly. It does not come into family use till five and twenty years later.

1711. Puts a letter into his first *Post Office*.

1720. Eats a *Potato*—and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.

1721. Is *Inoculated* for the Small Pox—not without grave remonstrance from his conservative neighbors. Begins to *Sing by note* on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening a ten years' quarrel.

1740. Manufactures tinned ware, and starts the first *Tin Pedler* on his travels.

1742. Sees Faneuil Hall built. The cradle of Liberty is ready to be rocked.

1745. Builds an *Organ*; but does not yet permit it to be played in the Meeting House.

1750. Buys a bushel of *Potatoes* for winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many.

1755. Puts up a *Franklin Stove* in his best room; and tries one of the newly invented *Lightning Rods*.

1760. About this time begins to wear a cuff to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a *Chaise*, instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.

1765. Shows his dislike to stamped Paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."

1768. Tries his hand at *Type Founding*—not yet successfully—in Connecticut.

1770. Buys a home-made *Wooden Clock*.

1773. Waters his *Tea* in Boston harbor. Plants *Liberty Trees*, wherever he finds good soil.

1774. Lights Boston streets with oil *Lamps*: a novelty (though "New Lights" had been plenty, some years before).

1775. Shows Lord Percy how to march to "Yankee Doodle." Calls at Ticonderoga, to take lodgings for the season. Sends Gen. Putnam (under the command of several colonels) with a small party, to select a site for Bunker Hill monument.

1776. *Brother Jonathan*—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself Free and Independent.

1780. Buys an "Umbrillo," for Sundays; and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy.

1791. Starts a *Cotton Spinning* factory.

1792. Has been raising Silk Worms, in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown. Buys a *Carpet*, for the *middle* of the parlor floor.

1793. Invents the *Cotton Gin*—and thereby trebles the value of southern plantations.

1795–1800. Wears *Pantaloons* occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use *Plates* on the breakfast and tea table.

1802. Has the boys and girls *vaccinated*.

1806. Tries to burn a piece of *Hard Coal* from Philadelphia; a failure.

1807. Sees a boat go by *Steam*, on the Hudson.

1815. Holds a little *Convention* at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent "Shelf Clocks," for $36.00, and regulates his watch by it.

1817. Sets up a Stove in the Meeting House, and builds a fire in it on Sunday; an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many.

1817. Begins to run a *Steamboat* on Long Island Sound—and takes passage on it to New York, after making his will.

1819. Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamship.

1822. Lights *Gas* in Boston (but doesn't light *Boston* with gas, till 1829). At last, learns how to make *Hard Coal* burn, and sets a grate in his parlor. Buys a *Steel Pen* (one of Gillott's, sold at $33 per gross). Has his every-day Shirts made without *Ruffles*.

1825. About this time, puts a *Percussion Lock* on his old musket.

1826. Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped *India Rubber* overshoes. Puts on his first False Collar. Tries an "Experimental" railroad, 12 horse power.

1828. Tastes his first *Tomato*—doubtingly. Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife—and buys *Silver Forks*, for great occasions.

1833. Buys his first *Friction Match*—then called a "Lucifer," and afterwards "Loco Foco." Throws away the old Tinder Box, with its flint and steel.

1835. Invents the *Revolver*, and sets about supplying the world with it, as a peace-maker. Tries a *Gold Pen*, but cannot find a good one yet—nor till 1844. Builds a real *Railroad*, and rides on it.

1837. Gets in a panic—and out again, after free use of "shin-plasters."

1838. Adopts the new fashion of putting his letters in *Envelopes* (a fashion which does not fairly prevail till seven years later.)

1840. Sits for his *Daguerreotype*, and gets a picture fearfully and wonderfully made. Begins to blow himself up with "Camphene" and "Burning Fluid;" and continues the process for years, with changes of name of the active agent, down to and including "Non-Explosive Kerosene."

1844. Sends his first message by the *Electric Telegraph*.

1847. Buys his wife a *Sewing Machine*—in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirts. Begins to receive advices from the "Spirit World."

1855. Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel.

1858. Celebrates the laying of the *Ocean Cable*, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week begins to doubt whether the cable has been laid at all.

1861. Goes south to help compose a family quarrel. Takes to using Paper Money.

1861-1865. Climbs the Hill Difficulty—relieved of his pack after Jan. 1, 1864; but loses Great-Heart, April 14, 1865.

1865. Gets the Atlantic Cable in working order at last, in season to send word to his British cousins (who have been waiting for an invitation to his funeral) that he "lives yet."

1865-75. Is reconstructing and *talking about* Resumption. Sends his boys to the Museum to see an old fashion Silver Dollar.

1875. Goes to Bunker Hill to pay honor to the illustrious men who commanded Gen. Putnam. Thinks he won't inflate—and helps strangle a western rag baby. Gets ready to cel-

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Opinions of Mrs Stowe and the Poet Whittier.

At a women suffrage convention in Newport on Wednesday, at which Mrs Stanton presided, and said a good word for Lady Byron, Theodore Tilton made a speech. It was understood that Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe would have been present to address the meeting, but she was not able to attend. Her sister, Mrs Isabella Beecher Hooker, was introduced to the audience, and read the following extracts from a private letter sent by Mrs Stowe to a lady in Providence:—

Will you allow me now to write some suggestions which I hope the dear friends and sisters who may meet about a work so great may receive for what they are worth. First, let us all argue together in the spirit of the gospel, and not give the world occasion to say that women never can unite, and let us avoid singularities that shock the taste and established feelings of society unnecessarily. Sins against taste are never pardoned. They bring nothing but loathing and disgust toward the whole subject, and you cannot reason with disgusts. We ought to love the main cause so well as to be unwilling to compromise it by giving offense on minor points. I hear that Mrs Stanton is an elegant woman, and I doubt not that her house is charmingly kept, and that she does not, as is generally reported, despise the ordinary domestic duties. I have heard everywhere that she says her daughters shall never learn to sew, and I disbelieve it. I want a chance to contradict it from herself if ever I have the pleasure of knowing her personally. It seems to me that we should make very prominent in the foreground that we seek above all things the peace, edification and honor of the family state, and that we only seek to elevate it to a higher place, and have its duties better performed. Finally, I feel that the New Testament lays down the only safe and certain ground by which to regulate the position of woman, and I am anxious one reform should wear a reverential and Christian aspect, and not a lawless infidel one. I should like to embody this idea in one or two resolutions like this:—

Resolved, That the New Testament states the true relations and duties of men and women in the sentences "The man is the head of the woman even as Christ is the head of the church, and he is the savior of the body."

Resolved, That, as it is elsewhere stated that the church of Christ is to sit with him on his throne, that the saints are to judge angels, and to be made kings and priests unto God, and to reign with Christ, so in Christian society, when fully developed, man is to welcome woman to full equality with himself in all the cares of government and legislation by which society is perfected.

A letter from Mr Whittier was also read, as follows:—

AMESBURY, Mass., 12th, 8th mo., 1869.

My Dear Friend: I have received thy letter inviting me to attend the convention in behalf of woman's suffrage at Newport, R. I., on the 25th inst. I do not see how it is possible for me to accept the invitation, and, were I to do so, the state of my health would relieve me from the responsibility of seeming to sanction anything in its action which might conflict with my own views of duty or policy; yet I should do myself great injustice if I did not embrace this occasion to express my general sympathy with the movement. I have seen no good reason why mothers, wives and daughters should not have the same rights of person, property and citizenship which fathers, husbands and brothers have. The sacred memory of mother and sister, the wisdom and dignity of women of my own religious connection, who have been accustomed to something like equality in rights, as well as duty, my experience as a co-worshipper with noble and self-sacrificing women, as graceful and helpful in their household duties as they are firm and courageons in their public advocacy of unpopular truths, the steady friendships which have inspired and strengthened men, and the reverence and respect I feel for human nature, irrespective of sex—all these compel me to look with something more than acquiescence upon the efforts you are making. I frankly confess that I am not able to foresee all the consequences of the great social and political change proposed, but of this I am at least sure; it is always safe to do right, and the truest expediency is simple justice. I can understand without sharing the misgivings of those who fear that when the vote drops from woman's hand into the ballot-box, the beauty and sentiment, the bloom and sweetness of womanhood go with it. But in this matter it seems to me we can trust nature. Stronger than statutes or conventions, she will be conservative of all that true men love and honor in woman. Here and there may be found an equivocal, unsexed Chevalier Deon, but the eternal order and fitness of things will remain. I have no fear that man will be less manly or woman less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law. On the other hand I do not see that the exercise of the ballot by women will prove a remedy for all the evils of which she justly complains. It is her right, as truly mine, and when she asks for it it is something less than manhood to withhold it. But unsupported by a more practical education, higher aims, and a deeper sense of the responsibility of life and duty, it is not likely to prove a blessing in her hands any more than in minors. With great respect and hearty sympathy, I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A PAIR OF UNITARIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

Robert Collyer, of Chicago, I mean the apostle Robert, that loving, lovable, earnest Englishman, whose printed sermons have touched my heart more than any words but those of Fenelon, is one of the greatest men of Unitarianism to-day. His sympathy and sincerity, his piety, his charity, commend him more to the hyper-cultivated congregations of the East than the fastidious negatives from the library cloisters, with the dew of Harvard and the linden dust of Germany on their brows. In looking at these specimens of culture one feels that their hearts have shrunken to give blood to their brains; but when this man speaks, the great heart of love is there, with a noble brain for its servant. His appearance is that of a strong, broad-shouldered Englishman, with iron-gray hair and whiskers; his head, a little bowed as if meditating on a life stored with experiences, as if the Master's hand had laid there often traces of softened suffering, that had yielded rich accounts in his expression, which is wholly one that children love. He has studied well in the university of life. He is gentle and fearless, in equal degree. His action was characteristic, when, in a plea for churches where the poor might find entrance, he crossed the platform, and, putting his arm around the shoulder of Edward Everett Hale, he said:—

"Brother Hale, you have a beautiful church, and the music is like heaven, but, I am told, the price of seats is so high that a poor man can't come there;" and in a tone that was more than a reproof, in its gentleness, "Is it so? I think if a poor creature who beats his wife could come there and see the beautiful interior, and hear that young lady sing whom I heard there last Sunday, he would go home and forget to beat his wife that night. But your rich people have all these things at home, books, music, and crimson furniture, and they don't need them at church so much."

Mr. Hale is of an opposite type from Mr. Collyer. Your readers will know him best, as the writer of the finest stories in the land—"The Man Without a Country," for instance; stories touching with pathos, or lurking with wit, like "My Double, or How he Undid me." From the complete strength of his writings, I expected to see an athletic Christian, with short English whiskers and a jolly smile, something on the Kingsley order. Instead, a form scarcely more than slight, with the studious stoop in his shoulders, clad in a gown, advanced to the desk. It would seem that his frame was originally robust, but cloistered in a study, had given spareness to the whitened cheeks; had sunken the large, meditative eye, and given the slight trace of severity to his face, which is really beautiful, reminding one at once of the Christian, in Henri Le Jennis' picture of "Jesus Blessing Children." But the hair is thin on his temples now, worn with thought, and the face is one that might be stern when defending the faith in ecclesiastical council, but would soften unutterably to the children round his table.—"*Shirley Dore*" *in the Chicago Republican.*

OLD AGE.

Old age is the majestic and imposing dome of human life. God makes it the sanctuary of all wisdom and justice; the tabernacle of the purest virtues. Experience has taught the old man all things; and his personal endeavors have reduced his acquirements to that simple state—that perfect unity—where each conviction has its proof and counterproof. His are the treasures of tradition, and those of acquired knowledge—ancient lore and modern facts, in their order, practical truth, and eternal verity, the relative and the absolute—that which helps our conduct in this world, and that which leads us to another. If death were only the blossoming of life—the sublime flower of that plant whose spreading roots underlie the earth—if, as saith the apostle, death merely clothed us with immortality: old age would be the apogee of life—its culminating point, its epoch of wealth and power. But it must not be forgotten that death is the wages of sin; and, as such, it causes the weight of our condemnation to fall heavily upon old age. Old age is the term of grace—sometimes a little protracted—when all accounts must be audited, all allowances confirmed, and when the invisible Creditor exacts his dues. Of all the seasons of life, old age is that in which the sentence with which man is weighted is most keenly felt. The forecast shadow of death overspreads the close of life. But death has been redeemed, like all things else. Old age is the central point. Night is on one side, and dawn on the other. Ransomed death permits a passage to the beams of the true life, and our last twilights are nearer than any others to the eternal light.

THINGS TO GIVE.—

Our hearts to God. Prov. xxiii. 26.
Praise to Him. Psalms xcvi. 7, 8.
Thanks to Him. 1 Thess. v. 18.
Our bodies a living sacrifice. Rom. xxi. 1.
God loves the cheerful giver. 2 Cor. ix. 7.
More blessed to give than receive. Acts xx. 35.

THINGS TO KEEP.—

Our hearts with diligence. Prov. iv. 23.
The commands of God. 1 John iii. 24.
The truth. Prov. xxiii. 23.
A good conscience. 1 Tim i. 19.
The tongue from evil. Ps. xxxiv. 13.
Ourselves unspotted. James i. 27.
The Sabbath day. Ex. xx. 8.

GOD DOES NOT FORGET.—Have friends, once cherished and loved, grown distant and cold? Do they seem to forget their former kindness and friendship? It is a thought full of comfort and happiness that God does not forget. He never neglects his children. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," are His words, sure and true. Others may cease to regard, but His love is ever abiding.

Have those whom you once aided when needy and helpless, whom you raised up from the depths of degradation and despondency, forgotten your acts of kindness and mercy? Do you feel ill-requited for the pain and toil you have taken? God does not forget. Even the cup of water He rewards. The recipient of your bounty may never give you a thank. Your labors of love may never be appreciated. But He who loves the cheerful giver treasures up a remembrance of every act, and gives in this life, at least, the sweet peace and joy of heart at doing a good deed, and in the life to come a reward unspeakable and full of glory.

God does not forget. No, no. The kind word spoken to the little child; the mite given to the poverty stricken old man; the little delicacy carried to the invalid; the hour spent in reading to the aged or blind; the prayer offered for those in bonds, and every effort in their behalf; all these things are registered above.

A Sweet Temper.—A gentleman reports that he once found Mr. Wilberforce in the greatest agitation, looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid; one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search until the last moment—he seemed at length quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself:—"Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him and said:—"What a blessing it is to have those dear little children; only think what a relief, amid all other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well!"

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Distinguished Honors Conferred on Him by the Russian Czar.

He Receives the Grand Cross of the Order of St. George.

Special Despatch to the Traveller.

New York, Dec. 31.—A despatch from Prussia, received in this city to-day, makes the following very interesting announcement:

Berlin, Dec. 31.—The Emperor of Russia has conferred the grand cross of the Order of St. George on His Majesty the King of Prussia. This distinction is the highest military honor that the Russian Emperor can bestow, and it is accorded exclusively to those who have commanded an army and gained some decisive victory, or who have fought through twenty land campaigns or been present in eighteen engagements by sea.

In presenting the grand cross to the King of Prussia, his Russian Majesty intended to convey a compliment on the Prussian victory gained at Koniggratz over the Austrian armies.

The military order was instituted on the 7th of December, 1769, by the Empress Catherine the Second.

The Protestant churchman says the venerable Rev. Thos. Williams, of Providence, and familarily known as Father Williams, is noted for his ready wit and sharp retort. A devoted ritualist was discussing the subject of liturgy with him and claimed that the whole Bible furnished no instance of any other than written prayers—"No, sir; not a single one, sir." "Do you really think so?" "Yes sir. I defy you to point to a Scripture prayer that was not written—you cannot do it." "Well, can I ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Tell me then, who held the candle when Jonah prayed in the whale's belly?"

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

When, toward the close of some long summer day, we come suddenly, and, as we think, before his time, upon the broad sun, "sinking down in his tranquillity" into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great spectacle; and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight; we see everywhere, upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet, that dim, strange, changeful image; and if our eyes shut, to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, the unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set; and were we to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record by pencil or by pen our impression of that supreme hour, still would *it* be there. We must have patience with our eye, it would not let the impression go; that spot on which the radiant disc was impressed, is insensible to all other outward things for a time; its best relief is, to let the eye wander vaguely over earth and sky, and repose itself on the mild shadowy distance. So it is when a great, good, and beloved man departs, sets, it may be, suddenly, and to us who know not the times and the seasons, *too soon*. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to rise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged; and if we try to record by words our wonder, our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life" is for ever coming into our "study of imagination"—into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.—*Horæ Subsecivæ, by John Brown, M.D.*

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER

Haydn used to relate with much pleasure a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's." "Oh," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How, sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: "Haydn!—ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The Englishman laughed—an explanation took place—and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

Patience and Liberality.—Now I know not whether the man who hath not determined to bear with firmness the loss of any of his goods either by theft or by violence, or even by slothfulness, could, easily or with his whole heart, himself lay hands on his goods for the sake of alms-giving. For who that cannot at all bear to be cut by another, applieth the steel to his own body? Patience under losses is an exercise in the act of giving and communicating. He is not unwilling to give who feareth not to lose.—*Tertullian.*

Invocation.

Oh Spirit of Mercy, of Justice and Love,
O'ershadow thy children with peace from above,
Let the phantoms of fear, of doubt and despair,
Be lost in the radiance of spiritual air;
Let the songs of the angels be heard in the skies,
Proclaiming the truth that the soul never dies;
That all things are carefully guarded by thee,
But the soul in its beauty at death is set free.

May 15.

May 15.

Pressing Curiosity of an Old Man.—A well-known citizen of Hartford, a few days ago had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence, when a small, weazened-faced, elderly man, having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, came into the car looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked him over from head to fooi.

"Going to Providence?" he said at length.

"No, sir," the stranger answered, politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay long?"

"Only over night, sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'late to put up at the tavern?"

"No, sir, I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner's? Deacon Job lives in a little brown house on the old pike? Or mebbe it's his brother? Was it Tim Skinner's—Squire Tim's—where you was goin'?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, smiling; "it was Squire Tim's."

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop over night! Any connection of his'n?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's curus! The old man ain't got into trouble nor nothin', has he?" lowering his voice; "ain't goin' to serve a writ on to him, be ye?"

"Oh no, nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin' I s'pose. I reckon *Miss* Skinner's some connection of yourn?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then, seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added, in a confidential tone:

"I am going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "*That's* it, is it? I want to know! Goin' to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? Well, Mirandy's a nice gal—kinder hombly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her, too. Kep' company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk! Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're a goin' clear out their to take a squint at her! Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. *I've* got a family of grown up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on your hat,"

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long restrained mirth of the listeners to this dialogue burst forth at the old man's open-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'al, now!" And the old bore waddled off into the next car.—*Harper's.*

Keep in Good-Humor.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another. But even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

Love.—Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives a higher motive and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, noble, and courageous; and the power to love truly and devotedly is the noblest gift with which a human being can be endowed; but it is a sacred fire that must not be burnt to idols.

Idleness Grows upon Us.—It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do, the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates. One can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas, those who have a great deal of business must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in.

Common-Sense.—Many, if not most, of the evils which the impatient and irritated sufferer charges to his ill-fortune, to accident, to the misconduct of others, to the injustice or neglect of the world, will be found, when honestly traced to their true source, to have arisen from a defect in the person himself—to his own want of common-sense.

Excelsior.—To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must ever be lifting him above the low plane of custom and convention, in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision and of renovating ideas.

A Brotherly Grasp.—There is sympathy in the true brotherly hand-grasp. It is the touch of friendship, whose sensation is so undefinable, but so well understood—that natural Freemasonry which springs from and is recognized by the heart.

Great Sacrifices.—Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices; but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them; and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

Always Sunshine Somewhere.—The sun is always shining; the flowers are always blooming; the birds are always singing; the golden grain is always waving somewhere in this wicked world.

It is harder for a penurious man to be honest than for a gourmand to keep a fast.

There are more sensible people who are smart than smart ones who are sensible.

Rich men feel misfortunes that pass over poor men's heads.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

I love you well, but touch not my pocket.

One man's fault is another man's lesson.

Good words cost no more than bad.

Put no faith in tale-bearers.

Second thoughts are best.

A Witty Reply.—We have heard of the witty reply of a slave who had stolen and eaten one of his master's turkeys, when he was accused of the crime. He repelled all idea of wrong, saying that "Massa's property only changed form; he has less turkey, but more nigger."

The Difference.—"What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?"—"Dunno, gin it up."—"Because de ticken ob de watch is on de inside, and de ticken ob de bed is on de outside."

An old lady lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate, because she heard that he was a bachelor of arts, whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have missed it.

The Dark Day of 1780.

The 12th of May, 1780, was a remarkable one in the annals of New England, on account of the thick darkness that overspread the land, like a funeral pall. It was a day long to be remembered and talked of by those who witnessed the strange, and at that time fearful, phenomenon. There was much writing upon and discussion of the subject at the time and afterward, but I believe no satisfactory conclusion was ever arrived at as to its cause. There were some who thought that it must have proceeded from a total eclipse of the sun, that had from some cause escaped the calculations of mathematicians and astronomers, but that was easily shown to be impossible by facts and figures.

It was then the darkest and most hopeless period of the war of the revolution, and it was thought by many of the desponding and discouraged to be significant of the end of that which then appeared to them a hopeless struggle. Some of the more sanguine insisted that as the hour before the dawn was always the darkest, so this strange and portentous gloom was but the prelude to the bright dawn of liberty and independence that was soon to follow.

The father of the writer was then a boy of 13 years, and was at work with his father and brother, planting or preparing the ground. It was a dull, hazy morning, and as the time passed it gradually thickened, and by 10 o'clock the increasing darkness began to be quite apparent. They kept on with their work, and as the gloom increased they observed that he would pause once in a while and look intently all around the horizon and overhead, but made no remark until he directed the eldest boy to go to the barn and turn the horse and all the cattle that were inside out into an open lot, and to close and secure every door and window. It appeared that he was apprehensive some sudden and furious gust or squall would soon manifest itself, and that the animals would be in less danger out in the field than inside the building.

Still the darkness grew thicker and deeper, till presently he said they might as well quit work for the present. On reaching the house the mother and sister were about their usual duties, pale and silent. Little was said except an occasional remark or direction in a low tone. No one seemed inclined to conversation or demonstration of any kind. Soon dinner was ready, with candles lighted the same as night, but not a morsel was eaten. A dead silence seemed to pervade all nature, broken only by occasional bleating of a lamb, or the distant lowing of the kine, which wandered about restless and uneasy.

The domestic fowls seemed to be inclined to come to the conclusion that if it was not night, they could put no other construction upon it, so, after clucking over the matter for a while, they went to roost. And thus the long and dreary hours passed away. Along in the afternoon the veil was lifted in some degree, and at the time of sunset it was about the same as in an ordinary dull and cloudy day.

The night which followed, was, it is said, as dark proportionately as was the day. It was the perfect "blackness of darkness." Not the faintest outline of any object could be discerned against the sky. A light would penetrate it but a little way, and then seem to disclose but a solid wall of blackness around.—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

THE EFFECT OF RAILROADS ON THE WEATHER.—The opinion seems to be gaining strength, that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate of the Plains. Instead of continuous droughts, all along the railroad rain now falls in refreshing abundance. This result has been remarked upon in other sections of the West. In central Ohio, for example, it is said, the climate has been completely revolutionized since iron rails have formed a net work all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts formerly suffered there, for some four or five years there has been rain in abundance—even more than enough to satisfy all the wants of farmers. This change is thought to be the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain. It is a fact within the observation of all who remember ante-railroad times, that we have now few or no such thunder storms as we formerly had in New England. The iron rails which touch and cross each other in every direction, serve as conductors and equalizers of the electric currents, and so prevent the terrible explosions which used to terrify us in former years. The telegraphic wires which accompany the iron rails everywhere, also act an important part in diffusing electricity equally through the atmosphere, thus preventing the occurrence of severe thunder storms.

A GOOD GAME.—There is a simple but interesting play, to which our young folks have given the name of "Verbarium," and which has had a remarkable effect, within our observation, in stimulating the faculty of language in many somewhat sluggish brains. A number of persons—the more the merrier—are provided with pencils, and a word chosen as the verbarium, which each writes at the head of his sheet. The object of the game is to draw out the vast number of words which lie folded up, as it were, in the verbarium, and this is accomplished, amid much excitement and amusement, in the following manner: Let us suppose, for instance, that the word chosen is "treason." One of the company is appointed time-keeper; and the signal being given, each writes as rapidly as possible all the words beginning with a "T" which can be spelled with the letters of the verbarium.

At the end of two minutes the time-keeper calls "time!" and the eager pencils are obliged to stop. The company then read, in order, the words they have written. As each word is read, those who have not written it call out "no," and those who have it cross it out from their lists, and place opposite to it a number of credits, equal to the number of defaulters. If three persons, for instance, fail to have the word "tea," the rest take three credits. Two minutes are then devoted to words beginning with "R," and so on, until the whole verbarium is exhausted, when each player counts the aggregate number of credits, and the one who has the largest number is declared the winner.

The possibilities of fun in this game do not all appear from a dry description like the foregoing.

The lamentations of those who, in their zealous pursuit of complicated anagrams, have overlooked the simplest combinations; the shouts of laughter that attend the defeat of an attempt to impose triumphantly some word that "isn't in it;" the appeals to the dictionary to settle disputed questions, and a hundred other lively incidents of the game, render it the most popular with old and young that has ever been introduced into the parlor.

To illustrate the extensive range of language which this simple amusement covers, it is only necessary to say that not less than one hundred words may be derived in this way from "treason," which is, after all, not a good verbarium.

Try verbarium, and you will find it infallibly successful as a means of amusement, while it is, as we have pointed out, highly useful.—*American Builder.*

A large gift strikes our imagination, because its obvious benefit is large. Thus man judges of beneficence. But God looks to the motive, measures the means, sees the amount of self-sacrifice, and approves and rewards accordingly. He who has only a shilling in the world, and gives away sixpence, thereby depriving himself of half a meal, may be as acceptable in the eye of God as he who gives half a million, but has half a million left. Jesus said that the poor widow who threw into the treasury her two mites had actually given more than the rich who cast in liberally, but did it out of their abundance. This is not to disparage great and liberal benefactors. But it is to encourage all, however poor, even so that they can give merely a cup of cold water, that they shall not be unrewarded; and that if the smallest sum is given in a right spirit, and in proportion to our ability and with self-sacrifice, as he that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward, so he that gives away a penny in the spirit of a benevolent millionaire shall receive a benevolent millionaire's reward.

JUSTICE TO THE DEAD.

Citizen—Who's dead, good sexton? Why these chimes?
You've struck the bell a hundred times.

Sexton—Puir mon! puir mon! the church's pillar—
No less than Peter Grist, the miller.

Citizen—Not Peter! Then your bell is wrong;
He was but fifty—for as long
As I have lived I always knew
How old he was, and——

Sexton— Yes, 'tis true;
But then, in ringin' him awa'
I gav' him more than was the law,
'Twill please him, for the goody soul
Was fond of takin' double toll.

The Lesson of Life.

[*From an Address Delivered at the Funeral of Henry J. Raymond.*]

What are the cares, the frets, the petty ambitions, the stinging annoyances, the small strifes, the friction, the sweat and tear of life? What are those things as we stand here and look back upon them, measured by this hour, that should measure the worth of all things? What are those things that are past? How vain, how useless! What best may one do that, judged by this hour, shall stand by his memory? No man is great enough to be remembered in selfishness. The things which shall make our names memorable are those things which we do upon others and for others. Not those who have lived for themselves, but those who have lived for others, for their country, for their age. You and I, too, ere long shall come to this hour. You are strong, the blood beats now healthily in your veins! but in a short time you too shall be in the coffin, and you shall be followed by your friends to the tomb. Could we, if you were called hence to-day, speak well of your history? Have you earned the right to be spoken of gratefully in this solemn hour, and have your name handed down to others? Are you living above the world while in it, christianly, purely, nobly? Are you living with fear of God and with hope of immortality? For surely, it is no unmeaning service of respect that you pay to-day. You come here to wear a nobler manliness, to take on the vows of a higher fidelity, and to retain a sense of the urgency and importance of life. You come here to rebuke your passions, to seek the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, to check the uprising of pride and selfishness, and to take upon you the purpose and vows of fidelity to God and man. Blessed are they who, when passing away, need not the adventitious circumstance of place. Blessed are they whose mourners are those who have been the recipients of their continued kindness; they who have made their memories dear to hearts which they have enriched and blessed. And now, to-morrow, and next week his name will be familiar, and many of us will cherish it as long as we live. But this great thundering city is like the ocean, and as when one falls overboard and give one outcry, and the flying water is disturbed, but the huge waves pass over, the wrinkles are smoothed out and the sea is no fuller than before, so the great multitude will forget him and pass on. You who are so important to-day may be insignificant to-morrow. You who are taking hold of the very springs of life will drop them from your fingers. Oh, that God may grant to us all such a sense of our weakness here and responsibility there, that we may so improve life, that when we lay it down we shall take it up again beyond the grave in a land where death is no more and where there is immortality and blessedness.

Don't Hurry.

No, *don't hurry.* It 's no sort of use. You won't get along half so fast. We never knew a fellow who was always in a hurry that was n't always behind hand. They are proverbial the world over for bringing nothing at all to pass. And it 's just what may be expected. Hurry, skurry, bluster, putter—what does it all amount to? Not a straw—not a shadow.

Don't be in a hurry, we repeat If you want to accomplish anything as it should be accomplished—do a thing as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, firmly, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fuming, sputtering will do no good—not the least.

Are great works or great men made in a hurry? Not at all. They are the product of time, patience—the result of slow, solid developement. Nothing of moment is made in a hurry. Nothing can be—nothing ought to be. It 's contrary to nature, reason, revelation, right, justice, philosophy, common sense.

Your man of hurry is no sort of a character—or rather a very shiftless one. Always in confusion; loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there; racing, ranting, staving, but all ending in smoke and gas. No, my dear sir, if you have anything to do, don't in the great Mogul, get at it in a hurry. Be sure if you do you'll have the matter all to go over again. Be quiet, calm, reasonable and plan and act like a man. Then you'll bring something about—and in no other way.

VERMONT.—It is generally said that Vermont was named from its Green Mountains. But how the name comes is not so generally understood. A writer in the American Gazetteer gives a Latin etymology, "*Ver Mons*, Green Mountain." But in "A History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, A. M. & C.," by Rev. Samuel Peters, LL. D., New York 1807, is found this very interesting account:—

"Verdmont was a name given to the Green Mountains, in October, 1768, by the Rev. Dr. Peters, the first clergyman who paid a visit to the thirty thousand settlers in that country, in the presence of Col. Taplin, Col. Willes, Col. Peters, Judge Peters, and many others, who were proprietors of a large number of townships in that colony. The ceremony was performed on the top of a rock, standing on a high mountain, then named Pisgah, because it provided to the company a clear sight of Lake Champlain to the west, and of Connecticut river to the east; and overlooked all the trees and hills in the vast wilderness at the north and south.

"The baptism was performed in the following manner and form, viz: Priest Peters stood on the pinnacle of the rock, when he received a a bottle of spirits from Col. Taplin; then harangning the company with a short history of the infant settlement, and the prospect of its becoming an impregnable barrier between the British colonies in the south, and the late colonies of the French in the north, he continued: 'We have here met on the rock of Etam, standing on Mount Pisgah, which makes a part of the everlasting hill, the spine of Africa, Asia and America, holding together the terrestial ball, and dividing the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean, to dedicate and consecrate this extensive wilderness to God, manifested in the flesh, and to give it a new name, worthy of the Athenians and ancient Spartans; which new name is *Verd Mont*, in token that her mountains and hills shall be ever green and never die.' And then poured the spirits around him, and cast the bottle at the rock of Etam.

"The ceremony being over, the company descended Mount Pisgah and took refreshments in a log house, kept by Captain Otley, where they spent the night with great pleasure.

"After this, Priest Peters passed through most of the settlements, preaching and baptizing, for the space of eight weeks, in which time he baptised nearly 1200 children and adults.

"Since Verdmont became a state, its general assembly have seen proper to change the spelling of Verdmont, green mountain, to that of *Ver*-mont, mountain of maggots."

CONTINENTAL MONEY. For the purpose of providing pecuniary means to carry on the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress issued bills in different sizes, the faith of the Confederate Colonies pledged for their redemption. The first issue was June 22, 1775, of $2,000,000, and from time to time other emissions were authorized, till the beginning of 1780, when $200,000,000 had been issued and none redeemed.

Mr. Lossing, in his Field Book of the Revolution, gives a scale of the depreciation of the Continental money. In January, 1777, the paper currency was at 5 per cent. discount. In July it was at 25 per cent. discount, and before the end of the year three dollars in paper would not command a silver dollar. In 1778 the paper currency continued to depreciate, so that in April four dollars in paper were equal to one in coin. In September the ratio was as *five* to *one*, and at the close of the year was six and a half to one. In 1779 the depreciation rapidly continued. In February the ratio was eight dollars and a half of paper to one of silver, in May it was twelve to one, in September eighteen to one, and before the close of the year a paper dollar was only worth *four cents*. In March, 1780, a paper dollar was worth three cents, in May it was worth two cents, and in December seventy-four dollars in paper was worth one dollar in silver. At this point the historian stops.

☞ The power of money is on the whole overestimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus for action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth, is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

ORIGIN OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—It is now nearly a century since Dr. Eleazar Wheeler went up from Lebanon to Hanover, N. H., carrying with him Moor's Indian Charity School. He went to plant this institution in the wilderness, where the dusky tribes, for whose education the school was started, were yet lingering. Dr. Wheelock had been settled over a small parish in the northern part of Lebanon, Ct., which has since been set off, making the present town of Columbia. Here he had received into his family Indian youth for the purpose of preparing them to be teachers and preachers to their own race. With one of these he had remarkable success. This was Samson Occom, for some time quite a distinguished preacher, and the author of the well-known hymn beginning, "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound." So promising did the work of Indian education appear, especially in the light of this example, that Joshua Moor, living in Mansfield, Conn., had given a house and two acres of land in Lebanon as an endowment for the school, and the institution itself was honored with his name. This was in 1754.

Soon after this, Rev. Samuel Occom, in company with Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, went to England, and so powerfully were the good people of England affected by seeing and hearing this eloquent Indian preacher from the western wilds, that the money came in freely, and the sum of about £10,000 was raised and vested in trustees in London, of which board Lord Dartmouth was president, for the use of the school.

Then it was thought best to remove the school to some part of the country where red men more abounded, and after various inquiries, Hanover, N. H., was fixed upon, being then in the wilderness. A charter was obtained from the Legislature of New Hampshire in 1769, as also a large donation in land, and in 1770, the school traveled up to its new home. This was in August. From the language of Dr. Allen, afterwards president of the college, we may see that this was a rough and primitive operation.

"The pine trees on a few acres had been cut down. Without nails or glass, he (Dr. W.) built a log cabin, eighteen feet square, and directed the operations of forty or fifty laborers, who were employed digging a well and in building, for his family, a house of one story, and another of two stories, eighty feet long, for his scholars. As his family arrived before these habitations were prepared, his wife and daughters lived for about a month in his hut, and his sons and students made them booths and beds of hemlock boughs." By the last of October the buildings were done and possession taken. This was the way in which Dartmouth College was started, and when the century comes round, as it soon will, there will be an abundance of material to make the occasion one of great public interest in the way of public commemoration.

Dr. Wheelock, the founder, was a remarkable man—of fine personal appearance and bearing—of a most commanding and attractive eloquence—a warm friend and associate of Whitefield, and earnestly engaged in personal labors to promote the New Light revivals of the middle of the last century.—*Congregationalist.*

WINTERING ON THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. Two observers who have spent the winter upon Mount Moosilauk—Professor Huntington and Mr. Clough—came down to stay down on the 1st. Their observations are soon to be made known, and the results attained by them. It is reported that they have proved that the ocean is visible. The temperature they found to be, for weeks together, higher than it was at the base of the mountain, which they visited twice a week to obtain their supplies and mail matter. The highest rate of speed of the wind which they measured was ninety miles an hour, which blew in their glass window. The lowest point which the mercury reached was seventeen degrees below zero. During the first part of the winter there was not any more snow on the summit than at the base of the mountain, but for the last few weeks there was about one-half more. The only sign of a wild animal which they discovered was the track of a wolf recently, a short distance below the house. They occupied the middle room of a house ninety by forty feet, and got along comfortably.

The double bronze doors for the Capitol at Washington, which have been in the hands of the Ames Company at Chicopee for the past three years, are nearly completed. Early in the autumn they will be in their destined place. On one side the panels represent "Peace," the "Ovation to Washington at Trenton," the "Inauguration of Washington," and the "Masonic ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793." On the other side the panels represent "War," the "Charge at Yorktown," the "Rebuke of Lee by Washington at Monmouth," and the "Death of Warren at Bunker Hill." Crawford is the artist, and his designs have been executed with great skill. Each of the doors weighs 4000 pounds; yet they will swing with comparative ease, as has been proved by trial.

It does not seem to me, young women, that your "sphere" is a narrow one, even as society is at present constituted. Putting together its two hemispheres of industry and charity, it appears to be about as large as most of you can worthily fill. And now let me finish this talk with words that were written several years ago for The Republican by one who was at that time, I believe, an operative in a New England mill,—whose faculties were trained to some purpose, as the words themselves well witness, by the discipline of work, and who has now passed, I hear, to her proper throne in the center of a happy household:—

Work, while thy pulse with full vigor is beating,
Toil and temptations with cheerfulness meeting;
Work, for the day He has given thee is fleeting;
All the good angels will smile on thy toil;
When thou wouldst stumble their strength shall uphold thee;
Lovingly will their white pinions enfold thee;
God from his bright throne will lean to behold thee;
Sunshine and shower he will send on the soil.

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

And yet I dare say there are many young women, who would *not* be ashamed of teaching as a calling, but who *would* be ashamed to have it known that by sewing or by any other kind of manual labor they gained a livelihood. What a foolish shame! And I am sorry to believe that there are others who are even ashamed to let people know that they follow for a livelihood a calling so respectable as that of teaching. I know a young lady, whose father failed in business and who was obliged partly to support herself by teaching, and yet she so carefully covered her tracks, and so equivocated, when questioned about her whereabouts during the daytime, that many of her friends did not find out the fact for months. Perhaps there are few young women in New England who have such false notions concerning work, but in other parts of the land there are too many of them. Although they are compelled to work, they are unwilling that people should know that they do not live in idleness, fed and clothed and supported entirely by money earned for them by the hard labor of somebody else—parent or ancestor or husband.

Ashamed of work! Ashamed to have it known that you earn your own living! I tell you, young women, that of all the wicked and contemptible notions society puts into your heads, this is the wickedest and most contemptible. Who sent you into this world to sit in idleness, while all the rest of God's universe are at work? Who authorized you to live at your ease upon the toils of other people? Who gave you permission to suffer these natural powers of yours, which can only be developed by work, to be dwarfed and withered by disease? Instead of its being a disgrace to you to earn your living by work, it is a burning shame to you if you do not.

You think I use pretty strong language. Perhaps I do. But I know I only half express myself. For it is impossible for me to find in the English language, or any other language, any words that begin to set forth the contempt I feel for any able-bodied human being, male or female, who attempts to live in this world without earning a living, either by brain or muscle.

There are thousands of persons who are kept out of the kingdom of God because they are such enormous eaters. You are gluttons, a great many times, many of you, long before men call you gluttons. Who is a glutton? That man who eats so much that he cannot think clearly; that man who eats so much that his disposition is effected—he is a glutton. If you eat those things and drink those things which lower your power to act as an intelligent moral being; or if you eat so much and drink so much as to incapacitate yourself to act as an intelligent moral being—you are a glutton. Some men are gluttons occasionally; some are gluttons in spots; and some are gluttons at the close of the day. There are some men who will not eat much in the morning, because they know that excessive eating then will unfit them for the duties of the day; but who, at night, swamp down their whole nature with inordinate gormandizing. And what is it that hinders such men from becoming Christian? It is gluttony.

Other persons are kept out of the kingdom of God by excessive laziness and semi-sleep. Many persons sleep eight or ten hours during the twenty-four, and then are half asleep six or eight more. That man is substantially asleep who is not sufficiently awake to know the direction he is going, to have a clear discernment of the condition he is in, and to have control of himself. For not that man alone is in darkness who has no lamp, but that man also whose lamp burns so feebly as to be of no service, so that he might as well be without a light. And, in the use of the reason, that man is not awake who is simply not asleep. I believe there are a great many here to-night for whom it is impossible to enter into the kingdom of God, on account of these low physical conditions of life. There are things that it is unusual and improper to state in public which are destroying men, body and soul. I know that there are many men who are wasting their lives, who are draining out the very life-blood of their being. No parent teaches them: no physician warns them; and no minister dare, out of a respectable pulpit, say the things that they need to have said to them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RIDDLE.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on conditlon that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for?—A husband.

Why is the President like an American gift?—Because he is a U. S. Grant.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles out of doors it began to sprinkle, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he had better put up should be an umbrella.

Why should womankind be considered insane?—Because they are all mad-dames.

Judge B., whose house has been burglarized no less than three times within the last six months, had the top story of the aforesaid house burned off last week. In a P.S. to a letter announcing the fact, he philosophically adds: "The *dearest* place on earth to me is Home, sweet home!"

What fairs should young men shun most?—Fair-deceivers.

"That is rather hard on Grant, that remark by Colfax." "What?" says a credulous listener. "Why, Colfax says Grant will turn out the worst President we ever had." The *turn-out* was on March 4.

CHANGE OF NAME.—By the use of an Auricomous Something-or-other, Miss Hannah Brown has succeeded in turning her brown locks to a dusky gold. Jones says that she ought to be re-christened Dye-Haunah. Jones is a wag.

Lord Lovell he stood by the garden-gate,
With his shining velocipede,
And whispered farewell to his Lady Bell,
Who wished for his Lordship good-speed, speed, sped.
Who wished for his Lordship good-speed.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
But he gave her question no heed—
Placed his feet in the stirrups and galloped away
On his famous velocipede, pede, pede.
On his famous, etc.

Then Lady Bell cried, in frantic alarm,
"What a monster my Lord is, indeed,
To ride thus away from his loving young wife,
On that horrid velocipede, pede, pede!"
On that horrid, etc.

Lord Lovell returned, broken-hearted and sore,
Broken-armed and, alas! broken-kneed;
For he struck on a post, nearly gave up the ghost,
And smashed his velocipede, pede, pede.
And smashed, etc.

MORAL.

Remember the fate Lord Lovell has met,
Let this be your warning and creed;
Stay at home with your wife for the rest of your life,
And beware of the velocipede, pede, pede.
And beware, etc.

"This is capital ale!" said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," said a by-stander; "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

A STABLE SECRET—A Marc's Nest.

"My lord!" said the foreman of a Welsh jury when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty!"

A good Northampton lady who had never cooked oysters but knew they were delicious, decided to gratify the family on their return from a visit with a dish of the bivalves. She explained her perplexities thus: "I found it very difficult to dress them," said she, "so I just held on to their wings and cut the stomachs off. I guess they'll be good."

An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the bursting of a grindstone in a manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed less a grindstone which was standing in her cellar should burst and blow the house up.

If a bird can sing and won't sing, what's to be done?—Why, take it to a *chiropodist*!

A New Orleans lady, wishing to surprise her husband with the present of a dozen shirts, went to a furnishing store, asked if they could "make her a dozen shirts," and ordered them sent home without his knowledge. The clerk took the order, but requested her to "step this way a moment." She did so, when the furnisher whipped out a tape-measure, and proceeded to take the breadth of her shoulders: "Why, what are you doing, Sir?" demanded the astonished lady. "Why, taking your measure, to be sure!" was the confident reply; "how else are we to make your shirts?" "My shirts! Why, didn't I tell you the shirts were for my husband?" "No, Madam; *I thought they were for you*," was the reply.

A LONE MAN—The pawnbroker.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said when he swallowed the bait.

BURNING WORDS—A dictionary in flames.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?"
"A willow branch, Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."

What noble work have the railroad companies done?—Distributed tracks about the city.

What tent would it be well if we could all dwell in?—*Con*-tent.

☞ Have we a Watts among us? It is a familiar anecdote that when the great psalmodist was very little his father threatened to punish him for turning everything into rhyme, when his piteous appeal was:

"Oh, father, on me pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Whereupon the chastisement was despairingly omitted. But to our home case. A teacher in one of our public schools was recently the victim of a poetic joke by a similar incipient poet—an eight-years' old Irish student—which runs thus:

"A little mouse ran up the stairs
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

And on being threatened with a severe whipping if not able to produce another stanza within five minutes, he again sung out:

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett,
She's goin' to strike, and I'm goin' to dodge it."

After which the "poet" was allowed to escape unpunished, and repaired triumphantly to his seat, followed by peals of laughter from the whole school, the teacher included, as a reward for his genius.

A WASHINGTON official noticed in that city a few days since a sign which read thus:

WoDNcoL,

which hieroglyphics were meant to inform people at the Federal capital that wood and coal were for sale by the intelligent freedman who occupied the premises. The stock of the "house" consisted of two barrels of anthracite, and about an eighth of a cord of bass-wood.

From a long list of Danish Proverbs we select a few choice ones:

All wish to live long, but none to be called old.
Take help of many, advice of few.
He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.
God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.
He who says what he likes must hear what he does not like.
Empty wagons make most noise.
If God bids thee draw, He will find thee a rope; if He bids thee ride, He will find thee a horse.
Better suffer for truth than prosper by falsehood.

FUN.—Figuratively speaking, a fine woman may be said to XL at forty.

A lady teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the terrible effect of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, saying: "Seven years he ate grass like a cow," when a boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

Brother W——, a Presbyterian minister, said that early in his ministry he and Brother H—— were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the service. Brother H—— said to Brother W——: "Go stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother W—— asked Brother H——: "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother H—— replied; "I asked him for $1 for foreign missions."

——It is related of Rev. Dr. McPheeters of Raleigh, N. C., that he once administered a very adroit rebuke to a brother clergyman who was too much inclined to hasty judgment and censorious utterance. Standing in the street together, some rather gay equipages passed on their way to church. His friend, watching them as they rumbled by, remarked: "They will scarcely get to heaven in their coaches." "I don't know," replied Dr. McPheeters, "we have the best authority for believing that Elijah went up in a chariot!"

—A clergyman was warning a usurer against the immense interest which the latter was in the habit of demanding from his debtors. "Do you not know, unhappy one," said the faithful pastor, "that if you always insist on receiving nine per cent. interest, you will shut the door of heaven against yourself forever?" "Oh," replied the usurer, "looked at from heaven, the figure nine presents the appearance of a six, and that much per centage is quite lawful!"

☞ A "hotel train" runs through from New York to San Francisco. The passengers are fed on the train; and the extra charge therefor is $25.

Conundrums.

Why is a combat in a play like fourteen days?—Because it is fought nightly.

THE foot-and-mouth disease.—A man who swears at and kicks his wife.

WHAT tree should we consult to find out when important events took place?—The *da'e*-palm.

HOLDING a Government post.—Clinging on to the street lamp.

WHEN is a fisherman most in the way?—When he's out of plaice.

WHAT is the greatest mistake a man can make?—Let himself be *miss*taken.

WHEN does a ship die?—When she's keel'd, stupid, to be sure.

WHAT is a Parrot's natural language?—Polyglot, we suppose.

BUBBLES.

WHEN is a woman not a woman? When she is abed. This con. is old; but, nevertheless, true.

WHICH individual of the feathered tribes is the greatest croaker? Why, the rooster, to be sure.

WHY are tears always briny? Because they have "attix salt" in them.

GERMAN PROVERBS.—Little and often make a heap in time.

When God means to punish a nation, he deprives the rulers of wisdom.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Take care of your plough and your plough will take care of you.

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

He who avoids small sins does not fall into large ones.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

Would you be strong conquer yourself.

Where the hedge is lowest the devil leaps over.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

A country near to Palestine,
A beast of Babylon the sign,
A nation favored of the Lord,
An aged saint who Christ adored,
A son rebellious in his way,
A town where Jesus oft did stay,
A prophet heavenward deathless borne,
A port of refuge from a storm,
A praying matron who was heard,
A man who spake Jehovah's word,
A valley full of trouble deep,
A seer who caused a king to weep,
A man whose beard was once perfumed,
A prophet by the sword consumed,
A woman learned in Wisdom's way,
A daughter who did God obey:—

When all these names you fully know,
Place their initials in a row,
Then from them you may quick declare
A name to many children dear. H.

A POINTED ANECDOTE.—Rev. Dr. Barnes being inclined to sleep during a dull sermon, a friend who was with him joked him on having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about an hour too long."

AN ARAB'S MODE OF CURSING.—A Frenchman, residing in one of the Oriental cities, while once watering some flowers in the window, accidentally filled the pots too profusely, so that a quantity of water happened to fall on an Arab who was below basking in the sun. The man started up, shook his clothes, and thus gave vent to his feelings respecting the offender: "If it is an old man who has done this I despise him; if it is an old woman I forgive her; if it is a young man I curse him; if it is a young woman I thank her." The young Frenchman, who had managed to keep out of sight, laughed heartily on hearing the malediction that fell to his share for his carelessness.

A PRIZE ENIGMA.

My first is a troublesome thing to possess,
Though many I know who possess it;
The beasts of the field have it also I know,
'Tis true! so I'm bound to confess it.

Like riches, it never can happiness bring,
But its owner torments and distracts;
Gives days of anxiety, nights of distress,
And constant attention exacts.

My second, the lawyer well skill'd in the law
Will help his hard case to unravel;
For it he will search in the mustiest tomes,
Through mustier precedents travel.

Experts and professors, wherever they be,
Are delighted to have it in view;
Am I a physician? 'tis needful for me;
And if you are, I doubt not for you.

My whole, how it comforts in chilly North climes,
While it tempers the sun's southern heat.
With the Turk in his harem hidden from view;
Yet, I've seen it for sale in the street!

Exposed to the fire it disdaineth to shrink,
Yet in water is constantly found;
It's improved in passing the fiery ordeal,
But far lovelier still when 'tis drowned.

A PRIZE ENIGMA FOR THE GIRLS.

Nine letters just there are in me,
As when you know me you will see;
My 1, 7, and 8 is everywhere,
Where living human beings are;
My 2 and 9 are, happy fellows, always in glee,
My 6, 4, 3, and 5, is what we all should be;
My 3 and 4, the little imps, are always round,
My whole an angel, wheresoever found.
As some of you may know me very well,
I'll thank you, if you please, my name to tell.
Whoever shall respond in *style the best*,
Shall have two pounds of Java—the very best.

Oriental Scissors.

Can you descry the reason why
A hypocrite's eye can well disclose
On how many toes a pussy cat goes?

A hypocrite can counterfeit (count her feet);
And it's fair to suppose can count her toes!

Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
Because it is the scenter.

What was the first thing that Adam planted in the Garden of Eden? His foot.

Why is life the greatest of riddles?
Because all must give it up.

There is a plant in a distant clime
That is grown for you and me,
And it loses not its fragrance sweet,
While it sails across the sea.

It cools us when warm, and warms when cool,
It sends strength through every nerve;
And while we drink it, we never need
From straightforward lines to swerve.

There is a place in the old "Bay State"
Where you find the choicest kind;
If you don't know, it is on Court Street,
Numbers Eighty-five to nine.

WANTED.

A padlock to match a circular quay.

A ladder to scale the height of the ridiculous.

To know the breadth of the broadest hints.

Books to stock a "brown study."

To know how many Scotch lochs make a full head of hair.

To know how many piuts are contained in a reef of Trunkey quartz.

Apropos of the above, sleep *was* known to the ancients.

The Romans as a people were very fond of spectacles. Their Emperors used to give them as many as possible. This has been considered a short-sighted policy.

Puns were not unknown to the ancients. Cicero sat up all night with a wet towel round his head making one, and then he couldn't do it. This was at Christmas time.

WHY is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to every woe.

The following scrap from a newspaper apparently sixty or seventy years old, has been handed to us with a request for its publication:

The following certificate of a marriage was found among the papers of an old clergyman: "This is to certify to whom it may concern, that Arthur Topp and Mary Hill were lawfully married by me Caleb Conway, on the fourth day of August 1711."

"I, Arthur, on Monday,
"Take thee, Mary, 'till Tuesday,
"To have and to hold 'till Wednesday,
"For better or worse till Thursday,
"I'll kiss thee on Friday,
"If we don't agree on Saturday,
"We'll part again upon Sunday."

THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN NATURE.

ONE day, when the late George Stephenson was at dinner, a scientific lady asked him a question—"Mr. Stephenson, what do you consider the most powerful force in nature?"—"Oh," said he, in a gallant spirit, "I will soon answer that question. It is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature which could do that."

DURING a long career of public service in the Senate, Mr. John P. Hale, our present Minister to Spain, was noted for the faculty of apt and good-natured repartee. Soon after his admission to the Senate he delivered a speech on the Slavery question, and was answered by Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, who said that, judging from the tenor of his speech, he must be the character of whom Shakspeare spoke: "Hail! horrors—hail!"

"However that might be," replied Hale, "there was no question but the gentleman from Georgia was the one to whom Watts refers when he says:

"'Hark! from the *Tombs* a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry!'"

Venice is built on 177 islands. The grand canal was cut over the flats, and makes the Corso of the city, or the grand boulevard of Venice. It cuts the city into two equal parts, and is serpentine in its course. From these start out a great number of smaller canals, which correspond to streets in other cities. There are 150 small canals; add to these the small roads or streets of the city, and the whole amount to 2480. Religiously, Venice is divided into thirty parishes, with 100 churches.

"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a nervous traveler on a steamboat lying-to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the man "Oh, yes! but we are not going that way," said the captain.

REV. E. E. HALE, on being asked if his church was used for the parting words of Newman Hall last week, because it was the biggest, replied: "No; but because it is the broadest."

AN ARTISTIC ALLITERATION. As an altogether admirable and amusing attempt at alliteration, an anonymous author astonished all admirers of alliterative ability, some seasons since, by the subjoined singularly successful specimen:

Surpassing sweet, seraphic strains she sings,
Softening sad spirits sympathetic strings;
Such soul subduing sounds, so strangely soothing,
She seems some saintly spirit, sorrow smoothing.

Mr. J. W. Gunn has handed us a letter from his brother, a Chaplain in the army of the Cumberland, who gave this interesting anecdote of Gen. Rosecrans:

"On Wednesday, while we were stationed as guard to the ford, Gen. Rosecrans came up to Col. Price, commanding the brigade, and said:

"You're Col. Price, commanding the 23d brigade, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Colonel, will you hold this ford?"

"Well, General, I will if I can."

"That won't do, sir," said Rosecrans. Will you hold this ford?"

"I'll die in the attempt," responded the cautious Colonel.

"That won't do, sir. *Will you hold this ford?*"

"I will," said the Colonel, firmly, and General Rosecrans rode off without another word, and left the Colonel to fulfill his promise."—*Springfield (O.) News.*

General Assortment.

In the Berkshire Gazette, published at Pittsfield in 1799, is the following advertisement:—SMALL POX.—Ladies and gentlemen desirous of taking the small pox by innoculation will be attended to and accommodated in the best manner possible by applying to their humble servant.

—A recent writer throws out this consoling reflection: "No man is ever left so poor in opportunities that he does not see the face of some truth as it passes by his place of business and invites him out upon God's highway."

☞ Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

REV. DR. CHAPIN has said "he believed the church consisted of the good, and the pure, and the true men of the world, let them be where they might."

The smile upon the old man's lip, like the last rays of the setting sun, pierces the heart with a sweet and sad emotion. There is still a ray, there is still a smile; but they may be the last.

Courtesy, in the mistress of a house, consists in feeding conversation—never in usurping it. She is the guardian of this species of sacred fire, but it must be accessible to all.

LEISURE HOURS.—A man who has worked for years in the Brooklyn navy yard as a machinist has learned, in his leisure hours, to speak, read, and write Hebrew, French, German, and Italian, and obtained a thorough knowledge of geology and botany. Out of his savings he has purchased a library of 1200 volumes.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

The chains which cramp us most are those which weigh on us least.

There are people who never give their hearts: they lend them, and always at high interest.

Attention is a silent and perpetual flattery.

In youth we feel the richer for every new illusion; in mature years, for every one we lose.

Always be good natured if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to facilitate the movement of the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

—It is just now told of the Rev. Charles Townsend, the recently deceased octogenarian rector of Kingston-by Sea, England, and the friend of Scott, Byron and Wordsworth, that he penned the following witty epigram apropos of the invasion of a rectory by thieves:

"They came and prigg'd my stockings, my linen and my store;
But they couldn't prig my sermons, for they were prigg'd before."

HISTORICAL FACTS.

After writing several books to prove the contrary, I think I may now fairly assert that gunpowder was unknown to the Romans.

Art was not unknown to the Greeks. Apelles made a portrait so like somebody that he was obliged to quit the city.

The celebrated poet Tasso obtained his reputation entirely by poems. I mention this as an example of application.

What milk is to the moderns, it was, though perhaps in a less degree, to the ancients. Cows were found in Italy as early as 6 A.M. Also in Carthage, introduced by Ha-Milcar.

The Greeks were a Martial nation. Martial himself, however, was a Roman.

Modern surnames are in most instances derived from Greek originals. Jones is evidently Ion. I can't think of any more instances.

The uncle of the present Emperor of the French was not the first Napoleon. There were a lot of them before him. Think over this if it has never occurred to you before; and *don't let it occur again.*

Caps were invented early in English history. They were first worn by fools.

The greatest men are invariably the most simple-minded. It is difficult to mention any one single case in point.

EARLY GENIUS.—Xenophon wrote his famous "Encyclopædia Britannica" at six years old. Humboldt insisted upon remaining in the cradle until he had finished his "Kosmos," a work of much labor and extensive research. Fra Angelico was still in frocks when he painted his most celebrated pictures. The gentleman who invented printing gave proofs of his future greatness in the nursery; these proofs he subsequently corrected for the press.

What great events spring from small causes! It was an unwearied Phœnician who first discovered fire by rubbing two pieces of stick for a fortnight. The discovery has proved invaluable to many people.

Charlemagne introduced chess into Germany. Pawn tickets were of a later date.

The invention of going to bed when you're tired has been attributed to the historian Josephus. But, as is now believed, erroneously.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED!

WE SHOULD TEACH OUR YOUTH that which they will have occasion to practice. The best way to learn that which we wish to practice is to practice that which we wish to learn.

Lament (of One of the Old Regime).

O, the times will never be again
As they were when we were young:
When Scott was writing "Waverleys,"
And Moore and Byron sung;
When Harolds, Giaours and Corsairs came
To charm us every year,
And "Loves" of "Angels" kissed Tom's cup,
While Wardsworth sipped small beer;

When Campbell drank of Helicon,
And didn't mix his liquor;
When Wilson's strong and steady light
Had not begun to flicker;
When Southey, climbing piles of books,
Mouthed "Curses of Kehama,"
And Coleridge in his dreams began
Strange oracles to stammer;

When Rogers sent his "Memory,"
Thus hoping to delight us,
Before he learned his mission was
To give feed, and invite us;
When James Montgomery's "weak tea" strains
Enchanted pious people,
Who didn't mind poetic haze,
If through it loomed a steeple;

When first reviewers learned to show
Their judgment without mercy;
When "Blackwood" was as young and lithe
As now he's old and pursy;
When Gifford, Jeffrey and their clan
Could fix an author's doom,
And Keats was taught how well they knew
To kill, "a coup de plume."

No women folk were rushing then
Up the Parnassian mount,
And seldom was a teacup dipped
In the Castalian fount;
Apollo kept no pursuivant
To cry out "Place aux Dames!"
In life's round game they held good hands,
And did't strive for palms.

O, the world will never be again
What it was when we were young,
And shattered are the idols now
To which our boyhood clung;
Gone are the giants of those days
For whom our bays we twined,
And pigmies now kick up a dust
To show the "march of mind."

EMMA C. EMBURY.

To the Editor of the Christian Register :—

I find among my papers these curious old Latin verse upon the Weathercock, alluded to in a recent *Registe* They were copied from one of the numbers of *Littell's Li ing Age* for the year 1853.

F. W. A.

WEATHERCOCKS.

[The mystical explanation which mediæval times attached to a weathercock may be learnt from the following verses of a poem taken from a M.S. "circa," 1420, preserved in the cathedral of Oehringen, published by M. Eidlestand du Meril.]

Multi sunt Presbyteri qui ignorant quare
Super donum Domini Gallus solet stare;
Quod propono breviter vobis explanare,
Si vultis benevolas aures mihi dare.

Gallus est mirabilis Dei creatura,
Et rara Presbyteri illius est figura,
Qui præest parochiæ animarum cura,
Stans pro suis subditis contra nocitura.

Supra ecclesiam positus gallus contra ventum
Caput diligentius erigit extentum;
Sic Sacerdos, ubi scit dæmonis adventum,
Illuc, se objiciat pro grege bidentum.

Gallus inter cæteros alites cœlorum
Audit supra æthera cantum Angelorum;
Tunc monet excutere nos verba maiorum,
Gustare et percipere arcana supernorum.

Quasi rex in capite Gallus coronatur;
In pede calcaribus, ut miles, armatur;
Quanto pius fit senior pennis deauratur;
In nocte dum concinit, ieo conturbatur.

Gallus regit plurimam turbam gallinarum,
Et sollicitudines magnas habet harum;
Sic Sacerdos, concipiens curam animarum,
Doceat et faciat quod Deo sit carum.

Gallus gramen reperit, convocat uxores,
Et illud distribuit inter cariores;
Tales discunt clerici pietatis mores,
Dando suis subditis scripturarum flores;

Sic sua distribuere cunctis derelictis,
Atque curam gerere nudis et afflictis.
* * * * * *
Gallus vobis prædicat omnes vos audite
Sacerdotes, Domini servi, et Levitæ,
Ut vobis ad cælestia dicatur, Venite.
Præsta nobis gaudia, Pater, æternæ vitæ.

The following lines are by Durandus :—

"Vultis nunc, Presbyteri, supreman rationem
Scire quare, nitens ære Gallus, Aquilonem
Dividit in apice Ecclesiæ, latronem
Errantemque spectans quemque? Omnibus sermonem
Canit Pœnitentiæ. Nam Petrum ad dolorem
Imprimis civit efficax; cum lapsus in soporem
Hic Dominum negasset tu Gallum digniorem
Ad elevatam crucem revocare peccatorem.

There's a wondrous charm
In these heart-bestow'd looks! they cheer; they soothe;
They help; they half-disarm
Adversity; they make rough places smooth.

THE TWO VOICES.

The way seems dark that thou has trod,
The silent grave—the voiceless sod—
And so I mourn;
I miss thy light step on the stair,
Thy voice soft floating on the air,
Thy gay "Good morn."

I miss thy gracious words and deeds,
Scarce counted when my spirit's needs
Seemed less than now:
And so beneath a cloud I wend
My weary way, and miss my friend,
And veil my brow.

The way seems bright that thou hast trod,
For, lo! it leadeth up to God
And perfect rest;
And through the cloud that dims my day,
There lighteth at my feet the ray
That makes me blessed.

For that pure light encircled thee
Ere on its downward course to me
It brought relief;
Since then its steady radiance glows,
And like a stream of mercy flows
To heal my grief.

H. J. L.

Do the Duty that Lieth Nearest Thy Hand.

Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land.
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine—
Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall,
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.

O, would I could tell thee, in words that should burn,
Of chances now lost that will never return.
And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious mind,
In some distant vineyard thy life work to find,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand—
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.

Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord.
Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,
And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

GODSENDS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Not the windfall makes us rich,
But the slowly ripened fruit,
Full of sun-warmed nectar, which
Drops, a patient need to suit.

Mean is every bauble brought,
Favor of the mean to buy.
Offer us no gift unfraught
With the largess of the sky.

Offer but the breadth of love;
Narrower boon is none at all.
Search for us the deeps above;
Not the soil where earth worms crawl.

Give the glory of a flower;
Radiant leaf-bough; blooming thorn;
Light that seas and mountains shower;
Rosy cheer of days new-born.

God sends what the true heart brings:
Stranger or familiar hand,
Priest among his holy things,
Only bears the gift He planned.

And the best of all He sends
Is no measured dole, but love;
Is not cumbering goods but friends;
Winged souls with ours to move.

Soon we tire of pleasure's toy:
Flashes o'er us, while we grope,
Glory of remoter joy;
Beckoning of a larger hope:

Far as dreams, yet close at hand;
Worlds unveiled in one soul's bound,—
Riches of the sun-vaults grand
At your threshold may be found.

Learn the fools' gold to despise;
Coinage of heaven's mint to know
In the home-illuming eyes;
In the fireside's quiet glow;

In the roof-tree's timid bud;
Hues that near horizons wear;
Planets your own sky that stud;
Your own window's breath of air.

Naught but light from loftiest star;
Naught than life more rare or new,
All the real Godsends are
Common as the daily dew.

DECORATING SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

The following beautiful poem is ascribed to Gen. Charles C. Van Zandt, and we print it as a tender commemoration of "Decoration Day:"

With tolling bells, and booming guns,
And muffled drum-beat's throb;
With heavy step and shrouded flags,
Each half-drawn breath a sob:

The solemn army marches through
The quiet, listening town;
To deck with memory's flowery stars
The green turned up with brown—

The little mounds of dew-wet grass,
The chiselled blocks of stone,—
Where soldiers rest, where heroes sleep,
Wrapped in the flag—alone!

Ho! comrade with the single arm,
Give me a wreath of green
To hang upon this snowy slab;
The rain-drop's silvery sheen

Upon its glossy laurel leaves
Are tears our Mother weeps—
Now some Immortelles for a crown,
For here our General sleeps.

This is a very little mound,
He was so young to die,—
Give me some Rosebuds and those sprigs
Of fragrant Rosemary.

Now, brother with the shattered leg,
Hand me those Hyacinths blue;
To place upon this grassy hill,
For he was always true.

White, sunrise-flushed Arbutus buds
Are just the very thing
To sweetly serve the drummer boy—
He sleeps in life's young spring.

That Passion-flower of glorious bloom,
Like Him who died to save;
With those white Lilies, stainless, sweet,
Rest on the Chaplain's grave.

Those bright Verbenas' perfect red,
Those Valley Lilies white,
Those Blue Bells and Forget-me-nots,
Those Daisies starred with bright,

Have gathered from the rainbow tints
Old Glory's stripes and gold—
Her Color Sergeant's grave shall bear
These fruits of wounds untold.

Some Lavender,—his memory
Is fragrant—and a spray
Of that green Cassia let us place
Upon his tomb to-day,
He was a Christian, and he loved
To teach his men to pray.

This man was old, full threescore years,
When he went forth to fight;
Bring me some Ivy's glossy leaves
And full-blown Roses white.

Some scarlet Holly berries here,
And Mistletoe's green spray;
This soldier fell in the wild fight
We had on Christmas day.

A branch of that sweet Orange bloom
And one red flower,—the title
Of his young life poured out and left
A broken-hearted bride.

Scatter the flowers we bear around
The white tents of the dead;
The night comes down, the day is done,
The old Flag overhead

Hangs silently and wearily;
The rain falls on the sod;
Our loved ones sleep; how well they died
For Freedom and for God!

Little Deeds.

BY MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head, consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point, agrees to leave the head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

GENTLE WORDS.---LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to light,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light,
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

THE UNSOCIABLE COLT.

HY little Colt, here 's a handful of clover ;
Let us be friends, and begin from to-day.
ok, I am tall, and can reach the bars over, —
Pretty brown frisker, don't gallop away !

know if you 'd wait but a minute to hear me,
Without shooting off in such terrified style,
ou would very soon make up your mind not to fear me,
But listen until I had gossiped awhile.

here 's shaggy old Neptune, *he* thinks it no danger
To come when I call, but a matter of course.
amma says it 's naughty to run from a stranger,
As I hope you 'll agree, sir, before you 're a horse.

; that *your* mamma by the lily-pool yonder ?
She is sleeker than you, and more gentle-eyed.
; she scolding you now for bad conduct, I wonder,
In the whinny she gives, as you bound to her side ?

Vell, Nep., let 's be off in the woods for a ramble,
And leave Master Colt to his own ugly mood.
dare say he 'll canter and frolic and gambol,
Without the least sorrow at having been rude.

But one of these days, when his play-time is over,
When he 's broken to harness and whipped till he goes,
Perhaps he 'll remember the handful of clover,
And think what a blessing is kindness, — who knows ?

Edgar Fawcett.

A Young Wife's Studies.

I drove to Mudie's, and I brought
A carriage full of steady books;
"I'll tell him about these," I thought,
And see how pleased my master looks;
He will not ask me what I do,
So I'll take courage and *converse;*
I don't talk very well, 'tis true,
But I've known women do it worse.

"Oh, John," I cried, "my studies see—
Science, philosophy—that's best,
And—what's the horrid word! dear me—
Theology, and all the rest.
Here's 'Ecce Homo'—take a look—
A serious thing, and yet *so* light;
Colenso on the Pentateuch,
A bishop, John, so he's all right.

"'Maurice on Future Punishment,'
That's nice, and proves there's none, you know
And 'Darwin on Development,'
That's charming, and amused me so—
And here's a poem full of force,
Swinburne, a Cambridge man, you see,
That won't be very deep, of course,
But surely deep enough for me."

John looked a little pale, I thought,
And said, his voice a little low,
"Pray, have you read them?"—that I ought
He meant—I bravely answered, "No,
I've only glanced at them as yet,
They're long, you see, and I preferred
To study them and not forget—
I *mean* to read them, every word."

Paper and string he slowly took,
Tied up my books in parcel neat,
Directed them, with steady look,
To Mr. Mudie, Oxford street,
Then rang the bell—the man addrest,
"Take this," he said, in icy tone,
Drew a deep breath like one opprest,
And cried, "I'm glad the poison's gone."

But when he saw my frightened stare,
He smiled, and all his looks unfroze,
Close to my own he drew his chair,
And said, "I'll choose your books, dear Rose."

THE CHILD OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse-keeper said to his child,
"I must go to the mainland, dear;
Can you stay alone till afternoon?
Quite early I hope to be here."
She tossed back her hair with a girlish grace,
As she lifted to his a brightening face,
"Yes, father, I've nothing to fear.

"With Kit and Fido I'll have fine play,
When I've seen your boat glide by;
Then I'll gather shells and seaweed bright,
And watch the cloud-fleets in the sky.
Oh! time will merrily glide away,
And when you come ere close of day,
To get a good supper I'll try."

"God keep thee, daughter," the father said,
As he drew her close to his side;
His sun-browned hand on her golden head,
While the light skiff waited its guide.
Then in he sprung, and with arrowy flight
The little boat sped, like a sea-bird bright,
O'er the sparkling, shimmering tide.

The child stood still on the wave-washed sand,
Baptized in sunlight clear;
The father thought as he waved his hand,
Of another yet more dear,
Who watched him erst from that gleaming strand,
Whose life-bark sped to the better land,
But leaving her image here.

Quietly, cheerily, fled the hours
Of that long, bright summer day;
But lo! far westward a storm-cloud lowers,
Its shadow is on the bay.
"Oh, father I hope will not set sail
In rash attempt to weather the gale!"
She thought as she knelt to pray.

"Then what if a ship should pass to-night?"
In anxious tone she said;
"But can I? yes, I *must* strike the light."
She climbed with cautious tread,
Up and still up the circling tower;
And full and clear till dawnlight hour,
The lantern's radiance spread.

"The mist is thick, the bell must be rung,"
The girlish arm was slight;
But the woman's heart to effort sprung,
And out through dreary night
The bell pealed forth again and again;
While an anxious crew on raging main
Were tolling with all their might.

The morning breaks and the storm is past;
The keeper sets sail for home;
His heart throbs deep as his boat flies fast,
Amid dashing spray and foam.
She touches land, and the chamber stairs
Echo his footfalls as hearts echo prayers;
He turns to his daughter's room.

No shame to his manhood that tears fall fast,
As he bends o'er the little bed;
And wild kisses bedew the tiny hands,
Thrown wearily over her head.
For those hands have wrought a mightier deed
Than were blazoned in story or song;
And the ship, with its wealth of human life,
To-day safely rides o'er the billows strife,
Because the child's heart was strong!

BOTH SIDES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

'Kitty, Kitty, you mischievous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself?"
But Kitty was now
Asleep on the mow,
And only drawled dreamily, "Ma-e-ow!"

'Kitty, Kitty, come here to me,—
The naughtiest Kitty I ever did see!
I know very well what you've been about;
Don't try to conceal it, murder will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?"

"O, I have had a breakfast rare!"

"Why don't you go and hunt for a mouse?"

"O, there's nothing fit to eat in the house!"

Dear me! Miss Kitty,
This is a pity;

"But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.
What has become of the beautiful thrush
That built her nest in the heap of brush?
A brace of young robins as good as the best;
A round little, brown little, snug little nest;
Four little eggs all green and gay,
Four little birds all bare and gray,
And Papa Robin went foraging round,
Aloft on the trees and alight on the ground.
North wind, or south wind, he cared not a groat,
So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open throat;
And Mamma Robin, through sun and storm,
Hugged them up close and kept them all warm;
And me, I watched the dear little things
Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty wings,
And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.
Kitty, Kitty, you know the rest.
The nest is empty, and silent, and lone;
Where are the four little robins gone?
O Puss! you have done a cruel deed!
Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?
Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?
Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,
Or you just cuddle down in the hay and purr,
Curl up in a ball and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes,
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door,
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over,—
Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Clover!"

Then Kitty arose,
Rubbed up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows;
Rounded her back,
Leaped from the stack,
On her feet, at my feet, came down with a whack.
Then, fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheath'd her claws,
Winked her green eyes,
With an air of surprise,
And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.

"Killed a few robins; well, what of that?
What's virtue in man can't be vice in a cat.
There's a thing or two *I* should like to know.
Who killed the chicken a week ago,
For not fling at all that I could spy,
But to make an overgrown chicken-pie?
'Twixt you and me,
'Tis plain to see,
The odds is, you like friesaee,
While my brave maw
Owns no such law,
Content with viands *a-la*-raw.

"Who killed the robins? O, yes! O, yes!
I *would* get the cat now into a mess!
Who was it put
An old stocking-foot,
Tied up with strings
And such shabby things,
On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,
Dipped it in oil and set fire to the whole,
And burnt all the way from here to the miller's,
The nests of the sweet young caterpillars?
Grilled fowl, indeed!
Why, as I read,
You had not even the plea of need;
For all you boast
Such wholesale roast,
I saw no sign, at tea or toast,
Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

"Who killed the robins? Well, I *should* think!
Hadn't somebody better wink
At my peccadilloes, if houses of glass
Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
I had four little kittens a month ago,—
Black, and Malta, and white as snow;
And not a very long while before,
I could have shown you three kittens more.
And so in batches of fours and threes,
Looking back as long as you please,
You would find, if you read my story all,
There were kittens from time immemorial.

"But what am I now? A cat bereft.
Of all my kittens, but one is left.
I make no charges, but this I ask,—
What made such a splurge in the waste-water cask?
You are quite tender-hearted. O, not a doubt!
But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
O, bother! don't mutter excuses to me:
Qui facit per alium, facit per se."

"Well, Kitty, I think full enough has been said,
And the best thing for you is to go straight back to bed.
A very fine pass
Things have come to, my lass,
If men must be meek
While pussy-cats speak
Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek!"

—*Our Young Folks.*

"Make thyself lovely in spirit, by growth in purity, by deeds of love; this is worshipping God in spirit and in truth.

Labor on with hearts undaunted—
God himself will lead the way;
In the strength of glorious manhood,
Press thou onward, watch and pray.

Make thy heart a crystal fountain
Whence the purest waters flow;
Robe thy soul in whitened garments;
Feel another's want and woe.

Be thyself a living poem,
That whoever wills may read;
Words of courage, love and duty,
Human hearts will ever need.

Make thine own heart richer, grander;
Take the joys and cares of life;
Thus, to make thine own life sweeter,
Purge it of all hate and strife.

Truth's clear light will shine upon you,
If you thus obey God's will;
And when tossed on life's dark billows,
He will bid them—"Peace! be still."

Do thy duty, never failing;
God, the Father, asks no more;
This the worship he requireth,
Learn to love him and adore.

C. T. Irish.

'Tis in our homes our lives are wrought;
He who revealed the world to come,
Imbibed the habits which he taught,
In his own humble cottage home.

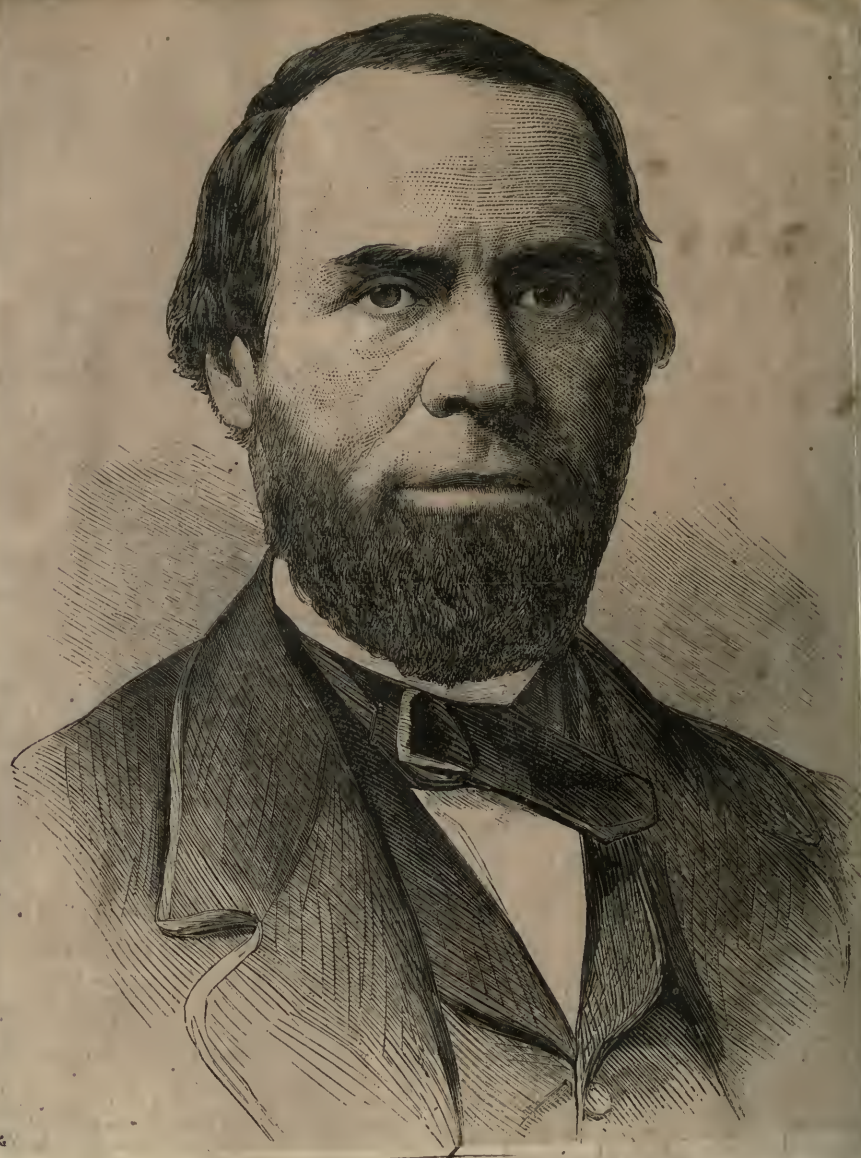
O ever then remember thou
To whom God gives the young in trust,
That like the life thou showest them now,
Their lives will be when thou art dust.

CHINESE WAR IMPLEMENT.

Chinese War Implement.

THE implement of which we give an illustration can hardly be called a weapon, because it is not intended for offense or defense, its only use being to make a noise for the purpose of frightening the enemy. A noise it certainly does make, but what kind of enemy would be frightened by it is another question. It consists first of a bamboo handle four feet six inches in length, and next of a series of steel cymbals strung on iron links, and on each link are loosely strung twelve little cymbals. The mode of using the machine is by holding it in the middle, the right hand grasping the bamboo, and the left an iron handle which connects the two centre limbs. It is then violently shaken, and gives out a deafening noise, quite unlike anything else in the world.

TROLOSK INDIAN, ALASKA.



Hon. William Claflin,

*Ex-*Governor of Massachusetts.

HON. WILLIAM CLAFLIN, the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, was born at Millford, in that State, March 6, 1818. His father was a tanner, and he says facetiously of himself, that he was "born in a tan-yard and baptized in a lime-vat." At an early period he evinced a great aptitude for business, and true to the peculiarity of the New England young men, in his twenty-first year went abroad to seek his fortune. Believing that not only the "star of empire," but of trade, was taking its way Westward, in 1839 he proceeded to St. Louis, where he established himself in the boot, shoe, and leather trade. The business of St. Louis at that time in these articles was only some two or three hundred thousand dollars annually, but by the enterprise of William Claflin and others, it now amounts to some fifteen millions. Mr. Claflin lived in St. Louis until 1845, when he removed to Boston, to give his attention more particularly to the manufacture of boots and shoes and tanning.

He has a number of boot and shoe factories and tanneries in different parts of Massachusetts, and employs about five hundred hands. The sales of his firm amount to one and a half millions of dollars. Men, women, boys, and girls are employed in the factories, and receive from one to three dollars per day, working ten hours. Mr. Claflin has made a splendid fortune, having an income of one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Claflin returned from Missouri an ardent advocate for free soil. From 1849 to 1852 he was a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, being elected from Hopkinton on this particular issue. He served in the Senate in 1860 and 1861, and was President of the body in 1861. He was Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Massachusetts for seven years. At the State election in November, 1865, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth, on the Republican ticket, and is now in the discharge of the functions of the office.

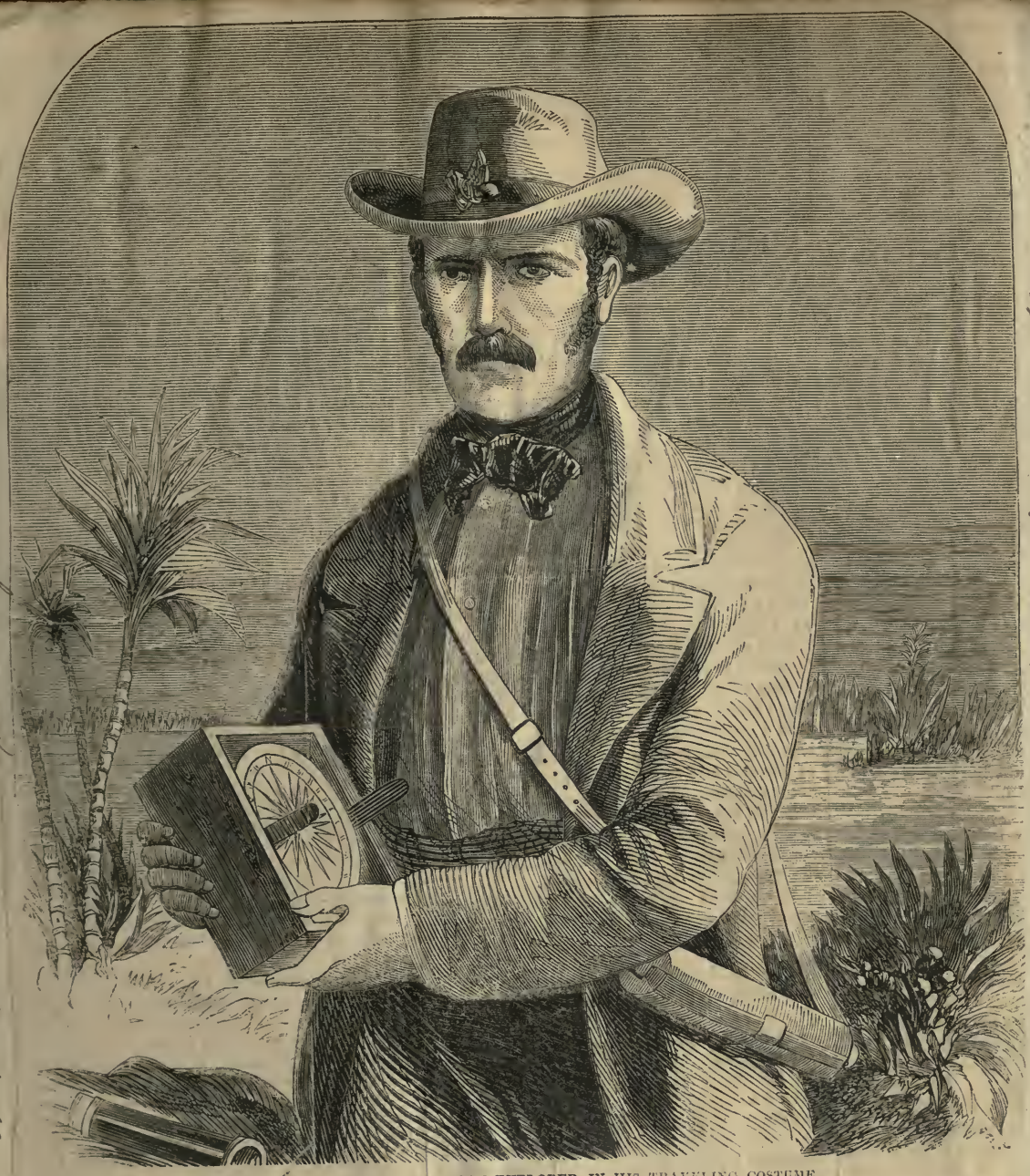
Mr. Claflin looks like "a man in the right place," if you see him in the discharge of his public duties, or in his office attending to business affairs. He has evidently a talent for both positions, and, as he has shown, is capable of distinguishing himself in either. The common idea that business men are not of the right stamp for the public councils is being rapidly proved fallacious in this country. In the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in the different legislative bodies, and, in fact, in all public bodies, men are to be found who have made fortunes in commerce and manufactures, and who have the intellectual capacity and sound judgment necessary in legislators. All this is highly beneficial to the interests of the people. Business men are practical men. They have everything at stake in the prosperity and tranquillity of the country; and, while they may not have the higher perceptions of statesmanship, are none the less fitted to deal with the ordinary affairs of States and Municipalities.

Mr. Claflin has brought just this kind of experience and common sense into his public life. A decided party man, and always working with zeal to establish its power and principles, yet, as a legislator, he has always been found one of the most clear-headed and sensible of men in regard to all questions bearing upon the interests of his constituents.

He has fostered every enterprise which was calculated to add to the prosperity and happiness of the people; and he has done it without the least shadow of demagogism, or any consideration save that of the public weal. His penetrating and practical mind has turned from all visionary schemes of legislation, while it has originated many plans by which the resources and energies of the Commonwealth have been employed to advantage. While he may not be classed among the more showy, demonstrative men in Massachusetts public life, he certainly is entitled to the first rank among those who have distinguished themselves for their practical wisdom in State affairs.

Mr. Claflin is about of the average height, of compact person, and full of strength and activity. His head is rather long than round, with prominent, though well-made features. He has large, clear-looking eyes, and his brow is high and square. He wears a short growth of whiskers round his face. In his manners he is quiet and undemonstrative, but particularly courteous and genial. You see at once that he is a man not at all likely to thrust himself on other people's notice, but who will show himself, on all occasions, worthy of every politeness and consideration. He is a close observer and a good judge of character; and, be it in business or public life, he exhibits these peculiarities in the highest degree. Neither his observation nor men ever deceive him, and it is this training in the school of self-reliance which has made his judgment so far-seeing and accurate.

Mr. Claflin has now reached the second place in his native Commonwealth. He is still in the prime of life and in the vigor of his usefulness; and, should he live, even more exalted honors are likely to fall to his share. Inflexible in his principles, soaring in his patriotism, devoted to the welfare of the people, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a public career, already brilliant, will culminate in increased splendor.



DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, IN HIS TRAVELING COSTUME.

DR. LIVINGSTONE,

THE GREAT EXPLORER OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

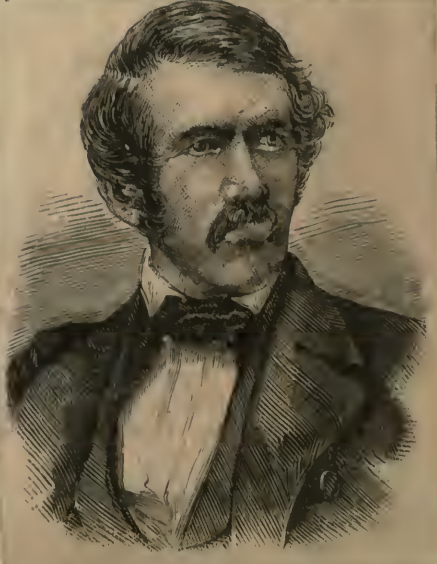
David Livingstone is a native of the little village of Blantyre, in Scotland, and in early life was employed in a cotton-mill, as a piecer-boy. But in the midst of his daily labor he was smitten with a desire to learn from books, and earning money as a spinner in the summer months, he went to Glasgow to school in the winter, and there laid the foundation for those studies that have had such splendid fruits in his maturer life. It is wonderful to know that the man whose name is now a household word in Great Britain, and is mentioned with praise in every part of the civilized world, was engaged in the spinning business up to the year 1840! What a work he has accomplished since! At that period, with a mind improved by education, and a heart filled with a burning desire to be useful to his fellow-men in dark parts of the earth, he entered into the service of the London Missionary Society. His studies had been medical as well as religious, and, like Parker in China, House in Siam, and Grant in Persia, he aimed at doing good to the bodies as well as the souls of his fellow-men. The former often opens the door most happily and widely to the latter. The Society sent him out to Africa, and he stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was at first employed in astronomical pursuits.

For in the circumscribed sphere of missionary labor at a single station, he began to contemplate the conquest of Africa to civilization and Christianity. For eight years he had toiled on within a limited circle, now and then making a tour into the wilderness beyond, and thus feeling his way for more distant and dangerous expeditions. His father-in-law listened to his plans and daring purposes, and while he gave him the assurance of his own approval, it was his conviction that duty to the work on which he was engaged, as a translator of the Scriptures, required him to remain at home. But on the 1st of June, 1849, he set off with Messrs. Oswald and Murray from Kolobeng, in Southern Africa, two hundred miles north of the station of the Kuruman, and struck into the desert in search of a lake, which was reported to lie beyond, in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded by a large population in the heart of Africa. The sufferings of the party in this first expedition were terrible, especially from thirst, the native chief, Sekomi, having driven off the Bushmen, who alone could point out the places where springs of water could be found. In spite of these distresses they held on their way until the *Fourth* of July, when they were delivered from death by reaching the magnificent River Zouga. Along its winding banks they pursued their journey for three hundred miles, and at last their eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of the LAKE NGAMI.

Just now this lake, and the region of country in which it lies, has been made familiar by the publication of Andersson's Travels (Harper & Brothers, 1856), a volume of more than romantic charm. Dr. Livingstone reached the eighth degree of south latitude, that is, twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, and far beyond the range of any former traveler. This Lake Ngami is away to the west of the hunting-grounds of Gordon Cumming, the lion-killer, who is now, with a beard like the mane of the king of beasts, exhibiting himself and his exploits to the Londoners nightly at half-a-crown a head.

This great traveler has traced the course of the river Zambesi, and penetrated the country of the true Negro race. Many of them had never seen a white man before. But they all had a religion of their own, believed in a state of existence after death, worshiped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in the woods. One of these natives accompanied the Doctor to the coast and was coming to England with him, but when he got to the Mauritius, he was so excited with the steamships and other evidences of civilization, that he went mad, leaped into the sea, and was drowned.

While traveling in the desert with a friendly tribe of Africans, a herd of lions broke into their camp and carried off some of their cattle. The natives were panic-struck, but the Doctor called them on to pursue the enemy. He shot down a lion, but in its death-struggles it turned upon him and seized him by the arm, crushing it below the shoulder. The natives drew the beast from him, and it fell dead.



DOCTOR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN EXPLORER.-

THE THREE OCELOTS.—"I HAD NO TIME TO LOAD, AND CLUBBING MY RIFLE, FOUGHT IT OUT, PARRYING HER LEAPS, TILL, AT LAST, A WELL-AIMED BLOW STUNNED IT."—SEE PAGE 359.

Well, I set out to locate my plantation; and after riding till I was pretty well tired, in search of landmarks to begin my rough survey, and see what wealth, time, patience and industry might trust to wring from its entrails. At last I resolved to treat myself to a meal, and, unsaddling my horse, fastened him with a long lariat, that he should not stray off, and then proceeded to attack the provisions I had brought along. My meal was not a long one. My only companions were my own thoughts, and they were not so gay as to make one spend too much time at table.

I finally leaned against a tree behind me, and fell into an uneasy sleep. How long this lasted I do not precisely know, but I was roused by a snarl, and, opening my eyes, saw three fine ocelots, attracted by the remnants of my meal before me. They had disposed of that, and while two were snarling over the last morsel, the largest of all was making her stealthy approaches to me, and already preparing to make her leap. In a moment my rifle was seized and flashed; over rolled the tiger-cat, yelling with pain, and helpless for all but cries. One of the others bounded away, but the third, with a pluck that I could not but admire, made a bold spring at me. I had no time to load, and clubbing my rifle, fought it out, parrying her leaps, till, at last, a well-aimed blow stunned it. Then my foot on the throat fixed it till my hunting-knife settled its account.

The skins are all the trophies of my Mexican campaign. I left my precious grant to ocelots and their companions, and am trying the old soil with a cheerier heart.

The Indian Calumet.

GRAND PIPE STEM OR INDIAN CALUMET.

The heralds among the Greeks were sacred and religion threw its protection around them. The savage tribes of America were not without a similar institution, but the sanctity attached, strangely enough, not to the person, but to the implement, and that implement a pipe. The calumet originated with the tribes on the Mississippi; its bowl was carved of stone, often with great skill; the long stem of wood was trimmed with feathers of the eagle, and other noble birds. It was prepared with a perfect ritual of ceremony, and was regarded as a sort of divinity. Placed on a mat in the centre, it became the object of worship, in the forms of dances, incense, if we may so call puffing tobacco-smoke, and other similar observances.

Supplied with this, the stranger ventured fearlessly amid the fiercest tribes. As the braves came on yelling and brandishing their weapons, they would stop in their wild fury as the new comer waved aloft the mystic calumet.

The earliest French explorers heard of the calumet; but Marquette, in exploring the then unknown Mississippi, first tested and made known the real value of this passport and safeguard of the wilderness. As the intercourse with the West increased, the calumet became as potent in the East as in the West.

The word calumet is not an Indian word; it is merely an old French form of the word *chalumeau* (pipe), used by the sailors and trappers who first visited the St. Lawrence.

AN OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

She lived in a small room, on the top-floor of an old rickety house at the North End; and as he went up the stairs, the gentleman was in mortal fear of their tumbling down, and spilling both him and the apples. At last, however, he reached the room, and setting down the basket, sat himself down to rest his tired legs and shoulders. It was a narrow, mean apartment, and so low that, when he stood upright, his head almost hit the ceiling. Two young children, a boy and a girl, who were spreading the table for the evening meal, and a thin, emaciated woman, with sunken eyes and pallid features, who was lying on a bed in the corner, were its occupants. The floor was bare, the furniture plain and poor, and every thing indicated that its tenants lived on the very verge of starvation; but on all their faces was a cheerful look, that showed that somehow they had imbibed of that divine elixir which gives to the most wretched comfort and contentment. Curious to get at the secret of their happiness, the stranger asked the old woman about her history.

Twenty years before, she said, her two sons and her husband had died, leaving her destitute and alone with one remaining child—a little daughter. Too weak to work and unwilling to beg she then resorted to street vending, and, by twelve hours of daily toil, managed to support herself and bring up her daughter. At twenty the latter married a worthless fellow, who broke her heart, and then cast her penniless upon the world with a young son, the little boy who was then setting the table. The old woman took them in, and about this time also adopted the little girl, who was the orphan child of a poor neighbor.

So three years went away, and then Fort Sumter fell, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the Rebellion. When Tommy went home that night with the news his grandmother was thoughtful for a time; then, looking in his face, she said: "Tommy, the country has done every thing for you; hadn't you ought to do something for the country?"

"You mean I ought to volunteer?" said Tommy.

"Yes; if Mr. Speegle is willing."

Mr. Speegle was willing; and so, soon afterward, a queer scene was witnessed on the Common. The whole parade-ground was in commotion. A regiment, which had been under review, was marching out of one of the gateways, and the old woman, perched on her three-legged stool, was wildly waving her umbrella, and, at the top of her lungs, cheering the departing soldiers. At her back sat a little maiden holding her head in her hands, and trying to hide her tears in her handkerchief. This was Rose; and Tommy was going away with the regiment. He was the only stay of his grandmother, the only hope of her eighty years; but cheerfully, and at her own prompting, she had given him up to the country. "The country had done every thing for him; he ought to do something for the country."

He was away several months, and then came back, re-enlisted, and went away again, leaving his bounty with his grandmother. After this he was often heard from, and always with honor; and the old woman seemed to grow young again, in recounting his daring deeds to some patient listener at her apple-stand. "Just to think," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "that a poor woman like me should rear such a brave boy for the country!"

At last news came of a great battle. Thousands, it was said, had fallen on both sides; and every morning, with a beating heart, the old woman went to the mail for a letter from Tommy. But no letter came, and a few days later she found his name among the list of those who, in the great struggle, had given up their lives for their country.

She went home that night, and the next morning did not go as usual upon the Common. Noticing her absence, Mr. Speegle went to her humble home at nightfall. The curtains were down; but in the dim light he saw her stretched upon her bed, and Rose kneeling by her side weeping. He took her hand, but something in her face kept back the words he would have spoken. After a moment she said: "Mr. Speegle, I'm glad you're come. I owe *you*, and you owe *me*; but, I guess, the balance is in my favor. Pay it to Rosy."

"I will," said the man, his voice husky.

She made no reply, but lay for many minutes without speaking. Then, clutching the young girl's hand, she said: "Rosy, I'm going; but love the Lord, and some day you will be together again forever."

Then her head sank back, and she went—went to live in a home even higher above the earth than the top-floor of that dingy old house at the North End of Boston.

And now, all of her that was ugly, and all that was old, is at rest in a narrow grave not a hundred rods from where I am writing. At its head stands a simple stone, and on it is this inscription:

BETSEY SANDERS,
AGED 82.
SHE WAS POOR AND FRIENDLESS; BUT SHE LOVED GOD AND HER COUNTRY.

Calisaya or King's Bark was unknown until the middle of the 17th century. Humboldt makes favorable mention of its febrifuge qualities as an antidote to Fever and Ague, Intermittent and Malarious Fevers, in his extensive South American travels.

In 1640 it was used by the Jesuits, who alone at that time possessed the secret of its wonderful tonic properties, and it was sold by them for its own weight in silver.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

A GOOD STORY.

They were having such a splendid time, I know; everybody was enjoying themselves—everybody—everybody but me! I could bear it no longer—the feelings I had been struggling to repress all day must have their vent at last; and, springing up, I flew like a startled hare out through the front door, down the long avenue, past the flower garden, across the orchard, till I reached my own little arbor, which from earliest childhood, had been my hiding place and refuge in every trouble and vexation, and there, flinging myself upon the soft, green grass, I gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

"It was so hard—so hard," I sobbed, while my slight frame shook like a leaf. "I did want mother to go. I didn't want to be selfish, and ugly, and hateful. But indeed, indeed, I could not help it!—I had wanted to go so badly—had thought about it so much. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" And I cried till, worn out by the violence of my grief, I could only lie and sob, with now and then a long-drawn tremulous sigh.

Just then I heard, right at my side, the sound of an approaching step. Before I could spring up, before I could even raise my head, I felt myself lifted by a pair of strong arms and seated—of all strange places in the world—on a gentleman's knee. The next moment, and a startled glance at my face, the stranger (for he was a stranger) suddenly loosened his hold, and, springing to my feet, we stood facing each other.

"Pray, pardon me," he said, his handsome face flushing crimson. "You seemed in such distress you looked so very small and dainty, curled up among the leaves, I took you for a grieved child."

His confusion was so very evident, his dismay so apparently genuine, that, forgetting my own embarrassment, I could only blush, and say with a smile:

"I am not much more."

"It was very foolish of me," he continued; "but I always feel a great dislike to letting people alone when they seem in trouble. Can you tell me whether I am trespassing or no? I am looking for Mr. Devine's house, and, having a natural propensity for short cuts, I was making, I imagined, a bee-line for the chimneys of the mansion pointed out to me. Have I lost my bearings?"

"No, you were right. You are upon Mr. Devine's ground now. I am his daughter."

He bowed in acknowedgement of the introduction.

"My visit is more especially to Mrs. Devine. She was one of my mother's dearest friends, and I have heard so much of her that I love her already without ever even having seen her."

"She is the dearest, best mother in the world.—No one can help loving her," I said, warmly.

He smiled, a quiet, little smile.

"I could not have it from better authority. Are you the only child?"

I laughed at the idea.

"Indeed, no! There are seven of us, and I am third upon the list. They tell me, though, that I am the only Weston among them. I have my mother's hair and eyes; you might almost know her by me. But," I said, abruptly, struck by a sudden thought, "if you have never seen her, and yet know her so well, by report, you must be—"

"Harry Liston, he interrupted, with a smile.—"Harry Liston, of New York, at your service. At present on my way to the renowned Captain Cross, where, I am sadly afraid, I was expected this morning; but, being a shockingly lazy individual, I did not arrive at the village till this afternoon, and finding, upon inquiry, that your mother's lay between me and my destination, I could not resist the temptation to linger still longer by the way."

"Oh! then you have missed the picnic!" I cried in dismay.

In some way, I had entirely forgotten the awe that I expected to feel in the presence of that most terrible of "lions," a real live author, and looked up into his face quite fearless as I announced this—in my eyes—extraordinary misfortune.

"And they counted upon you, too, so much! I'm very sorry."

"The picnic—what picnic? Oh! yes, to be sure—I did hear something of a grand Fourth of July celebration; but I don't particularly care for that sort of thing, as a general rule, and, to tell the truth I am just a little pleased at escaping it. Have I missed any very great pleasure?"

"Indeed you have! They have been planning it here for weeks, and the arrangements were all admirable. Every one has gone in the neighborhood—every one from our house except grandma and I. So, you see you have made your visit at an unfortunate time."

Not at all," he said gravely. "But, as they are all gone away, there is no need of our adjourning to the house just yet, is there?" he queried, quietly seating himself upon the bench of the arbor. "It is so pleasant out here, especially to a way-worn traveller. You have no duties calling you, Miss Devine?" he added, hastily, seeing a shade of embarrassment on my face.

"No, oh, no! not just now, at all events. Grandma's nap will last at least for an hour longer; but you will think me very rude—hadn't you better go on to the grove? It is only two miles further, and you will be in time yet for the pleasantest part of the entertainment. They will like it so, too."

"Nay, excuse me. Two miles seem quite an interminable distance to one so worn out already as I am." And he threw back his head with a ludicrous attempt at an air of complete exhaustion. "I don't believe I could walk two steps without suffering from the exertion. And please, Miss Devine, be seated; it fatigues me just to see you looking so ready for motion."

And as I complied with his request, he went on:

"But, may I ask, as this picnic was to be so splendid an affair, and as everybody was going, why Miss Devine staid away? It can't be possible that she takes no interest in such vanities; no she spoke with too much enthusiasm just now. What then keeps her at home—might I know?"

I blushed and looked down in confusion. It seemed so foolish not to tell him the plain truth. But then, to do so would look like praising one's self; so I faltered out.

"I could not—I had to stay with grandma."

"You wanted to go, then?"

"Indeed I did, so much."

"And why couldn't some one else stay with grandma? There are eight other members of the family, I believe, are there not?"

"Yes, but there was no one else that could, except Bessie or mother—and—and—I did not want either of them to miss the pleasure."

"Why not Bessie as well as—pardon me, what is the name?"

"Faith, if you please. Oh! it wouldn't have done at all to have Bessie stay. She is the belle of the county, you know, so pretty and agreeable; the celebration would have been nothing without her. Father would not have allowed it either, he is so proud of her. I am, too; we all are. And I think you will admire her when you see her; indeed you can't help it. Everybody does."

He seemed slightly amused at my enthusiasm.

"No doubt; but I must caution you that, as a general rule, I don't like beauties. And to return to the picnic. Why couldn't your mother stay?"

"She wanted to. Indeed, I had hard work persuading her to go; but I knew she needed the rest and refreshment. She works so hard for us all."

"Then it was at your own request that you were left at home? It was a voluntary sacrifice?"

"It is hardly worth calling a sacrifice," I said, hanging my head with a thrill of shame at the remembrance of the outbreak he had witnessed.

He must have remembered it too, for, bending over to look into my flushing face, he said, "Was that what you were crying about?"

"I was very silly and wicked; but I had struggle against it all day. I couldn't help it, indeed."

And I glanced up timidly. What was it in his eyes that made my own fall abashed before them, and caused the blood to flush so rosily in my cheek? I could not tell; he only said, very softly, "Poor child!" Yet I felt that another moment would bring a repetition of the outburst, so springing up hastily, I said:

"I must go to the house now, and see if grandma has waked. Will you come? I can give you some cold ham, biscuit, and a cup of tea for your supper, and a little music afterwards, if you will stay and wait for the party."

"I don't know but that I ought to say 'No, thank you,' but I am particularly fond of cold ham and biscuit and fonder still of a little music afterwards," he added, rising to follow me.

"It will be a very ordinary performance, I warn you," I said doubtfully, as we went on. "I am not a bit talented, you know. Lucy is the smart one."

"And Bessie the beauty? What department, then, do you claim?"

"Oh, I am nothing in particular. Charles calls me a Jack-of-all-trades. I think pie-making is my peculiar accomplishment. You shall have a piece of my cherry pie for your supper, that is, if you ever indulge in the article at that meal. I know it isn't just the thing."

He laughed.

"I think I will try a piece, at all hazards. This is the house, is it not? And is that grandma at the window?"

"Yes."

And I hurrid in, to ask, anxiously, if she had been long awake, and if she had wanted me.

"No, child not at all. But what gentleman is that you have with you? Seems to me I know his face; anyhow, he's as handsome as a picture."

Before I could answer, he was at my side, hat in hand.

"Grandma, this is Mr. Liston—a son of mother's old friend, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. Mary Seymour's son.—Well, I might have known. He's her very image. Do set down and tell me how your mother's health is now. And where are you living?" she asked, with a face full of interest.

And knowing that grandma, once roused to conversation, would make a most admirable hostess, I slipped away to perform one or two highly important duties. First, I must spread the supper table with a delicate damask cloth, and the dainty, "best china." Then cut the ham; set the tea to draw; bring from the spring house a pot of fresh, delicious butter; select from the pantry a plate of mothers snow white biscuit, and my own nice looking cherry pie; and then, after having given an approving glance at the *toute ensemble* of the dining-room fly up-stairs to brush my disordered curls, bathe my red eyes, and exchange my chintz morning dress for the more appropriate blue lawn.

Descending again to the parlor I found grandma descanting, after a fashion of her own, upon the virtues of each member of the family; entered, in fact, just in time to hear her say, with emphasis:

"Well, I don't care what other folks say; for my part, I think little Fay the 'flower of the flock!'"

And to catch the stranger's grave—

"I do not doubt it."

That would not do at all, I thought; so I interrupted the conversation by the announcement of supper.

* * * * * *

It was certainly the pleasantest of all pleasant meals. We lingered around the table till we could no longer distinguish each other's features in the growing twilight, and grandma declared that her bed-time had slipped past unnoticed. Then, conducting our guest to the parlor, I left him until I had seen her comfortably settled for the night, and heard her say, with her good night kiss

"This has been a very pleasant evening, hasn't it, Faith? He's a real noble fellow, just like his mother. Bless him."

Descending to the drawing-room again, I spent a happy hour with our guest. He conversed delightfully. He requested me to sing, with which request I complied, with such talent as I possessed, and received his earnest thanks. He, in return, sang three sweet songs, with a fullness and richness of expression that I never heard before. When the last words had died upon his lips, he said decisively:

"No more music to-night. You are as sensitive as a little wind-flower, Miss Faith."

Then rising to go, he took my hand, and holding it with a soft yet close pressure, he added:

"You need some one to care for and cherish you as they would a bird or gem—anything that was more rare and precious, do you know it, little Fay?"

I think it was his tone more than his words that made my heart thrill with a new, yet strangely sweet sensation of great joy and gladness; yet I only said, very quietly:

"But you are not going yet, Mr. Liston? I think I can hear the sound of the carriages in the distance already. Surely you will stay and see mother?"

"Not to-night," he answered.

Then, with a seriousness of manner that made his words seem too deep for mere compliments, he added:

"This evening has been to me one of such rare enjoyment, that I cannot bear to mar it with the sight of another face, or the sound of another voice. Good night. I shall take the road back to the village. I think, sleep at the hotel, and not dawn upon the gallant captain's till to-morrow; by which time, I trust, the storm caused by my non-appearance will have had time to blow over. Is not that the 'better part of valor?' My respects to your mother, Miss Faith. I shall call upon her very soon. Once more, good night."

And, with a smile, a bow, one last pressure of the hand, he was down the steps and away.

The sound of his retreating footfalls was lost in the noise of the approaching carriages, and, as they drew up at the door, I descended in time to receive into my arms Carlie's little figure, heavy with sleep, and to feel the tightening clasp of her arms about my neck, as she awoke to the consciousness of my presence.

"O, darlin' Fay!" she murmured, drowsily, "I'm so glad. I wanted you so all day."

But as I bore her in and laid her down upon the parlor sofa, she sank again into the heavy slumber of complete exhaustion. Then I ran back again to the door.

"Well, what kind of a time did you have? Who all were there? What did you do? Was the music good?—and the oration? Do tell me all about it."

"O, Faith!" exclaimed Charlie, a little impatiently, "for mercy's sake don't ask so many questions all in a breath, or, rather, don't ask any at all until to-morrow. We are a little the forlornest party you ever encountered. Wilhelm, Lucie and Darrie have slept in concert for the last mile, and Bess and Will have quarrelled the whole way."

"Quarrelled! O Bess!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "It seems so strange to me that a day of such pleasure should end in a quarrel."

"Well, Faith," said Bess, with a slight shade of self-reproach in her tone, "he's been too cross for anything in this world. Come into the parlor, that's a good girl, and help me off with my things. Bother this hat! the strings are in a knot of course. Well, I had a right pleasant time after all. But, O Faith! just think, the young lawyer—Liston his name is—didn't come after all. Wasn't it too provoking?"

"Indeed, I should think it was!" I tried to say, sympathisingly: "And he so very pleasant, too."

"Pleasant!" she cried, turning suddenly with a look of amazement. "Why, Fay Devine, how do you know? You have never laid eyes on him!"

"Yes, but I have though. He spent the afternoon and evening here."

"Well, I never! Mother, just hear this. While we've been fretting ourselves to death over the non-arrival of our distinguished guest, Faith has been quietly entertaining him at home. I declare, it is enough to provoke a saint."

And by way of establishing her claim to that title, Bessy went off to bed, in a decided fit of the sulks.

"You shall tell us all about it in the morning, my daughter," said our mother, coming into the parlor, and noticing the hurt expression on my face. "Just now we are all tired and cross and want to get to bed as soon as possible. Here, Will, carry the baby up for sister. Don't Fay, she's too heavy for you. Take charge of these wrappings—will you, my child? I have my hands full, you see."

And she followed the procession of weary children that were slowly dragging themselves up stairs.

"But, mother, dear," I said, pausing at my door to await her approach, "do tell me, have you had a pleasant time?"

"A delightful time, my daughter," she said softly, "made doubly so by the remembrance of her to whose filial love I owed it all. And you—you have not been unhappy?"

"Oh, mother, dear," I cried, throwing my arms around her neck, and hiding my blushing face on her shoulder, "it has been the happiest day of my life. And now I know you have enjoyed it, I am so much more than repaid for my sacrifice."

And so, indeed, I was. Not only because the petty self denial of this morning had been my first step on that path of sacrifice which, sooner or later, all human feet must learn to tread—not only because it had knit my mother's heart and mine in bonds of closer and firmer affection—not only because it had taught me that our greatest trials may often prove blessings in disguise, and, therefore, always—always to hope and trust; but because (have you not guessed it already?) the friendship commenced that morning beneath the shadow of the old arbor ripened, in time, into the true, earnest and protecting love which makes me at this moment the very happiest little wife upon whom the sun shines.

MISS DERWENT'S DIAMOND.

"No, mother, let me go, it's too bad for Lizzie, it is, indeed!"

Mrs. Graham looked up from the velvet robe she was trimming, with an anxious expression on her wan and faded face.

"'Tis bad, I know," she replied, shuddering slightly as she heard the sleet tinkling against the window; "but I thought Miss Derwent might pay Lizzie—and you know, Tom we must have the money to-night; and besides, child, how could you ever get along on the ice?"

The boy looked down at his deformed feet, and tears rushed to his eyes.

"O, mother!" he sobbed; but Lizzie's kisses silenced him.

"There, you dear, brave little brother," she said, kissing him again and again, "don't fret about me, I can run up there ever so soon; but it pleases me to see you so careful of me. I will take the will for the deed this time, Tom, darlin'."

She put on her shawl, and her scarlet hood—a simple, woolen thing, that she had knit at odd moments; yet how its vivid hues brought out her creamy, clear-cut face. A sweet face it was, full of truth, and trust, and tenderness. Little Tom watched her with fond pride.

"Oh, sis," he said, "you are so beautiful—ten times handsomer than any of the fine ladies I see on the street. You remind me of the princess my book tells about."

Lizzie laughed gaily.

"Poor little Tom!" she said, patting his cheek. "Well, I'm glad some one admires me. But let me have the dress, mother—how handsome it is. Won't Miss Derwent glitter to-night?"

Mrs. Graham finished and folded the robe; wine colored velvet it was, radiant with bugles and laces.

"Don't tumble it, Lizzie," she said, "or Miss Derwent will be sure to find fault—we must have some coal and a little tea, Lizzie; and you might get a sausage for Tom."

"Yes, mother; and I'll be back as soon as I can. Good bye."

She took the bundle in her arms and tripped lightly down the creaking stairs. Tom went to the window and looked down to see her cross the street.

"Poor sis!" he sighed, "she has to work so hard, and she's so good and beautiful. Is it true, mother, what I read in my book about fine gentlemen coming to help poor people like us? Will some grand prince come and marry Lizzie, by-and-by?"

"I'm afraid not, Tom," she replied, "such things rarely happen in real life."

But while she spoke a faint smile glimmered over her faded face; the last hope of her waning life was centered in Lizzie's future.

"Yes, they do, mother," Tom maintained stoutly, "my book doesn't tell stories. Lizzie will find her prince by-and-by."

In the meantime Lizzie made her way over the icy pavements in the direction of the Derwent mansion. The wind and sleet beat her back and almost took away her breath; but she hurried on bravely, her cheeks all aglow and her fingers tingling with the cold. When she reached the granite steps, she found the lofty mansion in a blaze of splendor. Mrs. Derwent gave a grand party that night, and her dear five hundred friends were invited.

"Give me the bundle, and let me run up; my young lady is in a fine passion because you've kept her waiting so long. She ought to have been dressed an hour ago. Why didn't you come sooner?" said the maid, as she let her come in.

"I came the moment the dress was finished; say so to Miss Derwent, and ask her to send me the pay for making."

The girl laughed.

"I dare not, indeed," she said. "I should lose my place if I carried such a message to Miss Derwent. She's very much excited now. You'll have to call another time."

"That won't do. I must have the money to-night."

"Then you must come up and ask for it."

"I will."

And, as good as her word, she followed, passed the grand reception rooms, up the broad stairway, to the very door of the young heiress's dressing-room. A young man buttoned to the throat in a heavy overcoat, who had been an unobserved listener to this little conversation between Lizzie and the maid, followed also, his keen grey eyes flashing with amused interest.

Miss Derwent sat in the centre of her chamber, wrapped in an elegant cashmere gown, her magnificent hair, and the coronet of jewels on her brow, giving her the air and mean of an empress. But her handsome face was distorted by impatient anger.

"Hasn't the dress come yet, Lucille?" she cried, as the girl entered. "You will have to send after it, and apologize to the company, for I will not be disappointed."

"You shall not, my lady; here it is."

She snatched the package eagerly, and began to tear off the wrapping.

"To think that I must be kept waiting in this manner," she continued. "I won't put up with it—they shan't have another stitch of my work."

"My mother finished the dress as soon as she could," Lizzie said, advancing to the door of the drawing-room. "You only sent it on Wednesday; my mother had to work day and night to get it done as soon as she did—and she's sick, too."

"I can't help that; I'm not to be kept waiting. Here, assist me now—doesn't the dress look superbly? I told mamma how it would make up. What shall I wear? Let me see—the Valenciennes collar and the diamond—where is it?"

The maid raised the lid of a mother of pearl casket that stood upon the dressing-case, disclosing a brooch of rare device, set with a single diamond of such magnificent size and splendor that the whole room seemed ablaze with dazzling reflections. Miss Derwent's fine eyes flashed with triumph and gratification.

"That's it, Lucille, nothing could be more elegant than that splendid solitaire. Come, now, dress me quickly."

The girl stepped forward to shut the door, but Lizzie put her aside.

"Miss Derwent," she said, "one moment, if you please; let me have the money you owe my mother. I would not ask for it if we were not in such urgent need."

Miss Derwent made an impatient gesture. "Lucille, will you close the door and dress me, or am I to be kept waiting all night? I will send the money to-morrow; don't trouble me now."

Lizzie pressed in as she made her appeal, and stood beside the dressing case, her hand resting upon the casket that contained the jewel. Its lustre caught her attention, and, looking down upon it, a swift thought shot through her mind. Was it just that Isabel Derwent should have so much and she so little? What untold joy and comfort the value of that one bauble would bring to her mother and little Tom! But then came the old command, which had been taught her at the Sabbath school, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," and she put the thought from her mind. Miss Derwent turned upon her red with anger.

"Didn't I tell you not to trouble me to-night? I'm too late now. Put her out, Lucille, and dress me at once, or I will discharge you this instant."

Lucille caught up the velvet robe, and Lizzie turned away in despair. Descending the stairs the wearer of the heavy overcoat confronted her.

"Excuse me—but may I ask if Miss Derwent paid you?" he said abruptly.

Lizzie's eyes were dim with tears of disappointment; but she flashed an amused glance at this fellow's bearded face, and then answered candidly:

"No, sir, she did not."

He stood silent a moment, still barring her way; and then he drew out his pocket-book, which, like his overcoat, was very heavy.

"Little girl," he said, hesitatingly, "will you let me pay your bill?"

But Lizzie shot by him like an arrow—her heart was too proud to accept his offer. He looked after her, and she disappeared down the long hall, with half a sigh.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured; "and what a face she has—it reminds me of Raphael's Madonna. And Belle Derwent, with her many thousands, could not find a few pennies to pay her. I'll not forget that."

Lizzie ran until she reached the street, and felt the sharp sting of the ice against her feet. Then she thought of her mother and little Tom. How could she go back to them with nothing? She stopped, looking back at the blazing windows, and half regretting that she did not accept of the gentleman's kindness. What would become of them all that dreary night without food or fuel, and poor Tom so hungry for his sausage? She stood quite still for a moment or two in deep thought; then she crossed over to a lamp, and drawing a slender gold chain from her bosom, examined it closely. Years before, when she was a wee girl, with violet eyes and glossy curls, her father gave it to her as a birthday gift, and the tiny locket, suspended from it, contained his miniature. He was dead, and it was very hard to part with this precious memento—the very thought of it made her sob outright. But she could not let her sick mother sit in that chill room all night without the cup of tea she had craved all day. And a poor little face seemed to rise up before her eyes. It was the only treasure she possessed on earth!—but it must go. She removed it from her neck and started off at a rapid pace, clutching it in her hand. She would sell it, but her mother and Tom should never know; and by-and-by, may be, she might raise money enough to redeem it.

She paused, flushed and breathless, at the door of a fashionable jewelry store. The windows were radient with precious gems, and everything looked so bright and wonderful that the poor girl was half afraid to go in. She leaned against the windows, striving to recover her courage, when a heavy hand was laid on her arm.

"Not so fast, my pretty bird!" said a gruff voice; "you must come with me."

Lizzie turned in indignant surprise, and made an effort to shake off his grasp, but he held her.

"I arrest you, Lizzie Graham," he said, "in the name of the law."

"Arrest me!—and for what, pray?"

"For stealing Miss Derwent's diamond."

The trial at the magistrate's office was brief—the evidence conclusive. Of course the girl was found guilty. Did not Miss Derwent herself observe her standing by the dressing case, with her hand upon the casket that contained the jewel? and five minutes after the diamond was gone. And, to clinch the evidence, the officers sent in pursuit of her found her lurking around a jewelry store, waiting to sell the diamond of course. There was no mistake about the matter. So Lizzie Graham was committed to the county prison to await further trial. A considerable crowd followed her, though the storm was severe; and as the grated door was about to shut her in, looking from one face to another with a vain hope of help, she recognized the young man who had proffered her a kindness before. She made a gesture and he was at her side in an instant.

"Stop," he commanded, "let her speak to me."

And the Warden obeyed, for Dick Renshawe was the first man in the city.

"Poor mother and little Tom," she said, her lips quivering. "If you could only send them word—they will be so uneasy."

"I will. Where do they live?"

She named the street. Then he stooped, and laid his hand on her head.

"Little girl, what can I do for you? You are not guilty of this charge."

Her tearful eyes brightened.

"Don't trouble about that, sir," she said quietly. "God will clear me!"

Through all the weary day that intervened before the trial, Dick Renshawe worked and waited. Never was a man's soul so full of his work. Day and night the girl's white face and dove eyes were before him. He engaged the most eminent counsel for the case, but every one told him it was useless. Of course the girl would be found guilty—was the assurance of all.

On the day of the trial, he went to see Miss Derwent herself. She came down readily enough, but with a look of resentment in her fine eyes, for Mr. Renshawe was an old admirer of hers, and he had been rather neglectful of late. But, unconscious or careless of this, the young man plunged into business at once.

"Miss Derwent, Lizzie Graham will be convicted to-morrow," he said.

Miss Derwent raised her brows in well-bred surprise.

"So I suppose, Mr. Renshawe."

"You believe her guilty?"

"I do!"

He rose to depart.

"And you intend to send her to the State prison?"

"The law will send her there."

"Good morning, Miss Derwent."

"Good morning, Mr. Renshawe."

And they had been almost lovers. Dick went to consult with his counsel, and Miss Derwent, cut to the quick, despatched a message to Count Gerdass to attend her to the opera that night. At a late hour Renshawe dropped in, hoping that the music might soothe his excited nerves. His interest in the impending trial amounted to madness. He chanced into a box just opposite Miss Derwent's. She was looking best as she always did when she wore the wine-colored velvet; and when she arose to depart, the young man, more from habit than anything else, raised his glass to inspect her. A stream of light almost blinding him, a glowing star, as it were, in the folds of her sweeping train. The next instant he was at her side, disengaging the glittering diamond from its hiding place.

"Look here, Miss Derwent," he cried, holding it before her astonished eyes, "see your diamond and you have carried it in your robe all the time while the poor child has been lying in prison. Oh! shame! shame!

"Mr. Renshawe, I am sorry," she began; but he was gone before she had finished her sentence.

Lizzie Graham, sitting all alone in her gloomy cell, reading her Bible by the light of a prison lamp, heard the heavy door swing open and swift steps ring down the corridor. She looked up in wondering alarm. Dick Renshawe stood before her, his bearded face as happy and tremulous as a woman's.

"Little girl," he said, "I offered to do you a kindness once and you refused to accept it. I come to give you your freedom now—you are clear. Miss Derwent has found her diamond; it was stuck in the velvet robe she wore that night."

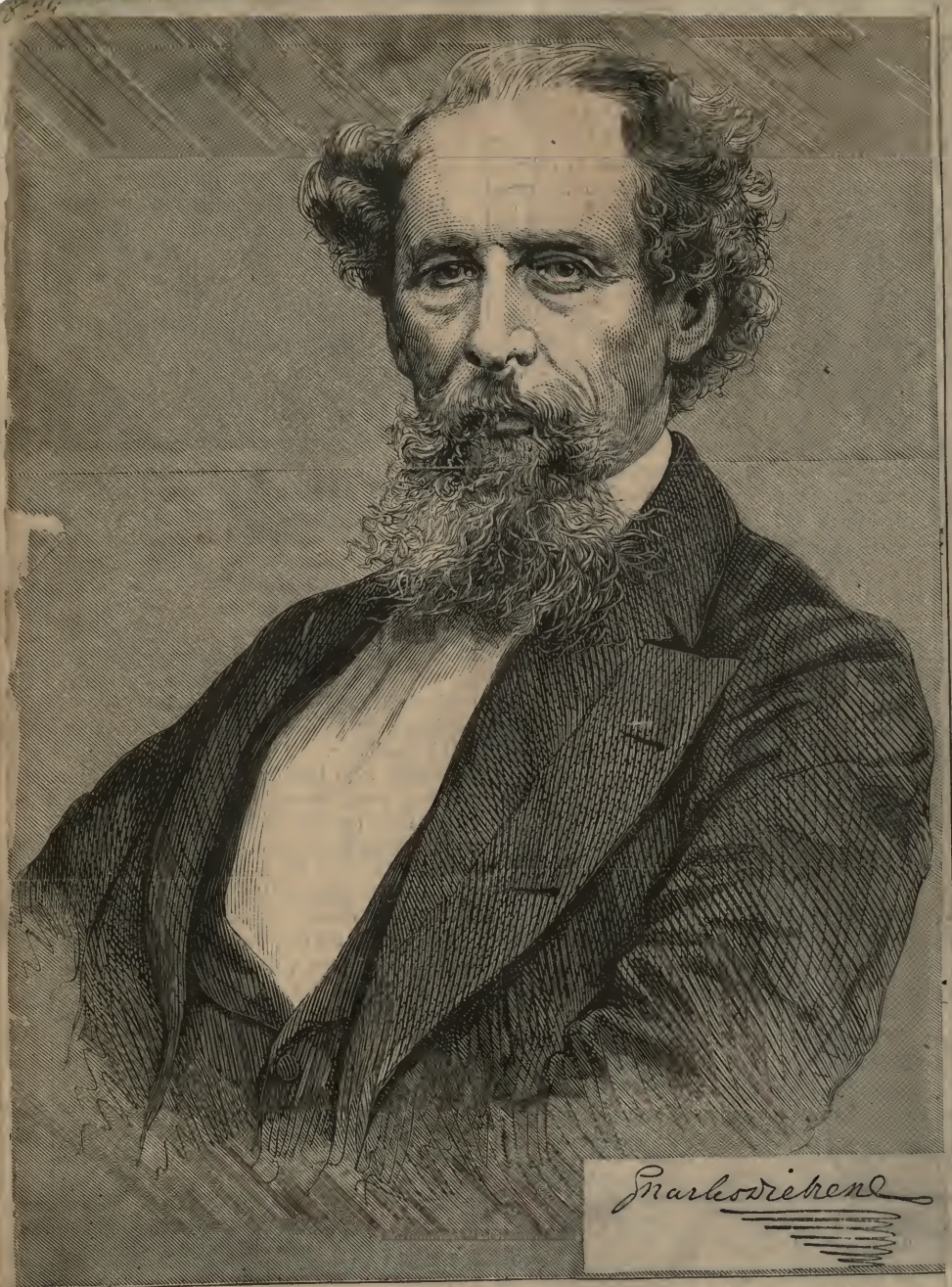
"I knew that God would clear me," she whispered softly.

Three months later, when the skies were blue and the fields green, and all the hedges white and sweet with hawthorn bloom, Lizzie and her mother and little Tom, were all down at a little seaside cottage—not a fashionable resort, but a quiet, happy little place that Mr. Renshaw had selected for its rural beauty. Mrs. Graham's health was failing, and Tom needed country air, he said. So they all went down there. Lizzie had been out all the afternoon, gathering strawberries, and came home at sunset, her lips and fingers dyed rosy-red, and her eyes bright with joy. Dick met her out on the lawn, with his fishing tackle across his shoulders. He threw it down and took the basket from her arm. They had walked on silently for a moment or two, then he came to a sudden halt.

"Lizzie," he began abruptly, his voice broken and tremulous, "I might as well speak now as at any time—I've been all over the world, and know scores of fine women, but I never knew what love was until I saw your face. Will you be my wife, Lizzie?"

Lizzie looked upon the summer heavens, where the stars were coming out, and breathed her answer like a prayer.

"I will, Mr. Renshawe."



CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS—Died at his residence, Gad's Hill, Kent, Thursday, June 9, 1870, aged 58 years.

"Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends, of every order. Dead, men and women born with Heavenly Compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."—*Bleak House, chap.* 67.

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion. The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the Swift River bears us to the Ocean."—*Dombey, chap.* 17.

"The spirit of the child, returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away."—*Chimes, 2d quarter.*

"The star had shown him the way to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."—*Hard Times, Book 3, chap.* 6.

Mr. Dickens was born at Portsmouth, Eng., or near that place, in February, 1812. Consequently, he was 58 years old, last February. He began life as a reporter, and became one of the most remarkable literary men of his time, whose death will be felt by millions as a loss. He will write no more; and, perhaps, like Thackeray, he has left his last work unfinished.

His father, John Dickens, was not a thriving man; he tried his hand at many things, and it is specially mentioned that he served as a government clerk and as a reporter for a morning paper; it is said that John Dickens was the original Wilkins Micawber. He intended that his son should be a lawyer; and, consequently, Charles Dickens was articled to an attorney, in whose office a portion of his youth was spent. But this profession did not suit his tastes, and he quietly took measures to qualify himself for the business of reporting. Soon after he became established as a reporter, he began the series of sketches under the signature of "Boz," which first drew attention to his remarkable genius for such work. His next production, the "Pickwick Papers," completed when he was scarcely twenty-six years old, gave him the great reputation which he maintained during his life.

Mr. Dickens now devoted himself wholly to literature, and became connected with "Bentley's Miscellany," for which he wrote "Oliver Twist." Next came "Nicholas Nickleby," one of his best works. He worked industriously, and produced a series of works that will keep their place in English literature, until English shall become a dead language, and other forms of speech, not yet apparent, shall be developed and used for literary purposes. There would be differences of opinions expressed, we presume, if any score of his admirers should be required

DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

[To Associated Press.]

NEW YORK, June 10.—By cable, just received—Charles Dickens is dead.

LONDON, June 10—8 A. M.—Charles Dickens died at twenty minutes past 6 o'clock, last evening, of paralysis.

Special Despatch to the Traveller.

NEW YORK, June 10.—The following despatch has just been received:

LONDON, June 10—2 A. M.—Charles Dickens, the great novelist, is dead.

He was entertaining a party at dinner, at his residence at Gad's Hill, on Wednesday, when he was suddenly seized with alarming symptoms of illness, depriving him of speech and volition, and was thought to be dying.

He was immediately conveyed to his chamber, and medical assistance summoned.

Upon the arrival of the physician he was pronounced to be under the influence of a stroke of apoplexy.

Remedies were immediately prescribed and everything done to alleviate his sufferings, but all was useless, as the great novelist still remained in a *comatose* state, from which it was impossible to rouse him.

A consultation of physicians failed to develop any remedy.

Mr. Dickens still lay in that dangerous state of insensibility, and from the time he was attacked till 6 o'clock last evening he lay motionless, betraying no signs of life.

The physicians, alarmed at his condition, at 6 o'clock examined him to detect signs of breathing, but the last flickering spark of life had expired, and shortly after 6 o'clock the great novelist was pronounced dead, having given no signs of life, and remaining almost utterly insensible until the hour of his death.

LATER.

LONDON, June 10—8 A. M.—The following particulars of the distressing calamity have been obtained:

As Mr. Dickens was entertaining a dinner party at his house at Gad's Hill, Miss Hogarth, who was seated near him, observed evident signs of distress upon his countenance. She then made the remark to him that he must be ill.

To this Mr. Dickens replied, "Oh, no, I have only got a headache. I shall be better presently."

He then asked that the open window be shut. Almost immediately he became unconscious and fell back into his chair, insensible.

He was immediately conveyed to his room, and medical attendance summoned, but Mr. Dickens still remained unconscious and never recovered animation.

His son and daughter remained steadfastly at his bedside until his decease.

The ladies manifested many demonstrations of grief at the sad event, and the scene is described as mournful in the extreme.

Various reminiscences of the eminent author have been recalled by his sudden death.

It is stated that Mr. Dickens has several times of late complained that he experienced considerable difficulty in working because his powers of application were becoming impotent. He also said that his thoughts no longer came to him spontaneously, as in former times.

While at Preston he had need of medical aid, and called upon a physician, who warned him not to continue reading, because he was doing so at the peril of his life.

The sad news of the decease of Charles Dickens has the warmest expressions of universal sorrow and regret, and the columns of the morning press abound with mournful articles upon the event.

"I felt for my old self as the dead may feel if they ever revisit these scenes. I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be gently pitied, not to be quite forgotten."—*Bleak House, chap.* 45.

"From these garish lights I vanish now forevermore; with a heartful, grateful, respectful and affectionate farewell—and I pray God bless us every one."—*Last reading, London, March* 6, 1870.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE COMMEMORATION DINNER.

Yesterday was a proud day for Old Harvard, for Alma Mater gathered together under her shadowing wings two hundred and thirty of her gallant sons, fresh from the dread fields of war, and welcomed them with ardor and enthusiasm such as has characterized few other days in her history. We have before given an account of the earlier part of the day, with the beautiful and affecting oration of Dr. Putnam, a paper which will be read with feeling and admiration so long as the records of the University shall endure.

It was not till 2 o'clock that the guests filed into the dinner pavilion and took their seats at the different tables, fourteen hundred persons in all being present, while five hundred ladies, from the gallery which skirts Harvard Hall, witnessed the proceedings, and added beauty and grace to the brilliant galaxy of heroism beneath the canvassed roof. Many of these ladies were the wives, mothers, sisters, or lovers of the officers or soldiers present, and the scene forcibly recalled the lines of the British poet,

"For" Harvard's "halls had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry."

When all had taken their places the chief guests entered with the President of the Day, and took post at the upper table. One of these was General Meade, whose appearance at the right of the chair, with Gov. Andrew, caused great applause.

The arrangements of Col. Lee, the chief marshal, worked to a charm, and though a little late, gave universal satisfaction. The dinner, too, provided by Smith, was in profuse abundance, excellent and substantial, and in view of the warmth of the day, was much improved by the abundance of sparkling, foaming, ice-cold Weld farm cider, with which the tables were kept supplied. The dinner was preceded by the invocation of the blessing by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northboro.

Toward the close of the dinner, a dozen ladies were escorted to seats on the President's platform, just behind the invited guests. Among these were Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the mother of Gen. Barlow, and the wife of Lieut. Col. Theo. Lyman of Gen. Meade's staff. Also, Mrs. General Meade, and the widow of the late Brig. Gen. Isaac F. Stevens, of the U. S. Army, who graduated at Harvard with the first honors of his class, and fell on the same field with the lamented Kearney.

Gen. Barlow was also escorted to a similar position, and as soon as he appeared on the platform was hailed with great applause, and welcomed by Gen. Meade, who rose from his seat and stepped hurriedly to meet him, giving him a cordial grasp of the hand.

General Barlow, as the applause continued, rose and said:

"Gentlemen—No man can feel this welcome more than I do, and I cannot but be deeply grateful." But I can hardly be expected to speak in terms befitting your kindness, and I therefore beg that you will excuse me from making the attempt."

Renowed applause followed his modest speech.

At the conclusion of the feast, the President of the Day, Hon. Charles G. Loring, called the company to order, and made an address of welcome.

Mr. Loring spoke of the combination of joy and gladness which this hour afforded, regretted the loss of that distinguished scholar, Everett, who best could do justice to the occasion, and then greeted the returned soldiers and officers. After alluding to the early history of Harvard, to Samuel Adams, Otis, John Adams, Hancock, Quincy, Gen. Warren and other eminent patriots of Massachusetts, graduates of Harvard College, Mr. Loring said that of the whole number of graduates and students, living at the breaking out of the rebellion, estimated to be about 2400, it is ascertained that 528 volunteered in the army or navy at the call of their country. Of them about 93 have fallen in battle or died from wounds, or from illness induced by hardship or exposure; while, many survive, to bear through life in the mutilated frame, or mangled limb, or broken constitution, enduring tokens of their patriotism and valor, alike claiming our profound sympathy and grateful homage.

A warm tribute to Lincoln and some eloquent remarks in peroration, closed his speech.

Brigadier Gen. Devens made the second speech. He referred to the spirit with which the sons of Harvard had entered the war, paid a noble tribute to Gov. Andrew for all that he had achieved, spoke of Meade as the Achilles who turned the tide of the rebellion on the hills above Gettysburg. [Applause]. The sons of Harvard had found their part in all the departments of this war, and many had perished,—among them Webster, of the class of 1833, sealed his faith with his life on the bloody field of the second Manassas, dying for the Constitution, of which his great father was the noblest expounder. For those who return to-day, proud as they had a right to be that they were the sons of this University, and not deemed unworthy of her when these are remembered, they might well say, 'Sparta had many a worthier son than we."[Applause.]

The choir sung "The Soldier's Oath," by C. T. Brooks, and Mr. Loring introduced Gov. Andrew, the band playing "Hail to the Chief."

Governor Andrew showed with what bravery and devotion men of every rank, of every position, of every age, among the sons of Harvard had served in this war, and many had fallen, and among them were two brothers each in the families of Revere, Lowell, Abbott, Dwight and Stevens. The late Sergeant Brown who died by his color, at Antietam, and Capt. Russell, now colonel of the 5th cavalry, were complimented. The Governor sympathized with the Alumni in the loss of ten of their number at Gettysburg, seven at Antietam, five at Fredericksburg, five at Cedar Mountain, three at Chancellorsville, three at the Wilderness, and three at Fort Wagner.

President Hill of Harvard College was the next speaker, and returned all honor to the men who went forth in the dark hours of the past, and he welcomed earnestly the survivors. He spoke of the character of the day, and invoked blessings on the future.

Major General Meade was then introduced, and was received with three times three cheers, three hearty cheers also being given for Mrs. Meade.

General Meade had desired to remain only a silent spectator. He came here simply to pay respect to the memory of their fallen soldiers, with many of whose names he was familiar. On learning that the alumni of the College were about to extend this tribute to their brave comrades, he felt it to be an imperative duty to be present on the occasion. But he felt oppressed in this presence of so many learned individuals, and in presence of so many of his fair countrywomen, somewhat embarrassed. He spoke of the brave men the University had given to the army, and of the grief he felt at the death of so many; two of them, he said, were on his personal staff, and were stricken down almost within his sight; but when he saw so many of his comrades alive before him, he thanked God for His goodness in being so merciful. As the commander of the Army of the Potomac, he felt that he could but express the opinion that no troops had so distinguished themselves for gallantry, bravery and endurance as the troops of Massachusetts.

The band played "Hail Columbia," and Professor Samuel Eliot read a fine poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mr. Emerson spoke of the feelings which were called up in every heart by the presence of the tried and true soldier, and showed that it was the war that had made our generals, and developed our manhood. The enthusiasm, the spirit which had pervaded the people all through was sketched in glowing terms, and he argued that the enthusiasm and energy proceeding from Massachusetts culture and Massachusetts life had exerted irresistible power in moulding the sentiments of the country. He ended by an expression of thanks to the Harvard soldiers.

The band played "America," and a fine poem was read by Prof. O. W. Holmes, after which the hymn, "Union and Liberty," words also by Dr. Holmes, was sung by the choir.

Rear Admiral Davis was introduced as the oldest graduate of the College in the Navy, and as having been second in command at the attack on Port Royal. He was hailed with great applause, and in the course of his remarks gave some interesting reminiscences of college days.

Brig. Major General Peter Force of Ohio, a graduate of Harvard, Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson of New York, of Yale, and Rev. Mr. Hosmer of the 49th, also spoke, and Prof. Jas. Russell Lowell read an eloquent poem.

Toward the close of the proceedings the name of Brigadier General Bartlett called forth tremendous applause, to which he rose and bowed, but the applause still continued, and as the young hero of Ball's Bluff, and of the glacis at Port Hudson, and of the Petersburg mine stood blushing and uncertain in the midst of the storm, Col. Henry Lee, Jr., the chief marshal of the day, exclaimed: "General, as Congress said to Washington, 'General, sit down! Your modesty is equal to your valor!'" This happy thought of Col. Lee was received with warm applause.

At the end of the speaking, all present joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and thus closed a most successful and brilliant day.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT ELIOT.

The Procession and Exercises in the Church.

Address of the President of the Board of Overseers.

Oct 20 1869

The inauguration of Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard College, as successor of Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., took place this afternoon at Cambridge, in accordance with the programme previously published.

The occasion being one of unusual interest to the alumni and to the friends of the institution, the crowd in attendance was large. The cool weather, too, conspired to add to the pleasure of the event, the "doings" at Harvard usually occurring during the warm months, when comfort is at a premium.

At an early hour many strange as well as familiar faces were seen in the precincts of the college grounds.

The Roxbury Horse Guard, under Capt. Geo. Curtis, 94 full uniforms of scarlet, with plumes of flowing white, arrived in Harvard square precisely at 2 o'clock, escorting three four-horse barouches. These barouches contained Gov. Claflin, three of his aids, Gen. Cunningham, Gen. Dale, etc. The cortage presented a brilliant appearance as it drew up in the square, and the Governor and suit dismounted at the main gate of the college grounds. After a parting salute, the military returned, Bond's band playing a lively air.

Governor Claflin and suite entered Gore Hall (the Library), where were assembled a most distinguished company. Among the familiar faces we noticed those of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. George S. Hillard, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, ex-Governor Clifford, ex-Chief Justice Bigelow, Dr. Parker, formerly Minister to China, Dr. George B. Loring, Robert Treat Paine, Esq., ex-Mayor Lincoln, Hon. David H. Mason of Newton, Edmund Quincy, Hon. Ginery Twichell, M. C, Hon. John S. Philbrick, Rev. Dr. Neale, Rev. Geo. Putnam, D. D., of the Highlands, Rev. Freeman Clarke, D.D., Chief Justice Bacon, Mayor Sanborn of Cambridge Judge Thomas, and many others of equal note, besides the Faculty and officers of the college, etc.

At twenty minutes before 3 o'clock the procession was formed at the right of the main entrance of Gore Hall, in the order indicated in the advertisement, and soon after the column moved to the music of Selwyn's orchestra, Arbuckle leader.

The procession numbered some five hundred persons, marching in couples. The four college classes had each some seventy or more representatives present and the law, scientific and divinity schools as many more. The procession, however, pretty well filled up the lower floor and seats.

Outside of those we have referred to there were but few persons in Harvard square, the occasion proving a very quiet one.

The church exercises were conducted by ex-Governor John Henry Clifford, President of the Board of Overseers, and opened with music by the orchestra, singing of a choral, "Let us with a gladsome mind," etc.; prayer by Rev. Dr. Peabody: and a congratulatory address in Latin, by John Silas White, of the senior class.

The induction into office, by Hon. J. H. Clifford, was of course one of the main features of the occasion.

Address of Ex-Gov. Clifford.

Hon. John H. Clifford then addressed the President elect in behalf of the Board of Overseers. We give an abstract of his address, as follows:

Professor Eliot.—

In discharging the honorable duty it has pleased the Corporation of Harvard College to assign to me on this occasion, I am not unmindful that any participation of mine in these interesting services is of a purely official character. It arises from the change that has taken place in the government of the college, since the last of your predecessors was invested with the authority of the high office to which you have been called, and the weighty responsibilities of which you are now formally and publicly to assume.

This change, which has wisely taken from the Legislature, and confided to the Alumni of the College, the choice of the Board of Overseers, of which His Excellency the Governor had been previously the President by virtue of his office, terminated his connection with the Board, and required the election of a presiding officer from their own number.

Among other results of this separation of the College from the State, we are deprived on this occasion of the accustomed aid of the Executive of the Commonwealth, by whom, for the time being, each of the twenty-one Presidents of the College who have preceded you, during the whole period of the Colonial, Provincial, and Constitutional history of Massachusetts, has been inducted into office.

If this termination of its official relations to the Commonwealth, by depriving us of the services of its honored Chief Magistrate in these ceremonials, has taken away from them something of external state and dignity, they certainly lose nothing of their impressiveness and interest by assuming a more simple and less ostentatious character.

When, sir, the far-reaching issues that are involved in the great trust now to be confided to you, and the influence its wise, faithful, and efficient performance is to exert upon the country and the world, are measured and understood; it is no exaggeration to say, that this ceremony surpasses in interest and importance any that accompanies the investiture of ruler or magistrate with the functions of civil government, however imposing or significant they may be.

Of the long procession of those who are to enter these halls, to pass through the prescribed curriculum of study, and be subject to the conditions of the discipline here to be administered, under your eye, and with your sanction and approval, there will not be one whose whole life may not be made or marred by the exercise of the authority which is this day conferred upon you.

May it be the proud boast of this institution, under your auspicious and conscientious administration, that while the brightest genius shall here find fit nurture for its highest powers, no well-intentioned effort for improvement, of even the humblest capacity, shall fail of receiving at your hands all practicable encouragement and support.

I should fall short of my duty on this occasion to that branch of the government as whose organ it is my privilege to address you, if I did not add to these remarks upon the training the college is to give, a brief word upon what it is to teach.

When its venerated founders, the Fathers of New England, inscribed the simple motto "Veritas" upon the college seal, and when their immediate successors enlarged its legend by the adoption of that which it now bears, "Christo et Ecclesiæ," as the watchword and token of its allegiance to the highest truth, they surely never dreamed—may the day never dawn when their descendants shall declare—that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between the truths of ethical and of physical science. Truth is one—"vital in every part, it cannot, but by annihilating, die;" and he is but poorly armed in its panoply of proof, who fears that any speculation, study or research can establish a want of harmony between the revelations of God through the spirit he has breathed into his noblest creation, and those he has imparted through his imprints upon the insensate rocks.

Idle, too, is the boast, or the dread, that if such a conflict is to come its predestined and ignoble issue will be that the highest and most precious truth man can comprehend and which ennobles human life and all its acquisitions and accomplishments with their chief dignity and value, shall surrender to the hasty generalizations and unwarranted and unchastened speculations of the presumptuous sciolist, whose "mind has been subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." Were such to be the result of what is called the progress of science, as taught within these walls, that He is to be ignored to whose glory they were reared, of what significance are these idle ceremonials, from which we might as well turn away, "one to his farm and another to his merchandise," contenting ourselves only with the reflection that, like the beasts that perish, we can "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?"

Having thus given a brief and very inadequate expression of some thoughts respecting the training and the teaching of the University, which are entertained by many of its wisest and truest friends, and which seem to me not inappropriate to an occasion like this, it only remains for me to place in your charge these Keys, this ancient Charter, and this Seal of the College, the symbols and the warrant of the authority now conferred upon you as its official Head.

As one of her adopted children, who would fain make his devotion to the best interests of the University in some humble degree commensurate with her prodigal bestowal upon him of the honors he has received at her hands, I perform this grateful service. I do it with an abounding confidence, that, in your administration of the great trust which, by your acceptance of these symbols, you now assume, the fond and fervent hopes of all the friends of the University, that cluster around your entrance upon this new field of labor and honor, will be amply justified and realized.

Tendering to you, therefore, the awaiting confidence, the cordial sympathies, and the ready co-operation of the Fellows and Overseers—in their name, and on their behalf, I now greet and welcome you as the President

The property of Harvard college, besides its grounds, college halls and buildings, with their contents, is estimated by the treasurer to be worth $2,100,000.

A BOSTON NOTION.

Boston is a city of notions, everybody knows. America can show no other city so full of matured systems, useful contrivances and odd conveniences as this same Boston. The city maxim seems to be, that "there's a best way of doing all things." In public and in domestic affairs, the "solid men of Boston" are not content with simple achievement, but they must have achievement by the best methods.

The latest illustration of this is their scientific way of giving a fire alarm, and calling out and guiding their fire department. A very simple matter, one would think, to raise the window sash and shout *fi-er* two or three times, and leave the alarm to spread. Every villager knows how to pull a bell rope, and ring till he's tired. Every New Yorker knows how to count the booming strokes of the big bells, as they tell off the district number. A very simple thing! One way just as good as another, so long as a rousing alarm is started.

By no means. These Boston men have found out a best way.

If your house takes fire, and gets past domestic control, and you feel it necessary to appeal to the municipal authorities for help, do not be at all excited or alarmed. Do not make yourself red in the face, and hoarse with shouting. Put on your hat and run to yonder corner, where you see that little iron box fastened up against the wall; step into the store, ask quietly for the key, adding, "My house is on fire," by way of apology for the intrusion; now unlock the little iron door, and, remembering that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, obey the inscription and "turn six times slowly." Your responsibility is ended. You have done all you need do. Boston will take care of your House. Shut to the little door. Hurry home or the engines will be there before you!

Every bell in the city, and several more across the water are telling people where you live, and that your house is on fire. In other parts of the city, men with glazed hats and brass trumpets may be seen running to these same little iron boxes; they seem to whisper a moment, then they listen, and then they look very knowing, and slap the door to; and here they come, all pellmell to your help. How much time has elapsed since you needed help? Perhaps three minutes. There *is* a best way of giving an alarm, that's a fact.

But how was it done?

That little iron box you opened was a telegraph station; you can see the wires where they come down through those two iron pipes into the box. The crank you turned is merely a contrivance that enables an inexperienced person to send the only message ever sent from this box—*its own number*. Just so a hand-organ enables the grinder to play one tune well, even though he be no organist. You turned it six times. Once would have been enough, but six times over, and every time the same number, there could be no mistake. The central office knew in an instant of your distress.

Yes, but how did that make the bells ring all over the city, and East Boston, too? Do they keep a sexton at every bell-rope all the time, ready to pull when any body telegraphs?

No; that would be full as bad as the New York plan of keeping watchmen up in the fire towers, on a perpetual look-out. That would not be scientific enough for a "*best*" way. But you know a church clock strikes the hours without any help from the sexton except to wind it up. Just so the bells are rung for fire; in every steeple there is a machine like the striking of a clock. These machines will strike several hundred blows each with their heavy hammers, by being wound up once. When you sent off your despatch, it went direct to a third story room on Court Square, and was read by a man whose business it is to attend to such messages. From this same room he can, by touching a key, send by another set of wires, a current of galvanism to every steeple in the city. If you look, you can see these wires entering every steeple that holds a good bell. When this galvanic current passes into the several steeples it circulates in each around a bar of soft iron, which instantly becomes a powerful magnet, strong enough to lift the detent that keeps the striking machines from running. Now these machines are made so that they would strike one blow and stop, unless the magnet keeps the detent back, and leaves the wheels unlocked and free to run: So this man in the little third story room by the Court House, (he 'll show you how it is done if you call upon him, for he is very courteous to visitors,) can, by pressing the proper knob or key, make these heavy bell hammers strike any number he chooses. And he made them strike the number of your ward.

But how happened the engines and firemen to come straight to my house? There are two or three thousand houses in the ward.

The foreman of every fire company has a key to those useful little iron boxes, and so when he has got to the ward signified by the bells, he runs to the nearest box, and sends a private signal to the man in Court Square, asking "*just where is the fire?*" and then he listens while the answer comes back in little taps, *one, two, three, four*, &c., till he learns the number of the very box you opened when you gave the alarm in the first place. Every box has its own number. The bells *tolled* the fireman what ward, and the telegraph taps whispered what station box the alarm came from.

I see. But is it worth all this trouble of wires and machinery and boxes and batteries?

BOSTON,

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEADQUARTERS, Boston, December 26, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 22.

Yes, indeed. Five minutes at the beginning of a fire are very precious. But oftentimes, so rapid is this system, an alarm will be given, bells rung, boxes consulted, fire found, hose procured and screwed to a Cochituate fire plug, and the fire extinguished, ere the family in danger are well awake. Many a time, the first thing a man knows of his danger by fire, is that his room is flooded with water.

But this municipal telegraph is used for more purposes than one. In case of riot, the police captains can send for help to head quarters. To catch an absconding thief, by setting guard at every railroad and steamboat, can be done in five minutes. Then too, very soon all the city clocks will be hitched together by these wires, and all of them go by one central pendulum, accurately, five hundred clocks alike to a second!

Go it, Boston! We shall soon hear of newer notions still. The next move will be to introduce into every first class house city *time* as well as city water and city gas. Telegraphic time wires will be introduced just as now the water pipes and gas fixtures are. What a millennium of punctuality! Twenty thousand clocks ticking together! Yes, and next we shall hear of a refinement of the fire system. Phillips's annihilators will be built into the walls, their nozzles just peeping out into the room. Convenient wires will be arranged, so that a man waked at midnight by a smell of fire or a red light in his room, will only need reach out his arm to the fire knob, and pull it "six times slowly," and instantly that wakeful, watchful, handy man on Court Square will touch *his* wires, not to frighten sleep from all the city with his dinging bells, but quietly he'll touch the wire, and smash go the acid bottles in the ambushed annihilators; phis, squiz, fush-sh-sh, rushes out the humid, fire-destroying, life-preserving vapor. The unseasonable fire surrenders and goes out. But long ere this, the solid man has rolled himself back into bed again, tucked the blanket snug about his chin and fallen asleep, blessing the best, the *very best*, the Boston way of putting out fires.

BOSTON IN 1798.—Major Jones has in his possession a schedule of the expenses of the town of Boston from May 1, 1798, to May 1, 1799. It appears that schoolmasters received pretty high salaries in 1798, when seven of these useful persons each received an annual salary of $666.64. Seven ushers each received just half of that sum. school committees had free entertainments even in those days, since "Vila" received $289.52 for "entertaining" the school committee. The watchmen received about $100 per year for their services. The town treasurer and town clerks were paid the same as the school masters, and assessors received $538.32 apiece. The total expenses of the town were $49,061.54, and the schedule is signed by Charles Bulfinch, David Tilden, Russell Sturgis, Joseph Howard, Ebenezer Hancock, William Porter, William Sherburne, John Tileston, Samuel Cobb.

☞ During five years ending in 1860, there were four thousand and forty-nine dwelling houses erected in Boston, while during the war period of five years ending in 1865, there were only *seven hundred and twenty* houses built. The increase of population for the five years ending in 1860 was 15,002; increase between 1860 and 1865, 15,484.

Edward Ward, who wrote a book about New England which was printed in 1699, says of the Bostonians of that period: "The inhabitants seem very religious, showing many outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. But, though they wear in their faces the innocence of doves, you will find them in their dealings as subtle as serpents. Interest is their faith, money their god, and large possessions the only heaven they covet."

Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, made of bronze at the Ames Works in Chicopee, for the Public Garden at Boston, was shipped last week. It was taken in pieces, packed in ten boxes, and sent in two instalments. Its total weight is 13,000 pounds.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY.

Two Hundred and Thirty-first Anniversary.

This magnificent first Monday in June, 1865, is witnessing one of the largest and finest parades ever made by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of the State of Massachusetts. Three hundred and forty uniforms were in the line as it came up State street at about quarter past ten o'clock, under command of Major George O. Carpenter, preceded by Gilmore's Band of twenty-four pieces, and a drum corps, in which Si Smith and Dan Simpson, the veteran drummer and fifer, had a place. The band was under the leadership of Mat. Arbuckle.

A strong force of police commanded by Sergeant S. S. Foster, of the Second Station, including a solid platoon of Second Policemen, led the band. The pleasant day had drawn out crowds of spectators as well as the strong force of military, and the sidewalks were lined on State and Washington streets. The first platoon was commanded by Capt. A. A. Folsom, Superintendent of the Providence Railroad, and his right guide, Paff, had the honor of marching shoulder to shoulder with Gen. Banks. Next to the latter in the front rank were Generals Cowdin and Wass.

There were seven platoons in uniform, the sixth of which, under Capt. Cundy, with Capt. A. F. Walcott as right guide, was the color platoon, and consisted of twenty stalwart men in Continental uniform. There were about 140 men in full uniform, and nine more platoons containing 200 men in black dress suits and chapeaux, with swords.

The route was up State, Washington, Bromfield, Tremont, and Beacon streets, to the State House, where Governor Claflin and his staff had position on the steps, under escort of Major E. J. Jones, State Constable, with a strong force of his deputies.

After the usual ceremonies, the column moved from the right to the left by platoons, and receiving the Governor and staff behind the colors marched down Beacon to the Charles-street gate, and along the Charles-street mall, the Boylston-street mall, the Tremont-street mall to the West-street gate, and then by West, Bedford, Kingston, Summer, Winthrop place, Devonshire and Milk streets, to the Old South Church, where they arrived at about 11½ o'clock.

At the Old South Church.

The galleries of the Old South Church contained an unusually large number of ladies, and the church was soon filled. The exercises consisted of a voluntary on the organ, the singing of a *Te Deum*, the reading of selections from the Scriptures, the singing of an anthem, "Ever thus in God's high praises," prayer; an original hymn, written by Rev. T. J. Greenwood; the sermon, by Rev. Augustus Woodbury, of Providence,

---

Artillery Election in 1808.

In those days, the chronicler says, artillery election was a different thing from what it is now. Everywhere in this vicinity it was a general holiday, the hotels were well occupied, the country stages came in full, vehicles and foot-folk thronged from neighboring hamlets, booths were erected on the training-field, or Common, and the museums and *the* theatre had performances arranged expressly for the occasion. The following is the playbill advertised for the night of the first Monday in June, 1808, which was the sixth day thereof:

ARTILLERY ELECTION.

The Public are respectfully informed, that the THEATRE will be opened for *One Night* only.

THIS EVENING, JUNE 6,

Will be presented, for this night only, a much admired Comedy, in five acts, called

LIFE.

Or, The WORLD AS IT GOES.

Sir Harry Torpid.....Mr. Bernard.
Primitive.....Mr. Dickenson.
Gabriel Crackbrain, Mr. Powell..Jonathan, Mr. Morgan.
Marchmont.....By a gentleman,
Being his second appearance on any Stage.
Clifford,.....Mr. Poe.
Crafty, Mr. Barnes....Waiter, Mr. Vining
Mrs. Belford.....Mrs. Powell.
Rosa Marchmont,.....Mrs. Poe.
Mrs. Decoy, Mrs. Graupner.....Betty, Mrs. Henry.
In the course of the Comedy, the favorite Song called,
For Tenderness Form'd, by Mrs. *Poe,*

After the Play, a new Afterpiece, with alterations and additions, called,

A New Way to Pay Reckoning during the EMBARGO.

Harlequin, Mr. Worrall—Tom Spritsail, Mr. Barnes—Ben Haulyard, Mr. Morgan—Sam Mizen, Mr. Vining—Ben Block, Mr. Poe—Columbine, Mrs. Barnes—Polly, Mrs. Poe—Sukey, Mrs. Usher—Peggy, Mrs. Graupner—Sally, Mrs. Henry.

In the Course of the Piece, the favorite Song, of Nobody coming to Marry Me, by Mrs. *Poe.*

And, The Sailor's Welcome Home,
By *Mr. Vining.*

The whole to conclude with a
GRAND MILITARY & NAVAL SPECTACLE.
Genius of Columbia,.....Mrs. Usher.
Justice, Mrs Poe.....Liberty, Mrs. Dickenson.

The front of the Stage represents,
A MILITARY & NAVAL PILLAR;
Containing the Names of—*Warren, Greene,* and *Knox*—*Preble, Decatur,* and *Somers.*

At the upper end of the Stage is seen the Genius of Columbia, supported by Liberty and Justice; the Military and Naval Pillars are supported by Officers of the Army and Navy, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

In the course of the Spectacle, the admired Song of
My Bonny Bold Soldier, by Mrs. *Graupner.*
A Patriotic Address, to be spoken by
Mrs. *Usher.*

A Negro Military Duet, called
Go to Bed Tom — by Mr. *Dickenson* and Mrs. *Graupner.*

The Evening's entertainments to conclude with a Patriotic Song, called
God Save the Sixteen States ! !

☞ Doors to be opened at a quarter before 7, and the Curtain to rise at half past 7 o'clock, precisely.

The Baptist National Anniversaries.

The Festival.

The delegates and visitors to the anniversary exercises of the great Baptist denomination had a festival in the Temple last evening, which was a wonderful success. The floor of the Temple, and the balcony seats, except those at the extreme rear of the gallery, were filled with ladies and gentlemen, to the number probably of 1600 persons. And yet every one was served promptly and served well. William B. Stacy, the gentleman who assists Col. Parsons in the care of the Temple, and himself of Charles-street Church, was the caterer, and gave complete satisfaction. A volunteer corps of 150 young young ladies and 75 young gentlemen officiated as waiters, and it was wonderful with what military promptness all their movements were performed. All were prettily attired, and every one wore a white apron.

The company were all in their seats at 7 o'clock, T. P. Ryder, the organist of the Temple, playing while they were gathering, some choice selections on the organ. Rev. Dr. Robinson called the company to order, and the divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. Ide, of Springfield.

A bell sounded, and out from the side ante-rooms, both above stairs and below, came six long columns of young ladies, one line of 25 for each of the four aisles below and two above, bearing plates.

They were enthusiastically applauded, and when they had delivered the plates and were retiring, from the opposite direction, from the doors of entrance, came the young gentlemen with cups. Seven times the young ladies came forth, each time with a welcome burden, the last course being ice cream, and the young men in the meantime busying themselves with the coffee and tea.

Toward the end of the entertainment, after the empty saucers for spoons and cream were distributed, Mr. Fulton wished to make a statement, and on his appearing on the platform was hailed with a din of applause, caused by the beating of spoons on saucers. The noise was very great, and Mr. Fulton, after waiting some time, drew a chair to the front and seated himself. This drew forth shouts of laughter and renewed uproar on the saucers. Finally he was allowed to make an announcement, which was also applauded.

The platform was occupied by a long table, magnificently decorated with flowers and rare exotics and variegated plants from the Floral Conservatory of William Doogue, 676 Washington street, and covered with refreshments, from which the eminent clergy in seats behind it were supplied.

At half past 8 o'clock, the *debris* of the collation had been removed, the fair young servitors were seated among the audience, and the literary feasts began, the audience uniting with Mr. Ryder in sounding forth in grand strains, a hymn of praise.

Dr. Robinson made an opening address, on three great epochs in the history Baptists.

When the Bible was given to Europe Baptists sprang up freely. [Applause.] The story of the first English reformers, when they tried to condemn and declared that the fires of persecution were wholesome and thus tried by fire, is one story. It was to suppress that very sentiment which we embody that they were persecuted. Three hundred years have passed by. Three hundred years ago England was alarmed, Queen Elizabeth was startled. London was agitated, "Why, there are five thousand Baptists among us," they said; and by that term they designated the foreigners, the French, the Dutch, the Flemish, the German. Three hundred years ago to-day that church, which was too Rom'sh to satisfy Protestants and too Protestant to satisfy Romanists, the common assault alike of Catholic and of United Churchmen, was the peculiar aversion of those who were our progenitors.

Two hundred years ago to-day, in this city, the church first formed had been obliged to betake itself to Noddle's Island, I believe it is called. Two hundred years ago at this hour Boston was agitated. Governor Bellingham, an old man, a hard-hearted man and a strong man, resolved that he would crush these young Baptists. Two hundred years ago this very day there was a famous paper bearing the names of such men as Cotton, Phillip Knight, and many others, who protested in the name of God against the common persecution of these Baptists.

One hundred years ago the Baptists had planted their churches here; planted them throughout this State and shaken hands with Rhode Island. We have always been a missionary people. They have suffered years of hardship. Their preachers had been branded, persecuted, harassed in every form. The established clergy declared them heretics and disturbers of the peace. In the broad State of Virginia among the owners of the soil, the descendants of English yeomen, who had been imported to oversee and beat the slaves—the horse-racing, card-playing, fox-hunting, jolly priests of the Established Church—careless alike of everything—had sprung up, and it was just one hundred years ago that Daniel Boone tracked his way from Illinois, and Baptists set foot upon the soil of Virginia. Thus it was that our origin was not from established churches. It is by the spirit of God and by his truth that we had our origin. We are thus held together to-day by one centralized spirit. Not only have we had a history, but God has had a purpose in it.

The doctrine of baptism was alluded to, and then, with a compliment to Boston, the speaker introduced the Mayor of Boston, Hon. N. B. Shurtleff.

Mayor Shurtleff gave the company a generous welcome to the city, and said this gathering reminded him of the good old days when his father and mother used to assemble with other Baptists on festive or social occasions. He made a very fine address, and said he had been gratified with the chairman's remarks about early days of the Baptist sect in this city, then an old colonial town; and I feel a personal pleasure in remembering that more than 200 years ago one of my own ancestors, though bearing a different name, was driven from his friends, from his associates, who passed over the wide ocean in the May Flower to settle in this colony, simply because he gave harbor and shelter to a Baptist—to Roger Williams. [Applause.] Roger Williams was driven to Rhode Island. This good ancestor of mine was driven to Connecticut, and there found people of an entirely different denomination from those that settled Massachusetts and Plymouth, among whom he had a home and a resting-place. The Mayor was warmly cheered.

Rev. Dr. Anderson, formerly of the Dudley-street society, Boston Highlands, made an earnest and eloquent address, in which he declared his devotion to Massachusetts, proved her generosity, and then discussed the great work the denomination has to do. They hold to the eternal purposes of God and his sovereign grace, and resting upon his grace and purposes he knew they must go forward and prosper. The Home Missionary Society had done a great work in the South among the freedmen, and he believed that in the Baptist denomination there was more knowledge in reference to the best way of educating the freedmen than in any other denomination. God had preserved the denomination from receiving grants of land and of money until they were able to make the most of them, and to do the work God designed them to do. They were a denomination of inspiration and not of money, and although seeming sometimes behind others, they were yet in the vanguard of God's army in the salvation of the world.

Rev. Dr. Caldwell, of Providence, R. I., was received with much applause. He remembered that people from Rhode Island had not always been so extremely welcome in Boston; in fact, there used to be a time when they were not quite well treated, and one at least of his predecessors (Roger Williams) was obliged to retire from Boston with a rather summary dismissal, and was obliged to spend some fourteen weeks not knowing what bed and bread meant. Had he been present that night he might have made some new discoveries, and found out at least what bread was. He (the speaker) would tell Rev. E. E. Hale, author of the charming "Ingham Papers," that a collation means a dinner with a good deal to eat.

Dr. Caldwell spoke of the past and of the future of the Baptists. He believed they were worthy to do the work God had given into their hands. He felt sometimes, however, a want of the spirit of preaching in their denomination; he felt that they relied rather more on the rectitude of their principles and the glory of their history than on being true to them and true to the things by which a successful future is to come. When they entered into this future he believed God would open it to them in Europe, America, Asia and all the earth, and there would be realized to them the beautiful and glowing vision presented to them yesterday in the splendid discourse of the morning.

The next speaker was J. Irad Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He remarked that he never visited Boston without being made painfully aware of three things—the Revolutionary War, Quincy granite, and Daniel Webster. [Laughter.] That was Bostou. [Renewed laughter.] They called their city the Hub, and it followed of course that every man and boy in Boston must be a hub-bub. [Loud laughter.] It was a misfortune, after all that they did not live in New York city, and they would find that the best citizen in the world was a cross between a Yankee and a New Yorker. He wished to say a few words on "U. S." and Grant, that it may ever spell an honorable man when it does it. He recollected that one day, in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, he saw a regiment of Africans go off to the war, and they came, 1000 of them, each with a bright argument on his shoulder; something the same as one of their Massachusetts men said in Baltimore in reply to a question, "Where's your music?" said "In our cartridge boxes!" Well, each black had a leather belt around his loins, with a brass piece in front bearing the letters "U. S." and they afterward fought as "us." Immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, he (the speaker) visited one of those old Dutch barns that had been converted into a hospital, and he found lying near the entrance a soldier in gray uniform who was evidently dying. He for the departing spirit, and on rising from his found that the man's soul had gone before its

[illegible] man near by beckoned to him and asked him [illegible] letter for him. He said he was Major Wilson [illegible] the Second Florida Brigade, and said, "Put down, [illegible] you please, that I am tenderly cared for." Here was an example for them. Whatever differences existed amongst men, let there exist at least respect and love.

He would have differences amongst men covered up. The Major said: "When we get the Union again built up, and we shall get it, (and he could tell them that those words sounded differently on the field at Gettysburg than they did in the Temple that night), we will shake hands." He said, "Major, let us begin now," and, with a burst of tears, the hands were shaken; the right hand of union fellowship in that barn. There was commenced the work of union, of reconstruction.

Now the speaker rejoiced to see around him on that platform so many brethren; every man, whatever his condition, whatever the color of his skin, was a man and brother now. The man who did not love his State the best, and his country the best, was not fit to have a country at all; neither was he fit to be born, and he might also add that there was not much born when he was born. [Laughter.] He loved the Baptists, he loved the river of Jordan, and he came in the legitimate way from the Presbyterian Church; but yet he loved every one who loved the Lord Jesus Christ just in proportion as they love Him. He stood at Fredericksburg when men marched to the front singing to one tune, "John Brown." On they marched, somounder the Massachusetts banner, some under the New York banner, and under all the emblems of the States, all marching to the same music, all singing the same grand old hymn; but he noticed that at the head of the column there was neither a Massachusetts nor a New York banner, but the glorious stars and stripes which he loved. He rejoiced exceedingly that at the head of the Christian army there was no party banner, but that at the head of the Scriptural column there was to be seen the banner of Christ, bearing the words, "In this sign we conquer." [Warm applause followed.]

Rev. Dr. Phelps, of New Haven, recited a poem written especially for the occasion and containing numerous good hits.

Rev. Dr. Caswell, of Brown University, made an excellent speech, in which he complimented the young ladies, spoke of the scene as one which he had never witnessed in continental Europe with all her devotion to Catholicism, and of the beauty of this scene as surpassing that of all the temples of the old world. The broad principles of Baptist faith and action were referred to, and the speaker closed with exhorting all to help young men to enter the ministry.

Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, Wales, made a brief address, containing many witty allusions to himself and his country. In speaking of the eminent persons who had come from Wales to this country, he referred to Roger Williams and John Ingles, both eminent for their piety and zeal in the church. He could not claim Washington for a countryman, but his wife, Martha, was the granddaughter of a Welchman. There were hundreds of Welchmen constantly emigrating to America, and already there were a hundred thousand of his countrymen in this country, delving in our mines, or as skilled artisans in our workshops, and to the Baptist Home Missionary Society he would gladly recommend them

Thanksgiving Marketing. 1868

The region about the Market and in the vicinity of Market and Clinton streets has been particularly busy for several days, and the relations of our citizens with Turkey have been very friendly. The bulk of the trade yesterday was with out of town dealers, and 100 tons of poultry were sold by the commission houses alone, while the retail trade was stimulated by a light supply and the fear of higher prices today. There was more than the usual proportion of ordinary turkeys, but chickens and geese were uniformly good.

Prices from the commission houses ranged from 25@30c for turkeys, 23c for chickens, 20@22c for ducks, and 23c for geese; while inside the market turkeys retailed at 30@35c; ducks, 30c; black ducks, pair, $1 50; geese, 25c; chickens, 25c; partridges, $1 50 per pair. Other articles which go to make up a Thanksgiving dinner sold at 17c per bunch for celery, 87c per peck for onions, 5c per lb for sweet potatoes, 35c per peck for Jackson white potatoes, 20c per quart for cranberries, 50@75c per peck for apples; 40c per dozen for eggs; 3c per lb for Hubbard squash; 25@50c each for pumpkins; 17c per quart for shellbarks; 15@30c per lb for raisins, and 40c per quart for oysters. A large number of our merchants and manufacturers have gladdened the hearts of their workmen by the present of a turkey.

— In 1861 the total valuation of Boston was $275,760,100; in 1868 it was $493,573,700, showing an increase of over *two hundred millions of dollars.*

The receipts of butter in Boston last week amounted to 17,981 packages and 586 boxes. This is believed to be the largest quantity ever received in that city in one week. Oct 1869

THE DEATH-RATE OF BOSTON. The following facts from the State registration reports will answer inquiries which are frequently made. The death-rates are based upon the actual count of the number living at fixed periods in each half-decade of years, which number stands unchanged until a new census is taken.

This is the only safe course to pursue, since, although we know that the population is constantly growing, the rate of increase must be a matter of conjecture in which no two persons would be likely to reach the same conclusion.

The death-rates of the years in which the census was taken (1850, 1855, 1860 and 1865) may be supposed to be perfectly correct:

Years.	Rates.	Years.	Rates.
1850	26.8	1860	24.7
1851	28.2	1861	22.3
1852	27.3	1862	23.1
1853	31.3	1863	26.4
1854	32.1	1864	28.7
1855	25.4	1865	25.5
1856	26.5	1866	22.8
1857	23.1	1867	23
1858	21.7	1868	25
1859	21.2	1869	25
Average ten years,	26.3 to the 1000	Average ten years,	24.60 to the 1000

GEORGE DERBY, M. D.,
Sec'y of State Board of Health.

Boston, May 5th, 1870.

In Boston, over 400,000 pounds of hair are used up annually for mattrasses, &c., to say nothing of what is sold to be carried off, and the large quantities of excelsior, husks and palm-leaf for mattrasses. The hair comes from South America in the raw state, it is manufactured into rope, and coiled up and picked to pieces from the rope by women and children, which gives it its curl and elasticity.

THE FIRST CHURCH BELL CAST IN BOSTON.—The bell which was cast for the old North Unitarian ("Cockerel") Church in Hanover street, and remained in the belfry of the old frame church until it was demolished, and was then again placed in the belfry of the present edifice, which is now being taken down for the widening of Hanover street, was safely landed upon the sidewalk on Saturday afternoon. The bell weighs two thousand pounds, and was cast at the North End in 1792, by Paul Revere, from the metal of cannon and other material captured during the Revolutionary War. It was the first bell cast in Boston.

This one city has produced half the literature of the nation. She is entitled to her proud name, "the Athens of America." More than this, in intellectual activity, in the culture of her native citizens, and in genuine democracy, she stands without a peer in the world's history. Around her is a commonwealth only 251 years old, with as dense a population as that of Europe, and with a higher civilization, for universal education, equality and liberty of thought and speech have reared their altars on its granite rocks."

Boston, June 16.—President Grant arrived at the Old Colony depot in Boston, at about 8 o'clock, having been accompanied from New York, on the Fall River line, by Gens. Bates and Underwood of Governor Claflin's staff, and by no other person. The mayor and the city committee received him at the station, and the party drove to the St. James Hotel, where the President was introduced to the state committee. The Boston School Regiment, six hundred strong, of three battalions, from the Latin School, the High School and the Roxbury Latin School, was reviewed by President Grant, in front of the hotel, at 9½ o'clock.

The General was afterward escorted to the State House, and presented to the Governor and Senate and House of Representatives, and appropriately welcomed by each.

The President was then escorted to the Boston Highlands to review the division of militia under the command of General Butler.

The troops were reviewed by President Grant on Tremont street. The right of the line rested at the Providence depot in the Highland district, the left at the corner of Berkley and Tremont streets. The President was received at the right of the line by Major-General Butler and staff. The General rode up to the barouche and shook hands with the President, who was loudly cheered by the crowds of people around. A horse was brought, which the President mounted. A horse was also brought for Gov. Claflin. The President, accompanied by the Governor, Gen. Butler and staff, rode down the line and reviewed the troops, who were evidently in good condition and presented a fine appearance.

As the President rode along the line he was repeatedly and enthusiastically cheered. Many houses were gaily decorated with flags. An immense concourse of people thronged Tremont street during the review. The windows and balconies of all the houses were crowded.

After arriving at the left of the line, the President took up a position at the corner of Berkley and Appleton streets, when the right wing of the brigade, in open column of companies, passed in review before him, and escorted by the left wing he proceeded up Berkley street to the Coliseum, the cheers of the people greeting him all along the route. Alderman White, chairman of the city reception committee, received the President in a spacious drawing room in the Coliseum, where an elegant collation was partaken of, Mayor Shurtleff doing the honors.

In the meantime the Coliseum was being packed with full fifty thousand people. Every seat was taken, and thousands were glad to find standing room. The weather being fine, ladies were in full dress, and the scene was novel and impressive beyond description. The crowd outside the Coliseum was also immense, probably as many as inside.

The President's reception on entering the main building was most enthusiastic. The vast mass rose, and cheer upon cheer, with waving handkerchiefs, hats, and other demonstrations, greeted him. The President repeatedly bowed his thanks.

The concert programme for to-day was mainly of a classical character, and the performance gave complete satisfaction, judging from the applause bestowed. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "Anvil Chorus" aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and were both repeated.

After the close of the musical performances, the President was escorted to the Revere House, where a sumptuous municipal banquet was provided. About 200 gentlemen, including Secretary Boutwell and numerous other distinguished guests, besides the President, sat down and enjoyed the feast. No set speeches were allowed.

The President left for Groton this evening, as the guest of Secretary Boutwell. He leaves Groton to-morrow forenoon for New York,

---

The annual report of the Cochituate water board of Boston shows that the average daily consumption has been 14,769,167 gallons; that the income from water rates for last year was $553.744; that the current expenses were $164,-890; and the expenditure over and above receipts $160,406.

Boston gains by the annexation of Dorchester, as to territorial limits, 4532 acres, giving a grand total of nearly 10,000 acres, and a population of 250,000.

Dorchester, birthplace of Edward Everett,—good old Puritan town, in becoming ward sixteen of Boston adds to the latter city's territorial limits 4532 acres. Boston's vote on the annexation was 3420 against 565; Dorchester's 928 against 726. The union will be consummated on the first day of next year.

Between forty and fifty persons inquired for lost children at the La Grange street station, Boston, on Monday, and were directed to the police tent on the Common, where a large number of "stray lambs" were returned to their anxious predecessors in life during the day.

The Washington equestrian statue, now on its pedestal in the Public Garden, is sixteen feet, and the pedestal is sixteen feet more. The total cost, including the foundation, will be about $40,000.

Boston theaters' receipts for May: Boston Theater (April), $21,862; Selwyn's, $18,215; Museum, $8504; Howard Athenæum, $13,106; Opera House, $5148.

A salute of one hundred guns was fired on Boston common at noon yesterday, by order of the state, in honor of the final completion of the French Atlantic cable.

One hundred and twenty houses, ranging in value from $12,000 to $25,000, have been built or are in process of erection on Columbus avenue, Boston, where, three years ago, there was not a single house.

In and around Boston there are six or eight manufacturers of refrigerators of all the different styles, patterns and sizes, and the yearly business done in this line of goods by them is nearly $300,000. The business has been steadily growing each year, and the volume of sales this year is fully twenty-five per cent. more than last. There have been several improvements made this season, and it would seem that perfection had well nigh been reached, both in economy of ice, and the even cool temperature which is sought for. The demand for the provinces has been considerably in excess of that of last season, being, however, mostly confined to the cheaper class of goods. The city trade is good, and a large number of market refrigerators have been put in as well as several hotels supplied. The small sizes of cheap chests sell at about $8, and from that up to $1000 for the largest and best finished

---

THE EOCENE PERIOD.

Legally the Fourth of July begins at sixty minutes after eleven o'clock on the night of the third; practically it begins as soon as the policeman in your district will allow the boys to commence the energetic blowing of horns and burning of gunpowder, accompanied with frantic squeals of pleasure, delighting their own souls and torturing the tympana of all within hearing of their orgies. The ninety-sixth anniversary of American Independence began at about eight o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. Before the evening shades could fairly be said to prevail, the youth of Boston took up the tale of independence now and independence forever, and never ceased to repeat it until, long after Friday morning had begun, the last youngster took his weary feet, powder-grimed hands, and sun-burnt face to his home and his anxious parents. Notwithstanding the elaborate preparations which were made on paper for the preservation of the lives and dwellings of our citizens from untimely destruction at the hands of our juveniles, there was even more noise than usual, and nothing but the vast patience born of long endurance of previous Fourths could have enabled our people to bear the confusion and turmoil of the day. Only the dealers in pyrotechnical stores were happy, and their hearts were deeply rejoiced, as, undisturbed by memories of Portland, they swiftly sold the seducing squib, the cantankerous cracker, the fierce firework, the pretty pinwheel, the timid torpedo, or the sinuous serpent. When next they are promised a quiet Fourth of July, good Bostonians will take the train for Hampton Beach or New York.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Independence day at Boston was celebrated with even more than the usual patriotic display. The morning parade of the "Antiques and Horribles," made "fun for the million." The velocipede race, which took place on the Charles Street Mall at six o'clock A. M., was, perhaps, the most novel feature of the day's proceedings, and attracted some ten thousand spectators. The rowing regatta, which came off on the Charles river course at half past seven o'clock A. M., was the most exciting affair of the day. The races that had been looked forward to with the most interest were those for single sculls and four-oared boats. The four-oared boat race was won by the Harvard crew, the Roahr being second, and the single scull race was won by Walter Brown, Mekeel being second, and O'Leary of Worcester, fifth. The sailing regatta, which as a feature of the celebration was introduced into the programme ten years ago, as an experiment, having successfully borne the test, was again adopted this year as one of the ways and means of entertaining the public. Added to these were a children's celebration, a balloon ascension, fireworks, &c.

I am of the opinion that our style of celebrating the day makes it one of the most dreadful of the whole year. If we could eliminate from it the peril incident to such a lavish and unregulated use of powder, and the horrible din consequent upon the same cause, and in their place introduce games and festivals, with grand oratorios, and popular concerts, both vocal and instrumental, with more than the usual display of fireworks in the evening, the day would be rendered doubly enjoyable, with fewer accidents, less drunkenness, and would contribute quite as much as now to the patriotic fervors of the people. Some day, probably, we shall learn to be festive and joyous without vexing the air with unwholesome noises, or running the risk of blowing ourselves or our fellows into eternity by our reckless use of explosives Nothing more surely indicates the crudeness on the one hand, or the fine culture on the other, of a people, than its manner of celebrating its holidays. Tried by this test, we have not much reason to be proud of the measure of culture to which our tastes have attained.

How the News of Peace was Received in 1815.

[From the Boston Saturday Gazette.]

Years ago the office of the old *Gazette* was in Hanover square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Sebra and another gentleman were left with Father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak.

"He has great news!" exclaimed Mr. Lang.

Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly—"PEACE! PEACE!"

The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say—

"An English sloop is below, with news of a treaty of peace!"

They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than he ever used before—and all hands rushed into Hanover square exclaiming "PEACE! PEACE!"

The windows flew up—for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations.—The cry of "Peace! PEACE!" spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to enquire about "free trade and sailors' rights." No one enquired whether even the national honor had been preserved. The matters by which the politicians had irritated the nation into war had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard, "To Let," which had been long posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women eager to see and partake of every thing which had in it the high or taste of peace.

Boston's First Gift to Chicago.

The following despatch has been sent by Mayor Gaston to the Mayor of Chicago:

BOSTON, Oct. 10th, 1871.

Mayor of Chicago,—You are authorized to draw on Kidder, Peabody Co., of this city, for the sum of $100,000 for the relief of sufferers by the late fire at Chicago.

(Signed) WM. GASTON, Mayor.

Letter from Boston.

Historic Reminiscenses — Ramble over Fort Hill—Copp's Hill and the Granary Burying Grounds—Beacon Hill—The Trimountain City of Colonial Day and the New Boston-on-the-Flats.

[Special Correspondence of the Worcester Spy.]

BOSTON, July 27, 1869.

Westward the star of Boston fashion has taken its way, but it is worth while to spend one of these long, warm Sunday afternoons in a ramble through the old, historic parts of the city. From the clean sidewalks and great warehouses of Milk and Batterymarch streets you turn into steep, badly-paved, dirty Hamilton street, and a short climb brings you to the open space on the top of old Fort hill. Here the history of Boston began; here, in May, 1632, the people of Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury and Dorchester (each settlement giving one day's work) built the first fort; three years later the town allowed six pieces of ordnance and £30 to complete the fortification, and the work was entrusted to Capt. Lyon Gardiner, an expert engineer, who had just arrived from the low countries. Around the fort the chief men of the town built their houses and laid out their grounds, with lawns sloping to the water's edge, and a wide and beautiful view of sea and land. In 1686 Gov. Andros was received here in the house of Mr. Gibbs, "one of the best in the town," and later he was imprisoned here. In 1740 a bowling green was made, and was the fashionable playground, and 25 years after the whole neighborhood was ablaze with excitement and riots about the stamp act. Now nothing of the old beauty is left, not even the remnant of a fine house, and not one spot from which you can get a a wide view, and all that tells of the old fashion and renown of the place is the naming of the dingy streets, Oliver, Wendell, Hamilton and other names that are a part of early Massachusetts history. The population of this part of Boston is marvellous; it seems impossible that the thousands swarming on the streets and in the courts can ever be packed away in the dirty piles of brick that they call their homes. On Sunday, when warehouses are closed and business streets are clear from horses and goods, these people pour from their cellars and attics, and spread themselves out for air and light on the long granite steps of Pearl and Milk streets. Here you see pale, shrivelled, toothless hags of ninety years, dandling pale, shrivelled, toothless babies of ninety days; hundreds of men and boys, collected in groups, talking and smoking; foreign-looking women with bare heads and bare bosoms sitting on the curbstones, nursing their babies. Everybody seems to have made some attempt at dressing up for Sunday, you see almost no rags, and many very nice and tasteful dresses; and hardly a child without a ribbon twisted into its tangled curls. A few Chinamen were in the crowd last Sunday, but they were evidently strangers, for at sight of their long queues and pointed shoes children ran shrieking with terror, and hid their faces in some friendly apron. The glory of the hill has departed, and soon the hill itself will go; for the city is taking it away as fast as possible. Oliver street, which led to the summit, is now cut down, and will make a fine level street from Milk to Purchase. While looking at the immense excavations, and the energy with which levelling is carried on, one can not help recalling Thomas Hodson and his trouble 200 years ago. He lived on Beacon hill, and when in 1674, he began to dig gravel on his own land, the whole little town was in commotion, they thought the safety of the hill was endangered; the selectmen reasoned with him; it was brought up in town meeting; but Thomas would not yield. Finally, the representatives to the general court were "instructed to move in the legislature for an act by which this and similar mischiefs might be prevented." No such law was passed, and that legislature has the honor of having been keen enough to perceive and wise enough to avoid impertinent legislation. Still keeping at the north end of the city, we continue our walk to Copp's hill, passing the square where the famous Hutchinson house once stood, and where the accomplished and fascinating Sir Charles Frankland lived with the beautiful Agnes Surriage, who was first his mistress, and then his wife, for he married her after she had rescued him from the ruins of a building which buried him in the great earthquake at Lisbon. Tradition dwells upon the splendors of this house, and of Sir Charles's summer-place in Hopkinton; on the spacious halls, the broad and easy stairs, up and down which the baronet used to ride his pony; the gilded cornices, and Corinthian columns, the mantels of Italian marble, and the fireplaces of fine French porcelain, the tessellated floors where 300 different kinds of wood were laid in curious devices around the family coat of arms, and the dark green tapestry rich with figures. Not one trace of all this is left; not a bit of former grandeur stays our steps until we turn from the street into the old burying-ground on Copp's hill. Here, too, were fortifications in the first years of the settlement of the peninsula; here was set up in 1632 a windmill brought from the country, "because it would not grind but with a westerly wind." On Nov. 5, 1765, there was a great parade in Boston, and effigies of the pope, of the devil, of tyranny, oppression, and slavery were formally burnt on this hill. In 1793 the ardent patriots here had a grand celebration in honor of the French revolution, and the description of it is very curious; a great ox was roasted on Copp's hill, then placed upon a platform and adorned with gilding, ribbons, and the flags of France and the United States. It was on an immense spit, from the end of which waved the motto "Peace offering to liberty and equality." It was drawn by fifteen horses gaily dressed, and followed by a cart containing 800 loaves of bread, drawn by six horses; then came a second cart with six horses drawing a hogshead of punch; then 800 more loaves of bread; and another hogshead of punch, which the records say was "mighty strong." The procession passed through the principal streets, stopping at the houses of "Citizen" John Hancock and "Citizen" Samuel Adams, and the great feast was held on State street. Now the only interest that the famous hill has, is in its old grave stones; there is no view from it, it has been cut down and built up, and is only a queer, shut in place, where the old stones stand in rows, and Irish children play on the tombs, and look on the old coats of arms as meaningless scratches. These uncared for memorials of former grandeur make a curious feature in the old burying grounds; they are fast going to decay, and many of them it is difficult to decipher; yet some of the legends are so brave and cheerful that it seems a pity to lose them. "Sub sole sub umbra virescens," takes away all gloom from the tomb on which it is carved, and is as cheery in its ways as the masses of straight, gorgeous hollyhocks that crowd around the gray stones in the old granary, and make the strange place fresh and alive. In these old cemeteries the stones themselves are interesting; the oldest have generally a winged skull on them, and seldom the cross-bones; then come cherubs, cut according to the skill and taste of the worker; some with eyebrows straight across the face, and hair combed solemnly down over the forehead; others with curls, and a jaunty, saucy look that is very funny. Some of the stones are ill shaped and lettered in the roughest way; and many are double, divided by a line, and wrought in two curves at the top, one side recording the name of a husband, and the other of his wife; or perhaps two brothers are so remembered.

The old Granery burying ground is not used at all; and is open on Sundays only, when a great many people go there, and a smiling man stands at the gateway distributing freely their little salmon-colored tracts published by the American tract society. At Copp's hill no burials in the ground are now permitted, but the tombs are opened quite often to admit members of families who, generation after generation, for more than two centuries, have found here their final resting place.

Of Beacon hill no historic trace is left, save in its name. The three summits which gave Boston the early name of Trimountain, or Tremont, have been smoothed away; the original beacon, a tar-barrel on the top of a tall, strong mast, gave place to a column sixty feet high, surmounted by a large gilt eagle. In 1811 this monument was removed, the eagle being placed over the chair of the speaker in the representatives' hall, and a few years ago the picturesque old Hancock house was taken down to make room for handsome blocks of interest to no one but the owners. Business marches slowly and steadily up the hill, and people flee before it, and go farther and farther southwest, living in winter in the new Boston-on-the-Flats which man has literally made; and in the summer leaving the city entirely, so that the fashionable quarter is like a banquet hall deserted.

At Copp's hill there is an elaborate monument put up within twenty-five years, which states that it is

Erected by
Isaac Dupee,
Grandson to G.

The door of the tomb beneath the monument is emblasoned with a coat of arms, but no information is given in regard to "G."

The greatest organ ever made on this continent has just been completed for Henry Ward Beecher's church, by the Messrs. Hook of Boston. The wind for the organ will be furnished by a bellows with a capacity of 500 cubic feet, and the bellows will be worked by water power, with a pressure of from 15 to 45 pounds to the square inch. 1866.

During the year 1869 there were 5525 deaths in Boston; 105 more than in 1868. During the same time there were 3874 intentions of marriage declared; 296 more than in 1868.

MUSIC HALL SOCIETY. 1872.

Mr. Alger appeared before his people yesterday, and once more gave them one of the excellent sermons to which they were accustomed to listen when he fills the desk. After a few touching prefatory remarks upon the contrast between the scene in which he found himself, and one which lay not far behind, a prison chamber in which he was the solitary inmate, his face lighted with ecstacy, now mused upon the redemption of the whole world, now gazed through his prison bars at the moon, thinking perhaps that all was delusion, and meditated in heart-breaking loneliness on his home, three thousand miles away, Mr. Alger said that "the whole lesson of my experience condenses itself into the moral, if you keep the interior modesty of your mind, your self surrender to the will of God, there is no height of temple-spire or mountain-top from which you need fear to cast yourself down, for God will give his angels charge concerning you, and they will bear you down to the level sward of average humanity where peace, piety, and purity preside. There is no depth of pain or weakness so profound that God will not reach down his hand and lift you back to life, health, the presence of friends and useful days again.

Proceeding then to the discussion of his subject, "The Hope of a Better Future to Humanity on Earth," Mr. Alger asked why the trust in a better future, which is universal among nations, is not realized, and why crimes and miseries still abound among the most civilized nations of the world? He ascribed the continuance of this state of affairs in the past to the conduct of the government and priesthood, who have used the military and mercantile classes to keep down the industrial class, utilizing for this purpose the conception of God as a capricious despot, Christianity in this respect being worse than Paganism, since it taught that sufficient compensation for oppression in this world would be found in the joys of the next; so that men gave up a real heaven on earth for an imaginary one in the skies. Democracy, he said, while removing class hostilities, had made each man an enemy to all classes. In support of the belief of the better time coming, he adduced the adoption of arbitration in the settlement of claims made upon one nation by another, and the aid so freely given to Chicago in her trouble last year by all peoples, nations and tongues, and the formation of international societies. The question of the removal of the hostility between capital and labor was next considered, great stress being laid upon the necessity of kindness, justice and enlightened sympathy in the adjustment of the quarrel.

---

there are seven Bostons beside the capital of sachusetts, there are five Philadelphias in ad to the Quaker City, there are two Chicagos the burned garden city, there are thirty Wa tons, fifteen Albanys, twenty-two Richmond St. Louis, and many other instances of redu tion.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1869

THE PEACE JUBILEE

THE ENTERPRISE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

Enormous Gathering of the People.

GRAND AND IMPOSING INAUGURATION.

Speeches by Mayor Shurtleff and Hon. A. H. Rice.

POPULAR OVATION TO MR. GILMORE AND OTHERS.

Distinguished Guests Present.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.

THE GRANDEST MUSICAL FEAST OF ALL TIME.

The Audience Wild with Enthusiasm and Delight.

EVERYBODY PERFECTLY HAPPY

EYES AND EARS OUTSIDE.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The day of Jubilee has come! The great National Peace Festival and Jubilee has been auspiciously inaugurated! No more of worriment and care, no more sleepless nights for the great projector and his allies, for their hopes have been crowned with consummation and the day dreams of long and weary months have found their realization. No more will the incredulous shake their heads with doubt, no longer will the great public tremble in suspense lest the magnificent enterprise which has agitated them for many weeks should miscarry, to their mortification and humiliation. No, these possibilities are past; the Jubilee is a success, even beyond the most enthusiastic expectations, not to say hopes, of any. The projector has made his promises, the people have believed, and in believing have been able to taste a pleasure which will create an insatiable appetite for more.

Gathering of the Multitude.

As the clock struck twelve yesterday noon the blue-coated guardians of the public peace warned the listeners to the morning rehearsals at the Coliseum that the hour for their departure had arrived. Up to that time the final preparations for receiving the great army of ticket-holders had been continued, and to clear the auditorium for their reception was the next and final move. Slowly and reluctantly the loiterers dispersed, casting wistful glances behind, and within the hour none but choristers, musicians, workmen and officials were within. But the doors were not long closed. By one o'clock the legitimate auditors began to arrive. Then the ushers began their busy work. Presently the throng became more numerous and the pages flew the faster. In fact the number that had assembled by 2 o'clock was monstrous, but they were scattered about here and there, and in the vast auditorium made but little show of their strength. However, this apparent paucity of numbers did not long exist, for constantly the human tide rolled inward until, finally, a look over the house revealed the gratifying fact that the floor and galleries were well filled up except in the remotest places. Perhaps "three-quarters full" would be considered a fair estimate of the degree of occupancy of the auditorium, and from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators would probably include the exact number.

The Visiting Dignitaries.

The reception of distinguished visitors was assigned as a portion of the duties of the committee of the City Council, composed of Aldermen White, James and Fairbanks, President Harris, of the Common Council, and Councilmen J. W. Jacobs, E. Nelson, Edward E. Batchelder and H. W. Pickering. The gentlemen named were at their posts in the Reception Room at an early hour in the afternoon, and many of the dignitaries presented themselves promptly and were first taken in hand by Alderman White, and afterwards by other gentlemen of the Committee. The first personage to present himself was Hon. Henry Wilson, and soon after Sir Edward Thornton, English Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, was welcomed. At half-past two o'clock, or thereabouts, the naval officials arrived under escort of the Union Navy Association and were conducted to the reception room, where Admiral Farragut was presented to Mayor Shurtleff by Alderman White, as, indeed, were all the dignitaries as they arrived. The apartment was shortly in a buzz of social conversation, and introductions, welcomes and congratulations were numerous. Among the gentlemen of prominence participating therein were Admiral Farragut, Admiral Thatcher, Commodores Winslow and Rodgers, Captains Montgomery (Secretary to Admiral Farragut), and Foxhall Parker, and Commander James R. Wheeler. There were among the military dignitaries General Benham of the Coast Survey, General Coggswell, and General Cunningham, and one or two other representatives of the State Militia. The civic notables were Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. A. H. Rice, Sir Edward Thornton, Evariste La Roche, the Haytien Minister to the United States; the venerable Lowell Mason, of musical fame; Hon. George O. Brastow and Samuel D. Crane, of the Senate; Hon. James F. Buffum of Lynn; Mayor Price, of Mobile; Hon. C. R. Chapman, Mayor of Hartford; Hon. Ezra Mallard, Mayor of Omaha; Hon. O. S. McClellan, Mayor of Wheeling, Va.; Hon. James Blake, Mayor of Worcester; Hon. Eugene L. Norton, Mayor of Charlestown, and others.

About half an hour was occupied in conversation and introductions, which were informal in character, and shortly after three o'clock Hon. Edward A. White invited the distinguished visitors to join in procession for the purpose of proceeding to the auditorium. The party was marshaled by Mr. White to the places reserved for them in Section C, on the floor, and as the naval uniforms became visible, the spectators recognized in the foremost rank the daring officer who, while bombarding the water strongholds defending Mobile, fired the hearts of his men and incited them to renewed bravery by lashing himself to the rigging of his own vessel, calmly surveying the scene and giving his orders therefrom; and his reception, as he passed through the broad aisle, was most cordial, the greeting being loud and prolonged. The Admiral bowed his acknowledgements as he passed along. It was less than ten minutes past three o'clock as the distinguished party arrived at their seats, and Jubilee exercises were at once inaugurated.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Audience.

The view of the audience from the upper level of the north balcony, at the opposite extremity of the building from the chorus and orchestra, was one never to be forgotten by the beholder. Far in the distance was the "sea of upturned faces" of the chorus, ten thousand strong, the organ, with its burnished pipes, glittering like a jewel at the extreme end, and midway the eyes swept over the vast space of the auditorium, its sections sharply defined and separated by the wide aisles, and packed full of humanity clad in costumes blending all colors. Remember the dimensions of the building—five hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide—and its amphitheatrical form, and the beautiful decorations, which from this point appeared to the best advantage, and you have a faint outline of one of the most striking pictures which can be imagined.

The Inaugural Exercises.

At ten minutes past 3 o'clock the great bulk of the audience had assembled and become seated. A moment before, a delegation of the Executive Committee passed down one of the broad aisles having in charge His Honor Mayor Shurtleff, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, the orator of the occasion, and Rev. E. E. Hale, all of whom took seats on the stage.

As soon as the attention of the audience could be attracted the exercises were opened with a feeling prayer by Rev. Mr. Hale. This was followed by an address of welcome by Mayor Shurtleff, and an address on the restoration of Peace and Union throughout the land by Hon. A. H. Rice.

At the close of the Mayor's address an artillery salute was fired from the Coliseum by the electric apparatus near the conductor's stand.

THE GRAND CONCERT.

The moment the orator of the day had retired from the rostrum it was apparent from the stir and bustle among the auditors, and those who were present to regale them, that the long-expected, anxiously-awaited moment had almost arrived. No words better than those of the poet can describe the combination of scenes and sounds which affected the senses of the multitude at that particular moment:—

"See to the desk Apollo's sons repair:
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horses hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmur's the hautboy; growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute;
Twang goes the harpsichord; too-too the flute;
Brays the loud trumpet; squeaks the fiddle sharp;
Winds the French horn and twangs the tingling harp."

Welcome to Mr. Gilmore.

In a moment Mr. Gilmore came down the aisle through the instrumentalists, and the quick eyes of the audience recognizing his well known figure welcomed him to the conductor's stand and to the honor, preeminently his due, of opening the great festival in person, with a hearty outburst of applause and with a general waving of handkerchiefs. This gentleman, who had now reached one of the proudest moments of his life, gracefully and gratefully bowed his acknowledgements for the kind reception.

Reception of Ole Bull.

Among the last to take his place among the first violinists was Mr. Ole Bull, the king of violinists. His tall figure and graceful step were recognized as he came down the aisle and took his place in the front line, and he was the recipient also of a most hearty welcome, which he duly acknowledged.

The Music.

After this little episode, Mr. Gilmore, without delaying the anxious auditors, proceeded quickly to inaugurate the great festival of song. Speedily he elevated his *baton*, and quickly in response to the signal from the great organ the choristers arose as if animated by a single moving spirit, and tuned their voices to Luther's beautiful sacred choral—"God is a Castle and Defence."

The voices of the choristers, directed by the strains of the huge orchestra, and sustained and augmented by the powerful tones of the organ, expanded gloriously until they filled completely the vast auditorium and impressed the hearers more with the sacred than with the jubilant character of the occasion. The

beautiful strains spoke other than sentiments of harmony. There was about them a sentiment of grandeur, of sublimity, that caused all to be filled with a realization of the propriety of their selection as the opening feature of the grand occasion. The chorus was received with every evidence of approval by the assembly.

Next came Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser," a composition which is the terror of most violinists, owing to the profuse and intricate "fingering" which its execution renders imperative. Rarely is it given to the public, for its proper performance is beset with many difficulties. Yet on this occasion it was given by the select orchestra of 600 performers in a smooth and pleasing manner, which excited the warmest applause. Mr. Julius Eichberg wielded the *baton* on this occasion and was cordially welcomed as he made his appearance.

The third feature on the programme was the "Gloria in Excelsis" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, music familiar to every one. It was given with full chorus, and organ and orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Carl Zerrahn occupied the conductor's stand this time and as he appeared was welcomed most heartily, especially by the members of the chorus with whom he has been so intimately associated during the past few weeks. The sublime strains of the "Gloria" were given with a fullness and grandeur of effect never before heard, we dare say, and the result was a decided sensation among the auditors, who applauded loudly.

There remained yet another scene of welcome, and Madame Parepa-Rosa was its object. The next feature was Gounod's "Ave Maria," and this favored and favorite songstress was to give the solo. Her welcome was of the most hearty and spontaneous description and told her how well she had been remembered. The *obligato* was given by two hundred violins, Ole Bull leading, and the beautiful harmonies of the composition were never produced with a more charming effect. The volume of tone was hardly sufficient to fill the auditorium and at the further extremity the lower notes of the soloist were inaudible; yet the swell of the organ introduced at the close rendered the *ensemble* at that moment particularly delicious and provoked the heartiest applause.

And now came a feature which had been impatiently awaited—the glorious national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." It was given by the full chorus, full orchestra, full power of the organ, military band, drum corps and bell and artillery accompaniment. The first three verses were sung through by the voices, with the legitimate instrumental accompaniment, and the effect was more grand than ever before produced, while the audience, many of them catching the contagion, joined their voices to the familiar strains, unable otherwise to relieve the enthusiasm which was boiling within. But when the chorus was reached, after the last stanza, and the tremendous bass of the neighboring artillery was added to the already stupendous volume of sound, the effect was such as to send a powerful and never-to-be-forgotten thrill through the frame of every constituent part of the vast assembly, and to almost make one cry with delight. It was a glorious, a painful, yet a happy moment; a moment well calculated to rouse any dormant sentiment of patriotism and bring fully to the realization of every man with a particle of soul the glory and the grandeur of having for his home a land of liberty over which "the Star Spangled banner in triumph yet waves." The audience was full. The dying cadenzas of the beautiful hymn had not been absorbed in air ere the pent-up enthusiasm burst forth in one prolonged, tremendous shout of patriotic rapture—a shout that made the very Coliseum tremble, and deafened one with its intensity while it gratified all, for all felt that it was spontaneous and sincere.

Again were the instruments attuned, again was the rare and delicious experience drunk in, absorbed and enjoyed, and again rose the hearty shouts of satisfaction. This closed the first part of the programme, and immediately Mr. Gilmore was surrounded by scores of friends who tendered him their personal congratulations on the assured success of his magnificent enterprise.

The Nation Hears It.

Scarcely had the boom of the last gun died away, and while the vast audience were yet giving expression to their enthusiasm and delight, the representatives of the daily papers throughout the country besieged the Press Headquarters, (which, since noon, had undergone a transformation from its festive appearance to one presenting the stern realities of editorial and reportorial life), each with his own idea of the scene just enacted and witnessed, and the seats on either side of the long tables were immediately occupied and pens and pencils at once brought into requisition. Hasty dispatches were written, and within a few minutes over the wires to every section of the country was electrified the fact that the National Peace Jubilee was a glorious success. Groups of correspondents were scattered here and here throughout the apartment, and all were warm in their praises of the rendering of the music by the immense orchestra and chorus. The telegraphic operators had their hands full during the next half or three-quarters of an hour, and the headquarters were vacated by correspondents only when the Second Part of the Programme was being commenced.

The Second Part.

Grand and beautiful as had been the concert thus far, the programme displayed features yet to come, the very name of which possessed that magnetic influence which allowed not a soul to leave the building.

The first feature was a Hymn of Peace, written by Dr. O. W. Holmes, to the music of "Keller's American Hymn." It was given by the chorus with full orchestral and organ accompaniment, and created a burst of applause bordering on rapture.

Next came Rossini's Overture to "William Tell," a composition whose strains are familiar in almost every household, and whose melodious measures are never heard but to excite the most exquisite of sensations which it is possible for the human tympanum to convey to the organ of all sense. It was given by the select orchestra in a manner never to be forgotten.

The next feature was the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The solo was given by Madame Rosa, Mr. Zerrahn conducting, and was rapturously *encored*, and even after its second rendering the applause did not soon subside.

The "Coronation March," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," followed, and was grandly given by the full band of one thousand instruments. It would have doubtless been better received had not the power of vision taught the audience that the favorite scena from Verdi's "Trovatore," introducing the

Anvil Chorus,

Was next in order. Nothing could have excited livelier anticipations in the audience, and nothing, as the result proved, could have pleased them better. The music is familiar to every whistling school-boy, was "worn out" as the saying is, upon street hand-organs, years ago, yet it lives as fresh in the memory and admiration of all lovers of music as though it had been but recently composed. The peculiar dressing it was to receive on this occasion, and the announcement thereof had caused it to be looked forward to with the most lively anticipation. It was given, the first time with chorus, full band and chiming of bells. Just before the first strains were sounded the one hundred firemen, who were to do the anvil business, marched upon the stage with military precision, dressed in black pants, red shirts and light caps, and ranged themselves in four rows of twenty-five each, extending backward from the front. Mr. Gilmore directed their every movement with his *baton*, and their strokes were given with admirable precision as regards time. The effect was grand and inspiring to the last degree. The audience again allowed their enthusiasm to run away with them, and their demand for a second edition was cheerfully complied with. This time, however, the effect was heightened by the introduction of artillery, and every gun respounded with the utmost promptitude. Cheer upon cheer rent the air and it seemed as though the audience would never cease their plaudits.

The performance was really a splendid one, not only in its effect, but musically considered. If this feature should be introduced into every day's programme we doubt not it would suit every one who will attend.

A National Air.

But one feature remained. It was the National Air, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," with words by Rev. S. F. Smith. It was given with a grand combination of everything at hand which would make a noise and could be attuned to harmony.

Words fail to describe the effect of the grand combination. Intense was the volume of tone or of sound that rose from the Coliseum when the last verse was rendered, in which the audience joined. Twenty-five thousand voices, a thousand instruments, the big drum, the tremendous organ, the bells in the church towers of the city, all united to swell the torrent to that degree of intensity that the deep bass of the artillery, while it of course added to the *ensemble*, could not be distinguished by the audience inside. Tremendous was the effect, and when the strains of harmony had died away they were followed by shouts of joy and satisfaction which made the welkin ring and must have proclaimed to every person within a mile around the unquestioned and undisputed success of the greatest musical enterprise of modern times.

Departure.

The audience then, at quarter-past 6 o'clock, began to disperse, and the great multitude was soon dissolved, each of its constituent parts to relate to envious and impatient hearers the result of one day's delightful experience.

The Naval Party

proceeded to the Reception Room immediately after the termination of the concert, and without delay took carriages and left in company with Mayor Shurtleff and other representatives of the city for another scene, where they had been momentarily expected for upward of an hour.

Two Private Impressions.

The following is a copy of a telegram sent from the Coliseum by a distinguished gentleman, to his wife, at the close of the first Concert:—

"*Nothing like it in a life time. Will make any sacrifice to have you here Thursday. Come by Express train!*"

An English gentleman present sent a Cable dispatch to Europe, to the effect that the Jubilee is the greatest musical success of the 19th century.

The National Peace Festival.

THE PEACE FESTIVAL.

The Programme Adopted.

At a meeting of the Music Committee, held last night, the following programme was fixed upon:

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, June 15th, 3 o'clock P. M.

After the inaugural ceremonies the following musical programme will be performed:

PART I.

1. Grand Choral, "A Strong Castle is our Lord,"..Luther.
   Full Chorus, Grand Orchestra and Great Organ.
2. Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner.
   Select Orchestra, 600 performers.
3. Glory be to God on High. "Twelfth Mass".....Mozart,
   Full Chorus, with Orchestral and Organ Accompaniment.
4. Prayer, "Ave Maria".....Gounod.
   Sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa.
   The introductory violin obligato usually rendered by one performer will be played by 200 violinists.
5. National Air, "Star Spangled Banner." Sung by the Full Chorus, with Grand Orchestra, Organ, Military Band, Drum Corps, Chiming of Bells, and Artillery Accompaniment.

Intermission 15 minutes.

PART II.

6. Invocation, "Hymn of Peace," written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes, to the music of Keller's "American Hymn."
   Full Chorus, Grand Orchestra, Organ and Military Band.
7. Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini.
   By a Select Orchestra of 500 performers.
8. Inflammatus, "Stabat Mater".....Rossini.
   Sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa with Full Chorus, Organ and Grand Orchestral Accompaniment.
9. Coronation March, "Il Profeta".....Meyerbeer.
   By Full Band of 1000.
10. National Air, Words by Rev. F. S. Smith, D. D., "My Country 'tis of Thee."
    Sung by the entire Chorus, accompanied by the Grand Orchestra of 600, Military Band of 400, Great Organ, Full Drum Corps, Chiming of Bells, Infantry Firing and Cannon Pealing in the distance in exact time with the music. The audience are requested to join in the last verse.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, June 16,

Grand Classical Programme—Symphony and Oratorio.

PART I.

1. Festival Overture on Luther's Choral.....Nicolai.
2. {a—Glory to God / b—and the Glory of the Lord} From the "Messiah".....Handel.
3. Recitative and Aria "*Non piu di fori*" from "Clemenza di Tito"
   Sung by Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
4. He Watching over Israel, from "Elijah"..Mendelssohn.
5. Air, "Let the Bright Seraphim," from the oratorio of "Samson".....Handel.
   Sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa.
6. See the Conquering Hero Comes, from "Judas Maccabæus".....Handel.

PART II.

7. Symphony (In C major).....Beethoven.
8. {a—The Marvelous Work. / b—The Heavens are Telling.} From the "Creation".....Haydn.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY. June 17, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

PART I.

Patriotic and Military Programme.

1. Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber.
   By Grand Orchestra of 1000, fifty trumpeters forming the solo part.
2. Choral, "Judgment Hymn".....Luther.
   Full Chorus, Organ, Orchestra and Band Militaire.
3. March Triomphale, composed for the occasion, for Orchestra and Military Band.
4. Aria "Robert toi que j'aime," from "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer.
   Sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa.
5. Scena from "Il Trovatore," introducing the Anvil Chorus.....Verdi.
   Full Chorus, Full Band of 1000, 100 Anvils, several Drum Corps, Artillery, Bells, &c. The Anvil part will be performed by 100 members of the Boston Fire Department.
6. Overture Triumphale on the American National Air "Hail Columbia," introducing Full Chorus, accompanied by the Grand Orchestra, Military Band, and other accompaniments.....C. C. Converse.

Intermission of 15 minutes.

PART II.

7. Marche Militaire, "Prince Frederick".....Gungl.
   Band of 100.
8. National Air, "The Star Spangled Banner."
   Sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa with Chorus and Orchestra.
9. Scena from "Faust" introducing the "Soldiers' Chorus".....Gounod.
   Grand Chorus, Military Band and Orchestra.
10. Aria for Trumpet from "Il Giuramento".Mercadante.
    By M. Arbuckle with Orchestral accompaniment.
11. Chorus, "Night Shades no Longer," from "Moses in Egypt,".....Rossini.
    Grand Chorus, Organ and Orchestra.
12. Overture, "Stradella,".....Flotow.
    Reed Band of 500.
13. Choral, Old Hundredth Psalm.
    Chorus, Organ, Orchestra, Military Band, &c. The audience are invited to join in the last verse.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, June 18.

PART I.

1. Overture.
2. Choral. To God on High, from "St. Paul".Mendelssohn
3. Symphony No. 5 (in C minor).....Beethoven.
4. Aria, "Lascia chio pianga,".....Handel.
   Sung by Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
5. Achieved is the Glorious Work, from the "Creation.".....Haydn.
6. Thanks be to God, from "Elijah,".....Mendelssohn.
   Intermission 15 minutes.

PART II.

7. {a—Sleepers Wake, a Voice is Calling, from "St. Paul".....Mendelssohn. / b—Prayer, from "Moses in Egypt".....Rossini.}
8. Inflammatus, from "Stabat Mater".....Rossini.
9. Gloria, from "Twelfth Mass".....Mozart.
10. Hallelujah, from the "Messiah".....Handel.

FIFTH DAY—SATURDAY, June 19.

Concert by the Children of the Public Schools, with full orchestral accompaniment.

Forty-six ushers are engaged to show the audience at the Coliseum to seats.

THIRD DAY.

Bunker Hill Anniversary Appropriately Celebrated.

THE COLISEUM CROWDED

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE SQUEEZED TOGETHER!

A GLORIOUS FEAST OF SONG.

UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM!

THE CROWD, &C., OUTSIDE.

THE GRAND JUBILEE BALL.

A LOVELY SCENE.

The third day in the history of the Great National Peace Jubilee is past and gone and an eventful day indeed it proved. It was a day when was convoked the largest mass of humanity ever assembléd under any one roof on the American Continent; a day when the leading national anthems were given in a manner whose grandeur was unparallcled. It was a day when was celebrated the descent of the Angel of Peace upon a nation whose existence our forefathers ninety-four years ago, fought, bled and died to establish, and a day when a quarter of a million of people assembled on a space of land less than a thousand feet square to listen to the tuneful harmonies of the greatest musical festival in the history of the world. It was the gala day of the National PEACE Jubilee and its interest cannot be excelled.

The Coliseum.

We have before allnded to the morning events in the Coliseum and may only add that by 12 o'clock noon, yesterday, the efficient and indispensable police invited and compelled all to retire to make room for the legitimate ticket holders.

The Coming of the Multitude.

In our yesterday's morning edition we gave a very full description of the outside crowd that was in attendance upon the Jubilee during the visit of the President, not supposing that it would even be equalled during the week. But this was a mistake, as the crowd yesterday far outnumbered it. Shortly after on o'clock the Common and the Public Garden began to give up their complements of human beings who for hours had been gathered in large and small groups all over these grounds, paying homage to the various venders of small commodities that are supposed to be good generators of a great many ills that "flesh is heir to," and also to the show folks, who furnish considerable entertainment for these crowds for a little money. Slowly they drifted along into the main artery of travel, Boylston street, where by degrees the flood was increased by large contributions from other points of the compass, till at last, by three o'clock, it went surging along like the flooded Amazon, emptying its mass of humanity into the great Jubilee sea of song and harmony. Between two and three o'clock it was almost impossible for any person to gain access to any of the great entrances to the building, so closely was this body of men and women crowded in about the Coliseum. All the approaches were also densely blockaded, and for once the crowd had the advantage, whatever that may be, of the force of officers that were on duty to "keep order." Finally the multitude became so great both inside and out that all attempt at systematic effort to control the masses was abandoned, and for a time the Jubilee was suffered to run itself without chart or compass.

Hard Getting in.

Wicked was the crowd that surged about the entrances. Humanity it had none, nor pity nor compassion. Onward to the entrance was its only aim and purpose, and every individual, every aspiring youth, tender maiden or aged matron who had with his or her person contributed to swell the throng was by it borne ruthlessly along, helpless as a shipwrecked mariner clinging to a spar and tossed about on a limitless sea. Since the evening when Sheridan was at the Revere, and many ladies had limbs broken by the absolute pressure of the crowd in Bowdoin square, no such compact mass of humanity has been seen in Boston as that which, between two and three o'clock yesterday afternoon, hovered around the seven public entrances to the Coliseum.

Panorama of the Crowd Within.

Whoever was fortunate enough to secure a position within the Coliseum yesterday where a bird's-eye view could be had of the vast multitude there congregated had the pleasure of looking upon an assembly of not less than FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE. For two full hours did we survey this sea of humanity, visiting every part of the building where man or woman could secure a position either to see or hear, noting carefully, as the engineer would his topography, every feature that could possibly be of worth in working out our estimate of the congregated thousands. First we propel leisurely over the two great lobbies directly beneath the East and West balconies. These lobbies cover the greater portion of the square alloted for people holding simply tickets of admission, and contain an area of 10,800 square feet. This entire space was occupied by people standing so thick that it was only with the greatest difficulty and the most indomitable perseverance that locomotion was to be had at all. That portion of these lobbies extending back for fifteen feet from the parquette, was packed so thick as to be actually impenetrable for most of the time, and it was here if anywhere that the $2 subscribers to this peace carnival got their money's worth. At times the pressure upon this dense mass of humanity from the rear, coupled with the heavy swaying motion from the right and left, was so great hundreds were precipitated into the spaces between the seats and the open aisles of the parquette, creating great consternation among the ladies, many of whom were so overcome with fright, or so nearly suffocated with the pressure upon them, that they were obliged to be removed by the officers and ushers. Of the parquette proper, and the north, east and west balconies, where seats are prepared for 16,300 persons, it is enough to say that they were all occupied, while hundreds if not thousands holding tickets for their seats were unable to gain admission at all. About four o'clock the crowd had become so immense that orders were issued to close the doors and admit no one, and this order was carried out.

"Star Spangled Banner"

A moment anxiously awaited at last arrived—the time for giving our most inspiriting national anthem, the "Star Spangled Banner." Madame Parepa-Rosa came forward to sing the air, and was again cordially greeted. She sang with a wondrous power, and the grand old chorus, swelled by the organ and the full compass of the orchestra, pealed forth with tremendous volume, electrifying the hearts of every one present, and cheer upon cheer rent the air and the vast army of hearers were mad with delight. The piece was repeated, with similar effect, and the audience then seemed satisfied, although to have heard the grand theme treated for hours would not have wearied any one present.

The Hundreth Psalm.

The musical festivities of the day were closed with a rendering of the Hundreth Psalm, the like of which it never before received. The last verse was sung by at least fifty thousand persons the audience being included, and the mighty volume of human voices being swelled and intensified by the profuse introduction of artillery thunders. Words can hardly describe the tremendous grandeur of the *ensemble*. As the noise died away it was followed by a long, loud shout of joy at the great success of the day's programme, and as Mr. Gilmore, who had wielded the *baton* all the afternoon turned to bow his acknowledgments, there was upon his face a smile of gratification, doubtless wrought by the thought that his dearest scheme had not found its consummation.

THE JUBILEE BALL.

This event has been looked forward to with some interest by the gentle ones in our community who have applauded Mr. Gilmore in his commendable and highly successful efforts to celebrate the return of peace, and the result has shown that a great many of them desired to participate in the festivities.

Preparation.

The afternoon audience was out of the Coliseum by 7 o'clock, and the doors were then temporarily closed against all but officials. The audience of the afternoon had not all dispersed ere the work of preparation for the evening's festivities had commenced. With the utmost alacrity an army of strong arms took hold of the seats upon the lower floor, and numerous and awkward to handle as they were, in a trice they were deposited in numerous and ungainly stacks in the various lobbies skirting the auditorium.

Then, over the smooth-planed boards swept an army of brooms, and the dirt and *debris* of demoralized programmes was gleaned and deposited outside. Then came the men with long poles with inflammable ends, and anon two thousand and four hundred gas-burners had illuminated extremities and sent their glare over the vast auditorium, softening the fresco's, relieving of their harshness the multitudinous timbers aloft, and generally enhancing the effect of the decorations, which seemed the better to blend together, the better to fill and please the eye. An appropriate and the only addition to the illuminating medium, was the word "Peace" in letters of fire, suspended over the north balcony, just beneath two huge and brilliant stars.

The Journal, speaking of the third day of the Jubilee says: "From a position near the loftiest tiers of sopranos in the chorus the scene was grand beyond description. The eye took in at a sweep more than thirty thousand people, the waving of at least ten thousand fans, the bright colors of twenty thousand dresses and the incessant bustle of the great throng. The hum of voices as they floated up and combined together was as nearly like the hum of the spindles in the Pacific mills as anything practical from which a comparison can be drawn. The beauty of the scene it is useless to enlarge upon. All appropriate phrases and pretty figures of speech have been exhausted in its description heretofore. There never was such a picture. If an immense conservatory is beautiful, if the Public Garden excites admiration by the blending of its lovely shades of color, what can be said of the beautiful sight which the variegated colors of dress combined to form."

The fact that the cupola of the State House was open to visitors on Thursday, the 17th, becoming generally known, quite a rush was the consequence. Several strangers seeing this, mistook the building for the Coliseum and presented their tickets of admission accordingly. One went so far as to inquire of Mr. Adams, member of the Governor's Council, "When the music would begin."

Tickets of admission to the third day's performance at the Jubilee were in so great a demand at an early hour in the day that speculators put up their price to $20 for seats, and sold them rapidly at that. One enterprising "operator" in the vicinity of the Coliseum, who had purchased one hundred tickets for admission without seats, at $2 apiece, sold them at the rate of $10 apiece, clearing the nice little sum of $800 by the transaction.

The result of the immense attendance at the Coliseum, which characterized the performances of the second and third days, was, of course, as visible at the ticket office as anywhere. On the third evening the receipts of the day at the Coliseum were counted up, and amounted to about $46,000. Some sort of receptacle must be had, and as no Coliseum pocket-book had been provided proportioned to the size of the building, a bushel basket was made use of as the most convenient thing. The pile filled the basket heaping full.

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE PEACE FESTIVAL. The Boston Traveller says that in the orchestra of the Peace Festival the larger cities will be represented by instruments in about the following proportion:

New York	400	Hartford	10
Boston	300	New Haven	6
Philadelphia	60	St. Louis	6
Baltimore	30	Albany	5
Troy	25	Springfield	3
Montreal and Quebec	15		
Chicago	15	Making a total of	887
Cincinnati	12		

This number will be increased by additions from various other cities and towns. The following classification has been made:

Violins	230	French Horns	16
Violas	70	Trumpets	10
Violoncellos	70	Trombones	12
Double Basses	70	Tubas	6
Flutes	10	Tympanies (pairs)	7
Clarionets	10		
Oboes	10	Total	523
Bassoons	10		

The grand orchestra for oratorios will be augmented in proportion. The combined brass, reed and stringed instruments will probably aggregate about eleven hundred. The orchestra will doubtless be the largest and most complete ever organized.

"BIG THING."—The monster drum designed for use at the Musical Peace Festival arrived in town, this morning, from Granville Corners, where it was built by Messrs. Noble & Cooley. On its reception here it was temporarily deposited in the house of steamer No. 4. It is eight feet in diameter, three feet across, and measures twenty-five feet in circumference, and for a drum it can be called a "big thing." The motto, "Let us have peace," is inscribed on either side of this king among the tympani; and as one views its huge proportions he is struck with "special wonder." The ox hide used in its construction was taken from a pair of immense cattle that have been exhibiting in the country for several years. The drum weighs about 125 pounds, and about two hundred feet of half-inch cord is used in tightening it. The drum is in charge of Mr. N. J. Baldwin, base-drummer of Gilmore's Band.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."—The largest drum in the world, from the manufactory in Granville, passed through Springfield yesterday for the Boston Peace [illegible]. It is eight and one-half feet in diameter, and inscribed "Let us have Peace."

All the centuries since Tubal strung his harp unite with us to-day in the glorious hymns of peace. The tabret of Laban, the harp of David, the lyre of Hermes, the monaulos of Osiris, the trumpet of Jubilee, the flute of the Hebrews, the shawms, cornets, sackbuts, cymbals and tymbrels of the Syrians; the systrum of Thebes, the beautiful harp of Karnac, the sweet lyre of Apollo, the lute of Harmonia and Pan, the fife of Midas, the cithara of the Muses, the bagpipes of Bacchus, the syrinx of Homer, the resounding shell of Agamemnon, the clarion of the Spartans, the organs of Babylon, the drums of India, the reeds of Rome, the hydraulicon of the Pope, the wind organ of Germany, the troubadours of King Richard, the viols, hautboys, bassoons and rebecs of France, the guitars of Naples and Venice, the virginals and cornets of Queen Elizabeth, the viol-de-gamba of Charles First, the violin of Paganini, together with the violoncellos, flagolets, clarinets, pianos, reed organs, anvils, and cannon of this century, all are heard in the Jubilee orchestra to-day. And those compositions which shall be performed from the Continent's best musicians, are not, we venture to say, all music of our time, or of the time when Handel, Beethoven or Mozart wrote. The merit of the pieces and their claim to universal attention lies in their masterly combination of the world's best strains. In them the Jew recognizes the songs of David and Deborah, the Grecian is reminded of the broken columns of Athens, the Italian thinks of ancient Rome, the Chinese of Confucius, the Egyptian of Memnon, the Englishman of her ancient Bards, the Highlander of the solemn chants of Scotland, the Irishman of O'Brian the Brave and his minstrels, the German of the war songs and church hymns used in the dark days of yore, the Frenchman of the ballads of Charlemagne, the Italian of the early Christian requiems, the Sicilian of the lively symphonies and sonnets of happy intervals of peace, and the Spaniard of the lays of prosperous Ferdinand. Each nation and tribe can find some strain to suit their ear and touch the chords in their hearts. Fit music, indeed, to sing in a land composed of all nations and in a time when all the musical countries of the earth are at peace.

Jubilee Week—The Great Festival.

[Special Correspondence of the Worcester Spy.]

BOSTON, Friday, June 18, 1869.

The great week is drawing to a close, a week of interest and excitement that even the most highly colored newspaper reports can not exaggerate. The interest in the musical festival increases daily; on Tuesday one could easily gain entrance, and find a good seat, but yesterday the crowd around the doors was immense, and so clamorous for tickets, that at last the doors were closed, and dilatory ticket-holders and disappointed ticket-seekers were alike excluded. On Tuesday, the opening day, one was filled with astonishment at the success of the great plan, at the smoothness with which all things worked, at the attention paid to every detail, as if the affair were an ordinary two hours' concert, and the audience were to be counted by hundreds only Mr. Gilmore seems to have some magic art that binds people and things to do his will faithfully and promptly, and I am not quite sure that he has not the lyre of Orpheus, and did not use it to bring this week's beauty out of last week's chaotic confusion. The greatness of the whole thing grows upon one; and to gain the full effect of it one needs to stand far back in the gallery, where it is impossible to recognize the faces or figures of the performers, and to be distracted by special interests. On Tuesday and Wednesday Ole Bull sat in the place of honor amongst the musicians, and on his right sat Carl Rosa—the old and the young violinists using the same music—a beautiful picture, which we shall probably never see again. The fine old man sat with head erect, not bent lovingly over his violin as when he plays alone, and with eyes apparently closed; while the young face next him was full of animation, and with rapid glances took note of music, leader and audience; and far behind and on each side of these stretched the long rows of instruments and singers till they were lost to sight under the shadow of King David and St. Cecelia.

On the first day Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis was conspicuous amongst the honored guests; she wore a lilac silk, with a rich white lace over dress, and a simple white crape bonnet, and near her sat the foreigners of distinction who were present. The invited guests (excepting the President) excited very little attention, as they entered quietly, and nobody knew they were of especial note, excepting the few who saw them conducted to the stuffed green sofas reserved for the guests.

Madame Parepa-Rosa was received with great enthusiasm, and day by day the enthusiasm increased. Yesterday, when she sang "Robert, toi qui j'aime," the great listening crowd was hushed to utter silence, and away back in the opposite gallery every note was heard clearly, but sounded faint and far. Then she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with that accompaniment of magnificent chorus and orchestra, and no one who did not see the effect of it can begin to imagine it. Between forty and fifty thousand people moved, according to their temperaments, from those who merely clapped their gloved hands to those who screamed and stood on the benches and wildly waved handkerchiefs tied to the ends of canes; and people forgot not to cry, and dashed away their tears only that they might not lose sight of the enchantress who stood before them, with the bar of sunshine (which had slowly moved across the vast audience, lighting up as it passed the gorgeous flags and the grave dresses, or lingering on some silver head,) pouring its full glory on her gold-colored dress, and making her dazzling in her brightness. She answered the encore by repeating the whole of the Star Spangled Banner; again the multitude grew still and listened; and again at the close that wild excitement, that passionate enthusiasm broke forth. It was irresistible; a man must have been made of cast steel or arctic ice to have stood unmoved in those storms of excitement that swept over and swayed the crowd.

The Anvil Chorus was always received with expressions of great delight, and I think no single thing makes one more fully realize the size and power of the orchestra than the fact that one hundred anvils could be introduced into it, and one hundred hammers strike at once, and give only pleasure to the listeners. The effect was very picturesque when the long lines of bright scarlet rose and fell as the red-shirted firemen bent to their anvils, and the [illegible] came softened by the distance, and the hammers flashed in the air, or fell obedient to the imperious baton. The cannonier sat near the conductor, and before him was something like the key-board of a small piano; he pressed the keys and instantly the thunder of artillery outside boomed and crashed; and one stood amazed at the wonders of science and the musical audacity that dared to add to an orchestra of 1000 instruments, 100 anvils, and a park of artillery. In the room for newspaper men stands a bust of Franklin, and one cannot help thinking how amazed he would be, if he could see, where once the tides of the bay ebbed and flowed, a firm building on very dry land where forty thousand people listened to a chorus of 10,000 singers, and to a mighty orchestra to which the lighting, that he brought from heaven, had lent its service, and cannon roared obedient to it, as it was to the lifting of the leader's baton.

The ball last night was pretty, nothing more. The flags and hangings of the Coliseum light well, and are more gorgeous by gas than in the day; the great letters at the back of the hall, forming the word "Peace," in innumerable jets of gas, were very handsome; the dancers had room enough and capital music to dance by; there was little full-dress; the majority of the ladies wore silk, light or dark, thick or thin, as fancy or convenience dictated; lace shawls abounded, and bare necks were very rare. Bright silk skirts over white thin stuff, and white lace over bright silk, were common, and a few voluminous and elaborately trimmed tarletons looked in the line of promenaders like the light scud which the wind drives across the sky. The dressing was hardly more striking than that which has frequently been seen on the street during the week; one street dress at least would have been suitable for the ball, a white muslin ruffled skirt, with a pink silk over-dress pointed and fringed, a black jacket, a small hat, with blue feathers. The streets and Common would have been entertaining enough if the crowd had not been so great; but it was hard to move about, even in the malls; on the business streets it was harder still, and in the neighborhood of the Coliseum there was a continual jam. The booths did not seem to be well patronized, though the thousands of passers-by had pink lemonade and pink pop-corn, and pea-nuts offered to them in every imaginable tone from a growly base to a tired and nervous scream, and in every form of provincial and broken English. The dust was very disagreeable, and probably affected the sales at the booths by blinding the eyes of would-be-customers, and adding an undesirable element of grit to the seductive beverage and food so freely offered.

The whole city seems to have had a gala week; the air has been full of music day and night; and military parades have lasted beyond the appointed day. Thousands of people wander about without other aim than that of amusement, and if by chance a quiet street is found, at the sound of a hand-organ or a harp, the bricks seem to be transformed into men and women, so quickly does a crowd of idlers gather.

The Jubilee week is something to have lived through and to remember; grand and exciting and picturesque and exhausting. It will be long before Mr. Gilmore's great and successful undertaking ceases to be a subject of conversation, astonishment and pleasure.

Post Office Arrangements.

For the accommodation of the public during the week of the Peace Jubilee, letter boxes have been placed at the Coliseum; one at the central entrance on the north, one at the central entrance on the south, one at the entrance on St. James street at the room assigned to the press and telegraph. These boxes will be collected every hour from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. inclusive.

For the accommodation of reporters and the press, letter carriers will be in attendance at the telegraph room from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. to receive and deliver letters. They will receive letters for the New York, Philadelphia, Washington and southern mail and for the Albany and Western mail, leaving Boston at 3 P. M. and 9 P. M. till within five minutes of 3 and five minutes of 9 respectively, placing them on the postal cars at the crossing at those hours.

This will save more than an hour for letters intended for these mails over mailing at the post office.

Letters are now collected and delivered hourly at the State House, City Hall and the hotels in the central part of the city, and also Cambridge, Charlestown and the stations at Roxbury and South End, and the public will find the arrangements in the manner indicated rapid and reliable.

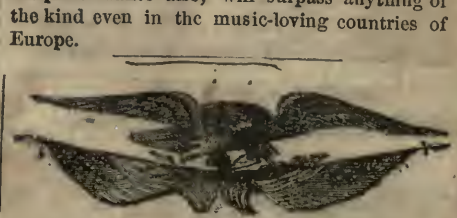
Letters will be collected from the Coliseum on the hours, and will be delivered at the Coliseum, leaving the Post Office, State street, on the half hours.

Letters and packages of newspapers directed to the Coliseum, for the press and reporters, leaving New York by the morning train, will be delivered direct from the postal car when it stops at the crossing about 5 P. M.

WM. L. BURR, Postmaster.

☞ The result of the great work of preparation, the rehearsals of the thousands of musicians, the planning of the architects, the hammering and sawing of the mechanics, the consultations of the committees, the suggestions and the commendations of the press, is seen to-day, in the successful inauguration of the Great Jubilee of Peace.

Not to Boston alone, but to the whole country, this festival belongs. It had its origin here, it found here the support which ensured its success, and Boston is the scene of this great musical triumph, but this triumph is secured by the hearty and enthusiastic co-operation of musicians in all parts of the country. While we cannot but have a local pride in the matter, it is a source of far higher satisfaction that our country, in commemoration of one of the greatest events in its history, is the scene of a Musical Jubilee, which, in the number of those who participate, in the extent and variety of the programme, and we trust in the artistic character of the performance also, will surpass anything of the kind even in the music-loving countries of Europe.



A Hymn of Peace.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE, BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

To the music of Keller's "American Hymn."

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea!
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

Come, North and South and East and West,
And meet with cordial greeting;
Once more beneath the sway of peace,
The nation's heart is beating.

No more upon the trembling wires
The news of war is flying,
No more our pleasant fields are strewn
With gory dead and dying.

Hushed is war's trumpet,—Summer gales
The notes of peace are blowing,
And o'er our heads,—God grant it long,—
The Union stars are glowing.

Across the prairies' broad expanse,
The iron bands that span it,
Brings California's greeting to
New England's hills of granite.

Maine's forests, Pennsylvania's plains,
The shores the lakes are laving,
The garden lands 'neath Southern skies,
Where orange groves are waving,

Break forth in one harmonious chant,
A glorious hosannah!
Let us have peace and unity
Beneath our country's banner.

Ye wielders of the mighty power,
That sways both prince and peasant,
May all your ways be those of peace,
And all your paths be pleasant.

Praise we the pen, that trenchant wand,—
Our best our last endeavor,
To wield with honor, that the true
Archimedean lever.

And thus we pray, while in rude rhyme
This welcome warm is spoken—
UNITED HEARTS—UNITED STATES,—
GOD KEEP THE CHAIN UNBROKEN!

TO P. S. GILMORE,

Projector of the Peace Jubilee.

I.

Let Gotham seem within her sleeve to laugh;
While all her wit sheer jealousy distends,
We know the kind of bird her liver rends.
'Tis said—but who will vouch for half
The falsehoods of historic paragraph?—
A bowl with wise men three to seaward tends;
The vessel founders—and the story ends:
"Here wisdom died" was Gotham's epitaph.
A friendly feeling prompts to this advice,
Now her disease no longer is *organic*,
Willing to learn what Coliseum teaches,
Let the "fat lady," suddenly grown nice,
List to her "hub's" sweet concords though Titanic
And wait till suffrage giveth her the breeches.

II.

On thee poor praise at best can we bestow,
For tireless efforts in Euterpe's cause.
With lens adjusted, some unclassic flaws
The microscopic critic still may show.
But if the planets, making as they go
Departures from mere astronomic laws,
Move on in harmony and never pause;
The tidal waves of song may varying flow.
Success attend thy giant enterprise!
On earth all great achievements are empiric;
All novel thought startles the world of mind:
'Tis only when it hears with ears and sees with eyes
Victorious battle cry, triumphant lyric,
Heroes and poets their just honors find.

Cambridge, June 14. J. O. 1869.

Mr. Carl Mietzke, leader of the celebrated orchestra attached to the court of Mecklenburg Strelitz, Germany, was one of the orchestra at the Peace Jubilee. He is 60 years old, but traveled over 3000 miles to join the melodious throng. He pronounces it the greatest musical event ever witnessed by man. So full is he of Boston and its music-loving and supporting public, that he is determined (in case he should live to see the 50th anniversary of his service with the Mecklenburg orchestra, which occurs in December, 1873,) to settle in Boston.

THE COLISEUM REPORT.—The report of the Coliseum committee, which has been anxiously awaited for months, not only by those who participated in the great peace jubilee, but by a large proportion of the public, has, at last, been published, and the committee, at their meeting on Wednesday evening, closed up their business and adjourned *sine die*. The labors of this committee commenced March 16th, or about two or three months after Mr. Gilmore had originated and announced the plan for the jubilee; and their efforts, seconded by those of the city government of Boston, and by the thousands of musicians throughout the country, made the monster musical affair of the age the success which, in all quarters, it was acknowledged to be.

The committee state that, having accepted the position to which they had been chosen, examined the plans of Mr. Gilmore, and, while in a measure at least, they shared in his enthusiasm, it was apparent to them from the beginning that material modifications of his plans and a different mode of administration were necessary to place the jubilee within the province of success; and these they proceeded to make "without adopting his promises on the one hand, and without lessening the attractiveness of the jubilee on the other. The risks, labors and discouragements which they encountered were much greater than they anticipated." Their legitimate functions as a committee ceased with the close of the promenade concerts given shortly after the jubilee, but the Coliseum remained in their charge until August 1st, when it was passed over to the builders in accordance with the terms of the building contract; and since the first of August this committee "has had no interest in nor control of the building, and no responsibility for the uses to which it has been devoted or even for its continuance."

The following embodies the financial portion of the committee's report:

Total receipts from sale of tickets, rent of rooms, and all other sources		$290,270 33
Expended as follows:		
Cost of Coliseum building complete	$120,750 63	
Paid musicians, vocal and instrumental	79,366 65	
Paid advertising	27,293 96	
Paid board and lodging of musicians	26,200 85	
Paid decorations of Coliseum.	11,170 12	
Paid music and printing	5,533 94	
Paid Messrs Hook for organ	3,000 00	
Paid doorkeepers and sale of tickets	2,504 31	
Paid incidentals, land damages, clerk hire, gas, water, &c., &c., &c	7,562 78	
		283,388 29
Balance in the hands of treasurer		$6,882 04

Although no reasons are given for this, apparently, long delay in making their report, it is gratifying to know that, in an affair of such magnitude, and connected with which there must, necessarily, be so many risks, the balance in the hands of the treasurer is so large. Contrary to the general understanding, however, this balance is not applied to the relief of soldiers' widows and orphans, but is presented by the committee to Mr. Gilmore, as will be seen from the closing paragraph of their report:

"Contrary to general apprehension the receipts of the jubilee were sufficient to pay all its expenses without calling upon the guarantee fund; and there is in the treasury, as above stated, a balance of $6,882 04, which is absolutely at the disposal of the committee, to be used for the reimbursement of their own expenses, compensation for their services, or for any other purpose to which they may please to appropriate it. They have unanimously decided to add this amount to the proceeds of the benefit-concert given to Mr. Gilmore, and as their own testimonial of their appreciation of his genius and tireless energy in inaugurating one of the most brilliant and successful entertainments of modern times. The proceeds of that concert amounted to $32,146; add balance in treasury, $6882.04, making a total testimonial placed in trust for Mr. Gilmore and his family of $39,028.04."

☞ The receipts by the Executive Committee of the Peace Jubilee were $290,270.33; the expenditures, $283,388.39. The balance has been given to Mr. Gilmore.

☞ The force of Shakespeare's lines—

"Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down:
Though castles topple on their warders' heads"—

was never realized in a stronger manner than in this vicinity yesterday afternoon. It was a storm such as few have seen before, and few have a desire to see the like of it again. Though brief in its duration, it was fearful in its power, and terribly destructive in its effects. Scarcely a building in Boston but shows its effect, in broken glass, or damage to roof, or skylight, or chimney, and in the suburban towns the effect was the same. In all the eastern part of the State great damage was done to the fruit crop, many steeples were demolished, houses and workshops were blown down, and one or two lives were lost. The Coliseum, built for a summer festival, yielded to the blast, and fell with a crash, demolishing the great organ, and killing a man who had gone out to witness the work of the storm. The Skating Rink, once before injured by a summer gale, and rebuilt more substantially than before, again received much damage. Many unfinished buildings in town and village went down before the gale. The labor and the patient care of the fruit growers lost their reward, as the well laden trees yielded their choice burdens to the fierce blast. The harbor was lashed into fury, and much damage was done to the shipping at the wharves, and the lighter craft caught upon the water at the time.

Mr Gilmore

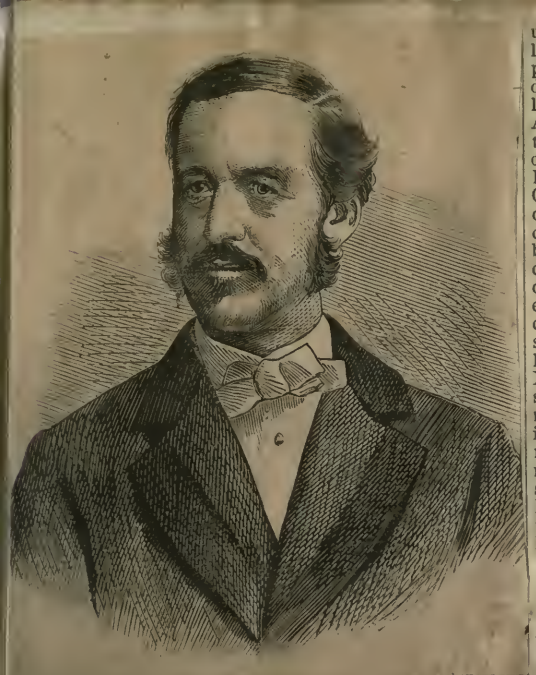
He conceived the idea, in all its fullness, suddenly one day in June, 1867, in New York, amid the roar of Broadway, but he kept it a secret, excepting from his wife, who, he takes pleasure in telling us, set him down for crazy when he first informed her of his great idea, and brooded over it, forming preliminary plans, and building gorgeous castles in the air, for over a year. Then, thinking it best to share his secret with one or two trusted friends, he went to the late Col Charles O. Rogers of the Journal, disclosed his plan and asked his opinion. This he gave bluntly and decidedly: "'I tell you frankly,' said he, 'that if you undertake to carry out any such ridiculous notion, you will have to find other friends to assist you. I cannot, and will not, encourage any such unreasonable proposition.'"

This unexpected rebuff dismayed and saddened him, but yet nevertheless he was not disheartened. He decided to wait until after the presidential election was over, but, in the meantime, to thoroughly perfect his plan. This time only came, and then he started out once more for friends and capital. Not having yet chosen a place to hold the jubilee in, he went to New York to prospect. But he didn't get much encouragement there, being considered, just as at home, a sort of a lunatic. So he turned his face homeward and decided to plant his coliseum in Boston, and rear his fame and name here. He resolved upon the time,—the middle of June,—further perfected his papers and plans, and then sought out first the leading musicians, then the leading musical critics, then the representatives of the Boston press, and finally the solid men of Boston. With the first he had success. Carl Zerrahn and Eichberg both got very much excited and dangerously enthusiastic; this is how the mild Eichberg conducted himself while perusing the astounding prospectus which he (Gilmore) had handed him:—

"Mr Eichberg took the book containing the prospectus and commenced reading the program for the first time. As he progressed his breathing grew louder and quicker, his eye flashed with excitement as his fertile imagination pictured the enlivening scenes; and as his mind grasped the magnitude of the harmonious feast, which seemed to fill him with wonder, he closed the book and exclaimed with inspired fervor: 'O, this is glorious! How long have you had this idea? I heartily congratulate you on such a sublime conception;' and warmly grasping the hand of his visitor he added, 'if you never go one step further toward carrying out your plan than in simply presenting the idea as you now have done, the musical profession will owe you a monument."

But with Mr John S. Dwight, of Dwight's Journal of Music, Mr Gilmore didn't have such a pleasing interview. He hates Dwight dreadfully, but I fancy the object of his wrath will not suffer a great deal therefrom. His report of the interview is worth quoting:—

"'Mr Dwight, I have come to see you on a very important musical matter, and though I have no reason to expect any favors from you, judging by the past, yet, recognizing the position which you hold, I feel it my duty to acquaint you with an important movement that is now going on.' This straightforward little address rather nettled Mr Dwight, who replied, 'O, I am weary and tired of all such things. I wish that'— the rest of the remark was inaudible. 'Here is the prospectus of a musical festival,' continued the visitor: 'if you will take the trouble to read



P. S. GILMORE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON.]

it, and'—' "What is it? what is it?" interrupted Mr Dwight, hurriedly and peevishly, as his eyes fell upon the printed pages. In a low mumbling undertone, he read: 'Great national peace jubilee and musical festival! O, you know I never like these g-r-e-a-t things!' said he, ironically, continuing to scan the prospectus. 'I am aware of that,' said Mr Gilmore to himself, 'and I might have known very well that you would rather crush than encourage any effort of mine, but the spirit that sent me hither to ask your support in this undertaking will, I am sure, influence you to assist,—unless your opposition may be of greater benefit to the cause.' Mr Dwight continued to read the marvelous tale before him, interlarding with painful groans the variety of monster musical features that filed along under his optics. Indigestion was already setting in. It was too much of a pot-pour-I to ever think of serving up, and there were indications that anger and wrath would fall upon the head of him who dare attempt the preparation of such an incomprehensible feast. Mr Gilmore stood by, watching and waiting for the decision of this oracle of music, who evidently felt more surprise and indignation at the audacious proposition he was reading than he, with his command of choice rhetoric, knew how to express. As he finished the alarming sketch of the coming sangerfest, he raised his arms, gave a fearful growl, and stood for once in his life, bold and defiant as a lion in the path."

Dwight was down on the whole thing, and Mr Gilmore could do nothing with him. It was even so with the solid men of Boston, whose representative was Mr William Gray. Mr Gilmore

But Mr Gilmore did not lose hope in losing the support of the solids among Boston's men. He still pushed on. "He could see a glimmer of light ahead, and pressed toward it with all his strength of will." In order to convince the most skeptical that his enterprise was in no respect a political affair, he bethought him that it would be well to get letters from one or two of the leading men of both parties. So he went first for Col Greene of the Boston Post, and then to Alexander H. Rice, both of whom he succeeded in completely captivating, and out of both he managed to draw first-class "letters of recommendation." But yet—and it was then almost Christmas, and the show must take place the following June—he hadn't a single dollar pledged toward the big guarantee fund of thousands of dollars which must be created. What should he do?

"In the course of his perambulations during the day (the day before Christmas), kind fortune brought the projector into the presence of the generous hearted Josiah Bardwell of the firm of Francis Skinner & Co. Mr Bardwell had already received a prospectus, and the magnitude of the scheme just suited his broad views. He had caught the inspiration; the idea of such a festival was none too large for him. 'Look here, Gilmore,' said he, 'it will be rather a heavy job for you to go round looking up hundred-dollar subscribers to help you carry out this great concert of yours. I know what you want. You want a few to start you off with, say, a thousand dollars apiece. How is that?' 'By Jove, Mr Bardwell, give me your hand! That's just the kind of music I want to hear!' 'Well,' said he, 'you go ahead. You're all right. Stick right through it, and you'll carry it through. Count on me for $5000. I'll get you five names at $1000 each. If I don't—why, I'm good for that amount myself.'"

The ball a-rolling. With but little trouble Gilmore got thousand dollar subscriptions out of M. M. Ballou of the St James, Ditson, Mason, of Mason & Hamlin, Parker & Mills of the Parker House, and a few other gentlemen who were keen enough, or thought they were keen enough, to see that if the enterprise were carried out according to program, their pockets would fill up. Feeling confident, then, in the ultimate success of the thing, the projector allowed the well-behaved gentlemen of the Boston press to mysteriously hint at the coming wonder, but only hint; and again, a week or two later, another and broader hint was permitted. Advancing, day by day, Mr Gilmore sought out the great men and cajoled letters of indorsement out of the good-natured Mayor Shurtleff, Gov Bullock, who was about retiring, and Gov Claflin, who was about entering the chair of state. His account of these interviews with civil and social dignitaries bears a strong resemblance to Mark Twain's account of the great beef claim. The changes are rung on "I have called on you, Mr Governor, or Mr Mayor, to explain," etc., and "Mr Governor" or "Mr Mayor" always congratulates Mr Gilmore on the magnitude or stupendousness of his undertaking, only a shade less extravagant than Mr G. himself employs. Now, having obtained several thousand dollar subscribers, and a batch of show-letters, Mr Gilmore gave the impatient newspaper men authority to announce the full program, (after the correspondents of distant papers, it may not be necessary to add, had told pretty much all of the story), and one bright morning in January the Bostonians were startled by the wondrous contents of their breakfast-table papers. This done, Mr Gilmere's over-taxed brain and body gave way, and for a while he was confined to a sick bed.

And now came bitter disappointment. The thing didn't take with the crowd. The critics laughed, and the distant papers ridiculed. Whenever the great Gilmore appeared on the street he was pointed out unpleasantly, and many whom he had supposed his friends passed him by unrecognized. But he nerved himself for the battle and pressed on. A few subscribers lagged in, and some new friends appeared. Among the first was Mrs Harrison Gray Otis, who sent him the following missive:—

Mrs Harrison Gray Otis, having carefully examined Mr P. S. Gilmore's program for a "grand peace concert" on Boston common in the leafy month of June next; and believing that, notwithstanding its colossal proportions, the result will prove abundantly harmonious, and a decided success in his unfailing hands,—charity and music blending,—begs to have her name added to the list of subscribers.

41 Mount Vernon street, 7th January, 1869.

Mr Gilmore thanks Mrs Otis most enthusiastically for this. Still on the trail for money, by the advice of friends he personally laid his project before the gentlemen of the commercial club, but succeeded in gaining nothing save a few tears in the eyes of a susceptible bank president. Neither could he move the merchants of the town to subscribe through agents, and things were growing dismally desperate when luck threw him in the arms of Eben Jordan of Jordan, Marsh & Co., who took him and his project to his bosom, and started the money from the pockets of hesitating men. In the meantime, Mr Gilmore, though Mr Lewis Barnes had deserted him, and the Handels and Haydns held aloof, had succeeded in starting the work of forming the grand chorus, and the arrangement of the children's choir. With Jordan by his side he moved on to victory, though great obstacles often presented themselves in the path. By and by, the jubilee association was formed, and things went on somehow or other but onward, when along came the dreadful battle of the coliseum and the common, in which all of respectable Boston, headed by the solids, was arrayed against the jubilee-plotters. Mr Gilmore devotes a great deal of space to his account of this, and grows very warm over its recital. When the indignant commoners had shown the strength of their hand, the committee held a meeting and there almost gave up the ship. This, or a portion of it, Mr Gilmore describes in the following melo-dramatic and ludicrous style:—

"Then from out the noble band" (by which Mr Gilmore means his committee) "a low wail; it was the voice of one who loved his fellow man; it came like a warning, bidding all beware! There was danger in the path they had chosen and the work they proposed to perform; that it would be a miracle if they should succeed,—and if not, great would be the punishment of all. And the voice was soft and full of sympathy, and the hearts of many were touched, when, with the fervor of feeling and in deep, sepulchral tones it proclaimed, 'Who now hath the courage to proceed must be prepared to put his hands down down very deep into his pockets.' As these solemn words fell upon the ear of that noble band, even the buoyant spirits of the able secretary gave way, and dropping his pen as if it were useful no longer, in a low voice he said unto those who were near, *'This is the end of the peace jubilee.'* With this grave impression, all went away."

How dreadfully Mr Gilmore felt, and how near he came to brain fever or something very awful, the following passage displays:—

"Deep, deep in the heart of the projector, as scored by a pen of iron, was written those fearful words: 'This is the end of the peace jubilee.' The writing upon the wall of the riotous king, in the days when Babylon was great among the nations, was not of more solemn import, or charged with deeper despair, or edged with a sharper pang. O, the agony of that night no pen can portray, when all things seemed resolved into chaos, and darkness brooded over his soul! When the gale swoops down upon the mariner at sea, and his frail bark is tossed from billow to billow through all the lengthened hours of the day, and the coming night only deepens the danger; when the angry clouds, sweeping from pole to pole, burst forth in fury, filling the vault of heaven with their war, and through the crashing elements the lightning's flash cuts like a sword of fire, as if it were a battle of world against world, O, then it is that he who on the shivering deck has stood amid the raging tempest, through the long and dreary night, watches with eager eye, and welcomes with gladsome heart, the first faint blushes of the breaking day, with hope that calm may come again with light and sunshine. So was it with one who directed his footsteps homeward that dreary night, still tossed upon the sea of troubles that gave him no rest, and surrounded by darkness deeper than the midnight, and dangers that seemed to thicken at every step. So like the weary mariner, he watched for the first gray dawn of another day, that perchance would brighten up again, and bring peace to the troubled waters."

Well, it did. Peace did come to the troubled waters. The committee abandoned the common and chose St James park. The coliseum loomed up, and every preparation was carried steadily forward. Mr Gilmore's report of his interview with Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, to get him to write the Hymn of Peace, is the next best thing, and cannot be omitted:—

"When ushered into his presence, the doctor eyed his visitor with inquiring curiosity, and in very friendly and flattering terms said he wanted to have a good look at the man who originated the idea of a national peace jubilee, and was the cause of so agreeable an excitement throughout the country.' Such a familiar reception as this made Mr Gilmore feel that he was in the atmosphere of kindness, and, after a few minutes' conversation, the doctor, with good nature lighting up every lineament of his countenance, pointed to a mantel-piece on which were several miniature models in card-board of ancient and modern buildings, more or less celebrated. 'Look there,' said he, 'I have taken a very deep interest in the work which you have originated, and am delighted to see all things progressing so favorably. These little models represent, in their respective sizes, some of the greatest architectural piles of the past and the present. There, for instance, is the largest of the Egyptian pyramids; it was built by King Cheops, and is said to have taken one hundred thousand men for twenty years to complete it. Here is the wonderful temple of Olympian Zeus; and this is the famous Parthenon of Athens; but there, there is the most noted of all, the old Roman coliseum. Of modern works, this represents the crystal palace, in which the world's fair took place in London, and that the palais de l'industrie at Paris; but now we come to the one most interesting to you, your own coliseum, and you can see how favorably it compares in size with the other marvelous structures,—smaller than some, yet larger than others. To be sure, it is built of wood; but we are a young country, and if we can put up such an immense temporary structure in a few months, who can tell what we may do in the course of time?"

"This charming little 'exhibition' on the part of the distinguished teacher and poet touched a tender chord, and Mr Gilmore felt under the greatest obligations to one who manifested so deep an interest in his cause. It easily and naturally paved the way for introducing and explaining the object of his visit. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I have made an occasional pilgrimage to your rising coliseum, and have gratified my curiosity to some extent by manufacturing these little paper models to see how the 'Boston notion' would look among the architectural wonders of the world; but to write a hymn of peace,—that is quite another thing. My time is very much occupied at present, and I could not undertake to accomplish anything more than I have now laid out for some time to come.' 'We must have an original hymn, doctor,' importuned Mr Gilmore, 'appropriate to the occasion. What is to be done?' 'Why,' replied the doctor, 'you know there are many writers and poets who would do ample justice to the theme, and who, I am sure, would be happy to write such a hymn as you require. Mr Longfellow, we know, is in Europe,—he cannot be reached; but there is Mr Bryant, Mr Whittier, Mr Lowell,—either of these gentlemen would no doubt willingly comply with your desire. Or, if you wish to give a general invitation through the papers to all writers, I'll warrant you will have a variety of hymns to select from in less than a week.' 'Well, doctor,' replied Mr Gilmore, 'you have kindly pointed out many ways to accomplish my object; but at present I can think of only one, and that is, that Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes shall write the hymn of peace to be sung by ten thousand voices, with the accompaniment of a thousand instruments, in the hearing of fifty thousand people, on the first day of the great jubilee.'"

Gilmore was too much for Holmes, and so the latter came down with the hymn. Mr Gilmore says it was "one of those brilliant gems struck out in the white heat of composition, when all the good things garnered in the brain are forced together in the crucible of thought."

The French Cable.

CELEBRATION

—AT—

DUXBURY

IN HONOR OF ITS COMPLETION.

THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.—The celebration at Duxbury yesterday was a fitting close to the happy completion of the French Atlantic Cable. The celebration, as a whole, may be looked on as a success, and the congratulations on all hands were as hearty as they were sincere. The line from this city has now been completed, and direct telegraphic communication between Brest and Boston—between France and the United States—is instantaneous. Aside from the additional facilities afforded by this cable to business men, we cannot look upon it otherwise than in the light of a great national benefit, and trust that, to use the words of Mr. Collector Russell, the alliance formed by the electric spark between France, England and America may lead the world in peace, and that their national ensigns may float together in amity until all the nations of this earth have become United States. July 28 1869.

THE FRENCH CABLE.

SHORE END SUCCESSFULLY LAID.

Chronological Record of the Expedition.

The full, complete and exclusive despatches in the *Traveller*, yesterday, kept our readers well posted in regard to the movements of the French Cable Expedition. The steamers Chiltern and Scandara were first discovered off Rouse's Hummock by Mr. Joseph Freeman, of Duxbury, who was the contractor of the cable building at that place, and Mr. Freeman immediately hoisted a large American flag to guide the ships as they neared their destined haven. As the steamers neared the Duxbury shore the American, British and French flags were displayed at the fore, main and mizzen masts, and the steam whistles were brought into requisition for several minutes.

At twenty minutes before two o'clock the Scandera, under the direction of the pilot, Mr. George Simpson, of Duxbury, hove to, broadside to the shore. Ten minutes later the Chiltern was ahreast of her, and the anchors of both vessels splashed into the water. The water in the immediate vicinity of the steamers was perfectly alive with small vessels of all descriptions, and the scene on shore and around the cable fleet at this time was a very animated one. Members of the press immediately boarded the Chiltern upon which was the unlaid portion of the cable and met with a cordial reception, and numerous other persons from the shore embraced the opportunity to examine the *modus operandi* of laying the cable. On board the Chiltern all was life and animation; the officers were at their posts, and the men were running about in a lively manner, executing their orders. The sea cable had been cut and the end buoyed, and work was rapidly progressing upon the shore end. The shore end of the cable was immediately drawn from the tank amidships where it lay coiled, and coiled again on deck. The end was brought up over a large iron wheel, and the cable pulled out a yard at a time by a score of strong men pulling in unison. There it lay upon deck an hour or two, until it was decided to put it ashore at once, the weather being unusually favorable for the work.

About 4¼ o'clock the boats got under way and started for the shore. The cable had been placed across two long boats, which were preceded hy five other boats manned by about twelve sailors in each, who pulled at once toward the shore.

When the cable touched upon the beach the enthusiasm of the spectators was unbounded, and they gave vent to their feelings in a series of prolonged cheers. The guns of the Scandara and Chiltern also greeted the event hy a grand salute.

The moment the sailors jumped from the boats with the cable it was seized by Hon. S. N. Gifford, Collector Russell and daughter, and by nearly all the spectators who were anxious to assist the sailors in placing it in the building prepared for it on the hammock. Collector Russell, accompanied hy his wife and daughter, Hon. James M. Barnard, wife, and others, had arrived on the School Ship just in time to participate in this pleasing ceremony.

At 6 o'clock the shore end had been spliced to the land cable, which is to be conducted across the marshes, through a trench to the old Bank building at Duxhury, the main office of the company. Subsequently the instruments for working the cable were placed in the cable house, but it is supposed that a day or two will be required before communication will be had with the continent. Batteries were applied soon after the shore end was landed, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that it was learned that Brest was within speaking distance.

The cable house where the shore end lands and where the first set of instruments are placed is 28 by 25 feet in dimensions, is substantially built, and has four rooms for operators. The purpose of the house is to compensate for any fault in the intermediate section of the land cable, as it is called, which runs a mile and ⅞ in a trench dug in a straight line to Duxbury and into the regular receiving room in an old bank building in the town. The splice between the land cable and the shore end was made about six o'clock. If this section gets out of order the messages may be temporarily received or sent from the cable house. The trench is dug and the cable will be laid in a day or two. The wire from Boston to Duxbury will be in operation hy Tuesday, it is said.

From Mr. Phillip Rawson, of the Telegraph Maintenance Company, and Mr. Varley, one of the electricians, the members of the press received an account of the progress of their trip, and to whom for their courtesy they are greatly indebted.

June 19th—The Great Eastern, with the cable on board, sailed from Portland at 8.30 A. M.

June 20th—Anchored off Brest at 4 P. M., Capt. S. Osborne, of the Telegraphic Construction and Maintenance Company, came on board the Chiltern, having two days previously landed the five miles of shore end, extending from Brest to a huoy five miles from the telegraph hut. Preparations were immediately made on the Great Eastern for splicing the intermediate shore end to the main shore end previously laid hy the Chiltern. The tide swung the ship in the wrong direction, which delayed the operation until evening. At 11 P. M. the cable from the Great Eastern was successfully carried to the Chiltern, and the latter commenced to make the splice. This was finished by 3 A. M., tested and found to be perfect. It was then succesfully lowered, and the great ship at 3.20 commenced her journey.

June 21—At midnight the intermediate shore end was all paid out, and the operation of landing the deep sea cable was commenced.

June 22 and 23.—Cable ran out smoothly at the rate of five or six miles an hour. Weather fine and everything auspicious.

June 24.—At 3.30 A. M. the electrical instruments indicated a fault in the cable, the signals stopping. The depth of water was 3460 fathoms. The engines were at once stopped, and the cable was taken up for a considerable distance until the fault was found, which proved to be a small puncture in the gutta percha covering. The fault was cut out, and at 10 A. M. the work of paying out again commenced.

June 25—Everything working nicely; smooth sea and speed averaging five knots.

June 26—Fine weather and warm. A serious fault manifested itself. The ship was stopped, the winding-up apparatus put in operation and another and larger puncture was found, similar to the first. Depth of water, 2800 fathoms. The fault was remedied and the voyage resumed.

June 27—Brilliant weather; condition of the cable paid out is every way satisfactory.

June 28th and 29th—Warm and pleasant, south wind blowing, condition of cable excellent. Cable in centre and rear tanks exhausted and we passed to the forward tank. Up to this time news has been daily received from Europe and the condition of the stock exchange was posted in the ship every day.

June 30—A third fault was discovered in the cable. An attempt was made to wind in, but a heavy gale from the southward came upon the fleet and the safety of the cable rendered it necessary to cut and buoy it in 2000 fathoms—something never successfully done before.

July 1—Heavy sea prevailed; the vessel dodged about the buoy, trying to keep it in sight.

July 2—Gale subsided; steamed up to the buoy, wound in cable, made a new splice and proceeded.

July 3—Wind fresh and considerable sea; continued paying out the cable.

July 4—Heavy sea and the ship rolled considerably; good progress made.

July 5 and 6—Moderate gale; ship rolled a good deal; no accident.

July 7 and 8—Everything lovely.

July 9—Ship in 800 fathoms; reached the tail of the Great Newfoundland Bank, a point which had been made for, to keep the ship in deep water.

July 10—Encountered a thick fog. Progress slow; the Chiltern and Scandera sounding ahead to keep the Great Eastern in the track laid down for her guidance.

July 11th—Fog continued; at 3 A. M. came upon a ship stationed in an elbow in the hank to pilot the fleet to St. Pierre.

July 12—Fog again; slow progress; signals perfect. The ship William Cary which had been sent ahead to lay the shore end at St. Pierre, came out to meet the other vessels and pilot them to the huoy on the shore end. It was then too foggy to find the buoy.

July 13—Weather cleared up fine; found the buoy and made the splice communication pertect between St. Pierre and Brest; sent a message to the Emperor Napoleon and received a reply in about an hour of a congratulatory nature.

July 14—Great Eastern lay at anchor between St. Pierre and Miquelon, while the other vessels were coaling and going through the formality of deilvering the completed portion of the cable over to the directors representing the company.

July 15—The Great Eastern, having completed her mission, started for England at 7 P. M. The Scandera prepared to commence paying out the cable from St. Pierre to Duxhury, the shore end on that side having already heen laid.

July 16—Heavy gale and thick fog with tremendous rain; found the huoy on the shore end, but weather too rough to make a splice to the Scandera; waited for fair weather.

July 18—Bright weather; raised the cable, spliced it to the Scandera and proceeded.

July 20—While paying out the cable a kink came out and in passing over some of the machinery the cable was broken. It took nine hours to repair the break, and during this time in the fog the Chiltern was lost sight of; rockets were sent up but not seen.

July 21—Fog still thick and the Chiltern out of sight; slow progress.

July 22—Fog cleared up in the morning, and by that time the Scandera had paid out all her cable, and the Chiltern not being in sight, it was buoyed again and the Scandera went to look for the Chiltern; found her in an hour steaming up a given line before prescribed in case of separation.

July 23—Sighted Highland Light, Mass., at 2 o'clock A. M.; sighted Duxbury court house about sunrise; spliced the shore end 33 miles from the final destination at 5 o'clock in the morning, and then made rapid and steady progress up to quarter before 2 o'clock, when the anchors were finally dropped.

Tall

The following table shows the number of miles run each day by the Great Eastern:

June 21st, 42 miles; 22d, 129 miles; 23d, 123 miles; 24th, 83 miles; 25th, 120 miles; 26th, 77 miles; 27th, 123 miles; 28th, 126 miles; 29th, 107 miles; 30th, 90 miles; July 1st, none; 2d, 4½ miles; 3d, 125 miles; 4th, 124 miles; 5th, 124 miles; 6th, 126 miles; 7th, 115 miles; 8th, 115 miles; 9th, 131 miles; 10th, 133 miles; 11th, 162 miles.

The average rate of speed of the Great Eastern was a trifle over five miles an hour.

DUXBURY, July 27, 1869.—The most ample preparations are making on all hands for the celebration in honor of the landing of the French Atlantic Cable today, and this great event in the history of this old town, which has been the absorbing topic among its residents for weeks past, will, with the close of the day, have been numbered among the things of the past.

As yet there is not an extraordinary arrival of visitors, and the town presents a quiet and somnolent appearance. There were probably from a hundred and fifty to two hundred strangers here last night, among whom may be mentioned Sir James Anderson, Lord Cecil, and a few others, who are the guests of Mr. Geo. W. Wright. This morning's trains, however, are bringing in large numbers, and carriages are arriving from all the adjacent towns well freighted with humanity.

What the exact number of strangers in the city may amount to, I do not know, but I should imagine it to be fully fifteen hundred, which is a cheerful and gratifying number to a local celebration. The first train from Boston brought down many people, among the more prominent of whom were Mayor Shurtleff; Count de Fanerney, *Charge d'Affaires*, and the Count de Tureene and M. Beranger, of the French Legation; Count Colobiono, *Charge d'Affaires* of Italy; Hon. Capt. Ward, R. N., of the British Legation; M. Birsch, Viscount Parker, Sir Samuel Canning, Mr. Hill, Mr. Watson, agent of the French Cable Co., Mr. W. S. Dexter and others.

The day opened most delightfully, and the weather is all that could be asked for. Copious showers fell from five o'clock yesterday afternoon till long past midnight, which were eagerly absorbed by the thirsty and sandy soil of the town. The dust, therefore, will be no annoyance, as the roads are in good condition. The sun is shining brightly, an invigorating breeze is stirring, music floats in the air from innumerable birds, and nature is wearing its most enticing aspect.

There are to be no formalities in the way of a procession, but the Plymouth Band, which has been engaged to furnish the music, has passed through the town during the morning, delighting all with their strains. From an early hour this morning, the note of preparation resounded on all hands, and it is evident that all the citizens were alive to the, to them, momentous occasion.

The celebration proper commmences at two o'clock with a dinner in Yales tent, situated on Abran's Hill and to partake of which accommodations have been afforded for six hundred guests. Mr. Stephen M. Gifford is to preside. In the evening there is to be a large display of fireworks, and this will compose the town celebration. The committee of townsmen having this in charge are S. N. Gifford, J. S. Loring, Isaac Keen, C. B. Thomas, Allen Prior, Alfred Drew, Walter Thompson, J. Wilde, J. Ford and C. Pratt. In addition Mr. G. W. Wright gives a reception and supper at his residence, to some two hundred and fifty guests—the reception to take place at seven, and the supper some hours later; and by many this is looked upon as the event of the day. From all quarters flags are flying and the town presents a decidedly festive appearance.

1869.

DUXBURY, MASS., July 27.—The cable celebration programme to-day included a salute fired by a section of artillery from Boston, a dinner under a large tent, and a levee in the evening at the residence of George W. Wright, a prominent citizen of Duxbury. The inhabitants of the neighboring towns turned out *en masse*, the ladies superintending the preparations for the banquet, which was elegantly and bountifully spread. Rev. Josiah Moore of Duxbury asked divine blessing, and S. N. Gifford, as chairman, welcomed the people with eloquent words. C. B. Thomas, an old resident, responded to the sentiment in honor of Duxbury. He paid a warm tribute to the memory of the pilgrim fathers, who landed near by, referred to the history of Duxbury, and spoke of the aid that Lieut. Brooks, a son of the town, had rendered to science by his beautiful contrivance for deep ocean sounding, bringing the first specimens of the bottom of the ocean from a depth of over two miles. He referred, in glowing terms, to Daniel Webster, who might, from his near residence, be almost called a Duxburyian. He concluded as follows: "Then standing between the grave of Webster and the harbor of the pilgrims, we, in the name of the American people, extend a cordial welcome to those who have consummated this gigantic undertaking, and offer our heartiest wishes that this telegraphic wire may be a bond of perpetual harmony between the old world and the new.

A sentiment in honor of Massachusets was responded to by Collector Russell.

Mayor Shurtleff responded for the city of Boston, which was toasted. At the conclusion of his address, Mayor Shurtleff stated that he had received the following dispatch from Paris:

"*To his excellency the mayor of Boston, America:* The prefect of Paris, rejoicing in this happy occasion, of the closer union between the two countries, begs that the mayor of Boston will accept his best compliments, and good wishes."

The mayor stated that he had sent the following in reply:

"DUXBURY, July 27, 1869.—*To his excellency the prefect of Paris:* The mayor of Boston sends a most hearty greeting. May the new bond of union between the continents be one of peace, prosperity, and amity, and may the citizens of the old and new worlds rejoice in mutual congratulations on the great scientific accomplishment."

A few remarks, appropriate to the occasion, were made by Mr. Ritchie of Duxbury, and the following toast was given by the chairman:

"The French Atlantic cable directly united two continents; may it be, to all time, only a medium of good will and the promoter of an international peace, serene and undisturbed as that of the still ocean deeps through which it is laid."

This toast was responded to by Sir James Anderson. He highly complimented the manner in which the festivities were carried out, and those participating in them. He disclaimed all honor in the success of the cable enterprise, which he thought wholly due to the officers of the vessels which had just departed. The importance of the ocean telegraph was alluded to, and Mr. Anderson claimed that to Cyrus W. Field, more than to any other man living, was owing the success of the Atlantic cable.

I find that Duxbury, from comparative obscurity, has leaped into significance in the eyes of all, from having been thus fortunately selected as the American terminus of the cable. But very little of the local history of the town is known. Its original Indian name was Mattakesett, but the northwestern part (now Pembroke) was generally called Namasakeeset or Namasakiset.

The bounds of Duxbury originally included what is now within the limits of Duxbury, Marshfield, Pembroke, Hanson and the Bridgewaters; Duxbury, which has been variously spelled Duxburpugh, Duxburrow, Ducksburrow, Ducks Berry, and Dukesbury, was first settled about the year 1632 by the people of Plymouth; among the original settlers being John Alden, Miles Standish, Jonathan Brewster, and Thos. Prence.

It received its name out of respect to Captain Miles Standish, from Duxbury Hall, the seat of the Standish family in England. Various names have been given at different times to the several portions and villages included within the bounds of the town.

Ashdod is the name given to a small village in the northwest part of the town; a portion of the southeast is called Weechertown, and sometimes Loringtown; a village in the upper part is called Tarkiln, or Chandlertown, and forms a school district. Tinkertown is another village in the upper part of the town; and the portion of the main street (Washington street) to the south of the Methodist Church is generally styled "Sodom."

Marshfield was bounded off from Duxbury in 1640; Pembroke was incorporated in 1711-12; Hanson was set off from Pembroke in 1820; and Bridgewater (now four towns) was incorporated in 1656, having been granted to the inhabitants in 1645. Shorn as it is of its original proportions, Duxbury is still a queer, quaint, straggling old town of considerable area, and with a population not far from three thousand.

Time was when it was largely engaged in the fisheries, and many fortunes were made from that branch of business; now the trade amounts to comparatively nothing, and although many fine vessels are engaged in the traffic, yet the only market they find for their merchandise is at the fish mart on Commercial wharf, in Boston. Thus the fisheries, once so large, have degenerated into mere market fishing. Shipbuilding, twenty-five years ago, was extensively carried on, and many fine ships, some of even nine hundred tons, have been built in this town; but the demand for a larger class of freighting vessels in a great measure withdrew the business from Duxbury, and now it is prosecuted to a very limited extent.

THE DINNER.

The dinner was given in the tent on Abram's Hill at two o'clock, at which there were a large number of guests present. Mr. S. N. Gifford presided, and in calling the company to order spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens,—We have assembled here to-day to congratulate each other on the accomplishment of a gigantic enterprise, and to say a word of welcome to those who have been mainly instrumental in initiating and carrying forward to a successful close this last great work of the age. We live in an age of wonders. Man seems to be master of the physical world. Apparently insuperable obstacles vanish at the touch of his magic skill.

A few weeks since a month was required to reach the Pacific shores; to-day, by the completion of that wonderful specimen of engineering ability, Yankee pluck and perseverance, the Pacific Railroad places us in a week's time by the firesides of our friends at the Golden Gate. To-day we meet to rejoice over the landing of a line that not only annihilates the space between two continents, but at the same time, if not a guarantee, is at least an earnest that peace and good will shall forever continne between us and the mighty nations that occupy them. This is a great work, a great step in the advancing march of civilizatiou, great for us, great for the world.

Let us then give to our friends from over the sea a hearty welcome, a welcome that will convince them that we are not only glad to see them, but that we appreciate the skill, the pluck and the perseverance that has originated, carried on and completed this great enterprise.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Josiah Moore of Duxbury, after which an invitation to partake of the feast spread before them was eagerly accepted by the assemblage. The caterer, aided by the ladies of the town, had provided sumptuously, and the fare included excellent clam chowder, for which the towu is so famous.

At the close of the dinner, when the demands of hunger had been fully appeased, the chairman, Mr. S. N. Gifford, called the company to order, and announced as the first regular toast of the day, the following:

"The town of Duxbury: its inhabitants, the descendants of the Pilgrim heroes who planted on this very spot the seeds of our peculiar and noble American civilization, perpetuate the names of Cover and Brewster, of Standish and Bradford, and Winslow and Alden, attesting their unbroken lineage by extending an enthusiastic and fraternal welcome to those who have achieved so magnificent an enterprise in the interest of the largest material prosperity, and on behalf of the unity of the human race."

The response of Sir James Anderson to the eighth regular toast, "The French Atlantic Cable," was most enthusiastically received. He said he did not believe there was a heart that does not feel some awakening at the landing of the cable so near the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. It would have been strange if New England had received this cable without some expression of sincere acknowledgement of heartfelt pleasure and gratitude. God only knows whether electric cables will be a great implement in war or be a great instrument in the cause of peace. At all events they have become a great fact. I would be forgetting and outraging all my opinions of justice if I did not confess honestly here that the Atlantic Cable is indebted more to my good friend, Cyrus Field, than to auy other man living. [Applause.] No man knows better than I do the intense energy of my friend, Mr Field. I have heard rumors since I landed on these shores that he has opposed this cable in many and divers ways, and I should have thought it strange if he had not. My friend, Mr. Field, and his friends have embarked large sums of money in the enterprise, and with all the energy of his character he will defend it so far as honorable competition is concerned. We would all do the same thing. [Laughter and applause.] I have heard also, that there has been some amount of opposition to the lauding of the cable, and it is my duty to my friend, Mr. Field, and his colleagues, to say that I do not care for that. [Laughter and applause.] I am quite sure that the American people will not let any one induce them to be unjust. I am quite sure that you will not let any one inaugurate an enterprise and spend a million of money, and connect the great continents together, without giving them at least fair play. [Applause.] I believe it would be quite as foolish on our part to ask for undue sympathy or partiality. If we cannot work as well or faster, we have no right to your support, and we will not get it, notwithstanding all the sympathy you have. This cable is therefore laid upon your shores as a purely commercial enterprise, if we will but think so, but I also trust that it will be the great promoter and dispenser to the whole world of civilization and good feeling, which it should be.

The following is the speech in full of Dr. George B. Loring of Salem, which was received with great favor by the audience:

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen,—When the mariner has been tossed for many days on an unknown sea and in thick weather, he avails himself of the first lull in the storm, the break in the cloud, and turns to the first glance of the sun, that he may take a new observation and ascertain, if possible, where on the earth's surface himself and his ship may be. "I call for the reading of the resolution"—"The memory of the past generation of shipmasters and shipbuilders of old Duxbury." We are at last, thank God, at home once more. We tread the dear old native soil. We are called to the association of those whom we have known and loved and seen face to face. I have followed the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me; have been carried back to the days of the Pilgrims; have listened to the policies of states: have heard how a half century before Christ submarine labors were performed beneath the waters of the old Italian rivers; have been borne to the ends of the world on the wings of commerce—and now I come back with you to this spot with all its memories and charming associations. I congratulate myself that I have been allowed to respond to the toast offered by the venerable lady of this town, with whom my relations are so intimate, and whose virtues adorn the home which some of us have loved so well. "The old shipmasters and shipbuilders of Duxbury!" What memories do their names awaken! Their lives form a part of that history of this town, which makes it a remarkable illustration of the advancement and progress for which this age is distinguished. They gave Duxbury a name in all the great markets of the world, and made it a familiar household word in Antwerp and Hamburg, and Liverpool and London, long ago, in the vigorous periods of commerce, and when the names of the Giffords and Thomases, who clothe it with modern renown, were yet unknown. Forty years ago, sir, I was led along that beach now so famous, a mere child, listening to the words of those very men, who are now gone. I shall never forget them. From that day to this has gone with me the memory of George Loring, the firm and honest and reliable Puritan, bearing in his veins the blood of John Alden, and presenting in his daily life an example of integrity and wisdom which we all might follow—the companion through life of her who offered this sentiment—and the fast fraternal friend of him who led me through the early days of childhood and youth. I ought not to forget the name of George Loring while I live. And who need be reminded here of the Sampsons, that stalwart race whose axes swung the brightest and sharpest, and whose hammers, as they drove the treenails, wakened me at dawn, even in the long summer days. Can we ever forget the name of Frazer, whose virtues have fallen upon at least one of those worthy sons of Duxbury now before me. And the Smiths, and Drews, and Soules, and Westons—a long list of enterprising and honorable men, who gave this town its wealth and distinction in early days, and whose service has now fallen upon many now before me—many who perpetuate their names and inherit their good qualities—shall not all these be remembered while Duxbury—Duxbury of old, and the new and regenerated Duxbury, shall stand? The old ships may be gone, the Cherokee, the Choctaw, the Susan Drew, models in their day of the best naval architecture, may have perished; but the good name of their builders and master still remains, and will remain so long as the commercial world shall set high value on solid ships and honest merchants. These were the men who walked with me on the beach, and these are their ships. The manners and customs of the olden time were theirs still. The venerable form of John Alleyn, the old divine, stern and incorruptible, with his silk stockings and small clothes and shoe buckles, stands there in the group, with his hands pressed upon my head, asking in tones of thunder, "What are you going to do with this boy?"—while the sands of the beach seemed opening beneath my feet, and the awful weight of an old theological verdict seemed to crush me to the earth. But now comes the modern picture. "May the electric spark now kindled so animate the coming generation that it may worthily fill the places of the past." That energy which once gave Duxbury its renown, and which has slumbered so long, has now a new opening field of labor. All the modern achievements in art, and science and literature and life are now before them. Their little quiet town has sprung by sudden impulse into new life. Through it now throbs one of the arteries of a busy and toiling and vigorous and progressive world. It is the portal through which in an instant the thought of the great empire is transmitted. May it be a portal of peace. There now appear before us the three great powers of the world—France, England and the United States—bound together in a common service, and one of the bonds is here. This triple alliance may accomplish much if made for a common purpose—the growth and advancement of the highest civilization. Dissimilar in many characteristics, they may learn of each other how to live. The lesson of free government in all its vitality the United States is daily teaching. From France we may learn how an industrious people may cultivate all the arts of life, develop the finest tastes, avoid the dangerous extravagances of modern days and study the practical economies which add so much to the domestic comforts and to public prosperity. To England we may turn in these later days for our lesson in the genius of progressive statesmanship, and learn from the philosophy of Stuart Mill what manhood suffrage really means, from John Bright the sagacity of a large-minded publicist, and from Gladstone how the policy of a great empire should accommodate itself to the popular wants and demands.

Mr. President, it seems to me that, apart from other and more important considerations which led to the selection of this spot for the landing of the Transatlantic Cable, there are some minor incidental facts which lend a touching sanction to their choice, investing it with a peculiar appropriateness. And first of all is the simple but significant fact that we stand, to-day, as the descendants of the first settlers of New England upon *genuine*] *Pilgrim soil.* The feet of heroes, of martyrs, of saintly warriors, animated with the courage of the cross which no danger could frighten or subdue, have pressed it.

Their tears have watered it. On this very air have their prayers and songs of unfaltering praise, alike in the darkness of the winter storm and the sunlight of the summer harvest, ascended. This mighty ocean which we have so conquered that only a second of time separates us from the old world, rolled as an almost impassable barrier between them and the friends they had left in the old homes. And as we meet here now for this most worthy and fraternal purpose, we can well fancy their voices coming out of the lengthening shadows of the past to breathe a benediction over us. This is historic ground.

There is Plymouth Rock, richer in elevating and kindling associations than the bloodiest battle ground upon the face of the globe. There is the home of Standish, the hero whose brave life the genius of poetry has taken for its theme and inspiration. There is Clarke's Island, where the first New England Sabbath hymn went up on the wings of the tempest,

"When the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free."

And there, too, are the graves to which the weak and the faithful wearily sank as to a welcome rest opening to a celestial glory such as none but a faith like theirs could picture.

And it is subdued and chastened by the spirit which appeals to us from these spots that we stand here to greet this last and mightiest achievement of the 19th century. Here where the frail seed was sown; "here, where America began to be," we gather to pluck the ripened flower and to wonder at the latest and grandest development of its life.

And then, too, to the son of a Duxbury woman, born hard by this very spot, is science indebted for the clearest revelation and its most useful knowledge of the strange and hidden depths of the ocean.

And from the very telegraphic plateau which this cable traverses did the beautiful contrivance of Lieut. Brooke for deep sea sounding bring the first specimens of the bottom of the ocean from depths of more than two miles.

And, once more, it is fitting that the cable should land in a spot familiar to, and beloved by, and associated with, the man who, next to Washington, has done more than any other to give permanent honor and dignity and renown to the name of America among the

St. Patrick and the Serpent.

A LAST RELIQUE OF FATHER PROUT.

In the days of good St. Patrick,
While our country yet was free,
While her name was known and honor'd
Over ev'ry land and sea,—
The snakes and toads in thousands
Infested all our bogs,
And no respite could be gotten
From the croaking of the frogs.

But St. Patrick saw the nuisance,
And by the cross he swore
To banish all the varmint
From our island's verdant shore.
Then with his big shillelagh
To work he boldly set,
And he gave them all a licking
Which they've not forgotten yet.

Then the people hoped the country
Was from the varmint free;
But there was one little serpent
Which St. Patrick did not see.
From among the many thousands
This one alone was left,
Of friends and home and kindred,
Of all but life bereft.

On the day of that great slaughter
He was scarce three inches long;
But soon by ease and plenty
He grew both large and strong.
Full twenty yards and over
This monster was in length,
And surpass'd all snakes before him
In ferocity and strength.

Was none who dare attack it
In all the country round;
None brave enough to whack it
In Killarney could be found.
But when St. Patrick heard it,
With anger he grew red;
Says he, "I'll slay that sarpint,
Or I will lose my head!"

And with the words St. Patrick,
His shillelagh in his hand,
Set off to old Killarney;
And there he took his stand
Before the serpent's cavern,
And loudly he did shout,
"Come out, you sealy blackguard!
If you're not afraid, come out!"

But well that cunning serpent
Knew what he would receive,
If he to fight St. Patrick
His snug retreat should leave.
Says he, "No, no, St. Patrick,
That gammon won't go down;
It's myself won't lave my cavern
Till you have left the town."

Then says the saint, "In cunning
I never met my match,
And by some manes or other
This sarpint I will catch."
Then off he went to Dublin,
And there he got a box
Secured with twenty iron bars
And twenty big padlocks;
And with the box upon his shoulder
To the bog he took his way,
Where, stretched upon the greensward,
The serpent sleeping lay.
Says the saint, "Good-morning, sarpint!"
Says the snake, "Just cut your stick;
For if you don't, I'll make you,
You blackguard, pretty quick!"

Says the saint, "Be aisy, darlint,
And don't be gettin' wild,
Faix, 'tis I love you, mavourneen,
Like a mother loves her child;
And see the box I've brought you
To shield you from the could;
'Tis big enough and long enough
The whole of you to hould."

Says the snake, "Since you're so civil,
Let peace between us be;
But that box is not half large enough
To hold the likes of me."
And with these words the serpent
Into the box did crawl,
But left his tail outside, as if
The box had been too small.

Then shouted loud St. Patrick,
"Mind your tail, or 'twill be jamm'd!"
And down the heavy iron lid
With all his strength he slamm'd.
To save his tail the serpent
Pull'd it quick into the box,
And instantly St. Patrick
Made fast the bars and locks.

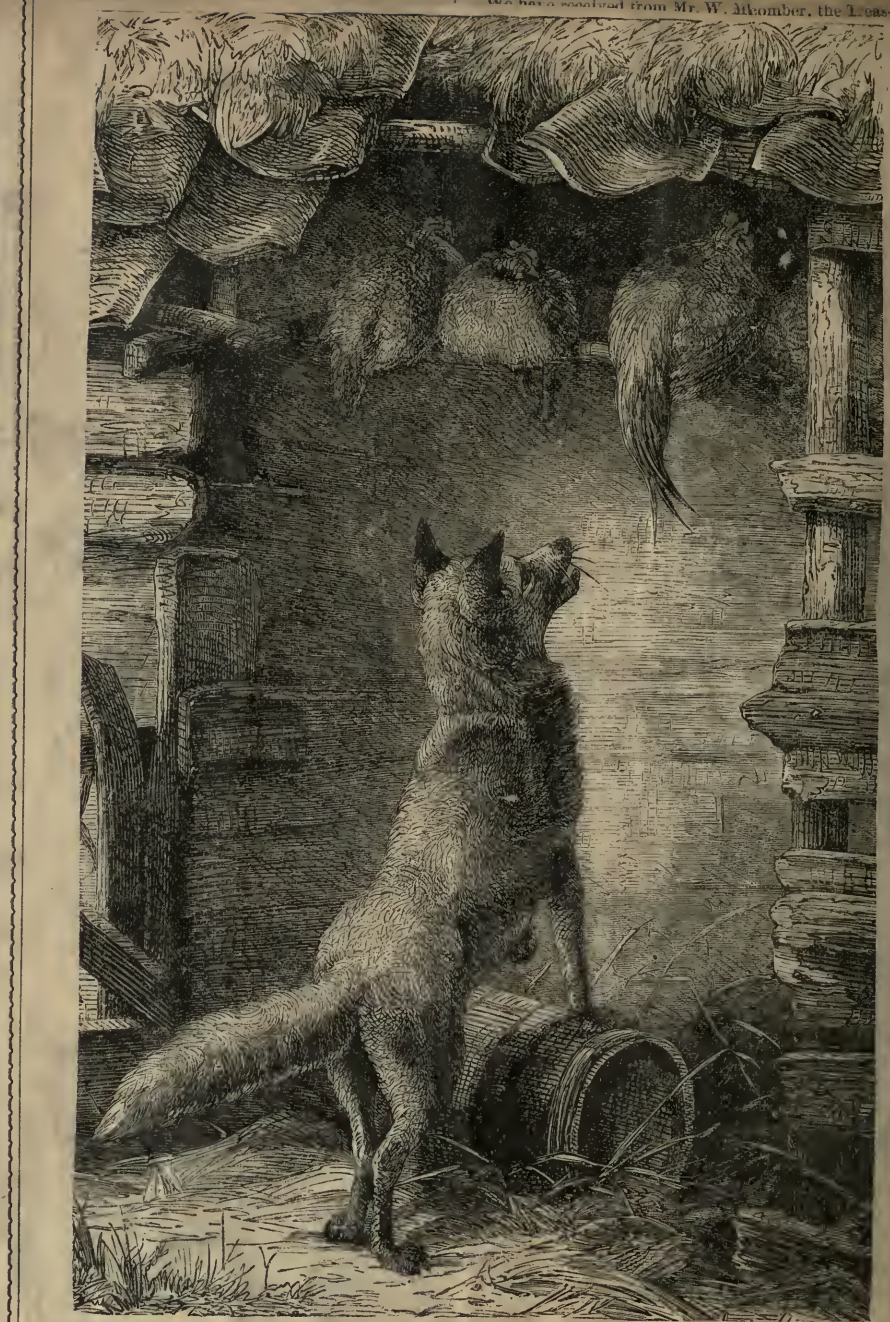
Then cries the humbled serpent,
"O, St. Pathrick, set me free,
And at once I'll lave the country,
And no more of me ye'll see."

Says St. Patrick, "Aisy darlint,
And don't give way to sorrow;
Perhaps, if you behave yourself,
I'll let you out tomorrow."

Then to the shore St. Patrick
Carried both the box and snake,
And with one heave he threw them
Far out into the lake.
Then he walk'd off gaily whistling
"The wearing of the green;"
And never more in Ireland
Has another snake been seen.

But when on summer evenings
The breeze blows off the shore,
Or when the lake is rippled
By the touch of passing oar,
The snake in plaintive accents,
Which once heard you'll ne'er forget,
Cries out, "O tare and ages,
Isn't it tomorrow yet?"

in amicable bonds. 1869



PICKING AND CHOOSING.

LET every man sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

DO NOT think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is the largest and blackest.—*Heir of Redcliffe.*

A CURIOSITY.—For some years, the following sentence has stood as the shortest into which all the letters of the alphabet could be compressed:—

"J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quails."

The above sentence contains thirty-three letters. A Utica gentleman recently improved on it as follows, using only thirty-two letters:—

"Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelin box."

George W. Pierce, a Boston lawyer, has now forced twenty-six letters of the alphabet into a sentence of only thirty-one letters, as below:—

"Z. Badger: Thy vixen jumps quick at fowl."

REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

There is nothing more strange than the difference involved in the contemplation of the passage of time. Here we are within a few hours of the close of the One-Thousand-Elght-Hundred-and-Sixty-Ninth Year of the Christian Era; and though each and every day of the year seemed heavily laden with lead, so wearily did all those days pass, now it seems as if it were but yesterday that the year began. It has been long in the detail,—'t is short enough for a dream of joy in the aggregate. Such as it is, soon it will be no more, like the millions who have died in its course. A few hours, and it will become but an item in the vast sum of departed time, as much a thing of the past as the oldest of those years that were when the world was young; and the world will enter upon the closing year of the seventh decade of the nineteenth century,—as full of good resolutions as it was a twelvemonth ago, but which will be disregarded as utterly as were those of all corresponding periods. We all mean, "next winter, to be quite reclaimed,"—but the winter comes, and goes, and the work of reformation never is done. The Portuguese have a proverb, that "the way to hell is paved with good intentions,"—not hell itself, as it is generally quoted, which is nonsense; and, judging from the abundance of material furnished, and the long ages in which men have been at work thereon, the infernal way ought to be the best—as well as the worst—of all roads. Perhaps it should be so, considering how many there be that walk therein.

"A Happy New Year!"

is a common expression at this season, though it will be more appropriate to-morrow than it is to-day,—if ever it is appropriate. Are not all the happy years old? Mr. Cooper pathetically says that all our greatest enjoyments belong to bygone days. But not the less are men hopeful, and this hopefulness is most strongly felt at such times as make eras in the world's course,—and New Year's Day is emphatically the beginning of a new time, when men not only make good resolutions, but determine to be happy. More hopeful than Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, they declare, not that this day, or this decade of days, shall be one of happiness, but that the whole year shall be full of happiness, and this in spite of experience, which is all against their dreams of dreams. When Little Pearl (in *The Scarlet Letter*) speaks to her mother of the joyousness of "the New England Holiday,"—"Electlon Day,"—Hester Prynne answers her, "To-day, a new man is beginning to rule over them; and so—as has been the custom of mankind ever since a nation was first gathered—they make merry and rejoice; as if a good and golden year were at length to pass over the poor old world." So it is with respect to the New Year. We hope that what is new will be good; and perhaps it would be if men would only make it so,—but they do not, and it is to be feared that in but too many cases they will not, so act as to make happiness the logical result of their lives. It is now almost two centuries since Dryden put into immortal verse a fervid expression of that strange contradiction of the human mind which leads men, after perhaps fifty years of disappointment, to expect success in the future. The passage is placed in the mouth of the superb Aurungzebe, and occurs in the play of that name, (act, iv., scene 1;) and eight lines of it—those beginning "Trust on,"—are said by Lord Macaulay to be equal to the eight finest lines in Lucretius, praise that should have caused Dryden's ashes to "glow their wonted fires." Here it is:

"When I consider life, 't is all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running would not give.
I 'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

The reply of Nourmahal to this splendid tirade probably better represents the general view, or that taken by the masses of men, of human life:

"'T is not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that 's new.
Each day 's a mistress, unenjoyed before:
Like travellers, we 're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend
You would not hurry to your journey's end."

This is a woman's view, and therefore it is less sound than Aurungzebe's, as women seldom see more than one side of existence, so that they have no means of arriving at correct conclusions. The "joys" alluded to by Empress Nourmahal are thus described in the sublime and terrible language of Scripture: "An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb till the day they return to the mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen,—wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigor, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest." But while the belief that the future is a *placer*, from which we are to gather gold, is the merest of moonshine, it is not the less true that the opposite belief, that happiness existed in the past, is by no means established. Why should happiness be found in the "dusk of downgone days"? Looking at the past "through the golden mist of years," its appearance is strangely captivating; but could we return to it, probably we should encounter nothing but disappointment. We should take Jean Paul's advice: "Be every minute, Man, a full life to thee!—Despise anxiety and wishing, the Future and the Past!—If the *Second-pointer* can be no road-pointer into an Eden for thy soul, the *Month-pointer* will still less be so, for thou livest not from month to month, but from second to second! Enjoy thy Existence more than thy Manner of Existence, and let the dearest object of thy Consciousness be this Consciousness itself!—Make not the Present a Means of thy Future; for this Future is nothing but a coming Present; and the Present, which thou despisest, was once a Future, which thou desiredst!" But here again sentiment gets the better of sense, and the past is glorified by all who are capable of feeling, and who have got well up (or down) in the middle ages; and they are ready to accept for gospel truth what was written by Lord Houghton when he was Mr. Monckton Milnes, and a young man:

"On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of wo;
Nothing 's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago."

And thus, again to borrow from Jean Paul, we are deluded throughout our lives hy two enchanters,—*Memory* and *Hope*.—As to success or failure, about which we are apt to think too much as we arrive at the milestones on the dusty highway of life, they seem to be, as it is said love and hate are, the same thing at bottom. So far as our observation and reading go, the successful man seems to be about as happy—that is, about as miserable—as the unsuccessful man. The measure of content known to the one is much the same as that known to the other. This proves that the world's prizes are not worth striving for, that they are vain shadows, about which men disquiet themselves in vain, being unworthy of the exertions that are made to gain them,—and that the nameless moral poet was right when he said,—

"Though much is good that we desire,
Nothing is good that we attain."

THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE

IMMIGRATION

has proceeded this year in a majestic manner, and we know that the number of immigrants is larger than it was in 1868, though the exact figures are not yet available. The quality is as good as the quantity is great, the immigrants being composed of the best races, as Germans, Irish, English, Swedes, and others,—the right kind of stuff for nation-making. It is particularly pleasing to note that the number of English who arrived at New York exceeds forty-one thousand, a large increase on last year's figures. We need a larger infusion of British blood, and it is encouraging to see that we are getting some of it. The Chinese and the Japanese are beginning to come to America; and we hope the Malays, and the Arabs, and the Hindoos, and all other races, will send along large delegations, and so help make up that *American Race* which is destined to dominate the world. There can be no danger from their coming to the United States, for we mean to convert all foreigners who do come to us into *Americans*. As Mr. Beecher happily puts it, "When I eat chicken, I do not become chicken,—chicken becomes me." So is it with the foreigners who come hither: they do not change us,—we absorb them. So let them come,—Protestants, Catholics, Greek-Church-men, Jews, Mussulmans, Heathen, Fetiche-Worshippers, and all,—black, white, red, yellow, and gray. This country should be like a man who is strong, healthy, rich, and benevolent, and who, therefore, clasps all humanity within his broad embrace.

THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY

is the great material event of 1869 in the Occident. It took place on the 10th of May, a date destined to be memorable in the history of what is called "progress." The event was noticed in a respectable manner, but not much enthusiasm was manifested. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that the Overland Railway had grown upon the country. The project was discussed for years before the work began; and when the work began, we all knew it would be accomplished in a short time. Mr. Asa Whitney, who worked so hard for the road years ago, bestowed so much of his tediousness on us when we resided in the West, that, while we respected his purpose, we often wished him in—well, it was a particularly warm locality to which we would have consigned him; had our power been equal to our will, and where coal must be "high," as well as low. But he was a man of merit, and much in advance of his time. As the road was an accomplished fact long even before it was completed, the country took the completion coolly. Since that time little has been said of it, and years must elapse before the effect of its existence will be clearly seen. It is with time as it is with distance. To view a landscape properly, you should not approach it too closely; and to understand the consequences of a great event, you should live long after that event's occurrence.

THE CLOSE OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

is claimed for 1869,—but, we fear, the claim is not to be taken literally, though the greatness of the trade certainly is at an end; and even that part of it which depends upon the demand for colored slaves in the East is not what once it was. It is only ten or twelve years since matters seemed to indicate a revival of what is specifically known as the African Slave Trade,—that is, the legal traffic in human beings between the Western coast of Africa and the Eastern coast of America. The villany was sanctioned by Napoleon III. and by the London *Times*, and by others of the principalities and powers of the earth, including (in secret) our own government as then it stood; and one reason why there was so much sympathy with our rebels among the higher classes in the old world was the fact that it was understood that the triumph of the Southern Confederacy would not only be a blow to republicanism everywhere, but that of necessity it would lead to a reopening of the slave trade under the patronage and support of some of the leading governments of Christendom. The result of our war proved fatal to the hopes of the reactionists. Not only did it destroy slavery here, but it put an end to all chance of its extension elsewhere, and prepared the way for its abolition wherever it existed, or exists. It is shaken in Brazil, and it is virtually abolished in Spanish America, Cuba, that is, and Porto Rico. It also gave the death blow to the African slave trade, which soon will be as obsolete as that kidnapping business which once existed between Great Britain and her colonies. It was fitting that that blow should come from America, for it is certain that but for the discovery of America the African slave trade never could have assumed the proportions, alike gigantic and horrible, which it knew for centuries. The trade in negroes that grew out of the grand enterprises of Prince Henry of Portugal, about the middle of the 15th century, was but a small affair, and gradually it would have died out, had not vast fields for slave labor been found—or rather made—in the New World.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1869

have been respectable in their number, in the vast extent of their range, and in the amount of damage and fright they have caused. They have operated in South America, in Mexico, in the West Indies, in California, in Nevada, in Utah, in New England, in the Canadian Dominion, in the Sandwich Islands, in Germany, in the Caucasian country, in the Crimea, and in the Philippines. There may have been some other fields for shocks, and if the reader can recollect their names he will do us the favor mentally to insert them in our list, so that it may be made complete. The Philippine Islands appear to have "caught it" worst, and to have been thoroughly shaken up, if it be true that Manilla—which some writers spell Manila, which is as great an outrage on orthography as it is to spell the lovely camellia with one *l*—was totally overthrown, and that the shocks were felt far out at sea. When the Spaniards erected their first buildings in South America, running them far up toward the heavens, which they could approach in no other way, the natives told them they were building their tombs; and so it proved when earthquakes came, the high houses being laid low, and crushing the inmates. The houses in Manilla were low, mere huts mostly, and, consequently, though the town was overthrown, the number of persons killed or wounded was but small,—not so many as would go to the illustration of an ordinary American railroad "accident." In the country, churches were tumbled down with the utmost ease, and so were other buildings. South American earthquakes this year, want the magnificent sweep and wholesale slaughter of those of '68; but still they are not unworthy of the favorite land of that sort of visitation,—and as there were a few fools to prophesy that on certain days the whole country would be destroyed, and many fools to believe them, the terror was often greater than that which followed last year's shakes. The future and the unknown always trouble men more than they are troubled by the known and the past. The German shocks were simply respectable, their importance depending on their rarity. The New England and Canadian earthquake also was remarkable because in this age these parts of the world had not been seriously shaken before. In some places it was serious enough to show that even here we live, not at the foot or any way in the neighborhood of a volcano, but over forces that may develop into something worse than a volcano,—into a great earthquake, that is, and great earthquakes produce volcanoes, sometimes. In connection with earthquakes may be mentioned a tidal wave at Oran, in Algeria, which destroyed half a mile of a great sea wall, treating it as if it were of no more account than are dead leaves in the estimation of an American autumnal blast.

American Necrology

for 1869 is singularly rich in every sense. The great procession of the dead that has marched hence through the year has been illustrated by the names of some of the most eminent ot meu,—statesmen, soldiers, scholars, politicians, writers, artists, men of science, men of wealth, and others; an ex-President, ex-Cabinet Ministers and a Cabinet Minister, ex-Congressmen and a Congressman, ex-Governors, journalists, publishers, and the like; men in the noon of life, and men whose lives had been extended to the extreme limit of old age. Among

THE STATESMEN AND POLITICIANS

who have gone "beyond the river," the most noted are EDWIN M. STANTON, ex-Presideut Pierce, Robert J. Walker, Charles A. Wickliffe, Amos Kendall, William Pitt Fessenden, John M. Botts, John Bell, William Guthrie, Isaac Toucey, and Edward Bates. Next to them come a number of old Congressmen, who, though respectable for their talents, it hardly would do to rank as statesmen,—such men as James Duncan, Thomas G. Pratt, Moses Macdonald, F. A. Tallmadge, Sampson Mason, James H. Woodworth, Arnold Plumer. George Briggs, S. Fessenden, Richard Fletcher, W. B. S. Moore, B. S. Cowen, Thos. F. Bowie, Henry J. Raymond, Chas. Allen,—and Walter Brook, who was strangled by an oyster. Of ex-Governors, there have died Mr. Crapo, of Michigan, Mr. Swift, ot Minnesota, Mr. McWillie, of Mississippi, Henry Dutton, of Connecticut, Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, (distinguished as having been Governor when his State seceded, and who had been a respectable member of Congress, and diplomatist,) and Mr. Hubbard, of Maine, (and of Maine law memory.) Of less rank in politics are Fenner Brown, of Rhode Island, M. A. Talbot, of Maine, Nathaniel S. Beuton, of New York, James Williams, (ex-Minister to Turkey,) and ex-Lt. Gov. John Nesmith, of Massachusetts.

THE DEATH OF MR. STANTON,

so distinguished as Secretary of War during the secession struggle, took place on the 24th ot December, and, though he had long been ill, it excited much surprise. He had just been appointed an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and the circumstances of the appointment were calculated greatly to please him; but it is probable that that appointment, and those circumstances, made the occasion of his death. They were too much for a system shattered by the hardest of labors and the greatest ot responsibilities, and which illness had long worn upon. Thus another of the war's worthies has gone from the country he helped to save, just as that country had recognized the greatness of his services. A passage from Hafiz which Edwin Arnold has beautifully rendered might be placed on Mr. Stanton's burial-stone, all the facts of his career, and the suddenness of his death just as he had achieved the great object of his life, considered:

> "The sum of all, in all the world,
> Is nothing, after all;
> Get to thy grave with tears and prayers;
> Thither come great and small."

THE NAVY

has contributed, this year, the most illustrious of all Americans to the dead roll,—Rear-Admiral CHARLES STEWART dying on the 6th of November, at Bordentown, in his ninety-second (92d) year, the greatest age ever reached by any high officer of the noble service to which he belonged, and which his history so nobly illustrates. The announcement of his departure took men's minds back to the earliest days of the navy and the early years of the nation,—to the Presidency of John Adams, even before the time when the alien and sedition laws were enacted; for he entered the navy when first it was formed under our present system, and he was almost a middle-aged officer before Farragut had secured his midshipman's warrant. He was the last survivor of the armed servants of the Union of the age of Washington, and the last of their number who could recollect the closing events of the Revolution. It helps show how short is our national life, notwithstanding the immense number and vast variety of facts that belong to its history, that one human life nearly covered the whole of it,—and that life so intimately associated with the life of the nation, and the history of it belonging so largely thereto. The coincidence is striking and happy, and no doubt gave great satisfaction to the veteran Rear-Admiral in his last days, for he was a man who had an honest love ot fame, and who knew that his place in Fame's Temple was high and secure. In any other country than this Rear-Admiral STEWART would have been made an Admiral, and have been placed at the head of the naval service,—but here, with characteristic shabbiness, he was made to hold an inferior grade, and died without having received his due. This country always settles the debts it owes great men by—owing them. Of

OTHER NAVAL MEN

who have died in 1869, Captain Salter was well known. He is said to have been the last survivor of the officers and crew of the *Constitution* when she took the *Guerriere*, (August 19, 1812.) The navy has lost Captain H. A. Wise, who was also a man of letters; and Commander Law. Captain S. S. Lee, a brother of *the* General, also is in the list.

A NUMBER OF EMINENT SOLDIERS

have died, the chief of whom is General John E. Wool, at the age of eighty, (80). General Rousseau, who did good service in the secession war, and who had been prominent in politics, and a member of Congress, died suddenly. Others are,—Gen. Wm. A. Nichols; Brig. Gen. Miles D. McAllister (of the Engineer Corps); Gen. Wm. R. Brewster, commander of the Excelsior Brigade; and Gen. Rawlins, who died while holding the office of Secretary of War.

The most illustrious of wealthy Americans whose name figures in this department of the departed was a man who had a higher claim to consideration than that which his vast possessions gave him: GEORGE PEABODY, who was, it may be assumed, the most successful merchant this country ever produced; and whose liberality, alike enlightened and extensive, has made him immortal. He died in London, on the 5th of November, and his obsequies took place in Westminster Abbey, where a funeral sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, before an immense assembly, among whom were some of the most distinguished personages of the British Empire. Queen Victoria was represented at Mr. Peabody's funeral by General Grey, her Secretary, and a member of one of the oldest and most renowned families of the English patriciate. Mr. Peabody's remains were sent to America by the British government, in the ship *Monarch*, of the Royal Navy.

A YEAR OF STORMS,

is a title to which 1869 has a strong claim. Never has there been, within the memory of most men, a more tempestuous year; and the worst of the tempests have occurred in those months which are considered the finest of the twelve, as September and October. The early winter part ot the year,—from January 1 to the vernal equinox, March 21,—was, though severe, by no means of a very hard character, might even be called mild if compared with winters of the immediately preceding years; and travel was less interrupted than usnally it is in that season. It was not until the close of summer and the coming ot autumn that the stormy time began. On the 8th ot September came the greatest storm known in New England since the September gale of 1815,—and in 1869 the gale was of the greatest force in some parts of the country where that of 1815 made its greatest display of power, as Rhode Island, and particularly in Providence. The day was a fair one, though somewhat blustering, and it was not till the middle of the afternoon that the tornado began, coming from the southeast,—and here the heaviest blowing was not known till toward sunset, shortly after which it settled down into a regular gale, such as [illegible] heeded. The destruction of property was immense, [illegible] numerous buildings, both public and private, [illegible] greatly injured; and thousands ot being destroyed, or [illegible] trees, or uprooted, among trees were either torn to pie[illegible] country,—and them not a few patriarchs in town or [illegible] very many trees were stripped of most of their branches, and nothing was left of them but their trunks. Myriads of fruit trees were prostrated, and so the results of many years' labor, and of much outlay of capital and application ot taste, were lost for ever. Orchards and gardens, and fields and forests, suffered extensively. There was considerable loss of life on land, and more by sea,—and many vessels were lost. It will be something to talk about twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years hence, that storm, as old folks now talk of "The Line Gale" of 1815. There was another storm on the 4th of October, which was a longer one than that of September 8th, and in which much more rain fell; and it would have been set down as *the* storm of the year, in this part of the world, but for the superior destructiveness of its predecessor. However, it did much damage; and in the British Province of New Brunswick it operated gigantically, making away with houses like a great fire, though water was the prime agent of mischief, a tidal wave coming in with all the force of that frightful form of evil, which has been so active of late years, particularly in connection with earthquakes, while in New Brunswick there was no earthquake to render its appearance proper. Many other severe storms there were, particularly two in November, but those specifically mentioned threw them all into the shade. The winter set in early, and snow fell in many parts of the country, widely separated, before autumn had completed half her term. On the 6th of December we had our first great snow storm, which was one of much severity. A sad year it has been, in respect to the manifestations ot Nature, in its later months; while in the summer there were long droughts, that reduced fields and gardens to a dusty and unproductive condition, destroying the hopes of their cultivators, and making of the industrious as unenviable objects as the idle had made ot themselves. Still, the land, as a whole, has yielded its increase, and

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT

has "progressed" steadily, this year, and is gradually assuming those proportions which command the respect of politicians,—so that its ultimate triumph can be predicted without danger to the reputation of the prophet. There has been much discussion in 1869, and meetings and conventions have been quite numerous; and no one who has observed the tone and manner of the discussion, and the way in which the meetings and conventions have been conducted, but must admit, if the truth has any claim on him, that women "know the ropes" as well as men know them; and that they bring as much of intellectual power and various acquirement to the transaction of business as men bring to it. The movement has passed clear beyond that stage in which it could be disposed of by bad joking,—generally it was black joking,—and it can no more be ridiculed than emancipation could have been ridiculed after the 1st of January, 1863. Rightly considered, to make voters of women would not be half so great a change as that which was involved in making voters of half a million colored men just taken from a state of bondage, in which the savagest legislation forbade their receiving any culture. Our country women often are highly educated, and always they are intelligent, much more so, taking them in the mass, than men. We have seen too many instances of ludicrous ignorance among masculine voters, who yet did their political duties fairly, to entertain any fear that women would not make good use of the suffrage, even if they should not, at first, be well "booked" in political details,—and they are so clever, in the English sense of the word, that they would rapidly learn every thing that voters should know, once they should turn their sharp and lively minds to the acquisition of political knowledge. A high masculine authority assures us that a girl from humble life would glide into refinement before a boy could learn to make a bow without upsetting the table; and the observation applies to all other things with which quickness, tact, and grace are connected and concerned,—and they are closely connected and concerned with politics. Women will have the suffrage before this this time ten years, as we shall announce on some 31st of December between now and 1879,—unless we should, before that "good time" shall come, be looking up, without seeing them, to the roots of the daisies.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS

in America must be briefly disposed of. It may tax the reader's mind to entertain such facts, but in 1869 there have been witchcraft trials in Kentucky, and others in Maryland; and the *bier-right* has been resorted to in Maryland,—and a very different thing from lager bier it is. The greatest explosion in America was that at the Avondale Mine, (Pa.,) by which more than 100 men were killed. That on the Indiana State Fair grounds caused many deaths, and wounded four times as many persons as it killed. The Erie Railroad has done its usual smashing business. Texas has been visited by floods, and so has Kansas; and in some parts of the West there have been flights of grasshoppers almost as great and destructive as those ot locusts in the old world.

The Boston Musical Festival, in June last, was a success, and the "Coliseum," erected for performances and spectators, was for a short time as much talked of as we may suppose t'other Coliseum (the Flavian Amphitheatre) was talked of almost eighteen hundred years ago. The Coliseum was blown down by storms, and then sold as lumber. The "Cardiff Giant" swindle is one of the cleverest pieces of humbug that ever was perpetrated,—and when it was first announced that there had been the skeleton of a departed giant exhumed, we felt as if we could have addressed him (or it) in the words of Norna to the remains of Ribolt Troll,—

> " Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
> Are leaving bare thy giant bones."

But the first description of the old boy was enough to show that the thing was "a sell,"—and it sold well, certainly, for almost $50,000. The velocipede has pretty much ceased to go, the favor it had at the beginning of the year having run out. The Gold Conspiracy in New York at the close of last September proved a failure, and ruined many fat "bulls;" and one of the consequences was to knock down "gold quotations," so that the country might look for an early return to specie payments, only that politicians have control of the matter, and there is no saying what they may do.

THE COMPLETION OF THE SUEZ CANAL

is the greatest event of the year in the Orient, and deserves to rank—as it does rank in the estimation of all well informed persons—with the completion of the Pacific Railway; so that the Old World and the New World stand in 1869 on an equal footing in respect to their contributions to vast material undertakings. The

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

met on the 8th day of December, at Rome, and was opened by the Pope in person, the occasion being one of great interest. The Catholic Church knows well how to impress the minds of men, which is one of the reasons why she has endured so long, and rules so potentially. Ceremonies were not wanting at the opening of the Council,—and the day was appropriately noticed by Catholics in different parts of Europe. More than 700 members of the Council were present on the 8th, but the number of persons entitled to sit in the Council is 1044, consisting of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, Abbots and Mitred Abbots, and Generals of Religious Orders,—making a venerable assembly. The Council did not continue its sittings for many days, adjourning, like our Congress, over the holidays, to reassemble immediately after January 6th, which is the Epiphany.

Twelve peasants lost their lives at Kallnowna, in Poland, because they would climb the tower of a church that was on fire, which fell, and crushed them. The 500th anniversary of the birth of John Huss was observed at the beginning of September, at Prague, in Bohemia, and there was a great attendance on so interesting an occasion. Another celebrated departed personage has received honor, an headstone having been erected to Robert Paterson, Sir Walter Scott's Old Mortality, a full account of whom can be found in the Introduction to *Old Mortality*, the second tale in the first series of *Tales of My Landlord*. John Huss and Robert Paterson were men of the same stamp,—both eminently pious, but Huss was a great as well as a good man, while Paterson was "only great as he was good." Eighteen persons were killed, and many injured, in a theatre at Bristol, (Eng.,) on the night of December 27th, in consequence of an alarm spreading among the audience, which led to the usual ludicrous attempts to get out, and to the usual horrible results of such attempts.

Books.

"To pass through the simple Experiences of human nature, the responsibilities, the hopes, the griefs as well as the gladnesses, that attach to our common Lot; to taste them in their pureness, to bear them with Quietness & Courage, to do our work with all our heart. — This is a great thing — to gain help for this is the great Purpose in our Reading, as in every Friendship, & in all endeavour. And one of the chiefest Blessings of Books is That they bring to us the Spirit of those who have felt the most deeply & acted the most manfully."

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 9.

SINCERITY THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE.—GOETHE.

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence?—to rule them, or persuade?—
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!
And, when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing,—
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If *feeling* does not prompt, in vain you strive.
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with *communicated power*,
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly!
Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,—
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children,—
But never hope to stir the hearts of *men*,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native *from the heart!*

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls so dark, and damp, and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung; far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell,)
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done,
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad
and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty
light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not
ring to-night."

ELOCUTION.—N. H. Gillespie.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of Elocution. Authors and teachers have furnished excellent rules for pronunciation and the correct modulation of the voice; they have explained the nature and use of stress, volume, pitch, slides, inflections, and all the other elements which enter into correct reading and speaking.

This drill, however, though very useful and even necessary to a successful cultivation of the art of speaking, will never make an elocutionist. It may render a man a good mimic or imitator, but that is all.

To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word, one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor. When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakspeare, he replied; "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having seized the soul of Shakspeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution; one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce; he must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision, present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence, the first step toward good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts,—the meaning—involved in the piece to be rendered. This is

accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the piece in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in one's self the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists in putting one's self in that man's place, creating in one's self, for the time at least, a tone and habit of thought similar to his, and striving to feel as he most likely felt while writing, or as he would probably feel were he to deliver orally what he had written.

Thus prepared, and "worked up" into the spirit of the author, the speaker may fearlessly come forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

THE BACHELORS.

The naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And every where known as the Bachelor's Room.

If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Never love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,

For a look so worn and pathetic
  Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
  Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
  With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please sir,"
  "And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
  He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
  With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
  And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
  Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
  Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
  And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
  My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
  Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
  By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
  And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
  The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
  (Little Johnny 's but four years old;)—
So, what was I to do, sir?
  I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
  The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
  Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
  That the prisoner spake the truth,
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
  Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
  Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law*.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child.

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

HENRY PETERSON.

Bring flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead, our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
When they who sleep beneath
Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
Holding in strong right hand
The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when ev'n the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock,—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
To view the mighty war,
And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won.
Sweeter, I think their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son
Who came not back, or coming, sank and died,—
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale, widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg!" his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

Oh! gallant brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred—let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a 'broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye! O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.

Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause—
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave!
Let the bells toll and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Of all those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.—Mark Twain.

Somebody has said that in order to know a community, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony. I can not say which class we buried with most eclat in our "flush times," the distinguished public benefactor or the distinguished rough—possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally; and hence, no doubt, the philosopher I have quoted from would have needed to see two representative funerals in Virginia before forming his estimate of the people.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man," not in his own quarrel to be sure, but in defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had