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HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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A GREY-POLE LEGEND. (1797.)

They ran through the streets of the seaport town. They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay. The cold sea-fog that came whitening down was never so cold or white as they saw it. "Ho, Starbuck and Pluckney and Terndent! Run for your shallops, gather your men, Scatter your boats on the lower bay!"

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday The bulk that lay by the rotting pier, Filled with the children in happy play, Peered its moorings and drifted clear away. Drifted clear beyond reach or call— Thirteen children there were in all— All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all! She will not float till the turning tide!" Said his wife, "My darling will bear my call, Whether in sea or on shore, till she dies." And she lifted a quavering voice and high, Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry, Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew, Yelled each from each and the sky and shore. There was not a sound but the breath they drew, And the lap of water and creak of oar; And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown. O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone, But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale, That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef, The mackerel fishers shorten sail, For the signal they know will bring relief— For the voice of children, still at play in a phantom bulk that drifts away. Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale, A theme for a poet's idle page, But still when the mists of dawn prevail, And we are humbled by the show of Age, We hear from the misty troubled sea, The voice of the children gone before, Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

—Bret Hart, in the Atlantic Monthly.

JOHN HARLOW'S CHOICE.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

There was a young lawyer by the name of John Harlow, in New York. He told his partner that he wanted to go home for a week. He said he wanted to see his father and the boys, and his sister, but that he especially wanted to ride old Bob to the brook once more, and to milk Cherry again, just to see how it felt to be a farmer's boy.

"John," said the old lawyer, "be sure you fix up a match with some of those country girls; no man is fit for anything till he is well married, and you are now able, with economy, to support a wife. Mind, you get one of those country girls. The paste and powder people here aren't fit for a young man who wants a woman."

The next morning John had a letter from his sister. Part of it ran thus: "I've concluded, old fellow, that if you don't marry you'll dry up and turn to parchment. I'm going to bring home with me the smartest girl I know. Of course she don't know what I'm up to, but you must prepare to capitulate."

In the old home they were looking for the son. The family proper consisted of the father, good Deacon Harlow, John's two brothers, ten and twelve years old, and Huldah, the "help." This last was the daughter of a neighboring farmer who was a poor and helpless rheumatic, and most of the daughter's hard earnings went to eke out the scanty subsistence at home. Aunt Judith, the sister of John's mother, "looked after" the household affairs of her brother-in-law, by coming over once a week and helping Huldah darn and mend and make, and by giving Huldah such advice as her inexperience was supposed to require. But now Deacon Harlow's daughter had left her husband to eat his turkey alone in Boston, and had brought her two children home to receive the paternal blessing. Not that Mrs. Holmes had the paternal blessing chief in view in her trip. She had brought with her a very dear friend, Miss Janet Dunton, the accomplished teacher in the Mt. Parnassus Female Seminary. Why Miss Janet Dunton came to the country with her friend she could hardly have told. Not a word had Mrs. Holmes spoken to her on the subject of matrimony since she was a child. She would have resented an allusion to such a subject. She would have repelled any insinuation that she had ever dreamed that marriage was desirable under any conceivable circumstances. She often declared, accidentally, that she was wedded to her books, and loved her leisure, and was determined to be an old maid. And all the time this sincere Christian girl was dying to confer herself upon some worthy man of congenial tastes; which meant, in her case, just what it did in John Harlow's—some one who could admire her attainments.

Mrs. Holmes and her friend had arrived twenty-four hours ahead of John, and the daughter of the house had already installed herself as temporary mistress by thoughtlessly upsetting, reversing, and turning inside out all the good Huldah's most cherished arrangements. All the plans for the annual festival that wise and practical Huldah had entertained were vetoed, without a thought that this young girl had been for a year and a half in actual authority in the house, and might have some feeling of wrong in having a guest of a week overturn her plans for the next month. But Mrs. Holmes was not one of the kind to think of that. Huldah was hired and paid, and she never dreamed that hired people could have any interest in their work or their home other than their pay and their food. But Huldah was patient, though she confessed that she had a feeling that she had been rudely "trampled all over." I suspect she had a good cry at the end of the first day. I cannot affirm it, except from a general knowledge of women.

When John drove up in the buggy that his first care was to shake hands with the deacon, who was glad to see him, but could not say that he had a hope that he would "shake that hair off his upper lip." Then John greeted

his sister cordially, and was presented to Miss Dunton. Instead of sitting down, he pushed right on into the kitchen, where Huldah, in a calico frock and a clean white apron, was baking biscuit for tea. She had been a schoolmate of his, and he took her hand cordially as she stood there with the bright western sun half-glorying her head and face.

"Why, Huldah, how you've grown!" was his first word of greeting. He meant more than he said, for though she was not handsome, she had grown exceedingly comely as she developed into a woman. "Undignified as ever!" said Amanda, as she returned to the sitting-room.

The next day the ladies could get no good out of John Harlow. He got up early and milked the cow. He cut wood and carried it in for Huldah. He rode old Bob to the brook for water. He hid everything that he had been accustomed to do when a boy, finding as much pleasure in forgetting that he was a man, as he had once found in hoping to be a man. The two boys enjoyed his society greatly, and his father was delighted to see that he had retained his interest in farm life.

John was not insensible to Janet Dunton's charms. She could talk fluently about all the authors most in vogue, and the effect of her fluency was really dazzling to a man. John was infatuated with the idea of marrying a wife of such attainments. How she would dazzle his friends! How she would gaze upon him with admiration! How she would shine in his parlors! How she would delight people as she gave them tea and talk at the same time! John was in love with her as he would have been in love with a new tea-urn or a rare book. During that week he talked and walked and rode in the sleigh with these Duntons, and had made up his mind that he would carry this brilliant prize to New York. But, with lawyer-like caution, he thought he would put off the commitment as long as possible. If his heart had been in his attentions the caution would not have been worth much. Caution is a good breaker against the springtime of love, as John Harlow soon found.

For toward the end of the week he began to feel a warmer feeling for Miss Janet. I do not think John was seriously in love with Miss Dunton. If he had been, he would have found some means of communicating with her. A thousand spies with sleepless eyes all round their heads could not keep a man from telling his love somehow, if he really has a love to tell.

He observed often during the week that Huldah was depressed. He could not exactly account for it, until he noticed something in his sister's behavior which was not what he expected. As soon as an opportunity offered he inquired of Huldah, affecting at the same time to know something about it. "I don't want to complain of your sister to you, Mr. Harlow."

"Pshaw! I call me John, and as for your sister, I know her faults better than you do."

"Well, it's only that she told me that Miss Dunton wasn't used to eating at the same table with servants, and when one of the boys told your father, he was mad, and came to me, and said, 'Huldah, you must eat when the rest do. If you stay away from the table on account of your sister's moods, I'll make a fuss on the spot.' I don't know what I have kept on going to the table."

John was greatly vexed with this. He was a chivalrous fellow, and he knew how such a remark must wound a person who had never learned that domestic service had anything degrading in it. And the result was just the opposite of what he intended. John paid more attention to Huldah's manner because she was the victim of oppression.

But, sitting in the old "best room," in the dark, while the ladies were getting ready, and trying to devise a way by which he might get an opportunity to speak with Miss Dunton alone, it occurred to him that she was at that time in the sitting-room waiting for his sister. To step out to where she was and present the case in a few words would not be difficult, and it might all be settled before his sister came down stairs. The fates were against him, however. For just as he was about to act upon his thought, he heard Amanda Holmes's abundant dresses sweeping round the stairs. He could not help hearing the conversation that followed.

"You see, Janet, I got up this trip tonight to keep John from spending the evening in the kitchen. He hasn't a bit of dignity, and would spend the evening romping with the children and talking to Huldah, if he took it into his head."

"Well," said Janet, "one can overlook every thing in a man of your brother's culture. But what a queer way your country servants have of pushing themselves. Wouldn't I make them know their places!"

And all this was said with the kitchen door open, and with the intention of wounding Huldah.

John's castles tumbled. The erudite wife alongside the silver tea-urn faded out of sight rapidly. If knowledge could not give a touch of humane regard for the feelings of a poor girl toiling dutifully and self-denyingly to support her family, of what account was it?

Two minutes before he was about to give his life to Janet Dunton. Now there was a gulf wider than the world between them. He slipped out of the best room by the outside door and came in through the kitchen. The neighbor's sleigh that was to call for them was already at the door, and John begged them to excuse him. He had set his heart on helping Huldah make mince-pies, as he had to help his mother when a boy. His sister was in despair, but she did not say much. She told John that it was time he was getting over his queer freaks. And the sleigh drove off.

For an hour afterwards John romped with his sister's children, and told stories to the boys and talked to his father. When a man has barely escaped going over a precipice, he does not like to think too much about it. John did not. At last the little children went to bed.

The old gentleman grew washed and retired. The boys went into the sitting-room, and went to sleep, one on the lounge and one on the floor. Huldah was just ready to begin her pies. She was deeply hurt, but John succeeded in making her more cheerful. He rolled up his sleeves and went to rolling out the pastry. He thought he had never seen a sweeter picture than the young girl in clean dress and apron, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. There was a statuesque perfection in her well-rolled arms. The heat of the fire had flushed her face a little, and she was laughing merrily at John's awkward manner of pie-making. John was delighted, he hardly knew why. In fixing a pie-crust his fingers touched hers, and he started as if he had touched a galvanic battery.

He looked at Huldah, and saw a half-painful expression on her flushed face. For the first time it occurred to him that Huldah Manners had excited in him a feeling a thousand times deeper than anything he had felt toward Janet. For the first time he realized that he had been in love with Huldah than with Janet. And then he remembered what the governor had said about marrying a woman's heart and not her head.

He put on his hat and walked out—out, out, into the darkness, the drizzling rain, and the slush of melting snow, fighting a fierce battle. All his pride and all his cowardly vanity were on one side, all the irresistible torrents of his love on the other. He walked away into the dark wood-pasture, trying to cool his brow, trying to think, and (would you believe it?) trying to pray, for it was a great struggle, and in any great struggle a true soul always finds something very like prayer in his heart.

The feeling of love may exist without attracting the attention of its possessor. It had never occurred to John that he could love or marry Huldah. Thus it had grown all the more powerful for not being observed, and now the unseen fire had at a flash appeared as an all-consuming one.

Turning back, he stood without the window, in the shadow, and looked through the glass at the trim young girl at work with her pies. In the modest, restful face he read the story of a heart that had carried great burdens patiently and nobly. What a glorious picture she was of warmth and light, framed in darkness. To his heart, at that moment all the light and warmth of the world centred in Huldah. All the world beside was loneliness and darkness and drizzle and slush. His fear of his sister and of his friends seemed base and cowardly. And the more he looked at this vision of the night, the more he was determined to possess it. You will call him precipitate. But when all a man's nobility is on one side and all his meaness on the other, why hesitate? Besides, John Harlow had done more thinking in that half hour than most men do in a month.

The vision vanished from the window when he went in and sat down. She had, by this time, put in the last pie, and was sitting with her head on her hand. The candle flickered and went out, and there was only the weird and ruddy fire-light. I cannot tell you what words passed between John and the surprised Huldah, who had thought him already betrothed to Miss Dunton. I could not tell what was said in a fuss I have kept on going to the table."

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Story of a Welsh Colony in Patagonia.

The colony of Chapat, on the west coast of Patagonia, was formed by a party of Welsh people, under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, an Independent Minister of Bala, in North Wales, in the year 1865. Since its establishment the colonists have been more or less dependent on the Argentine Government for their subsistence, and news has been occasionally heard of them at Buenos Ayres, to which place they made periodical trips in a schooner. This vessel was, however, wrecked in 1868, and another small schooner, which they purchased with the assistance of the Argentine Government, also coming to trouble, their means of communication with the outer world were cut off. In the month of March last, no news having been heard of the colonists since the month of May in the previous year, considerable anxiety was felt on their account, and the British gunboat "Cracker" was despatched to ascertain what had become of them. This vessel accordingly arrived in Engano Bay on the 4th of April last, and Commander Dennistoun proceeded by boat up the river about six miles to the village of Chapat, and had the satisfaction of finding the colonists in excellent health and spirits, although they had been thrown on their own resources for so long a period. Their gratitude for the anxiety displayed on their behalf is described as most touching.

The colony had suffered for two years from drought, and the whole wheat crop of last year, estimated at 16½ tons, was just about sufficient to support the present population, (estimated as equal to 110 adults) at the rate of eight pounds a week each until next harvest, supposing none were kept for seed. Two families were found utterly destitute of grain, while ten others had certainly not enough left to last more than two months or so; and as Mr. Lewis Jones, to whom Commander Dennistoun granted a passage to Montevideo, could not return to the colony with supplies for four months, Commander Dennistoun took upon himself the responsibility of leaving what provisions could be spared to assist the poorest families. He also left them two hundred pounds of soap, an article they had not stock of for four months.

The whole colony had been, without any description of groceries for over ten months, living chiefly on bread, butter, and milk, and what guano and ostrich meat they could obtain by hunting. At present there are only seven sheep in the colony, and the only means of communication that exists with Buenos Ayres is by a small boat, which makes a regular trip at an unknown tract of country of some two hundred miles has to be traversed, with little or no water to be found. Yet, in spite of these little drawbacks to comfort, not one individual expressed a wish to leave the colony.

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Studies of Faces.

It is a very true remark (says the *Saturday Review*) that while one observer notes the form of a face, twenty perhaps will note its expression. A twitching of the mouth or eye, or any other peculiarity of facial movement, is sure to strike attention, although the form of the forehead and chin entirely escapes observation. And this greater attention to expression or other movement is always the more observable in proportion as the face is familiar. Every reader may easily persuade himself of this by thinking of those intimate acquaintances, of whose face perhaps he remembers only some singular movement of the eyes or mouth. He cannot very probably recall the image of the whole face, but his idea consists of a distinctly marked movement of some feature on a dim background representing nothing but a very general type of facial outline. The fact appears to be that though we may be struck by the contour of a head or the disposition of the features at a first impression, familiarity very soon renders us indifferent. Philosophers tell us that change of impression is a universal condition of consciousness. And it is probable that a familiar face, so far as it does not undergo change—that is to say, in its general outline, and the form of the less mobile features, tends to impress the consciousness with less and less distinctness. Being frequently recurrent and unvarying impressions, they come, like the perpetual din of a neighboring forge to be scarcely noticed. On the other hand, a peculiarity of facial movement does not partake of this dead uniformity of character. It recurs but comparatively seldom, and impresses us always with some degree of intensity as a change from the accustomed position of the features.

A curious importance is given to this subject of facial knowledge by its legal bearings. When a question of life or property is found to depend *inter alia* on the power of identifying acquaintances, the right apprehension of what such power actually amounts to is a very desirable attainment. If everybody could be brought to study peculiarities of face as an object in itself, there would certainly be a great simplification of one difficult problem in legal evidence. Possibly at some future day we shall hear of an educational reform, advocating for our elementary schools some amount of practical knowledge of form such as can only be obtained by drawing from natural objects. And certainly if this resulted in nothing else than a higher average of intelligence about the subject of faces, it would be of scarcely inferior utility to an acquaintance with the elements of music. But, however this may be, the difficulties in the way of a general accurate knowledge of the human countenance in its individual diversities do not seem capable of easy removal.

Yesterday at noon, Willie Bierschied died at his grandfather's house, near Camp Washington. He was a lad 7 years old, and the son of Ernest Bierschied, tanner at the above place. At noon on Tuesday he was sent by his mother to the tannery to carry a message to his father about a still younger brother who was sick. At the tannery he found his father had gone away to a neighbor's, and that most of the workmen had left, and those who had not were leaving to go to their dinner. Learning from some of the latter where his father had gone, he started to find him. On his way Willie climbed a fence. When he crossed this he was confronted by a fierce hybrid dog, half-bull and half-Newfoundland, and his five half-grown pups. The cruel brute lay in wait, and threw him to the ground, dragged him some distance, and were stepping their savage jaws in his blood, while some neighbors, drawn by his cries, saw the bloody spectacle, but feared to interfere. A man at last got a pistol and shot the growling whelp, and the others fled, but were afterwards shot. Willie was carried horribly to his grandfather's house, and Dr. Richardson dressed his wounds. He might have suffered and grew worse, until death came at noon yesterday and released him. The savage beasts tore the entire scalp from his head, baring it almost to the skull. In his right arm, near the shoulder, their fierce fangs left a terrible gash, large enough to bury a man's two fists in. On his left side they bared his ribs, and tore them asunder, as to expose the lungs. The relentless brutes left not a feature of his face unscathed by their rapacious teeth. Other wounds there were on that little body which alone would have been looked upon as fearful, but which, in comparison with those described, were nothing. —*Cincinnati Gazette*, Aug. 10.

There is a story afloat that Russia and Sweden are both after the Island of Spitzbergen for a future summer garden—the fertility to be occasioned by changes in the Gulf Stream. But this comfortable prospect of grapes at the North Pole is defeated by the established fact that the Northern Hemisphere is cooling, and that the Southern is ac- steadily encroaching on the yet unfrozen portions of Europe, Asia, and America. In the thirteenth century the vine fruited in England freely where now it will hardly put forth leaves. If these things are so, Russia and Sweden need not go to war about a future vegetable garden in Spitzbergen. Besides we are to have another deluge. Deluges, it is now discovered, come once in about 10,500 years. Hence it is about 6,500 years to the next flood when the ocean will take possession of its former bed in the Northern Hemisphere. All those measureless waters south of the Equator are to be poured over Europe and America, new continents are to rise in the south, and Australia is to be the future great country of the world. Such is the prediction of Adhemar, which is now taken up and discussed upon in a recent scientific publication. In view therefore of the statement that sixty-three centuries are to finish us up, it is full time that we began to prepare for the bitter and inevitable end.

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