

THE OLD MAN'S BLESSINGS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

These stanzas are among the last of the poetical productions of their lamented author.

You think, because I'm fourscore years, And halt a little in my gate,

You think I sigh for days long past, When I see his lamp bright beaming bore,

That 'stead of this young phantom dear, Lighting my path as I stray,

That nothing now to me is left, But patience to endure the load

But trust me, friend, it is not so; Age has of joys its hidden store,

Remember that the withered leaf Just ere it falls to rise no more,

Remember, too, the great command, Those who their parents honor here

Old age must then a blessing be, Since 'tis the boon which God doth give

What though my head be whitened now, My forehead wrinkled by many a furrow,

What though my sight begins to fade, I still can find my way along,

And though young Fancy's dreams are o'er, I still can hang on the past,

As o'er my shoulder, back I peer, I see no wringing specter pale,

No scowling frowns of guilt or fear, That dogs my steps and snout the gate,

Some marks there are, I must confess, Long time chinked up behind the door—

But he who gave his blood for all, I hope has shed one drop for me,

This world is still a cheerful scene, The sunshine still is clear and bright,

The waving woods and meadows green, Still give my heart a mild delight,

The old trunk, though to limbs decay, Puts forth new shoots from year to year,

Then why should I of age complain? If it's a punishment to prove,

Content to live, content to die, I need not when my death appears,

Some twelve years ago, I was happily married in New York city.

The wife was a petite brunette, with sparkling black eyes and lustrous tresses.

Her name was Harry M. Good, loved her to desperation.

He was an humble mechanic, a tinsmith by trade, and when they set up their little household

had saved enough from his earnings to invest him in the possession of more

than the Peck's Peak gold excitement came on, and with thousands of other eager

people he became contaminated and aroused by the fever and mania of its

delirium dream of future wealth and independence. Disposing of all he had

in the world in the shape of property, he deposited in one of the banks of that

city a portion, reserving to himself sufficient for the journey to Eldorado

and when among the rough, shaggy miners of the gold regions, well, perhaps

never to be written. Behind him he left lurking in disappointment one

who coveted the prize which he had carried away in marriage. Months

after Mr. Good's arrival in the mining country, he received intelligence that

his wife was dead. Mrs. Good was for and far between, and he never doubted

for a moment but that his "little wife" would cherish his memory and languish

in his absence with all the devotion of affection. When they were

gathered around the campfire, and the mail boy had come in with the small

batch of letters for the district, he found an envelope with an ominous black

border. The few written lines portrayed the misery that was in store for him.

It announced a knell of despair, and the poor wounded spirit of the man

sank almost to a flicker of vitality. Struggling against fate, he resolved to

make the most of his situation. The more he thought of his misfortune the

greater was his resolution to fill up the waste dreary hours of life with activity

the war he went to British Columbia, and, for a number of years, waged war

with the elements, among the pelting rains and torrents, and wilderness of

Frazier River, buffeting storms and floods in the hope of finding something

that would compensate him for his losses. A year ago he returned to New York

city, and after spending all his life saved, during a boisterous life of nine

or ten years, he started for the West again, hoping in the excitement of the

frontier to spend his days. He had no definite ideas in a way. At Chicago he

stopped several days, and when he got thus far he spent about a week in Coun

cil Bluffs and Omaha. Last Thursday he happened past a dwelling in this

city, when he heard a shriek inside. He had in his rambles passed the door

on several occasions before, and, hearing signs of distress within doors, rushed

in without leave. At each time he passed he was closely watched by a

lady at a window, and it was she who gave the alarm and swooned away.

She had recognized him, and when restored to consciousness gave him the

history of her existence during the interval. She had not been sick, nor had

she died, as had been announced to him. Her unsuccessful rival had made up

of the falsehood and for, ed the letter which he received, and also one to the wife

from him, announcing his determination never to return again. With this

apparent basis of facts she proceeded at the end of two years to obtain a divorce

which was accomplished. At a respectable period she married the rival, who was afterward drafted into the army,

and was killed in the battle at Fort Forks. She was then the mother of a

boy, who is now a bright lad. She subsequently abandoned her widow

hood for another husband, who happened to be a farmer of some means in the

neighborhood of Philadelphia, who became attracted by her fine eyes and

amiable manners. They came West for the purpose of settling somewhere

either in this State or in Nebraska, and took a small house in this city, to

await the final decision respecting the choice of a home when the rather

disagreeable episode of this history was over. The wife clings to her late

husband, though she protests her affection for her first choice, the divorce

from him though obtained as it was, and the subsequent marriage compelled

her to submit to her present condition and abide by its consequences. Every

time in regard to the future has been amicably settled and arranged, but it

required a great deal of philosophy on the part of all concerned to decide the

matter. Some of the parties were known to the writer of this before the

singular conclusion of the romantic episode. —Cincinnati Bluffs Nonpart.

Mark Twain in Hayti.

Arrived at my hotel, I asked the small colored boy what I owed him for

carrying my valise. "Nine hundred dollars, sah,"

I uttered.

When I came to, a number of people were about me, applying restoratives,

and doing what else they could to help me. The soldiers, colored boys

were standing there cold and serene. "How much did you say, boy?"

"Nine hundred dollars, sah, reg'lar price, sah."

I appealed to the bystanders for protection. An old gentleman of noble

countenance and commanding presence said the boy was right—he was charging

only the usual rate. I looked at the other faces. They all manifestly

Table listing various items and their prices, such as Bananas, Pine Apples, Bunches of Apples, etc.

Two hundred and thirty-five thousand and four hundred dollars. I read this bill

over deliberately six or seven times, and never said a word. Then I said I

would step out and get a breath of fresh air. I got it—the breath of fresh air.

I walked gently around the corner, whistling unconcernedly. And then

changed back and seeing nobody watching me, snatched toward the American

packet ship at the rate of about ten or eleven miles an hour. I picked

up Charley on the way. He had been twelve weeks a couple of hours, till the

vessel was out of the sight of land, and the cigars and things—the landlord

had them. I trust he has them yet. We have parted to meet no more. I

have seen enough of Hayti. I never did take much interest in Hayti, anyhow.

P. S.—I understand it all now. I have been talking with the Captain.

It's very simple when one comprehends it. The fact is, the war has been

going so long that Haytien credit is about dead, and the treasury very dry. There

is one dollar in gold will buy eight or ten hundred to two thousand dollar-

worth of Haytien greenbacks, according to the tenor of the current war news. I wish I had my valise

back. —Buffalo Express.

JUST SUCH NEIGHBORS.—A man stopping at a tavern for rest and refreshment

came to talk about his journey. He had come from a neighboring town,

he was moving away, and glad enough to get away too. Such a set of neigh-

bors as he had there, unkind, diabolical, cross and contrary, it was enough

to make any one want to leave the place, and he had started, and was going

to settle in another region where he could find a different set of inhabitants.

"Well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are

going." The next night another man stopped at the inn. He, too, was on a journey,

was moving, and inquired, on inquiry, it was found that he came from the same

place from which the former traveler had come. He said he had been obliged

to move from where he lived, and he did not mind moving so much as he

did leaving his neighbors; they were so kind, considerate, accommodating,

and generous, that he felt very sorrowful at the thought of leaving

them and going among strangers, especially as he could not tell what kind

The Richardson Affair.

There is but one mitigation of the evil of the foul affair in New York, and that

lies in the general reprobation of all the actors in it. Audacity, murder, bigamy,

and blasphemy all centered in this black business, and both the pulpit and the

press have furnished unworthy representatives to play a part in it. There is

just public indignation against all these parties which is a wholesome symptom,

and it ought not to be repressed. For the assassin who makes his domestic

grievance the excuse for murder, we have no tolerance; but after the cases of

Sickles and Cole, acquitted and honored with public sympathy and public office,

it is very likely that McFarland may have harbored the notion that he, too,

would win applause from the same source. But the political ties of the

murdered man seem to have secured from the Radical press and the Radical

politicians a sympathy that not merely attaches to his melancholy fate, but

extends to his dark share in the intrigue that has had a disgraceful and tragic

ending. Months ago he insulted public decency

with an avowal in the Tribune of his relations with another man's wife.

Then there was going on a fraudulent proceeding in Indiana to obtain the ar-

rested in that State as a divorce. In this, Mr. Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President

of the United States, was a convenient aider and abettor. His gushing

sympathy was recently published in the newspapers in the shape of a telegram

to Richardson, with whom and the female actor in the tragedy, it seems, Mr.

Colfax was well acquainted. The Day of this city says:

This man whom his countrymen confiding in his moral as well as his ability, have placed

before the world as their chosen representative and exemplar, has put himself upon the

score as a virtual enforcer of Richardson's whole course in this abominable affair.

Learning that the latter had been shot by the man whose wife he had seduced, the Vice-President hastened to telegraph "our whole

heart and the sincerest sympathies and warmest wishes," etc. For the sake of Mr.

Colfax's "household"—his wife and aged mother—we trust he did not consult them before

sending this dispatch, although we are informed by the Cincinnati Commercial that

without consulting his judgment and sense of private right and public duty. But

the world judges him according to his act and not his words, and stands amazed at both. What would Mr. Colfax have thought if

it had been his wife whom Richardson had seduced from her husband, and though it is

inspected Leo of treachery. It is indeed probable that nothing more would

have been said of his conduct had he not himself made it the subject of an in-

quiry. This led to Leo's trial by court martial, and his sentence a year's

suspension from the army, which was no punishment for treason. This is the

version in Chief Justice Marshall's life of Washington; a higher authority, particularly on this matter; for Marshall

was a soldier of the Revolution, was present at the battle and was cognizant of the opinions of Washington and the

other officers. A few years since Mr. Moore, of the New York Historical Society, impugned

the fidelity of Charles Lee to the American cause, and made an interesting publication on the subject. We did not

think the proofs adduced conclusive, but as Charles Lee has left few friends to his

memory, the acceptance of anything to his discredit would meet with little

reprobation. So far as we know, however, his contemporaries did not think him a

traitor to the cause of American independence, though in other respects many thought very ill of him.—Ez.

Anecdote of Carlotta Patti.

Once upon a time, in the city of New York, a young lady, possessed of a fine

soprano voice, was to decide by a sort of public rehearsal, her fate with the

managerial power of the Academy. A large number were invited, comprising

all the musical critics and amateurs and professionals, and a large detachment of

the theatrical and literary world, forming a formidable audience for an

unfledged bird to essay its wing flight among "the opera selected for this

morning's debut introduced the trembling young aspirant with the tenor, and

as if to add to her nervousness and show her contempt for her ability, the

open bars of his music took many notes that, instead of giving her time to

collect herself by singing all of the opera set down for him, he hummed merrily

a strain or so, and gave the concluding notes, the cue for the orchestra

accompaniment to the debutante's attack, loudly and savagely, as if to say, "Just

see how I can parallel here with the Yankee in Venice—me, the silver voiced

consort of Italian nightingales." Weak and faint rose the first notes of

the trembling girl; weaker and fainter they seemed to grow, as if scared at the

sound of their own weakness. Fluttered for a moment, it seemed as if her voice

had deserted her entirely, when loud and clear as a bell, from the centre of the

house, the air was taken up. All eyes turned to the sweet face lit by friendly

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The Pope's health is good. —If love is blind, how can there be any love at first sight.

—Why is a drawing from nature infectious? It's sketching. —A stocking knit from a sailor's yarn

is one of the latest curiosities. —Should your old acquaintances be forgot? Not if they have money.

—Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up. —People speak of sun's breaking out.

Will that account for the spots on its face? —The very latest style of boots has

the toe turned up like an old-fashioned skate. —"A tender maid" is a good defense

in law. A tender maid is seldom an offense anywhere. —Georgia grows the tallest men in the

United States; and New York averages the shortest. —The Esquimaux says, "A man who

has three wives in this world is sure of heaven in the next." —"What a little child!" said a friend,

"Ah," replied Hood, "his parents never made much of him." —A Boston chemist wants the con-

sumption who left his stomach for analysis to call and take it away. —The British mint has been striking

twenty thousand gold medals for soldiers of the Abyssinian war. —John R. Donaldson, recently elected

Prothonotary of Tuiga county, has held that position ever since 1837. —What is the difference between a

pill and a bill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

—The "crappings" that most easily produce the sprits, are those made with the knuckles on the tables of restaurants.

—What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.

—"I come to steal!" as the rat said to the trap. —"And I spring to embrace you!" as

the steel replied to the rat. —"Jako, lend me ten dollars till I

sell my dog?" "Jako replied nothing, by and sympathetically. "Oh Jim, I wouldn't sell him!"

—A Prussian robber who was arrested for stealing stuff, excused himself by saying that he never heard of a law

which forbids a man to take stuff. —Billings says: "Whenever I find

a business woman engaged in the woman's rights business, then I am going to jine the pro-slaves." —Spriggins says he once prevented

a severe case of hydrophobia by only getting on a high fence and waiting there until the dog left.

—A Western paper announces that it has employed a humorist to write funny paragraphs, and an astute writer to show up the jokes.

—A confiding chap in Evansville, Ind., advanced his betrothed \$120 to complete the matrimonial outfit, whereon she pocketed the money and left him disconsolate and indignant.

—A Southern exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his name was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard

the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus want to be born again." —The pious man that preached

for us last Sunday," says Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years; first as a circus-rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhorter."

—The proprietor of a Boston hotel advertises that "persons seeking their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch."

—A Canadian red-coat ran off with the wife of a comrade, and also considerable baggage. The husband wisely sent a detective after his goods and allowed the wife to keep on.

—Prentiss says savagely, "If the fellow who stole eight hundred dollars from Gen. Butler had any conscience at all, he would go to New Orleans and restore the money to the rightful owner."

—A boy of Drumconra, Ireland, found a peck of flour in the road and took it home. They made cakes for it for breakfast the next morning, and before night the whole family was dead. It was mixed with arsenic.

—Near Warsaw, Ind., on the evening of the 20th, a young lady named Alice Wilson, while drawing a bucket of water, slipped and fell, striking her side upon the bucket, causing her death in a few minutes.

—A poor man, who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her if she spoke one more crooked word, he'd beat her. "Why, then, ram's horn, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it."

—Gentleman (to boatman)—You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not? "Artless boatman—Yes, sir, honor, we does, werry wet, werry wet indeed; but I'm werry dry just now, yr honor, and no mistake."

—"Who's that gentleman my little man?" was asked of an archdeacon. The one with the spike tailed coat? "Yes," was the response. "Wife, just a hevet uncle of mine." "How's that?" was asked. "Cause he is engaged to my aunt Mary."

—"Mother," said little four-year-old Carrie when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise; and then he got so mad he shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared go up and fight him."

—A postically disposed newspaper remarked that it is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." The other local paper condescended in its next issue thus: "It grieves us to learn that our cotemporary's wife has lost an eye."

—Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypercritical confidant with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad house, and said in a whining tone: "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied: "What will never bring you, sir; to much brain."

Mark Twain to Kingston House, Dr. To room rent (two persons)..... \$3.00 To removing baggage to room..... 500 Total..... \$4.50

—Jacob D. Eckerson was convicted of the murder of Peter Stockem, at Hackensack, New Jersey, on Friday.

—Governor Safford, of Arizona, is coming to Washington to obtain an additional military force for the territory.