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A CUP TO THE DEAD.

[In these times, when we have heard and read so much about the horrors and ravages of modern, the following remarkable poem will be read with interest. It is believed to have originally appeared in the St. Helena *Magazine*. It relates to the early service of English officers in India, when the army was moved down by pestilence. Whoever Mr. Macauley's account of the effects of small pox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters, and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives, with wonderful effect, what is far nobler, however painful, the very poetry of military despair, but still the *dying together* of brothers in arms.]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady;
We drink to our comrades' eyes.
Quaff a cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
'Stand to your glasses, steady;
B[illegible] soon shall our pulses rise—
An[illegible] the dead already;
A cup [illegible] for the next that dies.
Hurrah.

[illegible] lot that darkies;
Not a sigh for [illegible] friends that sink;
Not a tear for th[illegible] wine-cup's sparkles,
We'll fall, 'midst the [illegible] drink,
As mute as the wine [illegible] steady;
So stand to your glasses, [illegible]
'Tis this that the respite bu[illegible]
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand to your glasses, steady:
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's slacking;
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady;
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul that shall sting no more.
No! stand to your glasses, steady;
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady;
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

ALLIGATORS IN ENGLAND.

BY C. H. WILLIAMS.

"ALLIGATORS in England! Come, come, Major, is not that just a little too—eh?"

"Well," cried the Major, throwing himself leisurely back, and taking a long puff at his cigar, "I would tell you why I think so, but that the telling would involve something of a story which might not, perhaps—"

But he was interrupted by a chorus of voices, "A story! What! a story!" as if that were not the very thing our ears were all thirsting for. Thanks to our friend's generosity, and the goodness of a most exemplary landlord, our other thirst is in the fairest way of being gratified. A comfortable room, lots of easy-chairs, an open window to admit the most fragrant of evening breezes from the bluest of seas, glorious wine and more glorious good-fellowship, there is nothing wanted but the mellifluous accent of some Hassan or Mejnoun, like yourself, Major, to send us all into the seventh heaven of rapt attention; and what narrator can resist so fair a promise? Besides, you must not underrate stories; now-a-days everything is done by appropriate stories. Setting aside education in general, and our beloved magazines in particular, see what has been done and will be done with them too. Isn't wine-bibbing and drunkenness put down by pretty little stories in pretty little books, and sins more heinous still eradicated by anecdotes compiled by line and rule, and fitted to our requirements by the nicest scrupulosity? Shall we not hear stories in one place how that mercenary Tom was bribed to vote, and that noble Dick resisted the temptation? And, in another place, how—but, faith, if I go on longer I shall be in the position of spurring a noble steed, eh, Major? and at the same time keeping the door barred against his egress. A thousand pardons; but stories—egad, I am not sure but that I should say to the "varsal world," as little girls do to an obnoxious playmate, "Oh, you big story."

"Well," said the Major, "what I have to tell you certainly does look vaporish enough now it has passed, but there were awkward bits of granite in the events themselves which still, at times, grate sharply upon my meditations, and remind me that the circumstances, '*quorum pars fui*,' have not been all of oil and roses. When I was some twenty years nearer to the beginning of all things than I am at this present" (here followed a lengthy puff), "I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's in one of the northern counties in England. The squire himself, our host, was advanced in years, and we saw little of him, save at those times when the master of the house is expected to stand somewhat prominent in doing its honors. The greater share, however, even of this kindly duty devolved upon his heir, his only son, a fair average specimen of his class, gentlemanly, well-informed, rather retiring in disposition; and, I often thought, more likely, if left to himself, to shut himself up in his studio or laboratory for the instruction and benefit of mankind than to interest himself actively in the rough-and-tumble of life. He was not, however, without an occasional stimulus from his father, who, as the representative of an ancient and well-endowed family, deemed it incumbent upon himself and his heir, among other duties by no means neglected, to extend the hand of good-fellowship to his neighbors, and of hospitality to every deserving individual (ahem!) who came within the quiet sphere of his influence.

"Thus comfortably and satisfactorily things went on with us, till the near approach of a day of considerable importance to the family of our worthy entertainer: nothing less, in short, than the marriage of his heir to the daughter of a neighboring proprietor; a match in every way suitable and full of promise for coming generations of Westertons, for such is the name we will now know them by.

"The family estate was strictly entailed, and in case of the death of the younger Westerton, would go to a distant cousin, then in the army and on duty in India. The old gentleman had, in his youth, suffered some rather severe love disappointment, and was long supposed to have taken an irrevocable vow against any further dealings with the traitorous sex; during this period it was that he had his nephew and heir to live with him; and the young man, seeing the fact of heirship reflected on every side, naturally came to look upon his ultimate accession to the property as almost a thing of course, and when his uncle 'shook off the dew-drops from his name,' and provided himself with a wife, and in due time a direct heir to the estate, felt no doubt a deep amount of chagrin and disappointment. He had, however, no adequate reason to complain, for his advancement in life was as carefully looked to as if he had been a younger son; which, I take it, is all that, under the circumstances, could reasonably be expected. There was not much cordiality, I fear, but a certain amount of all-very-well sort of intercourse kept up between them, their relative positions being well understood and appreciated on both sides.

"There was some troublesome war or other on hand just at the time I speak of, and we were accustomed to look over the news of the day with the sort of interest one is expected to take in the relatives of one's host—a kind of lazy curiosity to know whether they are going to be made field-marshals, or, in American phrase, had already gone under—when we were startled by the arrival, totally unexpected, of our cousin himself. Ill-health formed the plea for his arrival in England; the contemplated marriage, heard of on his landing, for his presence in the north.

"He did not come alone. A wonderful collection of Oriental curiosities accompanied him, from the wing of a butterfly to the handkerchief of a Thug; curiosities which were under the especial charge of a Hindoo retainer, Gholab, and a retainer's retainer, who, if they were not Thugs themselves, looked, I could not help thinking, eminently well qualified for the dignity. That he should have brought these worthies with him excited our surprise; but that he explained by informing us of their devoted attachment to himself, for some vital service rendered to them in India. I think it was the saving of Gholab's life; but whether from a tiger, a bullet, or the gallows, I will not undertake to say.

"Both Gholab and his master were much occupied about the museum of curiosities before mentioned. In truth, I think I never came upon the former but that he was rubbing, polishing, or in some way working upon some queer, uncouth looking object or other. Once I came suddenly upon him in a plantation at some distance from the house, and, as my curiosity had always been somewhat excited on his account, I stood for some moments observing his labors before advancing on him. You know what bangles are?"

"To be sure. Indian ornaments for the ankles."

"Just so. Well, our friend was busily engaged in altering and shaping what appeared to me to be an ornament of this description, adding to it a strong clipping spring, and a link or two of chain. He started up when he became conscious of my vicinity, with a greater appearance of fright and a more wildness of gesture than I deemed the occasion justified, though he was an Oriental, and we were in a plantation at a short distance from an English squire's hall; and in reply to my simple question as to what he was about, uttered some unintelligible gutturals, and gesticulated in a manner meant possibly to be explanatory, but which had, to me, an appearance wonderfully resembling the pass of Herr Prodo, the conjuror, when especially bent upon a process of bamboozling.

"But this and many other small matters besides, which have since acquired significance, passed away from my mind—at least from the surface of it—to lodge themselves, however, in those mysterious receptacles where I do believe every atomic affection on our sensoria, at any time experienced, is indestructibly lying and still capable of being made prominent, either by some mental angle beyond our research, or by some sympathetic and appropriate combination of external circumstances. We shook ourselves down with our new arrivals as best we might, and returned to our diversions, among which a blunting must be reckoned one, especially with the younger portion of our party. I don't wonder at it, as there was a beautiful lake on the grounds, with smooth grassy margins all along the rich meadows, and shallow enough to be safe to all, but winding off into some thick plantations on high ground, where it became of corresponding depth, and where several rocky inlets broke its surface, and rendered it, if somewhat gloomy, exceedingly picturesque and solemnly beautiful. Young Westerton was an excellent swimmer, and especially delighted in the refreshing exercise, so much so that he would not unfrequently spend the greater part of a Summer afternoon in and about the lake, striking out boldly from the more open parts, and revelling like a very Triton among the rocks and sunken trees of the deeper and less accessible portion. Sometimes he would lie passive on the surface of the water, floating almost motionless, or gently paddling hither and thither in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and vigor.

"In amusing contrast with young Westerton's love of the water was the extreme horror always manifested by the Hindoo Gholab, whenever he was compelled to approach its banks. Nothing less than the most positive orders from his master ever brought him near, and it was ludicrous to see the speed with which he hastened from its vicinity as soon as, having discharged his service, he received his master's permission to retreat. The latter accounted to us for this striking dislike by relating an incident which occurred in one of the Indian rivers near which Gholab's childhood was passed. He was one day, in company with another youth, paddling about in the stream, when suddenly a large alligator rose close upon them, seized his companion, and disappeared suddenly with him in his jaws. The shock was so great that the poor fellow, who was sincerely attached to the unlucky victim, never quite got over its effects, but retained the picture of that horrible incident in his memory, to be freshened and intensified by any combination of wood and water at all resembling the scene of the sad catastrophe, 'a wonderful resemblance to which,' said Cousin Westerton, 'some parts of my uncle's domain do certainly exhibit.'

"We were now within a fortnight of the projected marriage, and I was one day out on a shooting expedition, when, happening to pass near the turnpike-road, I saw a gig rapidly approaching from the direction of the Hall, and soon heard myself hailed by Cousin Westerton. I felt that under ordinary circumstances he would hardly have taken the trouble to greet me, as we somehow had not grown to care much for each other. It was therefore with some curiosity that I went up to the gig, which he had drawn to the roadside, and in which he was standing in evident expectation of my approach.

"'I have stopped to say good-by,' cried he, eyeing me keenly the while. 'I am called off by business of the very last importance, and should not be surprised if I find myself tossing on my outward voyage to India instead of dancing at my cousin's wedding. By the way, what o'clock is it? My watch has stopped. Can you give me the exact time? Very provoking, is it not? I mean having to leave just at this particular juncture. What jolly days of it you will have. Half past twelve, you say. Thank you. My uncle quite sees the necessity for my going. Good sport, I hope. Which way do you return?"

"I pointed in a direction which was not toward the lake.

"'Ha! I see; through the finest covers on the estate. Well, I must not detain you. Half past twelve, you say. Good-by, good-by.'

"And so he broke off his almost soliloquy, which either the impatience of his horse or his own excited manner leading to repeated checks at the bridle, only to be balanced by compensating touches of the whip, had made a decidedly uncomfortable proceeding. He was soon out of sight, and I on my rounds.

"After a while I dismissed the keeper and his dogs, having determined to saunter quietly back alone. It was a lovely afternoon, with warm, balmy breezes just fanning the trees and hedgerows into graceful animation; the rich cornlands lying luxuriously in the vale, with their fringed robes of Autumn-tinted woodlands drawn irregularly and negligently about them, and in the distance the slope and swell of many undulating hills, whose varied curves of beauty stood out in the rich blue sky in endless variety of loveliness. Westerton Hall, with its well-ordered gardens and plantations, stood in the mid-distance, and I was just wishing for some bit of active life to give more human interest to the scene, when from its gates emerged a single horseman, who galloped not merely swiftly, but, as it seemed to me, frantically in the direction of the town. Of course I hastened at once to the Hall. A strange chill came over me, and my thoughts settled with involuntary tenacity on the agitated manner displayed by Cousin Westerton when I met him on the road; but he, I reasoned, could not have been cognizant of any unusual occurrence, or he would at least have informed me of it. Besides, might I not be needlessly alarmed? Not so, however, for when I reached the house I found that young Westerton had just been brought in dead—drowned, as it appeared, in the deepest part of the lake.

"No one had witnessed his death. His companions on this occasion, as had often been done before, left him when they saw him strike off into the wilder and more secluded parts, where none of them cared to follow, never doubting, however, that when tired of exercise and exploration, he would return as usual, and join their party when evening drew nigh. Before this, however, accident revealed the body to a keeper who happened to be passing. It had got entangled among some roots or branches, and, but that it was lying over one of these, it is probable that the discovery would not have been made so early, as, from being thus caught, as it were, it was prevented from sinking into the depths of the lake. Life was quite extinct.

"At what hour," I asked, "did he leave the house?"

"At one o'clock; after lunch-time."

"Where were the Hindoos?"

"In their master's apartments, packing up and preparing to be gone. One of the house-servants had seen them busily engaged in doing so; indeed, so fully were they occupied with their task that they plainly showed him they wished his absence, and immediately after he left locked their door, and so had kept it ever since. I went at once to the rooms, impelled by some shapeless suspicion, of what I scarcely knew. The door was now unlocked, and I went in to find them both eagerly engaged in the manner represented to me by the servant, and as, to all appearance, they had been ever since his visit. I left them to themselves, though I declare a shepherd's dog, who suspects, but is not quite certain, that some vagabond curs have been worrying his master's sheep, and longs to fly at their throats, must feel very much as I did.

"An inquest was duly held. All the ordinary indications of death by drowning were of course exhibited, and there was nothing more, with the exception of certain bruises about the right ankle-joint, which might have been occasioned by striking against the rocks or stubs in the lake, though, as one of the jury observed, they presented a remarkably circular and band-like appearance. I was myself present, and a good deal struck at the time by the words. They escaped, however, without comment, and, as I could not connect them in any way with anything leading to suspicion of foul play, nothing further was said, and the circumstance passed from my mind, to return, however, with terrible distinctness and meaning thereafter. A sudden seizure of cramp was taken as the cause of death, a verdict returned accordingly, and young Westerton, just about to step into the arena of active life, was laid stark and disfigured in the vault of his forefathers.

"If this were an ordinary tale I am narrating, I ought I suppose, in this place, to descant upon the dreadful shock (though that for a while it certainly was) this sad event occasioned to the bereaved bride—to send her, with dishevelled hair, into the woods, or to find her lying lifeless at the foot of some frightful precipice. There rises, however, in my mind's eye the vision of a still comely dame, not without sundry olive-branches springing around her, which quite precludes the propriety of that unusually orthodox termination. Not that his intended wife was heartless or unfeeling. No; while she mourned for him, she mourned for him sincerely; but time, with its alleviations, tempered, though it might not obliterate, the smart, and his remembrance faded into one of those gentle sorrows which we must of necessity cease to stand apart from those active duties life still brings with it. As to the heart-struck and hopeless old father, let us draw over him the veil of deep and silent sympathy.

"More than two years now passed away, and I was on the banks of the burning Ganges. My duties carried me to one of the lesser towns on the river, where time soon began to hang rather heavily on my hands. Occasionally I would, out of the merest idleness, turn into the court of justice there, but was seldom rewarded in my quest of adventure by anything more than the most petty illustrations of the doings of the Indian Themis. At last there came a change, and of so startling a character that, neither during the remainder of my sojourn there, nor for a long time after, had I anything to complain of in the way of listlessness or apathy. It chanced that I one day entered the court-house at one door just as a mixed crowd of guards and offenders were leaving it by another. I had just time to recognize among them the, to me, unmistakable features of the Hindoo Gholab, but whether there as a custodian or infractor of the laws I was then unable to make out. It mattered little, however, as I knew where to obtain easy and certain information of any and everything connected with the administration of justice. On my return to my quarters, I found that the very men whom I wished to meet with were there, and were then discussing with some brother officers the details of a crime of an extraordinary nature, which had just come to light in that district. Several Hindoo girls had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared under the waters when performing their ablutions in the sacred stream, drawn under and devoured by alligators. Such was the general belief, until the body of one of them chanced to be picked up lower down the river, totally unmutilated, and deprived of certain valuable ornaments, which the young devotee was known to have had on when she went in. For a good while justice was completely at fault, but those ornaments having been traced to the possession of two men, over whose doings the strictest watch was preserved, the result was that they were apprehended in a covered boat moored in the centre of the stream, almost in the act of despoiling one of their victims. It was supposed that a skilful diver, watching the opportunity of one being separated from the rest, rose through the waters, fixed a strong ligature to one of the lower limbs, and then dived off, while a confederate in the boat, by means of a rope and hold or purchase of some kind at the bottom of the river, drew the struggling swimmer irresistibly down, when death soon put an end to all efforts to escape.

"While these particulars were being narrated I became more and more agitated, until I could no longer keep my seat. 'Why, Major,' said one, 'you seem disturbed; can there be anything in the doings of these wretches of sufficient pungency to quicken—'

"'Stop,' said I, for I saw he was about to quiz my equanimity, 'don't treat this matter lightly. I confess I am not a little agitated or a little confused at present, but—I have heard all you say, and, what is more, I have seen—'

"'What have you seen?'

"'I have seen the face of a man whom I never thought, and certainly never desired, to meet again.'

"'Of whom do you speak?'

"'Gholab.'

"'Why, that is the name of one of the villains accused, as I have informed you.'

"'Great Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'but no, no, it is impossible; he could not approach a running stream, much less—and here, here, of all places; his dread of water, his pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity—'

"Something very like a burst of laughter from all assembled in the room here greeted me.

"'My good Major, dread of water! Pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity! Why, this fellow, Gholab, is one of the most (if not *the* most) daring, skilful, and enduring divers of the East.'

"In a fever of agitation I demanded to be shown the remains of the latest victim. I was taken to where they lay. The attendants were about to disrobe the upper part of the body, when I pointed to the feet, and bade them uncover it there. They lifted the mat with which it was concealed, and there, round the slender ankle, was the circular, band-like mark, the exact counterpart of that which I had beheld long before, when the happy home of one of my dearest friends was turned into a house of bitterest mourning.

"Unknown to the accused, I was present at the trial. Gholab—the other was hardly a sane being—in turn accused the alligators, many of which monsters infested the stream, and vociferously protested his own innocence, even when the bangle-like fetter, chain, and rope, which had been the instruments of murder, and which, as well as the ornaments of the poor victim, had been traced to his possession, were laid on the table before him. When these things were produced, I came from my station somewhat in the rear of the accused, advanced toward the table, keeping my face averted from them, and then taking up the chain and fetter, turned slowly round and confronted them with the evidences of guilt in my hand. For a few seconds the gaze of Gholab, though piercing and intense to the last degree, was evidently more of wonder than alarm; but suddenly recognition shot into his brain, and may I never again behold such terror and despair in the depths of a human soul (for in his glowing eyeballs it seemed all unveiled) as were then opened up like a vision into Hades before me. He stood rigid, immovable, and when the trial went on spoke never a word again, though so fiercely animated before. Still the trial went on, and the judge was about to pronounce sentence of death, when, starting suddenly from his seeming trance, Gholab threw up his arms, and with a wild cry fell back in a fit of horrible convulsions. The unspoken sentence of a Judge more potent had not only gone forth, but had been executed too: the man was dead—"

"And you think the circular abrasions around the ankle of young Westerton were—"

"The marks of the alligator's teeth."

"And what became of the other—the cousin?"

"He did not live even to inherit. The old squire dragged on a broken life for some time, evincing little interest in anything, and rarely showing himself beyond his own doors, never beyond his grounds. One day, however, he seemed suddenly to have formed a strange resolution, which was neither more nor less than to drain the lake; he summoned a large body of laborers, and set them to work to perform the almost impracticable task. His nephew, who had not been near the spot since the catastrophe which restored him to his old position of heir to the Westerton estates, as soon as he heard of the old man's doings, urged either by apprehended damage to the property or by apprehensions of a far more formidable character — namely, lest something might be revealed—hastened down at once, first to use his influence with his uncle, and, that failing, to stop the work on his own authority. As to the old man, he could not be prevailed on to consent to do so, steadily refusing at last to utter even a single word on the subject of his nephew's complaints, but quietly persevering with his design. In fear and rage the latter hurried to the workmen, and ordered them to desist. The foreman, however, having heard how matters stood, refused to stop work without the direct orders of the Squire himself; a refusal which so enraged Westerton that he seized the man by the throat, and a personal altercation and struggle ensued, which ended in the former being thrown back into the water. Of course he was quickly extricated, but, through the neglect of proper precautions, a severe cold and fever ensued, which, passing through the stages of a delirium, in which he uttered words now best forgotten, finally led to his death. Who shall say whether retributive justice did not show itself in this? At all events, whoever they were who participated in the death of my friend, they are gone where the shortcomings of human justice are unknown, and, let us add, where the limits of human long-suffering and human mercy are far exceeded."

A RESURRECTION STORY.

SOME years since an eccentric old genius named Barnes was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot River, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly of sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning on going to work that the well had essentially caved in, and was really full to the top. So, having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks, by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat on the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo and behold it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes's self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived, and began prospecting the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgement it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister.

His wife thought that as "he had left his hat and coat it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was decided to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and coatless as he went) at the door of the old farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and he had only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being much at random, instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot River.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting-place.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

YESTERDAY, a poor one-legged Confederate soldier, still clothed with the remnants of his worn gray jacket, sank down exhausted on the steps of the Story Buildings at the corner of Camp and Gravier Streets. A Federal sergeant passing at the time, looked on compassionately, and after passing on some distance, in order not to attract attention, quietly returned and slipped a contribution into his hand. Delicately and unostentatiously as this was done, a handsome pair of eyes were watching, and witnessed the little tribute of charity and kindness. All honor to the brave soldier! Such as he can never be our enemies, and such acts, by challenging our admiration and our sympathies, do more to restore and consolidate the olden "Union" than all the freedmen's bureaus, reconstruction committees, and Radical legislation that could be crowded into a century. When will our New England political doctors learn that kindness is, after all, the touchstone of the Southern character, and that no living people more thoroughly exemplify the old and beautiful maxim that "the milk of kindness makes the world I think."—*New Orleans Times.*

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.

THE parsons having returned from their Summer vacation resumed their pulpits on Sunday for a new political campaign. They appear to be refreshed with the waters of fashionable resorts, salt and fresh; but the "waters of life" do not appear to have inspired them much toward the fulfilment of their supposed mission—the spiritual regeneration of their flocks. With few exceptions the sermons preached on Sunday were political harangues, some covert and insidious, some open, bold, and almost blasphemous. Dr. Bellows, while taking his text from the Bible, descanted, not upon the duty of man to his Creator, but upon the elections; dragged into the pulpit the "glorious news from Maine and Vermont;" speculated upon the prospects in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana; and concluded by a prayer to the Almighty that He might guide the people to vote the Radical ticket at the coming elections.

Such language one might expect to hear in the gatherings at street corners or in bar-rooms; but your political parson thinks that they are subjects good enough for the house of God. These rejoicings over elections past and prophetic, auguries of the result of elections to come were mixed up with the most undignified abuse of the President of the United States and his Administration. Are there no souls at all to be saved in Dr. Bellows's "Church of All Souls?" Are the ways of the politicians of more importance to his congregation than "the way, the truth, and the life," which he is supposed to lead them to? Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, too, opened his discourse with a prayer that the President might be led "through darkness into light," that is to say the darkness which envelops the upholders of the Constitution to the ethereal light of Radicalism, with its symbols of blood and fire and a new civil war. The other political preachers were more delicate in their illusions. Dr. Tyng informed his audience that he had his tincture bottled up, but would open it on a future occasion. With such an example before them in the pulpits filled by white preachers we cannot be surprised that the poor blacks of Zion Church were entertained by their colored pastor with somewhat similar, though much more moderate and Christian language; nor that when he announced that the Saviour had died for colored as well as white sinners, one of the congregation cried out "Bully for him," and the whole crowd rose to their feet, shouting, stamping, and screaming. This was, no doubt, most unseemly conduct in a church, but not a whit worse than the indecorum of the white parsons who introduce politics, profanity, a spirit of uncharitableness, and a firebrand of discord into their pulpit speeches. It is the general opinion that the business of ministers of religion is to save souls and promulgate the doctrine of charity to all men; but ministers of Dr. Bellows's, and Dr. Cheever's, and Dr. Tyng's stamp despise all such old-fashioned notions. They evidently regard the pulpit as a political rostrum, and instead of being the mouth-piece of the gospel they have become the agents of politicians and the Evil One.—*New York Herald.*

WHAT THEY EAT AT XENIA.

THE "Fat Contributor" gives the following experience of endeavoring to get dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami Railroad.

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia.

Arriving there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of a waiter:

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head in trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood by the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," said he.

I told him I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me in addition a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties, garnished with postage-stamps and ten-cent scrip. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on "draught."

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and he then ordered the waiter to go to the bank and draw some.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

A GOOD character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to an artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can well build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity—a helping hand will never be wanted; but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse; with it, scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where good character is not. All that is bright in the hope of youth, and that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire talk of the first and most valuable good.