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To a Rose.

Rose of the morning, in thy glowing beauty
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely,
Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,
Daughter of heaven!
Wake! for the watery clouds are all dispersing;
Zeyphr invites thee—frosts and snows of winter
All are departed, and Favonia breezes
Welcome thee smiling.
Rise in their beauty!—Wilt thou form a garland
Round the fair brow of some beloved maiden?
Pure though she be, unhallowed temple never,
Flow'ret! shall wear thee.
Thou shouldst be wreathed in coronal immortal—
Thou shouldst be flung upon a shrine eternal—
Thou shouldst be twined among the golden ringlets
Of the pure Virgin.

In Absence.

Though spices lure me, and the rose-tree throws
Its heart of fragrance to beguile the sense—
Though warm airs woo me, and the beauty grows
Intense—
Though sunsets ravish with their blue and gold
And amber moons enchant the tropic zone,
Love grows a-weary, and my heart a-cold,
Alone!

Then come, my darling, come again to me,
Nor linger longer on the far-off shore;
Between us there shall roll the cruel sea
No more.
I long to clasp you in a fond embrace,
And tell you, tell you with my every breath,
I ne'er again will miss your loving face
Till death.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

The beautiful river Rhine, in some of its windings, is not unlike that portion of our Hudson which flows through the Highlands. But it differs vastly from the latter, in that the grand old hills and immense rocks lying on either side are covered with ruins of what were once massive towers, castles, and strongholds. These frowning battlements, perched upon jagged rocks and steep mountain passes, were the homes of warlike knights and barons of olden time, whose lives seemed spent in warring against each other. To all these ancient ruins throughout Germany, as well as on the Rhine, are attached some story or romance woven from history and tradition. A charming German author has gathered into a little volume many of these legends. One of the most delightful of the legends is connected with Richard I, King of England, called Richard "Cœur-de-Lion" because of his idomitable courage and bravery.

Richard was born in Oxford, and in 1189 succeeded his father, Henry II. It is said that his haughty spirit and unbending will hastened the death of the old king. Partly from remorse for past misconduct, partly from martial taste, which early in life distinguished him, soon after his accession to the throne he leagued with Philip of France for a second crusade in Palestine against the famous Saladin, Emperor of Egypt and Syria. Saladin had wrested Jerusalem from the hands of the Christian Knight, Reginald de Chatillon, and slain many of his followers. News of this disaster reaching England, Richard determined to regain possession of the holy city. The key to Syria was the fortress of St. Jean-D'Acre, which endured a siege of two years before yielding to the combined forces of England and France. However, before the lion-hearted monarch had time to regain possession of Jerusalem, news reached him of war at home. He concluded a truce with Saladin, and quickly embarked to quell the revolt in his own kingdom. On the coast of Italy he was shipwrecked. Nothing daunted by this new misfortune, he disguised himself as a pilgrim, hoping to pass through Germany unseen. By some means, however, he became known to Leopold, Duke of Austria, who, to gratify a personal prejudice, caused him to be arrested and secretly imprisoned. The fame of this great monarch had been spread far and near by pilgrims to the Holy Land; by the songs of trobadours, and the plaudits of those who had fought under him. His own knights worshiped him, and a number of them banded together, determined, if he were still living, to find his hiding-place and deliver him.

On a lovely summer morning a troop of horsemen were passing through the country in which lay a portion of the Hartz Mountains. Three noble-looking men rode forward, evidently the leaders of the troop which followed. The middle horseman was dressed as a minstrel, and on his face was an expression of deep pain and anxiety. Suddenly he stopped his horse, to catch the notes of a shepherd, singing in the far-off field. No sooner was the song finished, than he dashed towards the astonished singer.

"My boy, sing that again! See, I have gold for you!"

"'Tis a song I love!" said the boy, as he took the gold and re-commenced his music.

"Now, tell me, lad," said the minstrel, "who taught you that song."

"I dare not tell!" replied the boy, as he glanced with suspicion at the knight.

"Aye! But you *must* tell me! No harm shall come to you! See here is more gold for you."

"I have heard it sung in the castle of Triefels, near which I often feed my sheep."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the minstrel, bursting into tears as he knelt on the ground, "How wondrous are thy ways!"

His companions approached him with amazement, to hear him exclaim: "We have found him! On to Triefels!"

After the excitement of their supposed discovery had abated, they decided, first, to get a view of the fortress, and then mature their plans for getting within it. The shepherd boy, who was to guide them thither, told them no strangers were allowed to cross the drawbridge, and the keeper was imperious and unsociable. Soon the towers of Triefels glittered in the sun, and after a graceful survey of its surroundings, they moved away for further deliberation.

"My friends," said the knight, "in my minstrel's dress I must try alone to gain admission to the castle. Meantime, this boy will find you lodgings in the hamlet below. If our noble king is imprisoned here we must release him."

Thus saying, and with one servant to bear his shield and harp, he rode to the bridge and demanded food and shelter for himself and servant. After much parley, he was received; but very ungraciously. However, within these dreary walls he found a beautiful woman, the keeper's niece, whose smile was like the warm sunlight on a winter's day.

After dinner the minstrel sung to the drowsy uncle and the charming niece. As the former, after a while, seemed to sleep soundly, the knight began:

"You seem to love music, fair lady! But surely you do not often hear it in this lonely castle."

"No! only myself and one poor prisoner sing."

"A prisoner!"

"Yes, and he must be of gentle birth! But I dare not say more, less my uncle wake. He will be angry if I talk of him."

"Tell me one thing, dear maiden, can I hear the song of this one, who sings for freedom?"

"Yes, if you listen to-night; his melancholy brings the tears to my eyes often enough!"

Just now, the old keeper awoke, and, giving orders to lead the stranger to his apartment, he himself went out. When our knight entered his chamber, he went to the window, and vainly strove, through the deepening twilight, to find the tower in which he supposed his dear king to be. Soon, a melancholy voice was heard singing these words:

"The golden stars wander over hill and valley, messengers of my longings and my griefs. In this gloomy prison, I pass my life, and can only confide my woes to Heaven."

"Oh! my king!" sobbed the knight, as a pale face appeared at a tower window. How can I tell you how near your friends are?"

"The harp!" he cried suddenly, and, snatching it up, with trembling fingers, he played a romance which he had once composed for the king.

No sooner had he finished a few bars than the voice in the tower caught up the air and finished it. "Blondel?" exclaimed the king. For answer, the minstrel again seized the harp and sang:

"Oh, Richard! oh, my king!
The world abandons thee,
And no one now is seeking
Thy deliverance but me.
I'll save thy precious person,
I will break thy cruel chain,
I pledge myself in song
Thy freedom to regain."

Blondel spent the night in laying plans for the deliverance of Richard. He resolved to gain admittance into the castle for his followers through his friendship for the lovely girl, who had already made an impression on his heart.

Within a day or two the newly elected emperor was to be crowned at Frankfort. On the evening of the coronation, he directed the landlord of the little inn, near Trilfels, to give to the garrison of the castle a banquet, that with proper ceremony they might drink to the health of the new monarch. Meanwhile one by one, his own trusty knights stole, through the twilight, to the woods behind the castle.

At a late hour of the evening the little sidegate of the fortress opened, as the young maiden cautiously stole out to meet Blondel.

Then for the first time, he unfolded to her the real object of his meeting with her, entreating her to fly back to England with the king (whom he was about to liberate) and himself, assuring her that every token of love and gratitude should be shown her if she would yield to his wish.

With a cry of astonishment and pain, she exclaimed, "Oh, traitor! oh, woe! my poor uncle!" As she turned to fly within the castle walls, the followers of Blondel—who, in the darkness, had approached unperceived—flocked about her, and made their way to the castellan's room, where the tower keys were kept. The few defenders of the fortress who were not at the village feast were soon overpowered. The old keeper was powerless to do aught; but he cried out, as the liberated Richard stood before him: "Against this deed, contrary to the law of nations, I protest, and swear that you shall not leave Germany in safety!" The poor maiden threw herself upon her knees, and accused herself as the cause of this terrible disaster.

Meanwhile, the report of the attack upon the castle had reached the inn, and the warriors came back in hot haste to find themselves barred outside the walls, with a threat that if they did not disperse the castellan should lose his head and the castle be destroyed.

Blondel and the king urged the maiden to return with them to England, but she could not forgive the man who had used her heart for an act of treason.

Blondel left her, but not till she had accepted a ring and chain of gold in token of his remembrance of her love and service towards him. We do not propose to follow the fortunes of Cœur de-Lion after his escape from Triefels; but to tell our readers what tradition says of the minstrel Blondel and the unhappy maiden. Many, many years after the events which we have described and on another summer day, a gray-haired cavalier rode over the same mountain pass, where the king had been sought and found.

"Here," murmured he, "here have I felt in days gone by the highest bliss and the deepest woe of my life!" Slowly he rode till he had reached the little inn.

As he looked into the face of the landlord he discovered the features of the young shepherd boy. With an almost tender interest the two (one of whom was Blondel) talked of the past.

In tears the now old minstrel learnt the sad fate of the castellan and his niece. He was killed by some hidden hand after the flight of Richard was discovered. The broken-hearted maiden entered a convent near Baden, where henceforth her life and history were lost to the world.

None can visit this ancient ruin of Triefels without a melancholy interest as they recall the dreary prison-life of the great King Richard, the touching romance of the minstrel knight Blondel, and the lovely, loving maiden over whose story centuries have now rolled.

Working on a Rancho.

A young man who went West thus reveals some of his unsatisfactory experiences, in a note to the editor of the Denver (Col.) *News:* "Being out of work—but not loafing—I thought I would try the rancho business, so I walked four or five miles out on the Platte, and I found a rancho where there are employed from twenty to twenty-five hands at $1 per day. Now, Mr. Editor, I shall tell you facts—nothing more—so here it goes. You are obliged to get up at 4 o'clock; get breakfast. However, during bug time—potato bugs—you get up at 3 o'clock and shake Paris green until breakfast—5 o'clock. You work until 11 o'clock and get dinner—half hour nooning. Then work until 6 o'clock—supper—and, as soon as you swallow your supper, work until 9 or 10 o'clock tieing up vegetables for market. All this for $1 a day. Sundays one-fourth of a day is allowed you—25 cents—to work from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 9 o'clock at night. Now, is this not enough to sicken a poor man's heart? The food is enough, but poor—no milk or butter allowed on the table, and you sleep like hogs, in an old barn and stable, full of graybacks and bedbugs. I like to work, but was obliged to give up. I hope some good and kind-hearted ranchman will give me work and a home where I will not have to work sixteen out of the twenty-four hours for $1 per day."

The Locomotive.

From a paper on the locomotive engine, by Joseph Harrison, Jr., read before the members of the Franklin institute in Pennsylvania, is taken the following paragraph:

"The engineer, noting the curious things in bronze and in copper exhumed at Pompeii and gathered together in the Museo Borbonica at Naples, will linger near a small vessel for heating water, little more than a foot high, in which are combined nearly all the principles involved in the modern vertical steam boiler—fire box, smoke flue through the top and fire door at the side, all complete; and strange to say, this little thing has a water grate made of small tubes crossing the fire box at the bottom, an idea that has been patented twenty times over, in one shape or another, within the period of the history of the steam engine."

Since the cutting down of the exchange lists, there has been much useless handling of useless newspapers avoided, and the exchange fiend has to some extent discontinued his visits.

A Village Farmer.

The Story as it was Told to Us.

In one of the small villages less than twenty miles from New York lives a farmer, if he may be so called, who has only eight acres of tillable land, and a few acres of swamp land devoted part to forest and part to pasturage. When young he learned the mason's trade. The land came in part from his father and the rest he bought after a time, and when there was no such thing as village near, or thought of. After learning his trade he married a nice girl, and they lived in a small house; but as no work was to be had near, he sought it in neighboring towns, and if the distance was not great, not over five miles, he boarded at home, and walked to and from his work nights and mornings. Wages at that time were only $1.25 per day, but he saved money every year, and after a time he was able to buy a few more acres, which he would cultivate when he could get no mason work. In seven or eight years he got so forehanded as to be able to buy brick enough at $5 per M, delivered, to build a nice two-story house. The way he did the work may be of some interest to the present eight-hour men. It was fortunate that just at this time he had a good job of brick and stone work only two miles distant, so that he could easily eat his breakfast at home and get on the walls just after sunrise. That was the time when even the ten-hour rule had not been adopted, so they all worked till sundown. After eating his supper and working in his garden or corn-field as long as he could see, he went to bed, and was ready next morning with the lark. Then he hired a man for 50 cents a day to dig his cellar, which was 7 feet deep, 40 feet long, and 28 feet wide. By this time he had an apprentice, and taking a few days' time from the job they laid up the wall. After that, when the moon shone, and while the apprentice and everybody were asleep he would lay brick alone, making his own mortar and tending himself. The wall was thick, and had air spaces, and the house is standing today, and will stand many a day. Of course it was not finished that year; it was little more than inclosed by the next fall, and it required another year before it was completed from top to bottom—with a smoke-house in the chimney in the cellar, also a fire-place, a cistern under the kitchen, while the sitting-room, parlor, and parlor bedrooms had plaster cornices and gay centerpieces overhead, all done in the best style of workmanship. Then his wife had flowers and shrubbery in the greatest variety; grapes were abundant, and there were all kinds of cherries, plums, pears, and apples.

That was the way he got a home. Now he does not work much at his trade, except in winter, when there is nice inside finishing to do, then he gets $5 a day; but he is engaged mostly in farming. On the place are kept four cows, a span of horses, two hogs, and a large stock of poultry. The yield of hay is over two tons to the acre, corn usually yields 60 bushels an acre, the orchard yields from 500 to 1,000 bushels of apples, and potatoes and vegetables of all kinds. Last year he sold sweet corn to neighbors, who came after it at 25 cents a dozen, for which he got over $150. Milk from the four cows is sold at the house at seven cents a quart to the amount of several hundred dollars. The horses are fat, the cows are fat, the hogs are fat, and the hens fat enough to produce on an average a dozen eggs a day the year round. It is true that our friend is rough-looking, and sometimes dirty, for he has not yet learned the ten-hour system; but if you go to his house as a visitor, you will find him cheerful as the day—you will see a large orange tree in the bay window of the sitting-room, most the year bearing golden fruit, and at the close of a summer's day he will be delighted to sit with you on the piazza shaded with vines and cluster roses, and talk of the good days gone, and not less of the good days to come, with a nice village all around, and a railroad with ever so two miles distant, so that he could easily eat his breakfast at home and get on the walls just after sunrise. That was the time when even the ten-hour rule had not been adopted, so they all worked till sundown. After eating his supper and working in his garden or corn-field as long as he could see, he went to bed, and was ready next morning with the lark. Then he hired a man for 50 cents a day to dig his cellar, which was 7 feet deep, 40 feet long, and 28 feet wide. By this time he had an apprentice, and taking a few days' time from the job they laid up the wall. After that, when the moon shone, and while the apprentice and everybody were asleep he would lay brick alone, making his own mortar and tending himself. The wall was thick, and had air spaces, and the house is standing today, and will stand many a day. Of course it was not finished that year; it was little more than inclosed by the next fall, and it required another year before it was completed from top to bottom—with a smoke-house in the chimney in the cellar, also a fire-place, a cistern under the kitchen, while the sitting-room, parlor, and parlor bedrooms had plaster cornices and gay centerpieces overhead, all done in the best style of workmanship. Then his wife had flowers and shrubbery in the greatest variety; grapes were abundant, and there were all kinds of cherries, plums, pears, and apples.

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