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Poetry.

SUMMER RAIN.

What sound so sweet,
After a day of fiery heat,
And sun-strokes in the dusty street,
As the pleasant voice of the singing rain
Dashing against the window pane?

The queenly rose
And vassal flowers their eyes unclose!
While God His benison bestows;
And the sick man dreams of health again,
Cheered by the dance of the drooping rain.

The bubbles break
While showers descend on the breezy lake,
And the water nymphs from slumber wake;
Homeward driving his harvest wain
The farmer curses the cooling rain.

The plague fiend stops
In his dread career to hear the drops;
Then, farmer, why mourn o'er your crops;
True faith sublime ne'er leaned in vain
On the Power that sends us the healing rain.

It bringeth cure
To the blistered feet of the starving poor,
And their hearts are strengthened to endure;
While we, in love with life again,
His hot brow bares to the welcome rain.

Pattering shells
Of murmuring streams
And the silvery chime of fairy bells,
Were never born such music spells,
To cheer the visionary brain
Of listening bard as the summer rain.

Earth looks more fair
When drops that banish the sun's hot glare
Fall from the cisterns of upper air;
And her breast is cleansed of many a stain
By the gentle bath of the summer rain.

It caught its chime,
Not in this fading realm of time,
But above, above in a holier clime;
And I ever hear an angel's strain
Blend with the dash of the summer rain.

WHOM FIRST WE LOVE.

Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed,
Time rules us all. And life, indeed is not
What we planned it our love hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep;
God help us all! who need, indeed his care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His Sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eyes, I know,
And they say, he has his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his hot breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom, I loved, long ago.

Why might have been—ah, what I dare not think.
We are all changed. God judges for our best,
Should we not patiently trust and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep, some woes are hard to bear;
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
Little child, he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

Miscellaneous.

My Private School.

"Look at that!" cried my grandmother, striking an attitude worthy of Lady Macbeth when she addressed the fatal spot on her hand; this time, however, it was only the scissors, which, in falling, stood upright in the floor.

"I see. It's nothing uncommon, is it?"

"Did you ever know it to happen that a stranger didn't come before the day was out?"

"I never noticed; somebody was always coming, for the matter of that;"

"I tell you that sign don't never fail" (my grandmother always used double negatives when she meant to be emphatic; "most others will but that's one on a book. And another thing, there was a stranger in my tea to-night, a long one—that shows 'tis a man that's comin'. Some folks set a great deal by that sign; but it ain't to be mentioned the same day with the scissors standing up in the floor."

"I hope he will come soon, for the storm will, be here before him;" and with these words the wind went wailing around the house, and the first big drops beat against the window pane.

Three score years and ten had not taken the first bloom from the romance of my grandmother's character; it was fresh and green as in her girlhood.—Beggars heard of her afar off, and ran to fall on the neck of her charity.

She followed the advice of Lamb without ever having read it. When a poor creature came before her she said not to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implored her assistance, had a veritable existence, but cast her bread upon the waters, and lived in faith.

In fact, she had cast so much bread upon the waters in the course of her long life, and so small a proportion had come back to her, that she had nothing left for herself except the old farm and the gambrel roofed house.

Within its walls my father had first seen the light, and lived till he went out to fight his world. He felt early in the selfsame, and my mother soon followed him; but not until she had marked out my way in life, and so fixed me in the groove of her ideas that I had no choice left. I went to a village academy till I was old enough to enter the "Normal School," for my destiny was to be a teacher. My little income had to be eked out in some way; and of all work to which a woman may turn her hand, a school, perhaps, divides the burden most equally between body and mind.

When I graduated, my grandmother left the old gambrel roof for the first time, and came home with her for a "breathing spell" (as she said) before getting a place to teach.

As to my future, I was neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. At twenty life runs on with very little friction; there is excitement enough in mere youth to make living a pleasure.

The evening drew on with ever-increasing gusts of wind, and the old house shook to its foundations, but it clung gallantly to the great central chimneys, which, being nearly as broad as it was high, could afford to be indifferent, when wind and weather came to blows and made a night of it.

"I hope you don't mean to sit up for that somebody who is coming. All signs fail in wet weather."

The words were scarcely spoken when we heard the tread of a horse running at full gallop down the street, and above the hissing, the crash of the fence, and all was still.

We held our breath and listened. Soon a man's step sounded slow and heavy on the walk, and my grandmother rushed to open the door.

"Don't be scart," said the familiar voice of one of our neighbors, and he stumbled in, carrying a man, pale and lifeless, in his arms.

"Lay him right on the lounge—get the camphor bottle—here's somebody sure enough—don't tell me again that there wasn't call. What's it, Joe?"

"I dunno his name; city fellow, I reckon; said he'd pay me most any price to get him to Meriden to-night.—The mare did well enough until we got to that 'ere hill, then a flash scared her, and she never stopped till she brought up agin your fence. If he hadn't been a fool and jumped out, he might 'a been a spry as I am; but some folks don't know nothin'."

"That's so that the rest can get a livin' out of 'em," said my grandmother. Meantime she was vigorously chafing his hands and feet, while I dashed the camphor in his face, and bathed the broad white forehead, which certainly promised well for the brain behind it.

"He must be dead," said I; "he don't come to at all."

"No he ain't. Folks can't be killed so easy. He'll give you trouble enough before you're done with him. Now I'll go after the doctor; tain't noways likely he'll know any more what's the matter than we do: but he'll pretend to, and if the man dies it's his fault and not ourn."

The doctor found no bones broken, but the dead was injured, and he must be put to bed and kept as quiet as possible. Now was my grandmother in her element.

"You couldn't work any harder," said I, "if he were your own son.

"He is somebody's own son; we mustn't never forget that, you know."

Our patient fell from his fainting fit into a fever; and from morning till night, till morning again, he tossed and turned with one continuous cry to drive faster, for he must be in Meriden that night. My grandmother was nurse-in-chief, but she often made me her deputy when the labor began to wear upon her."

The doctor had found some cards in the note-book of our patient, with the name of "John Jacob Deane" engraved on them; but we had no other clew to his identity. It is impossible to watch over a patient, day and night, striving to be both brain and hands to him without growing into a very strong feeling towards him of attachment or dislike. It was so with me, though I scarcely dared whisper to myself to which order of feeling my own should belong. I thought of him all the time, and if he had died it would have been a blow to me, albeit I had never heard him speak a conscious word.

It was the tenth day of the fever, and he had been motionless for a long time; a sudden movement made me look up. His eyes were fastened on me with a new expression, I knew that he saw me for the first time.

"Don't leave me," he said, faintly, as I was about to call my grandmother. I gave him his cordial which was kept for this crisis, and he received it at once.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "I was bound for Meriden, what then?"

"You jumped from the wagon when the horse was running near our house, and were brought in insensible."

"Last night, I suppose; I must go on to Meriden to-day."

"We suppose it was ten days ago, and you could go to the moon as easily as to Meriden. The doctor says you must be very quiet."

"Jupiter Tonans! ten days! Whose house is this?"

"It belongs to my grandmother, Mrs. Temperance Hale. I will call her to see you."

"Thank you; I can wait. Perhaps the sight of another stranger might fatigue me too much."

But I thought he might safely be left alone for a while.

"He will talk all the time," I said to my grandmother when she went up stairs.

"I don't see but he's quiet enough," she said, coming down again in a few minutes. He wants you to write a letter him."

I wrote one this wise from his dictation:

"DEAR MARY—I came to grief within five miles of Meriden, as they tell me I have been light-headed for a matter of ten days. The business that I came on will have to be done all over again.—Nevertheless, I will not 'abandon hope' till I enter at the door which, according to Dante, bears that inscription.

"Ever yours, J. J. DEANE."

"You must stuff speak another word," I said imperatively.

"I promise, if you will sing again what you were singing when I found myself in the body this afternoon."

So I sang "Allen Percy," and "Auld Robin Gray," and two or three other old ballads of which I had a store, and my patient soon fell into a healthy sleep. The next day he found his appetite, and from that time came back to health with wonderful rapidity. He was docile as a lamb to my grandmother, but with me he became the most exacting and troublesome convalescent that ever tried a woman's patience. He openly preferred my grandmother's dainty dishes, and if I left him for an hour his bell would ring, and I went back to find his pillows on the floor, and his head so hot that nothing but stroking it with cologne and singing all the while would cool it. To keep him still I read aloud for hours, thinking far more of him than of my book.

We grew very well acquainted in these long summer days, till I went to Meriden on a shopping expedition. I found a thick letter at the postoffice for Mr. Deane, which had been lying there nearly three weeks. It was directed in a lady's hand, and I thought the sight of it brought a shadow to his face.

He looked so glad to see me after my two hour's absence that I went up stairs in quite a flutter of spirits. Could it be possible that I was to taste at last the joy of being thus welcomed and read with unsatisfied longing? But I would not stop to think about it.

"Here's a letter for you that Job brought in while you were gone," said my grandmother.

I took it and glanced at Mr. Deane.—He sat by the open window reading one short leaf, his brows knit frown, while the other lay beside him. Suddenly a light breeze whirled it out into the flower-plat, and I ran out to get it. It had not occurred to me to be curious about the letter, and nothing was farther from my thoughts than to read even the date of it; but the writing was large and plain, and, as I stooped to pick it up, the first four words were burned into my mind like letters of fire.

"My own dear husband." Surely it should have been nothing to me that Mr. Deane's wife had written to him; but, woe is me! the fact of his having a wife at all was like a death-blow to me—like the instant before drowning when one sees at a glance the whole map of one's life.

I gave him the letter without looking at him, and went up to my room.

Doubtless this was the "Dear Mary" to whom I had written that first letter from his dictation, and I had foolishly taken it for granted that she was his sister. He had never spoken of her; but married people are always mysterious, and her poverty might be far above rubies nevertheless. He had done nothing to make her jealous. Once he had taken my hand and touched it with his lips; and all the rest of the foundations of my castle in the air lay in looks more or less expressed.

But he love, it appears, was all on my side. He was idle and grateful, that was all.

I would go away at once, no matter where. Mr. Deane was so far recovered that my grandmother could easily attend to all his wants, and he could soon return to his home in Meriden. It would be something to remember, if nothing more.

Then I read my own letter, and in it was my way of escape.

Aunt Rachel wrote to say that "she was at death's door with neuralgia, and would I come to help her with the children." She saw that door so often in her own accounts of her sufferings that familiarity with it had rather hardened my heart toward Aunt Rachel, but now was ready to lay all the stress on her letter which it would bear.

"What will Mr. Deane say to your going away?" said my grandmother, when I had impressed on her mind my duty to Aunt Rachel.

"I don't care what he says."

"Lor!" said my grandmother, with a look which implied a two hours' speech at least.

"That letter was from his wife," I said hastily, anxious to put at her.

She never answered a word, but just kissed me on both eyes, and stroked my hair tenderly for a minute or two. Then we parted for the night, and I went away in the morning before Mr. Deane was up.

Aunt Rachel was out of sight of "death's door" long before I reached her, as I had confidently supposed she would be; but she welcomed me heartily and the kisses of the children soothed somewhat the sore spot in my heart.

But the next three days's the activity of the "busy one," long ago impaled on a poetical pin, was not to be compared with mine. If there were any gifts of healing in mere work, I was determined to have them out of it; but the image of Mr. Deane was ever in my mind's eye, and, as people say who have not been to the "Normal," I got no better fast.

Last of all I went huckleberrying with the children, and picked as for my life.

"There's a strange man coming across the field," said one of them.

I looked up after a minute, and took Mr. Deane's offered hand.

"If you teach school as you pick berries your fortune will be soon made," he said, with the glad look in his eyes which seemed to banish that dreadful wife of his to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"How did you find me?"

"By my wife, chiefly. Your grandmother was as mysterious over your departure as if you had gone into a convent; but when I told her I had good news for you; she relented and gave me the clue to your hiding place."

"And Aunt Rachel directed you here?"

"Precisely."

"What is your good news?"

"I have heard of a school that you can have for the asking."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you."

"It is a private school, and very small; but it has the reputation of being difficult to manage; and from all that I know of you, I have concluded that you will be the right person. Will you undertake it?"

"Yes, if you are sure of my fitness."

"I havn't a doubt of it. I said the school is small—it has, in fact, one scholar, aged thirty-two, and his name is John Jacob Deane."

If I said anything or committed myself in any way for some minutes after this astounding speech, I have entirely forgotten it.

"And that letter,"—I found myself saying after a while.

"Was from my sister to her husband who had deserted her. It was to look after him and bring him to reason that I was riding poste-haste to Meriden that wild night. She inclosed it in a letter to me. "I forgot to mention," he said after a pause, which was not so without eloquence of its own, "that my school begins about the first of September."

"Now if I am to teach it," said I. "I shall spend that month and others after it in turning all my fortune into the pretty thing that I have always longed for."

When Miss Rebecca Verjuice, my former room mate at the "Normal," heard the story of my engagement, she wrote me a letter of congratulation, in which she intimated darkly that mine would be one of the many matches founded on gratitude.

"John Jacob," said I, solemnly, when I saw him again, "if you are about to marry me out of gratitude, tell me at once, that I may flee to my Aunt Rachel while there is yet time.

"My dear little schoolmistress," he replied, "if I had been moved only by gratitude I should have proposed to your grandmother."

PAUL SCHŒPPE.

The Official Record of his Crime in Germany.

Authentic transcripts of the judicial documents relating to the crimes committed in Germany by Paul Schoppe, now lying in the Carlisle jail under sentence of death for the murder of Miss Maria Stinnecke, have been received in Baltimore. The same record also shows the crimes of his father, who officiated in the capacity of Pastor in Carlisle. From the full statement contained in the Baltimore *Sun*, we make up the following summary:

Paul Schoppe, a student of theology, son of the preacher Schœppe, of Baudzach, near Cossen, frequented the gymnasium (college) of Zullichnau until Easter, 1860. In April, 1860, he entered as a soldier the Pioneer Battalion of the Royal Guard at Berlin, and was in September of the same year promoted to the position of port-epee (sword bearing) ensign. After having been put under arrest two weeks for contracting debts without permission, and on suspicion of defaulting, and after the communication had been made to him that he could not calculate upon being ever promoted to an officer's position, he was, upon his own request, in June, 1861, dismissed. He left the service five weeks thereafter he applied to Count Blankensee, at Berlin, for aid. He gave as a motive for his request, that his father, with a limited income, and with a younger son at the gymnasium (college,) was not in the condition to grant him the means for a course of studies, and that he had, ever since leaving the gymnasium, at Easter, felt an anxious desire to study theology.

Confiding in the assertions made in the letter, and without looking into the writer's past life, the Count engaged the student, Schœppe, as amanuensis, and for other services, with a salary of ten thalers a month. From November, 1861, up to the time of his arrest, on March 3d, 1862, Schœppe worked almost daily, as a rule during some hours in the morning, sometimes also in the afternoon, at the Count's Berlin dwelling, "unter den Linden," (under the Linden) No. 70. He was treated by both the Count and Countess with a benevolence and kindness. Schœppe used the relation to the Count and the opportunity offered thereby for the commitment of several criminal acts.

First. On the 19th of December, 1861, in the evening between 6 and 7 o'clock, there appeared in the counting room of the Berlin bankers, Jacquier & Securins, who manage the money matters of Count Blankensee, a young man, apparently twenty and some years old, of a tall and lank stature and appearance.—He presented an order reading literally: "On my order, I request the bankers, Jacquier & Securins, to pay to Dr. Phil. Mutius, Five Hundred Thalers. G. Blankensee, Berlin, December 19th, 1861."

Both the banker, Securins, and the cashier, Duchstein, said to the man that they had no advice of the order, and that they could not pay it if not requested to do so by the Count, either in writing or by his porter, who was known to them. Young Schœppe managed by a trick to get the porter to deliver a message which satisfied the scruples of the bankers, and the order was paid, he receipting for it on the back of the order, as follows: "Five Hundred Thalers I have this day received. Mutius, Doctor. The forgery was detected but Schœppe escaped punishment because the bank officers could not swear distinctly to his identity.

From the seized correspondence of Schœppe with his parents, it becomes evident that the latter were already in January, 1862, acquainted with the fact that their son was suspected of forgery. They warned him to be on his guard so as not to give rise to suspicion, and he was sure that he would be watched as to his expenses and otherwise. The mother seems also to have been aware of the fact that he was in possession of ample means, for she often charged him with little commissions, became thereby indebted to him, and even asked him once for a loan of fifty thalers.

Count Blakensee keeps his money and valuable papers mostly in an iron safe in his (Berlin) dwelling, No. 60 "Under the Linden." On the 21st of February, 1862, the Count, upon opening his safe, discovered the ninety thalers which had been taken from it. On the 24th, making a further examination, he found the following valuable papers had been stolen: 5,000 thalers in 25 stock certificates of the Aachen Dusseldorf Railroad Company, at 200 thalers each; 2,000 thalers in 200 shares of the Berge Mark Railroad, at 100 thalers each; 58,000 florins in 50 bonds of the Imperial Austrian National Loan; 28,500 thalers in 285 bonds of the Thuringian Railroad Company.

On the 3d of March the police arrested Pastor Schœppe for selling three of the stolen Thuringian bonds to the bankers Nathorff at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and also arrested his son, the student Schœppe. Both denied their guilt. Pastor Schœppe denied that he was the person who sold the bonds at Frankfort, and his son denied having committed the theft. Even after the recovery of the money he had received for the bonds, they held to their first statements, although the one-sence evidence of his father, he admitted that he was complicated in the affair, but would not say anything further until after having spoken to the Count.—On the following day he was told such a conversation could not be allowed.

The student Schœppe then made a narrative, whose falsehood was afterwards completely demonstrated and admitted by himself. He said that the Countess Blankensee had shown him a particular favor; that he had often seen her in her own rooms, where she had permitted him to kiss her hands and lips. When in January the Count had refused to make a loan to his father, the Countess, he asserts, told him that she had made every effort to persuade the Count to grant the loan, and promised him assistance. On the 10th of February she had invited him to come between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening. When he obeyed this invitation the Countess took him to the money safe, gave him the keys, and the safe being opened, requested him to take the papers and the contents of the portfolia. Without informing himself respecting the papers, he had sent them to his father at Baudach, because he thought them safer there from thieves than at his rooms. Only the ninety thalers he asserts to have retained and used. The belief that the money was the private property of the Countess he still maintained when he learned of the theft committed upon Count Blankensee, because he had not presumed that those papers were concerned in it. Afterwards the Countess had really told him that she had only intended to give him the 28,500 thalers in Thuringian bonds, but he had been prevented from returning the balance by his arrest.

When the stolen papers were afterwards found, upon searching the house of pastor Schœppe, in an iron stove pipe, only three bonds of the Austrian National Loan of 1,000 florins each were missing. The student Schœppe asserted at first that he had sent all the papers to his father, but on the following day (March 15) he stated that he had hidden the three missing bonds under a book-case in a passage of the royal palace while on a visit to relatives there.

Schœppe was then taken to the palace, and while there he escaped from the court officers conducting him by a door leading to a narrow winding stairs. The three bonds were found on the same day by the bookkeeper, Julius Bartdorf, a relative of Schœppe, behind a book case in the dwelling of his father, in the royal palace, and delivered to the court. On the 30th of March Schœppe was retaken at Nauzelle. When confronted with the Countess, who indignantly denied his assertions, Schœppe remained firm as to his former statements.

These very assertions of the student Schœppe had caused the deposition to be taken of the Countess's chambermaid, who had, by mere chance, seen that Schœppe had had a key made in a locksmith's shop, which led to the discovery that Schœppe had, before the theft, obtained a key unlocking the drawer of the count's writing table.—When this had been found at his rooms, Schœppe confessed that so far he had lied, and that he had perpetrated the theft alone, but denied the use of the false key. Schœppe said that, while in the library on the 18th of February, the thought struck him to commit the theft, although he had not his false key which he had made, with him. He took the safe key from the box and opened the safe, took out the ninety thalers and the valuable papers, folded the latter in the shape of official papers and left the house. As he had left the house without being seen, he gave up his preconceived idea of fleeing to England, and sent the papers to his father, except the three Austrian bonds, which he hid.—The false key made by Pache he threw away to prevent suspicion.

The pastor Schœppe, having denied everything at first, later exposed by the finding of the money which Nathorff had paid him for the bonds, confessed to have sold them. He made the following special declarations: That his son, when sending the box with papers of value, had written to him that he had won the same in the Hamburg lottery; that he should keep them for him, but might use for his own purposes as many of the Thuringian bonds as he was in need of; that he took out 300 thalers of Thuringian bonds, and without looking at the balance of the papers placed them back again in the box with the dirty clothes, and put the box in the cellar of the house; that he did not know anything of theft at the Count's; that he had thought if the papers were stolen they would be seized at Frankfort, if offered for sale, &c., &c.

[The indictment here states that the assertion of Paul Schœppe denying the use of the false key are untrue, because the impressions, which, besides their utter improbability, prove their untruth. It also proves from facts and circumstances that the declarations of pastor Schœppe that he did not know anything of the theft at the Count's, but believed that his son had won the property sent him in a lottery, are improbable and untrue. It also shows that Paul Schœppe changed the numbers of the Thuringian bonds in the account books of Count Blankensee, with the intention of throwing obstacles in the way of discovery, and of mystifying matters.]

The elder Schœppe, after serving out his sentence in the penitentiary, came to this country and settled at Carlisle, Pa., as pastor of the Lutheran Church in that place. His son, Paul Schœppe, after serving out his fifty days and a half years sentence in the penitentiary, was permitted to escape the five years' surveillance of the police, (being a part of his sentence,) to depart for America. He also settled at Carlisle in 1868, and falsely assumed the profession of a physician. On the 25th of January, 1869, Miss Maria Stinnecke, his female patient, aged seventy years, suddenly died under his medical treatment. Schœppe was tried in the court at Carlisle, and on the 30th of May, 1869, convicted of the murder of Miss Stinnecke by poison, and sentenced to be executed on a day fixed by the Governor.

In the meantime the case was taken up to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and after many delays, the final judgment of the court was rendered in June last, affirming the judgment of the court at Carlisle. In the meantime, the day fixed by the Governor for his execution had passed, and Schœppe is now in jail, subject to execution whenever the Governor of Pennsylvania shall fix the day. No attempt has been made to prove the forged will of Miss Stinnecke, (as alleged,) filed by Schœppe in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, devising him all her property. A genuine will, executed by Miss Maria Stinnecke, of a previous date, was admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore a few hours before the filing of the paper purporting to be a later will, executed by Miss Maria Stinnecke, in Schœppe's possession. Pastor Schœppe, after the conviction of his son, removed from Carlisle, it is said to Montreal, Canada.

Care of Horses Legs.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs.—Especially is this the case on the farms. Much time is spent of a morning rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that in this six thousand year old world of ours the feet of a horse need more care than the body. They need ten times as much—for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything, if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix, and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally, are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*Rural World.*

The Will of Charles Dickens.

The following is a copy in full of the Will of Charles Dickens, which has just been made public:

"I, Charles Dickens, of Gadshill-place, Higham, in the County of Kent, hereby revoke all my former wills and codicils, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I give the sum of £1,000, free of legacy duty, to Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, late of Houghton-place, Amphill-square, in the County of Middlesex. I give the sum of 19 guineas to my faithful old servant, Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I give the sum of 19 guineas to the daughter and only child of the said Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I give the sum of 19 guineas to each and every domestic servant, male and female, who shall be in my employment at the time of my decease, and shall have been in my employment for a not less period of time than one year. I give the sum of £1,000, free of legacy duty, to my daughter, Mary Dickens. I also give to my said daughter, Mary, an annuity of £300 a year during her life, if she shall so long continue unmarried, such annuity to be considered as accruing from day to day, but to be payable half yearly, the first of such half-yearly payments to be made at the expiration of six months next after my decease. If my said daughter Mary shall marry, such annuity shall cease, and in that case, but in that case only, my said daughter shall share with my other children in the provision hereinafter made for them. I give to my dear sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, the sum of £8,000, free of legacy duty. I also give to the said Georgina Hogarth all my personal jewelry not hereinafter mentioned, and all the little familiar objects from my writing table and my room, and she will know what to do with those things. I also give to the said Georgina Hogarth all my private papers whatsoever and wheresoever, and I leave her my grateful blessing, as the best and truest friend man ever had. I give to my eldest son Charles my library of printed books and my engraving and prints. I also give to my said son Charles the silver salver presented to me at Birmingham, and the silver cup presented to me at Edinburgh, and my shirt studs, shirt pins, and sleeve-buttons; and I bequeath unto my said son Charles and my son Henry Fielding Dickens the sum of £8,000 upon trust to invest the same, and from time to time to vary the investment thereof, and to pay the annual income thereof to my wife during her life, and after her decease the said sum of £8,000 and the investments thereof shall be in trust for my children (but subject as to my daughter Mary to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who, being a son or sons, shall attain the age of 21 years, and being a daughter or daughters, shall have attained or shall attain that age, or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one. I give my watch (the gold repeater presented to me at Coventry), and I give the chains and seals, and all appendages I have worn with it, to my dear and trusty friend John Forster of Palace-gatehouse, Kensington, in the County of Middlesex aforesaid. And I also give to the said John Forster such manuscripts of my published works as may be in my possession at the time of my decease.—And I devise and bequeath all my real and personal estate (except such as is vested in me as a trustee or mortgage) unto the said Georgina Hogarth and the said John Forster, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns respectively, upon trust, that they, the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, or the survivor of them, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, do and shall at their, his or her, uncontrolled and irresponsible direction, either proceed to an immediate sale or conversion into money of the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights), or defer and postpone any sale or conversion into money till such time or times as they, he, or she, shall think fit, and in the meantime may manage and let the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights) in such manner as they, he, or she, shall think fit, and I do declare that all the real and personal estate shall be sold and converted into money, the rents and annual income thereof respectively shall be paid and applied to the person or persons in the manner and for the purposes to whom and for which the annual income of the moneys to arise from the sale or conversion thereof into money would be payable or applicable under this my will, in case the same were sold or converted into money; and I declare that my real estate shall, for the purpose of this my will be considered as converted into personal estate immediately after my decease; and I declare that the said trustees or trustee for the time being do and shall, with and out of the moneys which shall come to their, his, or her hands under or by virtue of this my will and the trusts thereof, pay my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and legacies. And I declare that the said trust funds, or so much thereof as shall remain after answering the purposes aforesaid, and the annual income thereof, shall be in trust for all my children (but subject, as to my daughter Mary, to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who, being a son or sons, shall attain the age of 21 years, and being a daughter or daughters, shall have attained or shall attain that age, or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one—provided always that, as regards my copyrights and the produce and profits thereof, my said daughter Mary notwithstanding the proviso hereinbefore contained with reference to her, shall share with my other children therein, whether she be married or not; and I devise the estates vested in me at my decease as a trustee or mortgage unto the use of the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts and subject to the equities affecting the same respectively; and I appoint the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, executrix and executor of this my will, and guardians of the persons of my children during their respective minorities; and lastly, as I have now set down the form of words which my legal advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of this my will, I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be wanting in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well that she has been through all the stages of their growth and progress their ever useful, self-denying and devoted friend. And I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife, since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600; while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself. I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning-coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me; in addition thereto I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow constitution of its letter here or there. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dickins, the testator, have to this my last will and testament set my hand this twelfth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine.

CHARLES DICKENS."

"Signed, published, and declared by the above-named Charles Dickens, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us (present together at the same time), who in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

"G. HOLDSWORTH,
No. 26 Wellington-st., Strand.
"HENRY WALKER,
No. 26 Wellington-st., Strand.

"I, Charles Dickens, of Gadshill-place, near Rochester, in the County of Kent, Esquire, declare this to be a codicil to my last will and testament, which will bear date the 12th day of May, 1869. I give to my son Charles Dickens, the younger all my share and interest in the weekly journal called *All the Year Round*, which is now conducted under articles of partnership made between me and William Henry Wills, and the said Charles Dickens the younger, and all my share and interest in the stereotypes, stock, and other effects belonging to the said partnership, he defraying my share of all debts and liabilities of the said partnership which may be outstanding at the time of my decease, and in all other respects I confirm my said will. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the 2d day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Signed and declared by the said Charles Dickens, the testator, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us (present at the same time) who at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses,

"G. HOLDSWORTH,
No. 26 Wellington-st., Strand.
"HENRY WALKER,
No. 26 Wellington-st., Strand.

Proved at London, with a codicil, 19th July, 1870, by the oath of Georgina Hogarth, spinster, and John Forster, esq., the executors, to whom administration was granted.

The personal property of Mr. Dickens is sworn under $80,000. The will is written in blue ink, and occupies a whole sheet of ordinary letter paper.

The River Rhine.

The following reminiscences of a tour made in the Rhine valley, may prove of interest to our readers at the present time:

The Rhine rises in Switzerland, flows through the Lake of Constance, passes the falls at Schaffhausen, and from east to west constitutes for some distance the boundary between Switzerland and Germany, (Baden.) At Basel, Switzerland, where it is bridged, it then takes a north, and remains so for the remainder of the boundary between France and Germany, (Baden.) From where the Lauter river, on the west side, empties into the Rhine at the southern of Rhenish Bavaria, the Rhine ceases to wash France. Thence it flows in a northerly and northwesterly direction all the way through Germany, till it empties into Nymegen, Holland, the latter country, where it is divided into several branches, and empties into the North Sea. The principal French city near the Rhine is Strasbourg, through which city the river Ill flows, emptying a little way below into the Rhine, on its west side. Strasbourg, numbering 80,000 inhabitants, is strongly fortified, and connected with Kehl, on the right (German,) bank of the Rhine by a bridge. On the German (Baden) side, opposite France, there are several small cities on the Rhine. Rastadt, near which city is the renowned watering-place, Baden-Baden, and about Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, are both situated several miles off the Rhine.—Nearly opposite Carlsruhe, where, on the west side, the Lauter river empties into the Rhine, is the southern boundary line of Rhenish Bavaria, (Palatinate) which is altogether almost one and a half degrees of latitude in length, and personal estate (except such as is vested in me as a trustee or mortgage) unto the said Georgina Hogarth and the said John Forster, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns respectively, upon trust, that they, the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, or the survivor of them, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, do and shall at their, his or her, uncontrolled and irresponsible direction, either proceed to an immediate sale or conversion into money of the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights), or defer and postpone any sale or conversion into money till such time or times as they, he, or she, shall think fit, and in the meantime may manage and let the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights in such manner as they, he, or she, shall think fit, and I do declare that all the real and personal estate shall be sold and converted into money, the rents and annual income thereof respectively shall be paid and applied to the person or persons in the manner and for the purposes to whom and for which the annual income of the moneys to arise from the sale or conversion thereof into money would be payable or applicable under this my will, in case the same were sold or converted into money; and I declare that my real estate shall, for the purpose of this my will be considered as converted into personal estate immediately after my decease; and I declare that the said trustees or trustee for the time being do and shall, with and out of the moneys which shall come to their, his, or her hands under or by virtue of this my will and the trusts thereof, pay my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and legacies. And I declare that the said trust funds, or so much thereof as shall remain after answering the purposes aforesaid, and the annual income thereof, shall be in trust for all my children (but subject, as to my daughter Mary, to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who, being a son or sons, shall attain the age of 21 years, and being a daughter or daughters, shall have attained or shall attain that age, or be previously married, in equal shares if more than one—provided always that, as regards my copyrights and the produce and profits thereof, my said daughter Mary notwithstanding the proviso hereinbefore contained with reference to her, shall share with my other children therein, whether she be married or not; and I devise the estates vested in me at my decease as a trustee or mortgage unto the use of the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts and subject to the equities affecting the same respectively; and I appoint the said Georgina Hogarth and John Forster, executrix and executor of this my will, and guardians of the persons of my children during their respective minorities; and lastly, as I have now set down the form of words which my legal advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of this my will, I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be wanting in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well that she has been through all the stages of their growth and progress their ever useful, self-denying and devoted friend. 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