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Poetry.

THE CHRISTMAS DOOR.

BY LOIS BROOKE.

All the year long the moon gives light,
And makes a silver day of night;
But once a year
She seems more near,—
Shows every night her steadfast face,
And fills the sky with tranquil grace,
'Tis hard to tell when day is done,
For day and night flow into one.

So Heaven shines downward all the while,
And lights us with its constant smile;
But once a year
It draws more near;
Wide open stands the shining door,
With gleams of light unseen before;
And all across flush glimpses fleet
Of upper joys and radiant feet.

'Tis ever so since love broke through,
And down the widening spaces flew;
That blessed year
Our Lord came near;
For Him swung back the starry bound;
Deepened far up the great profound;
All Heaven swept outward at his birth,
And naught was narrow but the earth!

Now evermore He stands and waits
Some lifting of those lower gates;
But once a year
He walls more near;
Shall the blest door be thrown so wide,
And only we be outcast? Lord,
Unbar all hearts, make room within,
And let the body Christians in!

Scribner's for January.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY E. C. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful Sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

II.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

III.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is a chime and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

IV.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

Miscellaneous.

Extract from the Life of Daniel S. Dickinson.

How he was Admitted to the Bar.

In the year 1824 22 Mr. Dickinson was engaged in teaching school at Wheatland, New York. Borrowing "Blackstone's Commentaries" of a lawyer in a neighboring village, he commenced the study of law. Never satisfied with the surface of things, he studied with great work with a severity, patience and industry which rendered him master of it.

In 1822 he was married to Miss Lydia Knapp, a lady of many personal intellectual charms. This union resulted in a long life of domestic happiness. The following extract from a letter written to Miss Knapp, in October, 1858, attests his affectionate regard for his wife:

"It was thirty-six years ago yesterday since I married your dear aunt, oh how many lights and shadows of life have flitted by during those eventful years! How many joys have sent their refreshing influences how many poignant and unutterable griefs have caused the heart to bleed with anguish too terrible for description! But a kind heaven has dealt graciously with us, and we have learned to remember that this is not an 'abiding city,' and that the loved and the lost, who have gone before us, will not return to us, but we shall go to them. This marriage gave me a faithful, devoted and affectionate wife, and her relatives have ever been as dear to me as my own."

A beautiful poem, written a few days before his death, and dedicated "*To Lydia*," appears at the conclusion of this sketch.

After the marriage, in view of the many expenses of a legal education, he decided to engage for a time in the occupation which he had learned. Accordingly, in the Spring of 1822, at the solicitation of the citizens of Columbus, Chenango County, he removed there, and commenced the erection of a small building, which he designed for a clothdressing and wool-carding shop.

When the building was partly closed, he was one day at work upon it. Those who were engaged with him noticed an unusual reticience in his manner, and that he seemed deeply engaged in study. Suddenly he threw his hammer behind a door, exclaiming, "There, I shall never touch it again!" Then, putting on his coat, he left the building without uttering another word. Seeking his wife, he informed her that he had decided to leave the business in which he was engaged and to commence preparing for the legal profession.

With a woman's true devotion and a lofty ambition, she encouraged him in his project, assuring him that he had the ability to succeed, and that she would make any sacrifice to aid him.

He returned again to the business of teaching and surveying, employing every leisure moment in the study of law. In this way two or three years passed away.

While attending the various courts in central New York as a witness, he made the acquaintance of the late Lot Clark, who, in those days, was a resident of Norwich, N. Y. Mr. Clark was eminent at the bar, and widely distinguished in the political, financial, and legal affairs of the State. His discerning and sagacious mind discovered in the young surveyor abilities of the highest order. Learning that he desired to study law, he encouraged him in the undertaking, invited him to pursue his studies in his office, generously offering any assistance in his power.

The friendship of Lot Clark was the circumstance which led to the future success of Mr. Dickinson.

Completing the necessary arrangements, he became a student in that gentleman's office, and, under his instructions, commenced the regular prosecution of his studies. To his surprise, Mr. Clark in a few days discovered that his student had already acquired a very correct knowledge of the elementary principles of law, and was well versed in the rules of evidence that by devoting a few months to the study of the practice, he would be well qualified for his admission to the bar.

But there existed an impediment in the way, which seemed almost insurmountable. The rules of the Supreme Court at the time required seven years' study in the office of some practicing lawyer, before a student could be admitted to his examination; and although Dickinson had effectually pursued legal studies at least three years, he was considered by law as having now just commenced his legal education, not having studied according to the rule of the Court. Years must elapse before he could even be examined for his admission to the bar.

"I am determined to persevere," said he one day to Clark, after he had been in the office a few weeks: "though I hardly know how I shall sustain myself and family for so long a time, but I believe there will be some way provided."

"Yes, persevere, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the practice and rules of the Courts; when you have succeeded in this, I will see what else can be done for you," said Mr. Clark.

Accordingly, Dickinson applied himself to his studies as he was directed; the business in the office was extensive, and hence he had an opportunity to learn the practice from actual experience, as well as from the books. He did not neglect to review the common and statute law which he had previously read; in this way eight months passed away, when, one day, Mr Clark said to him:

"I think you can now pass a very creditable examination."

"I feel confident, that I can; but what will all this avail me?"

Mr. Clark informed him that the chief justice sometimes suspended the rule and admitted students *ex gratia* to their examination.

"It is very rarely done, I know," he continued; "but I have thought it best for you to accompany me to Albany next week; the General Term will then be in session there; I will introduce you to Chief Justice Savage, with whom I believe I have some influence, and endeavor to induce him to give you an order for your examination in the class which will be examined at that term."

A new world of hope opened before Dickinson at this suggestion, and he eagerly acceded to it.

The first Monday of October, 1828, saw Daniel S. Dickinson at Albany for the first time. He, who in a few years was destined to return there—to enter its Senate chamber the gifted Senator, and, as the lieutenant-governor of the State, to become its dignified and presiding officer, and the profound statesman, now, obscure and unknown, awaited with trembling hope the flat which would place him upon the stepping-stone to all those honors.

In the course of the day, Mr. Clark called at the rooms of Judge Savage; after some general conversation, he said to him:

"Judge, I have a student whom I wish to have admitted to the class for examination this term."

"You know, Mr. Clark, that the clerk is the proper person to make the order for examination of students," said the Judge.

"But this is a case, Judge, where you alone have the power to make the order; for, although he is a well-read student, he has not actually pursued his studies within the rule, but a little over eight months, and I desire that you will suspend the rule and give him an order for his examination."

A shade passed over the brow of the Judge, as he listened to his request.

"Mr. Clark," said he, "I should be most happy to oblige you in this or any other matter, but my duty will not permit me to grant the order you desire. I have decided to admit no more students for examination who have not complied with rule. I have occasionally done so, I am sorry to say, where the student was unworthy; and unless it is a very extraordinary case, I shall not vary the rule again."

"I consider this to be a very extraordinary case, or I certainly should not have applied to you," said Mr. Clark.

"There is but one way for me, and that is to rigidly adhere to the practice established by long usage," said the Judge.

"Well, Judge, will you hear the circumstances under which the young man, through me, makes this application?"

"I think it will be useless, but to oblige you, I will; proceed Mr. Clark."

"I propose that the young man shall himself relate the circumstances," said Mr. Clark.

"I think that is not worth while," said the Judge.

"Judge Savage, I ask as a particular favor, that you see and talk with this young man, and if, after that, you decide to deny his request, I shall be satisfied."

The Judge consented, and in due time Dickinson was alone with the chief justice of the State of New York. He knew that the hopes of coming years rested upon the result of that interview; that if his request was denied, several weary years must elapse before he could attain that goal which from his childhood he had so ardently desired to reach. His friend had informed him that there was some doubt as to his success, and therefore he entered the presence of the man who was to decide his fate, conscious that he was to plead his own cause, and summoned all his self-possession and manhood to his aid.

Judge Savage received him with that courteous dignity for which he was distinguished; he listened attentively to the story of his life, as with simple, unaffected eloquence, he "ran it through even from his boyish days." He spoke of his early desire to study law, of his struggle to obtain a classical education, how, when the day's labor was over, he applied himself to his studies how, when attending the carding machine, with his book by his side, he became acquainted with the authors of antiquity—and how he worked out these problems which gave him his knowledge of surveying, and how he commenced and continued the study of law, down to the time when he first became acquainted with Mr. Clark; but he made no appeal for sympathy; he rested his cause on the bare, unvarnished facts; he answered promptly and respectfully all the numerous questions asked him by the Judge.

The interview lasted an hour and a half, and when Dickinson left the room, he carried in his hand the order for his admission to the class of students which were to be examined the ensuing evening. With a light and joyous heart, he returned to his hotel, where he found his friend anxiously waiting for him.

"Well, how did you succeed with the chief justice?"

Dickinson replied by handing him the order of Judge Savage. Clark rapidly glanced over it.

"You have won your firs' great race," said he, "and it is indeed a great one; what is better, you won it yourself. As you have succeeded I have no hesitation to inform you that Judge Savage utterly declined to grant this order on my request. I did not dare inform you of it, fearing that you would be discouraged and refuse to make any further effort."

"I made no particular effort, Mr. Clark; the Judge seemed willing enough to grant the order. I simply related to him, in a plain way, the history of my life, and answered all his questions as correctly as I knew how."

"Exactly, sir; you will have the talisman of success, the girdle described by Homer, which gave an invisible power. You were modest and unassuming, but deeply in earnest; a strained effort would have ruined your cause with the Judge. Now for your examination. Give this paper to the clerk, he will enter your name on the list of students to be examined; be on hand promptly, and to-morrow you will be a lawyer." said Clark.

That day the Chief Justice and Lot Clark met at a dinner given by an eminent citizen of Albany, to the Judges and members of the bar.

"Judge," said the latter, "I am happy that you decided to grant my student an order for his examination."

"He is a young man of extraordinary abilities, Mr. Clark; a person of learning. Why, sir, I consider him a good lawyer already; he will be an ornament to the profession, and in a short time; he has the ability to make his mark in the world, and he surely will," said the Judge.

Dickinson passed a very creditable examination, and was duly admitted to the bar.

Chief Justice Savage left the bench of the Supreme Court in September, 1837, but before that event, Daniel S. Dickinson occupied a seat with him in the Court for the Correction of Errors—then the highest tribunal in the State, and with him adjudicated the great legal question that came before it, and their opinions are committed to posterity in those reports which record the decisions of the New York courts.—*Proctor's Bench and Bar.*

Death of Rev. Albert Barnes.

On Saturday afternoon the long, even-ful, industrious, and singularly useful career of the Rev. Albert Barnes was brought to a sudden but serenely peaceful close.—In company with his daughter, he had left his residence, at No. 4260 Walnut street, West Philadelphia, to pay a visit of condolence to an afflicted family residing about a mile distant. He walked the entire distance, but soon after entering the house he fell back in his chair and expired without a struggle or a word.

Mr. Barnes was born in Rome, N. Y., December 1st, 1798. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1820, and entered Princeton College the same year. He was licensed to preach in April, 1821, and in February, 1825, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Morristown, N. J. While there, one of his sermons was printed and attracted the attention of members of the First Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia, then vacated by the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Wilson. In 1830, he accepted the charge of this church, and for forty years devoted himself with unwavering fidelity to its interests. During the last two or three years the failure of sight, at one time threatening to blindness, compelled his retirement from the active pastorate of the church, and the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D. was elected pastor. But neither Mr. Barnes nor his people were willing to sever the old ties, and he retained his old relation to the congregation, being elected Pastor Emeritus, and preaching occasionally, up to as recent a period as the Sunday before his death.

The death of Mr. Barnes makes a wide breach in the ranks of the divines of the Presbyterian Church, and inflicts a severe blow upon the large circle of his parishioners and more intimate friends. There was probably no clergyman in Philadelphia so widely known or so universally esteemed and respected as the Rev. Albert Barnes.

The New York *Globe* wants Susan B. Anthony, Henry Ward Beecher, John Russell Young, Theodore Tilton and Horace Greeley to start a comic paper to take the place of *Punchinello*, just deceased. The Newark *Journal*, on the other hand, thinks we will never have a comic paper that will live a year until we annex San Domingo and Mexico!

The Robbery on Christmas Eve.

The Express Messenger's Story.

When my mate asked of me, last Christmas Eve, permission to remain with his family at the eastern end of our route, and not to make the tedious forty hours' journey towards the blue waters of the Pacific, on which I was about to start, I had too much heart to refuse him. He—Joe Niel was his name—had a young bride and a younger babe and it was hard to separate them. True, our orders from the company were that both of us should always jointly make the trip, for we were carrying large quantities of greenbacks and national notes, for the payment of the Pacific railroad contractors; and of course there was no lack of robbers who were awaiting every chance to clean out our trunks, and perhaps clean we poor messengers out of existence.

Shortly before an express car had been entered on our line, and Bill Hughes, the messenger, beaten almost to death, and his valuable charge taken; and it was to guard against such future surprises that a mate had been given me; but Joe pleaded so hard to stay at home and explained to me so clearly a little plan of his own, whereby I could make the trip in safety alone, that I gave in to his request, and hastened with him to set our little plan in motion.

Joe's brother, Ned, the engineer, was to run his engine for the first one hundred miles of my journey, and he was to help in the plan. You see Ned was courting a younger sister of Joe's wife, and so it all being almost in the family, he was willing to do a good deal to give Joe his Christmas at home. First, we went to the railroad superintendent, and got his permission to take my through express car out of the train and substitute therefor a grain car. My car was one of those kind with a passage outside, and doors in each end besides those at the sides.

This made it easier of attack, should robbers get on the train, as the multitude of doors required a stricter guard against surprise, with an increase of danger.

The grain car had only the two side doors, which locked from without, but had two little grated windows for ventilators, one at each end, with wooden shutters on the inside to close them up tightly. Ned was to lock me in, and to hand the key to the next engineer that came on, with some private instructions.

Well, at 7 o'clock on Christmas eve the train was ready to start. Our express superintendent was down to see us off, and noticed the changed car but supposing the other to be out of repair, said nothing. He watched me place the valuable packages I had received in my safe and iron chest, and then springing into the car warned both Joe and myself to be very careful, as he had news that mischief was intended before long. Joe was helping me in the car so as to appear before the superintendent to be going with me. Ned came and locked us in, Joe first kissing his wife, who was on the platform, good by, and pretending—poor lucky fellow—that he was so early he was going away at Christmas. As soon as the door was shut and locked Joe went through that on the other side, first thanking me again for befriending him, and then I heard him lock the other door with the key Ned had sent to him by his fireman. We were off in a few moments, and I had time to look around and arrange my traps to make the trip as comfortable as possible.—There was no receiving or handing out of packages to be done till the next morning, when the new engineer would open my door. Ned would leave us about midnight, and till then, when he would look in upon me, I might make myself as happy or as miserable as I chose.

In less than an hour after leaving I had slung a hammock I carried with me, and had turned in. The shutter over the forward ventilator—my car was next to the engine—I had closed down and fastened it with a wedge, to keep the wind from blowing it open. The rear ventilator I left open, the little six by six hole, guarded by three iron bars, giving me ventilation while I was slung my hammock, and then, with my revolver in a box close to my hand, and with the bell-rope running just over my head, I surely was in safety, and so I dropped asleep.

How long I slept I could not tell before I awakened with a start as something passed over my mouth. It seemed like a mouse or rat, but it left an overwhelming smell, a close, suffocating feeling, and before I could open my eyes to see clearly, or could come to my senses, I was again asleep. Again I awoke, this time completely, but with such a fearful weight of oppression over my eyes. My head ached, and I strove to place my hand upon it. My hand would not obey my wish; I must be paralyzed; it seemed as if I was yet dreaming; I had no power over head or limb. Another effort I would make to shake off this deadly feeling, but as I strove to turn in my hammock, or to lift myself, something cold touches my forehead with a refreshing coolness, and a gruff voice bids me lie quiet. I turn my head with intense difficulty and pain, and I see a black-visaged man standing over me. He repeats the injunction to be quiet. I trace his arm down towards my head, and see that it is a revolver, which is touching my forehead. In a half asleep, half foolish manner, I glance at the deadly instrument, and wonder what it cost, and whether it will shoot straight into my brain should I be foolish enough to make it do so. The effects of some drug are still working upon me and as I come more to life, as it were, I recognise the fumes of chloroform.

Two other black-visaged men are busily sorting out my valuables, and are throwing all dangerous bonds and papers into one corner of the car, while they are placing in bags the currency and notes. The man watching me speaks, and says: "No. 1, he is come to." No. 1 comes close and looks at me; he also is black visaged, made so, I now see, by a crape veil or mask. Without speaking, he returns to his work of sorting the money. Having nothing else to do, I look more closely at myself.—Small, thin cords, which cut deeply into my flesh, are tied around my wrists and ankles, while others tie me tightly to the hammock. I must, indeed, have been far gone in sleep, and deeply drugged, to have allowed this to be done, even so evidently mean no harm, but how can I face the company after this robbery? How account for the absence of Joe, without bringing about his immediate dismissal? As for myself, it will be the old story. The papers will say I was a willing confederate, and submitted to being tied and robbed. I shall be imprisoned, perhaps for life. My poor wife and children will be worse than fatherless.

No. 1, who is hard at work yet with his companion, opening the bundles and sorting out their contents, here for the first time speaks. "We're nearing the hog tunnel, No. 2," he says, in a light, pleasant voice. Even in my half stupor I know that voice. If it is whom I think it is, his left arm is slightly crooked, the palm of the hand turned nearly outwards. As he moves into the light of the solitary lamp to glance at some bonds I plainly see the turned hand. "Bill Hughes!" I cry, "will you free my hands? this cord hurts me." With a horrible oath he springs forward: "You've sealed your doom," he says; "you must die now." I plead for life, for he has cast aside the crape and I see the devil in his eye. Bill used to be on our run as messenger, but a robbery occurred of which he was suspected of assisting in, or at least of allowing himself to be robbed, and was discharged.

But I plead in vain. The conspirators confer among themselves for a few moments, and then my hammock is unhooked and thrown upon the floor and I am rolled up in it, and into an incredible small space. The bundle is then tied up tightly, and one of the robbers tries its weight. I am slight of form, and he can easily lift the living bundle up, and throw it on his shoulder. How can they get me from the car? How they got in is as yet a mystery to me. The doors are locked on the outside, and could not be broken open with the train at full speed from without. As I lie upon the floor, nearly suffocated and in fearful pain from my cramped position and the tightness of the ropes, Bill hisses in my ear, "We are going to throw you over the Rocky Run."

Even death in the form of being cast a living bundle from the cars into the waters of the run, which we cross in a short time at an immense height, is preferable to the agony I am enduring. I think I prayed with all my soul then. I have prayed before going into battle, when expecting to be wrecked at sea, and at other times when my life was in danger, but I never prayed before I think with all my soul. Then there was a chance of escape, here there was none. My senses quickened with the agony of the moments, were wonderfully acute, or else I was already in delirium. I thought I heard voices at the forward ventilator. I thought I heard him say "Watch close and shoot if there is danger." Of course it was fancy, for the train was going at full speed, and Ned must be at his post on the engine.

Next I heard cautious footsteps on the roof of my car—probably, if anybody, it was a brakesman going over the car to the engine for his lunch can, which to the footsteps were keeping hot. I lay still praying a few moments longer, then more footsteps are plainly heard on the roof. This time I was sure there were two or three persons. Ah, I forgot, no doubt, they were confederates watching outside, while the three within did the plundering. All of a sudden the bell-pull overhead rattled as if energetically pulled; the engine whistled brakes, brakes, and I felt every brake on the train was being put down to a purpose. The robbers consulted for a moment, and then one said, "It is nothing, they are stopping for a hot journal perhaps. Bill sprung to me and pressed his revolver hard against my body, hissed, "If they call for you, say all right." Before I could reply, a rasping noise was heard, followed by the report of a pistol, and the fall of some heavy body across my already overtaxed frame. I fainted.

When I came to Ned was chafing my hands, and half a dozen men were rubbing my swollen and chafed limbs, while brandy was being placed on my lips.—Ned was almost hysterical when I came to, but the craziest of all was little Jack, the wood passer of the engine, who kept shouting, "I shot him, I shot him," till some one knocked him down to make him quiet.

Then it all came out. The robbers had been concealed on the rear of my car, and had watched me through the grating. On my going to sleep, a slender stick, with a sponge soaked in chloroform at one end, had been placed under my nose, rousing me for another but to send me into a deeper sleep. Then with a fine saw a portion of the end of the car had been removed, through which they crept, and then closed it behind them. Ned after a while thought he would have a look at me, so crawling over his engine he essayed to open the ventilated shutter and peep through. Finding it fast he looked through the bell-rope hole, which happened to be a large one, and talking in matters at a glance, he had called little Jack to him, and handing his revolver had given him the message I had heard. Then crawling into the air, obtained the services of the conductor, brakesmen and some willing passengers, and having surrounded as far as they could a fast-moving car, he had pulled the bell and so signalled the fireman to stop. When Jack saw Bill point his revolver at me he thought he was going to shoot me, so breaking the ventilating shutter open he brought him with a well-aimed bullet, killing him instantly. We took the other two to a town on our route where justice was done them. They got thirty years free board. As for Ned, the express folks were vexed at him, but as I protested suffered so much and pleaded hard for both him and myself, we kept our old places and still do. Christmas day I spent in bed and also a few days afterwards getting well, but they brought my wife and family to me and we didn't fare so badly after all. E. L. L.

The Brownings' Courtship and Marriage.

Mrs. E. C. Kinney, in her article in *Scribner's Monthly* for December thus tells how Robert Browning wooed and won his poet wife:

By this time the reaction of languor, after unwonted excitement, came over her, and she fell prostrate on the grass, where she lay with closed eyes, a stone for a pillow, like Jacob in his dream—and doubtless she had a vision of the ladder on which the angels were descending and ascending as ministers. Withdrawing a short distance, she could still hear the voices might not reach her, while lunch was being prepared under the trees, Robert Browning put on his talking-cap again and discoursed to two delighted listeners, of one who slept. After expressing his joy at her enjoyment of the music, the poet's soul took fire by its own friction, and glowed by the brilliance of its theme. Knowing well that he was before fervent admirers of his wife, he did not fear to speak of her genius, which he did almost with awe, losing himself so entirely in her glory that one could see that he did not trouble himself to unloose her shoe-latchet, much less to call her his own. This led back to the birth of his first love for her, and then, without reserve, he told us the real story of that romance, "the course of" which "true love never did run smooth." There have been several printed versions of the loves of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, and we had read some of these, but as the poet's own tale differed essentially from the others, and as the divine genius of the heroine has returned to its native heaven, whilst her life on earth now belongs to posterity, I standing over me. He repeats the injunction to be quiet. I trace his arm down towards my head, and see that it is a revolver, which is touching my forehead. In a half asleep, half foolish manner, I glance at the deadly instrument, and wonder what it cost, and whether it will shoot straight into my brain should I be foolish enough to make it do so. The effects of some drug are still working upon me and as I come more to life, as it were, I recognise the fumes of chloroform.

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No. 1, who is hard at work yet with his companion, opening the bundles and sorting out their contents, here for the first time speaks. "We're nearing the hog tunnel, No. 2," he says, in a light, pleasant voice. Even in my half stupor I know that voice. If it is whom I think it is, his left arm is slightly crooked, the palm of the hand turned nearly outwards. As he moves into the light of the solitary lamp to glance at some bonds I plainly see the turned hand. "Bill Hughes!" I cry, "will you free my hands? this cord hurts me." With a horrible oath he springs forward: "You've sealed your doom," he says; "you must die now." I plead for life, for he has cast aside the crape and I see the devil in his eye. Bill used to be on our run as messenger, but a robbery occurred of which he was suspected of assisting in, or at least of allowing himself to be robbed, and was discharged.

But I plead in vain. The conspirators confer among themselves for a few moments, and then my hammock is unhooked and thrown upon the floor and I am rolled up in it, and into an incredible small space. The bundle is then tied up tightly, and one of the robbers tries its weight. I am slight of form, and he can easily lift the living bundle up, and throw it on his shoulder. How can they get me from the car? How they got in is as yet a mystery to me. The doors are locked on the outside, and could not be broken open with the train at full speed from without. As I lie upon the floor, nearly suffocated and in fearful pain from my cramped position and the tightness of the ropes, Bill hisses in my ear, "We are going to throw you over the Rocky Run."

Even death in the form of being cast a living bundle from the cars into the waters of the run, which we cross in a short time at an immense height, is preferable to the agony I am enduring. I think I prayed with all my soul then. I have prayed before going into battle, when expecting to be wrecked at sea, and at other times when my life was united them. Always cherishing an undiminished love for her only parent, this banishment from him wore on her, notwithstanding the rich compensation of such a husband's devotion, and the new maternal love which their golden-haired boy awakened.—What she feared came upon her! Her father died without leaving her even his pardon, and her feeble *physique* never quite recovered from the shock. Few witnessed the strong grief of that morally strong woman. I saw her after her first wrestling with the angel of sorrow, and perceived that with the calm token of his blessing, still she dragged a main life.

At Close-Quarters With a Wolf.

The "gray beast of the forest," as the old Norsemen used to call him, has a sadly restricted reign now-a-days. In France and Spain he appears but rarely, and then, for the most part, in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees; and the romantic tourist, who has long yearned for a chance of stuffing into his forthcoming book of travels an appropriate quotation from Macaulay:—

"The pass was steep and rugged;
Trees grew and streams ran free and wished"—

is too often doomed to be grievously disappointed. In Switzerland, again, *les brigands de bois* are almost unknown, except in the wilder parts of the Grisons; and even there, the enterprising sportsman, who has begun to congratulate himself on having shot a real live wolf at last, frequently discovers, with mingled relief and mortification, that the huge gray beast which comes slouching toward him through the rising mist is merely a stray dog from some outlying chalet. But the boundless forests of Russia afford to this outcast from society a safe and commodious lodging, rent free, leaving him only his food to think about; which latter he provides by midnight raids into the scattered villages, in quest of a stray sucking pig; or, better still, a homeless dog (for his civilized half-brother is always a tit-bit with a Caffer Isegrimm); or occasionally by stopping belated travellers, brigand-fashion, on the Czar's highway. Nor is he by any means so difficult of access as many imagine; for hunger is a powerful pleader, able to vanquish the ingrained unsociability of this hereditary outlaw. Even here, in the largest and most populous city but one in Russia, one need only take a walk of three miles into the environs after dark, to see clusters of pale spots of light, like the flame of a half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, and hear a long dreary wail, like the moan of the wind on a gusty winter-night, going up through the still, frosty air. One night the other day, I fell in with a peasant who had acquired some renown by killing one of these *chevliers du brouillard* barely a mile beyond the Sakolniki Barrier, which bounds Moscow to the north; nor is such a case by any means exceptional.

Last December, I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilna district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer whom I had formerly known at Konigsberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensk. We sat late over a very primitive supper, and my host who is a keen sportsman was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength, which had lately haunted the neighborhood, and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village, like a score of voices all shrieking at once, broke in upon our chat.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, rushing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running wildly hither and thither, women screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was rushing past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again!" gasped the fellow, who could hardly speak; "up yonder—woman devoured—run for the watchman;" and away he flew.

The next moment, my comrade and I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which, we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The fitful glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of a fire kindled overnight, in the vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim-bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, the spasm of bitter sorrow, the stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the background, the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the surrounding blackness like giant skeletons; while, in the centre of the group, half buried in the trampled and blood-besmeared snow, lay a motionless, shapeless *something*, from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but a few hours before the pride of a happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every one is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word is spoken; and in that dead pause of expectation, I have leisure to remark the face of a peasant who stands opposite me. He is a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, though his broad chest and powerful limbs, as well as the magnificent brown beard that waves over the bosom of his sheepskin frock, might make him appear much older. His face is coarse and weather-beaten enough; but there is something in the broad low forehead, and square ruthless jaw, and small, deep set, glittering eye, which tells you at a glance, that, whatever danger might confront him, that man would be very hard to turn. While I am still looking at him, he suddenly steps forward and speaks: "It's time to finish this," says he, in a tone which there is no mistaking. "Who will come with me into the forest, and make an end of that brute, once for all?"

The summons does not remain long unanswered. There is no braver man living than the Russian peasant, and he has naturally slightly blood-thirsty in a fair way to be gratified. Three men instantly volunteer to join him; while my German friend and I already sufficiently excited by all that we have seen and heard, hasten to follow their example. Our preparations are soon made, and about two in the morning, under the full splendor of the winter moonlight, we set forth on the trail of the destroyer. There is but one gun among the six of us, the rest being armed with clubs and hatchets; but the German has likewise a short hunting-knife, which has done him service before now.

Tramp, tramp it has been for miles, without sight or sound of our lurking enemy; and the Russians, unused to such severe marching, begin to fall behind. The German, myself, and one of the peasants at length find ourselves alone, and halt, in order to give the other three time to come up. Already their steps are heard crunching over the snow, and, a few moments later, the dark figures come gliding toward us through the floating shadow; but, to our astonishment, instead of three men, only two make their appearance. Our leader is still missing.

"Where is Michael?" asks the German. The men look at each other without answering, and every face reflects the same look of dismay; for we all know what going astray in a Russian forest in winter really means. In the dead hush that follows, we suddenly hear a distant cry,—not the deep manly shout of a hunter calling to his mates, but the shrill agonized yell of a man in his extremest need,—the cry of the climber who feels his hold relaxing, of the swimmer who finds his limbs failing him. The next moment, we are all fleeing in the direction of the sound.

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch us up, had been brought to a halt by the bursting of his shoe-strap, and must stoop to adjust it. But there is one watching him who fully appreciates that defenceless posture. Poor Michael does not hear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the gleam of that fierce yellow eye; but he cannot fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as a huge grayish mass shoots from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching fiercely at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs. Yet even in this deadly peril the brave fellow does not lose heart. One moment's grace is allowed him, while the assailant's teeth fail to pierce his tough sheep-skin frock; and that moment suffices.—The wolf's head is under his left armpit,—in an instant his powerful arm is round its neck, jamming the beast's throat in an iron clasp between his side and elbow; while with his right hand he seizes its fore-paw, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment in a wild cry for help. And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him,—it is a tug of sheer strength now. The wolf, erect on his hind-legs, strains every nerve to tear himself free; once free, one strangling gripe of Michael's throat will pay for all. Hold on, as you love your life! though your joints crackle, and your sinews start, and your head swim dizzily, hold on still,—tighter, tighter, tighter! And so, amid the tomb-like shadows of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the death-grapple proceed. That iron pressure is beginning to tell at last,—the fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the hugh jaws writhe convulsively, and from their edges the hot flakes of blood and foam spatter over Michael's face. But how long can that hold be maintained? Are not the strained muscles already yielding? the stiffened fingers already relaxing their clutch? And the five stanch comrades who would rush to the rescue if they but knew—where are they? One last despairing effort, for aid, which shall echo through the lonely forest give back as if in mockery—and then everything swims around him, shadows dance before his eyes, a rushing, roaring sound sweeps past him, there is a dull crash close to his ear and he falls exhausted to the earth.

"Was ist es ein Thier?" says the German, as, stringly, dearing his reeking knife from the throat of the monster, whose skull is literally shivered by the formidable hatchets.

When we lifted Michael, we found him, to our astonishment, comparatively unwounded, though utterly spent with his superhuman exertions. His first act on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself devoutedly, and murmuring a few words of prayer, he staggered up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and, bending over it, said with a taunting grin, "Non, brat, ya vigral, shto li?" "Well, brother, *he won, haven't I?*".

We pitied the brave fellow as he deserved; but in the hope of obtaining him a further reward from the government, we thought it best to publish the whole story in one of the local Russian papers, where it soon after found its way into the journals of the metropolis, exciting thereby an interest in behalf of the hero, which has now (I am glad to learn) likely to bear abundant fruit.

Paper Clothing.

If the accounts that reach us from over the water are true, our cloth-manufacturers will soon have to contend against a formidable competition from the paper-mills. It appears that an Englishman has succeeded in producing a paper which is said to make up admirably into garments of all sorts for men's and women's wear. This paper fabric is a compound of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk, and skins; the latter, flax, jute, hemp, and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, are bleached, and then felted by means of appropriate machinery. The mixture of these several substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

Paper clothing is no new thing in China and Japan, and may become common here. In those countries, a good paper coat is sold for ten cents, and an entire suit twenty-five cents, or about as cheap as the old-fashioned penny-whistles now are with us. Our paper collars and cuffs have reduced their goods at what seem very ridiculous figures, when we try to have our clothes made to order, but even their cheapest "bankrupt sale" prices will seem ruinously extravagant when compared with the cost of these paper garments.

It is not many years ago since paper collars were first introduced, but now we have not only collars and cuffs, but doors, imitation wood-work, and an infinite variety of articles, including racing-boats, made out of paper. It is related of the late George Wakeman, that happening to be present at important political speech one night when he was accidentally without his note-book, he took down notes in short-hand on his cuffs, collar and shirt-bosom. When this paper clothing is introduced, the future short-hand reporter need only to take off his coat in a rural district, and spread himself before him, to have abundant copy paper to take down the most wordy harangue. There seems, however, to be no real reason why this new paper fabric may not work a revolution in the matter of clothing. In Germany, paper napkins have been used for very many years, and have proved admirable substitutes. The fabrik would seem particularly appropriate for handkerchiefs, which could be thrown away when used, as is the practice with paper napkins.

"The paper-cloth made by this English inventor is said to be of a very superior quality, and can be made into table-