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Four Seasons.

In the balmy April weather, My love, you know, When the corn began to grow, What walks we took together, What sighs we breathed together, What vows we pledged together In the days of long ago !

• 11. In the golden summer weather, My love, you know, When the mowers went to mow, What home we built together, What babes we watched together, What plans we planned together, While the skies were all aglow.

111. In the rainy autumn weather, My love, you know, When the winds began to blow,
What tears we shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low !

IV. In the wild and wintry weather, My love, you know, With our heads as white as snow, What prayers we pray together, What fears we share together, heaven we seek together, For our time has come to go! — Theodore Tilton.

THE HOME OF THE LEES.

The Silent Sentries of Arlington.

A SUNNY AUTUMN DAY AMONG THE PERISH-ED GRANDEUR AND DREAMLESS SLEEP-ERS OF ARLINGTON HEIGHTS-THE STANTON VENGEANCE THAT SURVIVES HIMSELI AND LEE.

From Editorial Correspondence of the Til

WASHINGTON, December 3. One of the mellowest of early winter days tempted me to revisit the historic Arlington Mansion, once the palatial and hospitable home of Robert E. Lee. It is visible from almost any point in Washington, although several niles distant on the sunny side of the Potomac. Its massive white Grecian columns, half hidden by the native forests on the north and south, are unobscured by the evergreens and few monarchs of the primeval Virginia wilderness which survive on the gentle, undulating slopes from the heights down to the silver line that divides Washington from the Mother of Presdents. The beautiful Capitol and the Arlington Mansion face each other, and present the most attractive views from their respective eminences. Looking from the western windows of the Capitol, across to the crescent of hills that skirts the Virginia side of the Potomac, Arlington first attracts the eves of the observer, and the distance of several miles is none too great to lend the grandest enchantment to what was the proudest of Southern homes but twenty years ago. The ravages of the gnawing tooth of time; The the widened seam between the once faultless lines of masonry; the blister-ed and scaling colors which deform the surface of pillar, wall and door ; the countless marks of decay which tell the story of the deserted home and the stay of the stranger-all these are effaced from the picture by the distant gaze, and Arlington looks as beautiful and as home-like as it was when Lee made his last sad journey across the river as an officer of the army that pointed to him as one of its brightest ornaments. Like Scott, on whose staff he was the most beloved and trusted, Lee was a Virginian and his resignation was one of the keenest blows that had been felt by his chief. Both were sorrow-stricken at the separation to draw their swords upon each other; and there is little doubt that Lee would have halted at the threshold, could he have foreseen that his devotion to his mother Commonwealth would have made him the Captain in a struggle for a new nationality that must have perished more ingloriously, its battles, than was its re had it won call to the Union by the sword. IMPRESSIONS OF ARLINGTON. I had visted Arlington but once be fore and the day was a memorable one. Charleston, the nest in which treason had long been hatching rebellion, had just been captured after many disastrous failures to possess that Confederate stronghold. While standing on the broad, unevenly-tiled portice of Arlington, looking out be-tween the great columns to the Capitol that seemed then for the first time in four years to be safe from the insurgent, the hour of noon was struck by the signal gun of Fort Whipple, hard by, and as quick as sound could fly to report the command, a thousand guns 3 responded from hill to hill, shouting their hoarse song of victory over the Lost Cause. What appeared to the casual observer as simply a cluster of wooded ridges along the Virginia shore, belched forth their columns of smoke and thundered to the world the glad tidings that free government had not perished from the earth. Nearly half a generation has passed since then, and change has wrought sublime achievements in all sections of the country during fifteen years of peace ; but Arlington is only fifteen years older, as is told by the ceaseless offices of decay, and there the story ends.

lowed the estrangement of Lee from his country, is known in every section and clime. His memory is cherished in Virginia and in the South in a wealth of affection, and as the clouds of passion are clearing away in the North, there is naught but respect and sorrow for the Christian soldier who so loved a State as to be misguided to causeless war that widened into bound-

less bereavement and desolation. A heartsome drive through this beautiful city, with its broad and well-paved streets, its varied architec-ture in its cheerful looking homes, its innumerable parks and tri-angled greens and its many monuments of the country's greatness, brings you to Georgetown, where Washington aristocracy reigns unsullied by mixture with the promoted plebean or the adventurer of the Capital. Thence a rickety bridge, dilapidated in every-thing but the measure of its tolls, lands the visitor on the sacred soil of the once proud Old Dominion. There are few evidences remaining of the fortifications which displayed bristling guns when life, the evergreens in shapely beauty last I journeyed to Ar ington. The ruder of the structures hastily erected to serve the purposes of war are seen here and there with decay stamped upon them, and fenceless fields tell how the indolence and thriftlessness of slavery yet rule in the South. Not the well-beaten road turns into until the pillared gate that opens the Nathe philared gate that opens the Na-tional Cemetery are there signs of care and industry; but the long regular white lines which traverse the care-fully garnished lawns tell a strange heights to the Arlington Mansion, the pillars of the home of Lee the dreamline of eternal sentries about the chieftain. Twelve thousand warriors people this beautiful City of the ent, and the Blue and the Gray sleep their long sleep together-heroic ene-mics in the flame of battle, they have gained the peace that is to be unbroken, One-third of the whole number are the nameless tombs of the unknown, but the stranger or the sorrowing of loved In one central vault the long-un-earthed and scattered bones of over two thousand fallen soldiers have been gathered for sepulchre. Who they were when they braved the deadly strife; whether they were friend or foe, none can tell.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. When the ravages of war had ceas-

ed, the government was but just to all in gleaning the battle-fields, where heroism such as was never surpassed in ancient or modern conflicts had peen displayed by North and South, and rescuing the remains of all from desecration. In the centre of ne of the broad lawns which are dotfor ted with the white records of the sacrifices of war, on a little eminence that greets the early rays of the morning sun, is an enclosure in which there are monuments differing from the plain and uniform slabs noting the sleepers beneath them. It is neatly paled, carefully preserved and looks as if the offices of affection had been freely exercised in guarding the ashes that re-pose there. It is the family burial ground of the Custises and the Lees, and it is made the special care of those who are charged with the keepng of this vast tenement of the silent. Here and there may be seen wooden slabs of uniform size, conspicuous because higher than the modest marble that shapes its faultless lines on the leveled green. They are the graves of requested to be let out at "H" street. the Confederates who were left on the sanguinary field or who died within the Union lines, and they rest surounded by those who were their deadly foes in battle. Over two hundred acres are enclosed in the cemetery, embracing Arlington Mansion in the centre and the now terraced and beautiful lawn that made the prospect so pleasing from the portico, when looking to the distant Capital or to the calm blue waters of the Potomac. The entrance to the walled enclosure is fity ornamented by pillars from the old War and Navy Buildings, and weather-beaten guns and symmetricallyrounded mounds of shot mark the many hillocks which so grandly variegate the slope of Arlington Heights Close to the mansion is the rude and yet attractive open temple, where dec-oration day is celebrated. The rostrum is flanked by the old Grecian pillars from the dismantled Departments of War in Washington, and the ivy, the jessamine and the wild flower mingle their tributes to the martyrs of freedom with the once terrible but now decorative engines of war. Just outside the wall is Fort Whipple, the central of the great family of defensive works that once rested on thes Its embankments are leveled, hills. its ditches filled up, and the cannon deposed, and where the soldier watch ed his shotted gun is a large, level centre square, with many neat build-ings about it. It is now the school of instruction for the signal and storm corps, and the epauleted and sworded gentry are training men to master the elements instead of teaching them the

ton, and the sad retribution that fol- cations that more than half surrounded Washington; but they are ungarrisoned now, and the drum-beat no longer breaks the morning silence on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The Arlington Mansion and its surrounding buildings have suffered no changes since Lee went to Richmond in 1861, never to return to his home save such as the ceaseless work of de cay have wrought. The doors and windows have faded ; the pillars have blistered into ugliness; the narrow ill balustraded stairway is worn and bat tered; the empty rooms seem to give out more repulsive echoes of loneliness ; the hearths are crumbling with weariness of vacancy, and it looks as if the hoot of the owl and the flap of the bat should break the painful itude that reigns where George Wash ington Parke Curtis and Robert E Lee made one of the most brilliant and hospitable homes of Virginia. The soldier in blue, with an armless sleeve, has kept faithful vigil over this vast sepulchre for many years. He keeps the graves green, the flowers in and all is neatness about the venerable mansion that is now the central citadel of the voiceless thousands around it but the storms of nearly four-score winters have beaten against Arlington and their ravages have been left to tell their own story. But of what moment is this desolution of all the attri-butes of home? Arlington is now only the mansion of the dead. Turn to every portico and window and naught but the marks of the grave in contrast with the forest and its green sod ; and and sad story of war's multiplied re-tributions. Throughout the winding roads which gradually ascend the mute but inexorable sentinels to make gravestone is never out of sight; and around the gardens up to the very much reverenced. The vengeful hand of Stanton has left its imprint every less couches of Union officers are spread as if their dust was to stand as army it has summoned to forbid the Confederate chieftain's return, and its enantless halls of the Confederate work is irrevocable. Since then the conquered insurgent warrior and the implacable War Minister have passed away. Off in the Virginia mountain where the soldier of Arlington spent the evening of his life in usefulness, his dust rests within his college walls and the repose that life refused to Stanton has been found in the grave. their rest is undisturbed by the pity of the stranger or the sorrowing of loved ones who mourn their unshrined dead. The beloved mistress of Arlington that bourne whence no traveler returns and the sons of Lee, who bravely but unobstrusively followed his fortunes in war, now as unobstrusively till the soil of the peninsula. The great act ors who have written the strange rec ords of Arlington have gone to their final account, and with the Judge of all the living they have their reward.

A. K. M.

EX-SENATOR GOLDTHWAITE, of Alabama, was noted for his extreme absent-mindedness, and he was occasionally seen running about the Senate trying to get out and not being able to find the door. He would have half the page-boys in the Senate looking his hat or cane, which would be all the while firmly clasped in his hand. He was much given to walk-ing up and down the lobby, plunged in deep thought, often smoking a fra-grant Havana, and entirely oblivious of all things about him. Often some cheeky page of the Senate would walk up and ask the Senator for a light. Mr. Goldthwaite would mechanically hand over his cigar, the boy would take a light, put the choice weed in his precious mouth and hand over his old stump to the old gentleman, who would continue his stroll in blissful ignorance. It is related on good authority that, in one of his fits of abstraction, he walked into the Senate elevator, dropped a nickle into the hole back of the mirror, and calmly

. WHAT will not women endure

MISSING.

Missing, no more ; a dumb, dead wall Of allence and darkness stands Between us and they who left us here, In the golden morning of the year, With hope and promise and parting cheer, Wet eyes and waving hands.

Never an owner told our hearts How faste lurked, grim and dark ; Fresh and sweet smiled the April day And the treacherous waves in sunlight Kiesing the sheltcred bay And laughing around the bark.

Like molten sliver shone her salls, And she glided from our gaze; And we turned us back to our homes again, To let enstom grow oler the yearning pain, And to count by the heagth—ah, labor vain The lonely, lingering days.

Ah meʻt those weary mornings, When on the great pier-head We strained our sight o'er the tossing seas, And studied each change in the fitful breez And strave to answer in tones of ease, Light questions coldly said.

Ab mol those weary minights, Hearing the breakers tour; Starting from dreams of totern and death, With beating pulses and catching breath, To hear the white surf "call' beneath, Along the hollow shore.

Never flash down the wires, Never as word from the East, Prom the port she sailed for—how long ago b Wby, even a spar one would weep to know, Tossed on the wild waves' ebb and flow, Were something real at least.

Missing, missing, and ellence, The great tides rise and fall; The sea lies dimpling out in the light, Or dances, all living gleaming white; Day follows day, night rolls on night; Missing, and that is all.

-Tinsley's Magazin

John Wesley's Chapel and Grave. om the New York World.

The cable last evening announced the partial burning on Sunday night of the famous chapel of John Wesley in London. The fire entirely de-stroyed one of the wings, irreparably injured the more recent Trescoes of the main ceiling and weakened the original roof. The cable dispatch accurately speaks of the "Wesleyan Chapel in City Road." American visitors to London who look up the antiquities of Methodism are often shown another "Wesleyan chapel" in Kentish town to the north of the Midland Station, another near Lincoln's Inn Fields. another in Islington, near the Agricul tural Hall, and one near the extreme East End of London in East India Road. These chapels are all more pretentious in architecture and deco-rations than the little modest building on City Road, opposite to the entrance of the Bunhill Fields Burying Ground and between Finsbury Square and the Grecian Thentre. It stands about a hundred feet back from the street and is of a simple and utterly unam-bitious appearance. It is fronted by a churchyard of about seventy-five feet square, through which runs a East End of London in East India bittous appearance. It is fronted by a churchyard of about seventy-five feet square, through which runs a board walk. In the yard are several old trees, and portions of it are laid out with flower-beds. The chapel also has a churchyard of no mean propor-tions in the rear. It can be reached by the omnibuses which run between the Angel at Islington and the Bank of England, or by transcars from Mooregate street and London Wall, or by other omnibuses that run past the chapel was⁶ finished in 1778. The corner-stone was laid the year before by John Wesley himself, and in Southey tells ns that Wesley snid : "Probably this plate will be seen no more by any human eye, but will re-"Probably this plate will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." In this chapel, u excepting when traveling, John Wes-ley preached during twelve successive irs. The Bible which he used is still there; and it appears from the cable dispatch that his original pulpit was uninjured by the fire. The great apostle of Methodism himself was buried March 2, 1791, in a vault in the churchyard, within a few feet of the street frontage. Over the vault is seen by every passer-by a plain square

by a shaft which rises to a point, and altogether only about twelve feet high.

crossed the busy street into "Bunhill Fields" and looked there upon the modest headstones which mark the burial-places of Susannah Wesley and of Charles Wesley. Many other historical reminiscences

are associated with this old Dissenters' burial-ground of Bunhill Fields. Within its confines-now incongruously beset with the loudest "London hum"-repose Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the preach-er who attended Oliver Cromwell's death-bed ; Dr. John Owen who preached the first sermon before Parliament after the execution of King Charles; Lord Deputy Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, who married the widow of General Ireton; John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, William Blake, the painter and poet; Thomas Stothard, Thomas Hardy, the Radical, and many other distinguished "Non-conformists." It was originally called Bonehill Fields, because thither during the reign of Queen Elizabeth were conveyed "nigh upon a thousand cartloads of bones removed from the char-nel of old St. Panl's" Smooth Arrows nel of old St. Paul's." Several years ago the burying-ground was laid out in walks, planted with shrubbery and flowers and furnished with seats, and it is always thronged while it stands open throughout every day.

Doubtless the burned portions of the famous Wesleyan chapel will be speedily repaired and restored. But But the mighty company of the Methodists throughout the world will rejoice that the old monument house of their faith and the chapel of John Wesley's latter days has escaped the calamity of a total destruction.

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white marble monument, surmounted

It bears his name and all the necessary lates, and also inscriptions in mem of his mother and his brother Charles, the "sweet singer," whose remains, however, rest in the Bunbill Fields Burying Ground immediately opposite. Into this chapel, according to Wesley's last request, his body was carried in a plain coffin after being shrouded in plain wollen cloth. Over the shroud were put his gown, cassock and band. On his head rested the familiar clerical cap. In one hand a Bible was clasped and in the other a white handkerchief-such as he had always car ried in the pulpit. Within the chapel the remains reposed one whole day and were visited by such immens crowds that it was deemed best-in expectation of the greater crowds which might come the next day-to have the remains interred at daybreak on the ensuing morning. This was done in strict accordance with the dying directions of John Wesley-"Let me be borne without hearse coach or escutcheon by six poor men. who shall each receive a burial fee of a guinea. In place of pomp I wish the tears of them that love me and who are following me to Abraham's bosom." But notwithstanding the sudden change of the hour of interment many hundred persons heard of it and filled the churchyard during the brief but impressive services. All of these events had imparted to the chapel in City Road and its sur roundings a tender interest, and doubtless no American Methodist has ever visited London without recalling them Its history has not abated in public interest. It is still the one home, next to Mount Vernon, around which clus-ter the fondest memories of Washing-¹ of the almost unbroken line of fortifi-

preserve their beauty? One of the most astonishing instances of surgical patience and human endurance, as exemplified in the Pennsylvania Hospital in the case of a young girl who lover shot her in the face, is related by Forney's Progress. She was only sixteen and very beautiful, but the jealous dastard had by his act apparently rendered her hideous for life, the whole skin of the face being pitted with shot and powder. One of the physicians at the hospital, who looks upon surgery as a restorative art, after extracting the shot picked out each separate grain of powder with a needle. The writer saw the patient after she had recovered, and her skin was as smooth as an infant's.

Nonsense Verse in Game.

A boy writes to the Times that he nev-er heard of the "nonsense verse," given now among the children's stories. Instead of

Onery, Twoery, Tickory Ann, he uses the following :

Be gone

That appears to be something like the "rigomarole" used in the game of "the lost chickens." That game opens as follows: follows:

lows: Chick-a-me, chick-a-me, cry-me-crow, Went to the well to wash my toe; Now I come back my chickies are gone-What time is it old witch?

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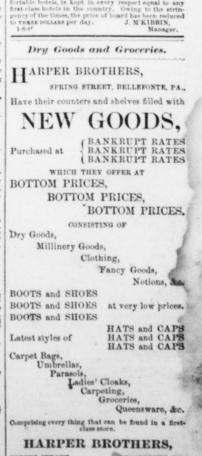
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