

### A POETICAL ALPHABET.

The A B C's of More Than a Score of Poets.

Ah! well for us all some sweet hopes lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes.

—J. G. Whittier.

Break, break, break.

At the foot of thy crags, oh, sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—Tennyson.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,

Full and fair ones—come and buy;  
If so be you ask me where  
They grow, I answer, there,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile  
There's the land, or cherry isle.

—Herrick.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.

—Ben Jonson.

It's on such is time—which takes on trust

Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pass us but with earth and dust.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Farwell, life! my senses swim,

And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows crowd the light,  
Like the advent of the night.  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill,  
Strong the earthy odor grows,  
I smell the mold above the rose.

—T. Hood.

Golden slumbers kiss you eyes,

Smiles awake you when you rise,  
Sleep, pretty wintons; do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby—  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

—Thomas Dekker.

He prayeth well, who loveth well

Both man and bird, and beast;  
He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

I cannot make him dead;

His fair sunny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

—John Pierpont.

Jennie kiss'd me when we met,

Jumping from the chair she sat in  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
Say that health and wealth have missed  
me;

—Leigh Hunt.

King Death was a rare old fellow!

He sat where no sun could shine;  
And he lifted his hands so yellow  
And poured out his coal-black wine.  
Hurrah! for coal-black wine!

—Barry Cornwall.

Late glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;

For ever changing, unperceived the  
change;  
In the same brook none ever bathed him  
twice;  
To the same life none ever twice awake.  
We call the brook the same; the same we  
think  
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow.

—Young.

My days are in the yellow leaf,

The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone.

—Byron.

Nothing resting in its own completeness

Can have worth or beauty; but alone  
Because it leads and tends to further  
sweetness,  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.  
Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Toward a truer, deeper life above.

—A. Proctor.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying  
cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the  
wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the  
grave.

—William Knox.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have  
swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

—Thomas Gray.

Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,

And I no farther richer!"  
Time answered, "Ah, the old, old strain!  
I prithee raise the pitcher;  
Why measure all your good in gold?  
No rope of sand is weaker.  
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold;  
Come, lad, fill up your beaker."

—Mark Lemon.

Remorseless time! fierce spirit of the glass

and scythe, what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity?

—G. D. Prentice.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,

Crumbling away beneath our very feet;  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet.

—Aubrey De Vere.

Then unrelenting past!

Strong are the barriers around thy dark  
domain,  
And letters, sure and fast,  
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

—W. C. Bryant.

Unfortunate man that I am!

I've never a client but grief;  
The case is, I've no case at all;  
And in brief, I've never had a brief.

—Saxe.

Vital spark heavenly flame,

Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame?  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!

—P. P.

Which I wish to remark—

And my language is plain—  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

—Bret Harle.

Xcellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee.

—Shakespeare.

Yet who plucks me? No one mourns—

I have lived my season out—  
And now die of my own thorns  
Which I could not live without.  
Sweet, be merry! how the light  
Comes and goes! If it be night,  
Keep the candles in my sight.

—E. B. Browning.

Zeal and obedience be still your grace.

—Shakespeare.

### 'Paul Dubois' Runaway Daughter.

Linette had the blues. Nothing new for Linette, one might say; but these were the bluest kind of blues. Not a ray of sunshine to be found in sky or room, or in Linette's face or thoughts.

"One month's rent unpaid," she began, another coming due in a few days. No coal, no wood, no money," and she fairly broke down as she finished stumping up her troubles. Little else she could and did bear with patience and fortitude; but these matters were too grave to laugh over and charm away by very lightheartedness. While her work lasted, Linette had faced the hardships of her life bravely enough. Now, with idle hands and hungry lips, she had grown desperate with want. Crying still, she began collecting her few poor clothes, after pausing to wipe away the blinding tears, and sobbing out pitifully:

"Oh! to think of my ever going into a pawn shop!"

She was still intent on her task, when a sharp rap sounded on her door. At her summons it opened, and her eyes were quickly dried in her wonder at the unlooked-for visitor. Elegant fur muffs and French bonnets came so seldom within range of Linette's bright eyes, that for a moment she saw only these, but quickly transferred her attention to the wondrous beauty of the lady's face. Blanche Carlson was unprepared for the girlish face gazing at her, with wide wet eyes, and looked about at the bare, poverty-stricken room, with some little curiosity, as she advanced, and referring to a printed scrap of paper in her hand, spoke:

"You advertised for a place as lady's maid? Mary Judson, I think, are you not?"

"No, Madame, Mary Judson lives on the floor above. I did not answer it."

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon!" and Mrs. Carlson moved toward the door, pausing as the girl began to speak hurriedly.

"Would I suit you? I can dress hair perfectly and know all the duties of a maid. Do try me. I can give you reference as to character, indeed I can. I am so poor—and so hungry!" and Linette's tears welled over again.

Mrs. Carlson, although not an impulsive woman, retained enough of youth and enthusiasm to sympathize readily with forlorn beauty; and Linette, coaxing and entreating, was even more winning than in any other of her ever-changing moods. Her fair, curly hair, with its wonderful tints of gold and bronze, served to heighten the impression of childlike-asking for love and protection made by her wide blue eyes, heavy with tears. A few questions answered as earnestly and satisfactorily, and Linette found herself again alone, but with widely different feelings.

First of all, something to eat; and Linette ran lightly down the ricketty stairs, out into the narrow street, and along to the underground bake shop where poor old humpback Joe displayed his modest sign of "Eating-House."

The steps leading down were icy and slippery, but the girl only closed her hand the tighter over her precious silver held, and bursting in through the door as willfully as a sunbeam will fall into a dreary prison-cell if only the keeper's back be turned. Scarcely lighted, furnished only with a counter running half way back and a few tables and chairs, there was yet a suggestion of warmth and comfort in the great red-hot stove and the atmosphere reeking with the fumes of an immense pot of soup.

"Hey! girl, come easy! come easy!" and Joe's ragged gray hair appeared above the counter. Shaking himself as one sees a huge mastiff do after a rest, he continued: "You'll break the door, slamm' it so hard—and the dishes, maybe! And what do you want, anyway?"

"There, Joe," answered Linette, who was already peering curiously into the soup-pot, and warming her numbed hands. "There, Joe, stop growling, and look at that. A whole quarter, and I mean to eat every cent of it."

Nothing daunted by this threat, Joe bit it, eyed it, sent it spinning on the counter, and finally thrust it down into his capacious pocket, shaking himself again with an inarticulate growl. Linette only waited, spoon in hand, for him to set a loaf, a pat of butter and bowl of steaming soup before her—to commence eating with evident relish and satisfaction. Joe swung himself up on the edge of a table, and watched her curiously as she ate. Several times he took the money out, and set his great teeth in it as though to help himself to a solution of a knotty problem.

His misshapen figure, ferocious-looking head, and huge, long hands, had nothing repulsive for Linette. Once or twice she nodded cheerily, and once waived him a kiss with the tip of her spoon. Suddenly, he flung the money down on the table before her, and leaning forward, so that the flickering lamp threw its light full in his face, spoke harshly but with evident agitation in his voice:

"Look here, Linette. Where did you get it—and them others in your pocket? You've been out of work and nigh to starvin'. Have they took you on again? Did you get it honest, or have you gone the way of other girls with a bad man to help you on?"

"No, Joe," came the answer, accompanied by a glance as fearless as his own. "A woman's hand placed it in mine; and she told him of the afternoon's visitor, adding: 'And, Joe, it was just starvation I had come to. The last morsel of food I touched at this very table last night. I told her fairly that I was hungry, and you should have seen the pity and horror in her face. She did not

ask my last name, and I told her nothing. If this is a help to me, dear Joe, you will be the first who shall know of it. If ever I am myself again, you shall live with me, Joe."

Long after she had left him Joe kept nodding solemnly, evidently keeping time with his thoughts, and ever and again staring at the bit of money. He had even fewer words than usual for his customers; and finally one, less gloomy and taciturn than the average, called out to him as he buttoned his coat and prepared to face the bitter wind:

"Did you steal that quarter, Joe? or are you thinking of saving it for your girl?" and Joe heard his gruff laugh as he stumbled up the stairs.

### II.

A sitting-room, bright and warm, cheery and enticing enough to tempt a wandering god to leave his high Olympus and yearn for mortality. Fit goddess for such a shrine was Blanche Carlson, reclining in a great chair, screening her face from the heat of the burning logs with a silken toy-banner, and looking the incarnation of all the domestic virtues. Her robe of grey-hued satin, cut low in front, revealed the exquisite contour of her throat through the dainty lace; and from the wealth of braided hair to the tiny foot nestling in its cushion, she looked "the picture of a mind at ease."

The handsome man standing just at her side felt his heart warm and beat the faster, as it had many times done in her sweet presence. For a while there was silence. Steady concentrated thought well became the fine, clear-cut face; and Guy Carlson was not one to hurry his pleasures. He was one who could wait for the blossoming of an aloe, and who would not weary of a hundred years! At last, with an evident effort, she threw off thought and lifted her eyes to his with a glance so tender and wistful that it drew him to her instantly.

"One kiss!" and he bent his head to give the welcome caress. "What magic has held your thoughts so fast that you have had neither look nor word for me?"

"Poor you? You are spoiled. I pe you too much," came the answer, given with eyes and mouth fairly dazzling in their merry, coquettish love. With a soft, happy laugh he caught her up and patted her head on his arm, drinking in deep draughts of the love-light that only himself knew slept in those wondrous eyes. Then, standing with supporting arm and tender touch on her soft hair, he renewed his question.

"But of what were you thinking, darling?"

"Oh, I had forgotten. I was thinking of Linette."

"Linette, your maid?" raising his eyebrows a little in astonishment, yet content to talk on any subject that interested her.

"Yes, Guy, my maid. She is an enigma to me. Don't laugh when I tell you that she is one of the most perfect ladies I ever met. What puzzles me is not the fact itself—but that I am assured—but whether it is natural or artificial. Is it instinct that tells her everything a lady wants done—the nicest way of doing it, and, while she performs her duties unerringly, keeps her above and aloof from the other servants?"

"You are not in the habit of studying your servants," and his amusement was betrayed by laughing eyes looking into hers.

"To-day," she resumed, "I gave her a piece of torn music to sew. It was a difficult concerto of Schubert's. After a few moments I chanced to look up from my book, and she was sitting with the music open before her, intently reading. If you ever saw a person reading, whose whole intellect seemed concentrated on the book, you know how she looked. I did not let her see that I noticed her. That girl plays, and plays well, I am sure of it."

Guy kissed her on brow and cheek and lips, before he answered:

"What an enthusiastic little woman! I do believe that you have a princess in disguise. Will that content you? Sit here and dream your pretty fancies all you will. I am going out—only for an hour. Good-bye for so long."

The woman he left lay back in her chair, content to be quiet and alone with her happy thoughts. The idolized sweetheart of a loving husband, with youth, beauty and wealth all her own, she literally knew neither sorrow nor trouble. The opening door roused her, and Linette came to the fire, replenishing it, drawing the curtains yet closer and arranging the dainty supper table at her mistress's right hand.

"Do not go, Linette. Mr. Carlson will not be here for ten or an hour yet." Again there was silence in the room. Linette, with her hands loosely clasped before her, looked down into the hot coals. Again Blanche noticed the contrast between the haughty pose of her head, and the tiny lace cap betokening servitude. Her hands, too, were strangely white and shapely for a work-woman's. Just as she had reached this thought a man servant entered, bearing a card.

"Mr. Paul Dubois—Linette, go to him, and say that I beg to be excused this evening, but will go to his studio to-morrow. Why, what is the matter?" for the girl stood flushing and paling, and, for the first time since she had entered the house, her composure entirely gone. At a sign the man withdrew, and Mrs. Carlson turned again to Linette.

"Why do you not go?"

"Oh, madam, I—cannot James take the message? I beg—"

"And if I insist?"

"I—must refuse."

Mrs. Carlson rang the tiny bell on the tea-table; and, when the man reappeared, repeated her message to him. When the door closed after him, Linette spoke with forced calmness:

"You wish me to leave, I suppose?"

"I do not quite know what I want, Linette. I am angry, and in most cases would dismiss a servant at once who disobeyed me. You are young, alone, and I own, beautiful. I cannot send you away without a chance to explain what seems to me utterly inexplicable. I give it to you now."

"Because—his is my father!" And as she spoke the attitude of humility looked from her, as a folding-wrap loosed from a beautiful woman discloses charms of form and carriage beyond dream of. She raised her head proudly and met the eyes whose changing expression betrayed doubt, distrust and admiration in quick succession.

"Now that I have spoken it is due to him, as well as to myself, that I should tell you all."

Mrs. Carlson resumed her chair and listened intently to the story Linette so eagerly related:

"My mother has been dead for many years. I had spent nearly all my life in a convent-home in France until two years since, when my father came for me and brought me to America. With us came a nephew of his, Edouard Moquin, who, although very attractive and greatly beloved by my father, I believed utterly unprincipled. He was determined to marry me, not for myself but for my fortune. My father favored his suit. I was growing to love my father, who in all but name had been a total stranger to me when I left France; but every advance was met by attempts to induce me to marry Edouard. Irritated finally by my continued resistance, he used threats—and finally did attempt to confine me in my room. I loathed Edouard. His every word and look I viewed with distrust, and my indignation at my treatment was unbounded. I do not, looking at the matter as sorrow and much thought have made me see it, blame my father as I did. You know in France children's wishes are little thought of in these matters, and he considered me bound to abide by his decision. It was hard to see the cherished scheme of years frustrated by what he called girlish obstinacy; but I was hasty and passionate, and fled at the first chance, seeking refuge with a sometime-servant, who had won my confidence in the few times he had come to visit his old master's daughter. I have known much of want and distress, but have never once dreamed of returning to brave my father's indignation and Edouard's renewed addresses."

"Something of this I have heard from Mr. Dubois himself," said Mrs. Carlson, when she had concluded. "You were too hasty, Linette. Very soon after you disappeared, and while your father was searching for you in every direction, Edouard went back to France, effectually curing Mr. Dubois of his liking for him by taking everything he could in any way convert into cash, your mother's jewels included. Every time I go to him he speaks of you—often with tears—and of his unceasing efforts to find you. Well, Guy, what wraith have you seen?" for Mr. Carlson had entered the room and was standing transfixed with amazement at seeing his wife standing with one arm thrown around the waist of her waiting-maid, whose face bore traces of tears. This amazement was lessened by Blanche, with elaborate courtesy, introducing:

"Mr. Paul Dubois' runaway daughter."

Paul Dubois paced his studio impatiently. Lady sitters were getting to be a nuisance to him. In his youth he had been glad to add fame to his two rich gifts of wealth and manly beauty, and he had always painted more or less; but with advancing years he felt it more of a task than a pleasure, and the habitual unpunctuality of women was his constant theme of discourse.

"The very last woman I will paint!" he growled, sending a footstool out of his way with great violence. Suddenly he paused before a covered easel, and, removing the cloth, stood wrapp'd in thought before Linette as we first saw her—half crying, entreating, with her yellow hair all tumbled curls, her eyes wide and tearful, and looking the incarnation of spoiled childish loveliness caught in some naughtiness, and divided between dismay, remorse and a desire to laugh.

A slight sound caused him to turn. Two ladies stood near him—one his recreant sitter, the other the original of the picture—color, pose and expression. But the pictured face did not change and brighten as did the one on which a father's kisses fell warm and fast. Blanche Carlson looked long at the picture, and recalled the attic-room where first she had seen that look. She was thinking of the wonderful change from Linette the waiting-maid to Linette Dubois, mistress of a lovely home and a father's dotting affection.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

Cannibalism has lately pressed its claims on public attention in a variety of shapes, says the New York Sun. In the first place, came the war of King Amachree with the power of Africa, Will Broid, on the west coast of Africa, near the equator, at the delta of the Niger. There, after a battle, the survivors, feasted on the killed, and the prisoners, to the number of about two hundred, it being the most profuse banquet of the sort known in that region for years. Then came the case of the Indian cannibal, Swift Runner, executed the other day at Fort Saskatchewan, after having killed and eaten successively his mother, his wife and his seven children. Then occurred the mention by Mr. Bell, of the cannibal witch in the East Indies, who devoured her son, assisted in the task by two other members of her sex. Finally we have the three natives of the Marquesas islands who lately visited San Francisco as a part of the crew of the French gunboat Lamothé Piquet. They were of large stature, with regular features, finely tattooed, and with full, soft, expressive eyes; they were man eaters. The crew of this gunboat had a year before discovered the bodies of twelve captured Frenchmen prepared for eating, on the island of New Caledonia. This is the description which the San Francisco Call gave of the affair:

They effected a landing at a point where the train had been captured, and surprised the savages while about to feast upon the bodies of the captured Frenchmen. The would-be banquets fled at their approach, but were pursued, and fifteen of them killed. The scene upon the beach, Captain Biensime says, where they landed, was sickening in the extreme."

But while there has been of late, by a singular coincidence, rather a run of cannibalistic news, these bad practices are, in general, rapidly running out. Before long they will cease altogether, for civilization is extending, and in civilized life, though men devour each other, they do not do so physically and literally.

Save the Rags.

The price of paper has been advanced heavily all over the country. If the price is maintained the public will be compelled to pay more for their newspapers. Many daily and weekly papers have already increased their subscription price.

The advance in paper can be stopped if the people will save and sell their old paper and rags. Three months' saving of rags and old paper by the entire population, and selling them in the markets, would check the advance in paper.

Every newspaper in the land should appeal to the people in this matter. And they should also economize in the consumption as much as possible.

### Small Dividends on Crime.

The income of a thieving life is so small and precarious compared with the pains taken to secure it, that one wonders that thieves do not abandon the occupation in discouragement. One of them recently arrested in New York, described in minute detail to a reporter the whole process of his stealing \$4,000 worth of diamonds from a Fifth avenue boarding house, and the balance which it left him. He was stopping at a "disreputable" down-town hotel when he saw the rooms advertised, and made up his mind to go and see what stroke of business he could accomplish there.

With a piece of thin wire he arched his nose and widened his nostrils; he bulged out his cheeks; deepened the sockets of his eyes with burnt cork; reddened his complexion with vermilion; painted wrinkles on his forehead, and added a tuft, tight-fitting beard and a wig with a bald crown. When his toilet was complete he looked like a Wall street broker, or an American statesman. Putting on a handsome, well-made suit of clothes, and buying a pair of kid gloves and a walking cane, he hired a cab for "the round trip," at three dollars, and drove to the house. Being left alone in the parlor he sat down and strummed the "Anvil Chorus" on the piano, apologizing to the landlady on entering for doing it. He told her he was a wealthy Englishman, just over, who would require four rooms, and finally agreed with her for a suite at \$35 a week. The lunch bell rang and she asked him to stay to lunch, which he accepted, saying that he would first wash in his new room. After a visit from a pretty housemaid, who was set to show him the way to the dining-room but whom he dismissed, saying he was not ready, and when everything was quiet again, he proceeded to business.

Locking the outside door of his room he rolled the bed away from another door leading into the adjoining room. The door was fastened with a hook only, which he easily broke. Opening the door he found himself in another bedroom, but saw nothing but a walskin saccue which he could carry away. Then going to the bureau drawers and opening them he found two morocco cases, from which he took the diamonds, putting the jewels into his pocket, went back into his bedroom, from which he emerged and made his way down stairs, informing the butler that he had decided not to stay to lunch. Reaching his hotel, he threw off his disguise and went out to negotiate his plunder.

He offered them to a man in Chatham street for \$500, but was obliged to take \$450, about one-tenth of their value. But for the necessity of getting rid of them he could have done much better than this. Half of the money he gave to "a young lady friend," who soon after ward deserted him and ran away to Chicago; the other half he lost at a gambling-house. A few hours after the theft, therefore, he had absolutely nothing left to show for all his ingenuity, labor and pains, but goes to State prison for a term of years instead.

He was formerly a London physician, and a man of pleasing address and marked intelligence. But none of these served to command very large dividends on the capital he invested in crime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### How Spectacles are Made.

A writer in the Philadelphia Free says: The white lens in use in the ordinary spectacle of commerce is made of the common window pane glass rolled in sheets; sometimes it is made into balls. From these are cut pieces of about one and a quarter to one and a half inches in size; they are then taken into the grinding room and each piece cemented separately upon what is called a lap of a semi-circular shape. These are made to fit into a corresponding curve or saucer, into which fine emery powder is introduced and subjected to a swift rotary motion. The gradual curve in the lap gives to the glass as it is ground a corresponding shape, until the desired center is reached; the lap is then taken out and subjected to warmth, which melts the cement sufficiently to permit the glass being removed and turned upon the opposite side, when the same process is renewed. This being completed, the lenses are detached again from the lap and taken to another department, where they are shaped to fit the frames. This is accomplished by a machine of extreme delicacy. Each piece of glass is put separately upon a rest, when a diamond is brought to bear upon it, moving in the form of an oval, thus cutting the desired size; but the edges, of course, are rough and sharp, and must be beveled. For this purpose they are turned over into another set of hands, mostly girls, who have charge of the grindstones, which are about six inches in thickness. Each operator is provided with a gauge; the glass is taken between the forefinger and thumb and held sufficiently sideways to produce half the desired bevel; when this is attained it is again turned and the other side of the bevel completed. During this process it is constantly gauged in order to ascertain that the frame will close upon it without too much pressure, which would break the lens.

The next process to which the lens is subjected is that of "focusing," and requires extreme care. The person having this department to attend to is placed in a small room alone; across the entrance is hung a curtain, which is only drawn aside sufficiently to admit the required amount of light from a window several feet away, upon one of the top panes of which is placed a small hole cut in the center representing the bull's-eye of a target. Through this the rays of light shine upon the lens in the hands of a work man and are reflected through it to a dark background. The lens is then moved back and forth upon an inch measure until the proper focus is attained. Say, for instance, the extreme end of the measure is sixty-two inches, the lens is placed at that, but does not focus; it is gradually moved along inch by inch, until, perhaps, it is brought to thirty-six inches. At this the proper height of center or focus is attained, and it is then numbered thirty-six. The same operation is of course necessary with every lens. This accounts for the numbers which are upon spectacles or glasses of any kind when purchased.

An Illinois schoolmistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil, and called in a young school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love, and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages, and got a verdict for \$50.

### ON A FLOATING CAKE OF ICE.

Drifting in the St. Lawrence River with an insane man—Far from shore in a Terrible Gale—A Perilous Midwinter Adventure.

A letter from Clayton, N. Y., to the New York Sun says: George Pugh, one of the survivors of the party caught on breaking ice on the St. Lawrence river while crossing from Gananoque to Grindstone island, tells the following story of the night's adventure:

At 3:30 p. m. I started from Gananoque for Watertown, by way of Grindstone island, with the following party of farmers, who came over in the forenoon on the ice with a team and sleigh, and made the crossing without difficulty: Eli Stetson, and Charles Kendall, George Cummins, William Kesho, Ben and Emer Calhoun, David Harwood, Lewis Kittle and Willard Robinson. We had kitted in the sleigh, and had no trouble until we reached the middle of the channel, where we found the ice shaky, and detaching the horses we led them separately and pushed the sleigh by hand. Soon one of the horses went through, and in his struggles broke up the ice for about one hundred feet before we got him landed. Seeing that our horses were too great for the ice we separated, and also soon found we had lost our course and were heading toward the island toward open water. My team and I pushed the sleigh, which was unladen, and which soon went through, and we abandoned it. The wind blew a hurricane, and it was becoming pitch dark. Suddenly we all broke through at once, and then each tried to save himself. I found a cake big enough to sustain me in a kneeling position, and Cummins and Robinson got on another. We consulted, and I told Robinson I should go no further. He said he would try and get ashore and get a boat, and the motion of the ice, as it arose and fell with the waves and ground against other pieces, made me sick, and I began to fear that I should have to give up. Cummins was growing weaker, and I strove to arouse him. I asked him about his family, and how many children he had. He said five, and I begged him for their sakes to bear up. About this time we saw lights on the shore, apparently about a mile distant. I told him to look, help was coming! He turned his eyes and exclaimed: "See! see! There is one, two, three, eleven boats coming for us!" He was insane. I told him to cheer up, they would be here shortly. He became unmanageable, broke away from me, and he was being ashore, and walked off the edge of the ice. I caught him by the leg, but my hands were numb, and before I could raise him he gave a violent kick, broke my hold and went down. I was lying flat on the ice, and I watched for him to come up, but nothing but a few bubbles arose. I was now alone and supposed the whole party had perished and that such would be my fate, too. The lights had disappeared, but I found my cake had drifted against shore ice and was not moving much, but those around me were crashing and breaking and I feared to trust myself upon them. I thought I would call in hopes I might be heard. I did so several times. After waiting, it seemed to me an age, I saw a light moving