

Two Discarded Poems by Longfellow.

"Jockova" was Mr. Longfellow's rendering of the name of a mountain in New Hampshire, now written "Chocoma." The poem, though he did not care to gather it into his collected works, is worth reprinting:

JECKOVA.

[The Indian chief, Jockova, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jockova is near the White Hills.]

They made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide;
And there was mourning in the glen—
The strong wall of a thousand men—
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age, or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit passed.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,
Where the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the ragged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the moldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot when first
The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where, when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'Twas where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night
Velled in thick cloud the mountain height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash—
None saw the fallen warrior dash
Down the bare rock so high and white—
But he that drooped not in the chasm
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion passed away,
And traces on that barren cliff
Of struggling hard with death were left—
Deep marks and footprints in the clay!
And they have laid his feathery helm
By the dark river and green aim.

The following "Song" was Longfellow's last contribution to the *Literary Gazette*. It was published in the number for April 1, 1826, not long before he sailed for Europe, and has not been reprinted.

SONG.

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Purges through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unceasing first,
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil
The eyes of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

Carrying Off the Prize.

"Nobody goes to church on Easter day without an entirely new suit in the very latest fashion!" said Mrs. De Novelles.

"Certainly not!" said Alicia, her eldest daughter. "Mrs. Pelham has written to Paris for a new bonnet, to my certain knowledge."

"And, of course," added Emily, the youngest scion of the house of De Novelles, "as you are spending the winter with us, Madeline, you will be expected not to disgrace us."

Madeline Moray looked from one to the other of the speakers with a troubled expression of countenance.

"But, Aunt De Novelles," said she, "mamma writes me that our old Cousin Zephaniah and his wife have come from Maine, very poor, and that we must economize as much as possible in order to keep them off the town. They are very old, and they need a great many little luxuries, and—"

Mrs. De Novelles' face darkened visibly.

"Madeline," said she, "will you never forget that you belong to a farmer's family down-East? Your Cousin Zephaniah is nothing to me. Of course, while you are my guest, I shall expect you to dress as becomes your station as my niece."

Madeline knitted her pretty brows in sore perplexity after Aunt De Novelles had rustled out, leaving a strong odor of patchouli behind her. She had admired the devotion of her aunt and the girls in attending the church services so regularly during Lent; she, too, had sat in the dim, religious light of the perfumed church, trying to recall her wandering thoughts to the words which she uttered, and had come to the conclusion that she was not half so good as her aunt, and Emily, and Alicia. And now, Aunt De Novelles felt no charity for poor old Cousin Zephaniah, and wanted her to spend all her little money for dress and fashion to make an outside show.

She had a fifty-dollar bill yet left of the small store which they had scraped together at home when they sent her to spend a winter in Boston with Aunt De Novelles, and she took it from her purse and smoothed it out upon her desk. Fifty dollars! She had hoped to save it all for Cousin Zephaniah.

Her pretty shot silk, with the damask front, was very fresh and pretty still—she had only worn it some half-dozen times—and her neat little split-straw hat would look very nice, if

she bought new ribbon for it and rearranged the flowers. At least that was the mental conclusion at which she had arrived, when Mrs. De Novelles issued her commands, binding as an imperial ukase, that a new Easter suit was among the necessities.

Madeline knew very well that she was pretty. She never looked into the glass without perceiving the difference between her fresh, apple-blossom of a face, and the enameled and rouged complexions of her city cousins. She knew that her long hair was like burnished coils of gold, her long-lashed eyes like stars; and she would have liked a new Easter suit as well as any one—and the bonnets in Madame Printemps' window looked infinitely beautiful in her eyes, with their French roses and perfectly simulated violets; but there was the old man and his enfeebled wife to remember—the ancient relics of a bygone generation who had outlived the sympathy of almost all the world.

"No," said Madeline to herself, "I must not spend this money, Easter suit or no Easter suit."
So she sat herself down in the rainy March afternoon to rip up the shot silk dress and alter it so that even Alicia and Emily should not know it for the same.

But with all her skill in amateur dressmaking the folds would not hang stylishly, the old creases would obtrude themselves on the eye, and the costume proclaimed in its every glisten and puff, "Made over, made over, made over!" Emily De Novelles shook her head.

"Madeline," said she, "it's of no use. You never can wear that dress! And your hat, too. A plain split straw, without so much as a French flower."

Madeline burst into tears.
"Very well, Emily," she said. "Then I will remain at home. You need not fear that I will disgrace the congregation of St. Etheldreda on Easter Sunday."

And this pledge evidently relieved the mind of Miss De Novelles.

"For," as she afterward told her sister Alicia, "these half-civilized country girls are capable of anything."

And the two elegant sisters did not take the trouble, when Captain Brabazan dropped in to 5 o'clock tea, to send up word to Madeline that there was company in the parlor.

"I suppose she don't care to see me!" the captain thought, with a sinking heart, when at last he went away, after having lingered as long as politeness would admit.

"I supposed he never asked for me!" Madeline said to herself, as, from her window, she saw his retreating figure saunter slowly down the street. "Well, it matters less than ever now about the Easter suit. Nobody will know whether I have one or not."

But when Easter eve came, and Madeline was crying softly in her own room, to think of the radiant spring sunset that was flooding all the world at home, the colored water came grinning up to the door.

"Please, Miss Maddy," he said, "hurry a basket o' laylocks. Real spring-smellin', I do declare! Wid de cappen's card—Cappen Brabazan, miss!"

Madeline uttered an exclamation of delight.

Oh, the lovely, purple things! Clusters of lilac fragrance! Delicious reminders of the springtime at home. Oh, how kind it was of Captain Brabazan to remember that she was a country girl, exiled here among brick walls!

Madame Cressonde's young woman sat up until 12 o'clock that night to finish the three elegant costumes which Mrs. De Novelles and her daughters had ordered. The three bonnets did not come home until Sunday morning.

But Madeline watched them sail forth to church, to the glister of golden sunbeams and the clanging of melodious bells, like three fashion-plates.

And then she put on her plain little "made-over dress," and, taking a fresh cluster of lilacs from the vase of water, pinned it across the split-straw hat.

"There!" she thought, as she tied the strings under her chin, "no Paris exotic ever looked half so sweet as that! And I am sure that heaven will incline its ear no less favorably to my prayers than if I went to St. Etheldreda's in Worth's newest design."

And she crept to the little church in the adjoining street, which had long gone out of fashion, and where the spectacled old clergyman practiced all the austerities of the early fathers, through dire necessity.

She sat there listening to the anathemas and thinking of the dear ones at home, and wondering if Cousin Zephaniah and his poor old parbubled wife would ever know that she (little Madeline Moray) had sent her mite to relieve their sore necessities, and recalling vaguely the poor widow whose offering had once been so precious in the holiest of eyes. Hers was not much now, but she also had given it from a free and willing heart.

As she moved quietly and with reverent, downcast eyes out of the church, some one stepped to her side.

"You have dropped something, Miss Moray," said Captain Brabazan.

And he held up the cluster of lilacs, drooping now, and a little faded.

She put her hand up to her bonnet, with a scarlet blush.

"Your lilacs, Captain Brabazan!" she said.

His face brightened.

"I am proud that you deemed them worthy of wearing," said he. "Your cousin told me that you were such an anchorite that you did not care for flowers or books or society—that you were not even going to church on Easter day."

"I?" cried Madeline. "Oh, Captain Brabazan, I like all three! I cried over your flowers when they came last night. They seemed to me like dear friends from home. And I wore them in my bonnet because—because I could not afford artificial blossoms. There! now you know just how poor I am!"

And she laughed even while the rose-ate tinge suffused her cheek.

"I do not know whether you are poor or not," said he; "but I do know that I think you are the nearest perfection of any girl whom I ever saw!"

"May I tell you all about it?" she asked, hurriedly; "for I do not want you to think me avaricious or semi-barbarian, as my cousins sometimes pronounce me. And then you shall tell me whether you think I am right or wrong."

They walked slowly home from church in the soft, bland sunlight of that Easter day, and when they reached the brown stone mansion on Silverston street, Captain Brabazan went in and formally asked Mrs. De Novelles' permission to address her niece with a view to marriage.

That was Madeline Moray's Easter gift. A man's true and loyal heart—the dawn of a great happiness over a life which, up to this hour, had been but chill and solitary.

There was no denying that Mrs. De Novelles was much disappointed. Emily and Alicia had been in society three seasons now without having received any eligible offer; and it did seem strange that this pale, quite little girl from the backwoods, as Mrs. De Novelles contemptuously expressed it, should have carried off such a glittering prize as Captain Brabazan—for it never occurred to them that Madeline's sweet unselfishness and quiet self-denial could possibly have anything to do with the matter.

And as long as old Cousin Zephaniah and his wife lived, Captain Brabazan made them an annual allowance, which was ample for their simple wants.

A Bread-and-Water Duel.

Immense credit is due to the seconds in an encounter recently fought between two young Hungarian noblemen at Grosswardein for introducing a peculiarly happy innovation into the sanguinary and senseless practice of the duello. These fiery youths had exchanged the description of insult that could only, from their point of view, be washed out by blood, and accordingly, as the phrase goes in such cases, "placed themselves in the hands of their friends." The friends met in solemn conclave, and after carefully discussing the merits of the quarrel referred to them for settlement, came to the conclusion that the following method of combat would exactly meet the exigencies of the situation. Two tiny spheres, one white the other black, were placed in a wineglass, and the "principals," having been blindfolded, were asked to "draw." Both the would-be combatants, it should be observed, had pledged their honor to observe the conditions of strife prescribed by their seconds in common. He to whose lot the black ball fell found himself, to his infinite surprise and discomfiture, compelled to fast upon bread and water for a whole fortnight, under the supervision of his adversary's "friends." According to the *Magyar Polgar*, he fulfilled his pledge with a god grace, to the full satisfaction of his wounded honor, if not of his healthy appetite.—*London Telegraph*.

Auroral Displays.

The recent auroral display on a Sunday night extended all over the country, and was the most brilliant display of the kind since 1890. Professor Henry Draper, the astronomer, said to a New York reporter that he viewed it through the spectrum with a great deal of interest. "It was not so well defined in its colors as the display in 1890," he remarked. "We know more about the aurora borealis now than we did then, but there is still much to be learned. It is of course an electrical display, and is about 100 miles above the earth. Young, who is good authority on the subject, connects it with spots on the sun, and there is a good deal of evidence bearing on the point. Should any new spots be discovered on the sun that would be further proof. There is almost a vacuum where this display takes place. We can produce something like it in a vacuum tube. The red lines are caused by vapor in the atmosphere, but what causes the green lines is not known."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Strive and encourage a mind [and will] of your own.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

Never be persuaded contrary to your better judgment.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

"Wishing" is the stumbling block of progress and reform. "Doing" is the lever that moves the world.

I never had a man come to me for advice, but before he got through he had more advice to offer than to ask for.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

The moon, like some men, is the brightest when it is full; but, like them again, it soon begins to lose its luster.

I don't want to know people that look ugly and disagreeable, any more than I want to taste dishes that look disagreeable.

If you will follow this rule you will save yourself many a heartache: "Never bite till you find out whether it is bread or stone."

One may be betrayed into doing things by a combination of other circumstances which one may never have done otherwise.

If you can trust your neighbor you may possibly be a credulous man, but if you can honestly trust yourself you must be a good one.

Love, hatred, jealousy, destiny are blind; the eyes of justice are blindfolded; and one must then quit life in order to be able to see in it.

The Sizes of Heads.

The controversy over the question of whether men's heads are smaller now than they were a hundred years ago suggests to a New York paper another, the inquiry whether there is any noteworthy difference in the size of heads at the present time in this city among the representatives of various races, nationalities and social conditions. Careful inquiry among the hat-makers fails to develop the existence of any such difference, to such an extent or with such regularity of application that it can be formulated or stated as even approximating to a fact. A celebrated uptown hatter said, when questioned on the subject: "With the exception of Spanish-Americans, who seem to have generally small heads, I know of no people whose heads do not average, in point of size, just about the same as any other people's heads. Cuban and South American heads are frequently as small as 6½ and seldom run over 7½. But then it must be remembered that they are generally rather undersized people, with small, bony structures. Where you come across a big one among them his head is likely to be, in proportion, equally as exceptional as his body. The Scotch are, as a rule, big-boned people, and they have big heads, running very generally from 7½ up to 7¾, and in some instances as high as 8. But the latter number is rare, even among the Scotch. Leave out these nationalities of extremes and all the rest are just about equal."

An Elephant's Revenge.

There is no creature in the world so cunning as the elephant, and no creature, moreover, so full of duplicity. The elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, never forgave his keeper for having made him ridiculous before the crowd assembled to witness his performance on a penny trumpet, which the poor man had been at the greatest pains to teach him. A note came out in "J'ai du bon tabac" with a shrill squeak, when it should have been deep contralto. The creature was vain of its artistic skill, as all artists are, and, flinging down the trumpet, made a charge against the iron bars of its cage, which sent the crowd flying right and left in the utmost terror, while the keeper, who fortunately had time to creep through the opening left at the bottom of the cage for the purpose of escape in time of danger, ran out of sight immediately. He never dared enter the cage again, for he knew by the expression of the creature's eye that the grudge was owing still. The new keeper wisely withdrew the penny trumpet, and "J'ai du bon tabac" was heard no more. To wound the vanity of the greatest of beasts is as dangerous as to trifle with that of the greatest of monarchs.

Hounded to His Grave.

Frank Armstrong, who committed suicide recently in San Francisco, was persecuted to his death. He once served a brief term in the Oregon penitentiary for stealing an overcoat while drunk. Being afterward restored to honest employment in Portland, every ex-convict who knew him blackmailed him in sums ranging from fifty cents to \$10, and kept him in constant fear of losing his place. He could stand the persistent calls for money no longer, and got on a spree and then resigned, going to San Francisco.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

It is believed that not fewer than 40,000 Americans will visit Europe this year, which is a larger number than ever before, and that the emigration hither will rise to 450,000. This justifies the most extreme vigilance concerning the vehicles which are to transport so large a number of souls.

Armies are used for different purposes in different countries. In Russia the military and civil authorities are kept busy looking for dynamite mines laid for the purpose of annihilating the sacred person of the czar. It's a bad day for the searching party when he fails to discover a Nihilist contrivance of this kind. If he does fail the knout or a somewhat protracted sojourn in Siberia awaits him.

During the past year 252 fatal accidents occurred in the streets of London, being the largest number ever reported. The figures are surprisingly large, and yet it was only one out of every 10,000 inhabitants, the great metropolis now having a population of over 4,700,000. Of the 252 fatal accidents, 146 were caused by vans, wagons, drays and cars, forty-four by omnibuses and street cars, thirty-one by cabs and fourteen by carriages, while thirteen persons were killed by horses.

Garibaldi showed, on his recent visit to Sicily to attend the celebration of the Vespers, how weak and infirm he has become. He was placed in a carriage to be taken to the villa prepared for his reception, and rode doubled up, with his head on the knees of his wife, who sat opposite. There were 60,000 people in the crowd gathered to welcome him, but in sympathy with his sufferings they stood in silence with uncovered heads, as their illustrious guest passed among them.

English missionaries have begun to work in the peninsula of Corea—a land from which almost all Europeans have heretofore been jealously excluded. The area of Corea is 90,000 square miles and the population about 10,000,000 souls. The language is quite unlike both Chinese and Japanese, and much difficulty has been experienced in learning it. Some progress has, however, been made in this direction, and the translation of the New Testament has been begun by a Presbyterian missionary named Ross.

The bureau of statistics at Washington has furnished figures giving the exports of oleomargarine to Europe during the last six fiscal years, and the value thereof. In 1875 there were 1,698,401 pounds exported, valued at \$70,483. In 1881, 25,327,676 pounds, worth \$381,566, were exported. In each case the figures are for the fiscal year ending June 30 of the year named. The quantity of dairy butter exported in the year ending June 30, 1881, was 31,560,500 pounds, valued at \$6,257,024. At this rate in about two years more the quantity of oleomargarine and butterine exported will equal the exportation of the real article.

It has been calculated by a recent writer on vital statistics that, of ten children born in Norway, a little over seven reach their twentieth year; that in England and the United States of America somewhat less than seven reach that stage; that in France only five reach it, and in Ireland less than five. He tells us that in Norway, out of 10,000 born, rather more than one out of three reach the age of seventy; in England one out of four; in the United States, if both sexes be computed, less than one out of four; in France less than one out of eight, and in Ireland less than one out of eleven, and he adds these figures are significant even based on what may be called the commercial view of the vital question.

An exchange has this to say on the subject of elephant acclimatization: The fact already demonstrated that elephants can be bred in this country would seem to indicate that the species might be naturalized and acclimated. Being of a tamable disposition, a few generations would domesticate them as thoroughly as horses and cows have been. The climate of the Southern States would be friendly to them, and for large operations in farming and the mechanic arts they could be made as useful as they are in India. As milk producers, they surpass the cow in point of richness, if not of economy. Professor Doremus, the chemist, has analyzed that from the mother of Barnum's baby elephant, and pronounced it in flavor and odor superior to that of many animals.

An American lady who has spent some time in Hungary, writes enthusiastically about the beauty of the people. The men are simply gorgeous creatures—the handsomest in the world. The first of them she saw, the captain of a Danube steamer, was "a very good in physique," and she soon found that he was only a fair specimen of the race. These grand fellows dress with taste and magnificence. In describing one of them who visited her, she says

"He came in robes as splendid as the robes in an Eastern tale. He wore the costliest of velvets, the richest of satins and the rarest of furs. He wore a girdle of precious stones, and his superb mantle was fastened across his breast by large rosettes composed of jewels. I am willing to confess that I was impressed. Never have I seen a man so splendidly arrayed and so worthy of it. You can fancy how imposing a company of these nobles are on state occasions. I attended requiem mass at which the nobles were all present in this magnificence, and they were simply dazzling. Costly jewels are sometimes worn at the knee or a dorn the tops of the high boots, which are always worn outside of the trousers." The women are pronounced nearly a match to the men.

One of the most singular of all avocations is described by an English journal in a way to indicate that it has an established existence in London. It is nothing more or less than the bringing off of prize-fights, and the business gives employment to a number of middlemen. The middleman has his regular beat and calls on regular customers. He also has his pairs of gladiators always at call. Supposing that a set of men wish to see a genuine combat, they simply subscribe twenty or thirty or fifty pounds, and place the money in the middleman's hands. A £20 "mill" is not a very sanguinary affair but £50 will buy a good deal of bloodshed. When the money is deposited the agent picks out "two lads that would like to have a turn." The "lads" are mostly lazy louts who do not love work. They train for a week on money supplied by the "merchant" who arranges the meeting. When they are finally placed in the ring they really do hurt each other, and the spectators have the pleasure of battle and conspiracy simultaneously. There are half an hour of heavy hitting, a few spirited rallies on the cords, a large amount of bad language, and then one man gives in. The middleman pockets half the money, and the rest is divided between the battered ruffians who afford the entertainment.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In 1875 sixty tons of human hair were exported from China to Europe.

An ostrich egg is considered equivalent to twenty-four eggs of the domestic hen.

In Java an inferior must walk with his hands on heels till his superior is out of sight.

Paper made from strong fibers can now be compressed in a substance so hard that nothing but a diamond can scratch it.

A French statistician has estimated that the total length of all telegraph wires at present laid is sufficient to extend forty-six times around the globe.

Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes four thousand of them put together to equal in size a single hair.

Pumice dust, ejected from volcanoes, sometimes floats out upon the ocean and makes so thick an accumulation that boats find it difficult to force their way through it.

Burning kerosene oil can be extinguished by throwing milk upon it. A person's first impulse is to throw water, but the oil rises and the only result is to make the fire spread.

A man weighs about forty times as much as the new-born infant. The caterpillar of the silkworm, when fully developed, is seventy thousand times heavier than when it came from the egg.

Noah's ark was 81,662 tons burden. This equals the tonnage of about eighty-one first-rate ships of war. It was 547 feet long, eighty-one feet broad and fifty-four feet high, making 2,739,782 solid feet.

Two twins born in Kentucky only four minutes apart will date their birthdays in different years. One was born at two minutes to 12, December 31, 1881, and the other two minutes after 12 January 1, 1882.

In some parts of Germany a curious custom exists. The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter a church without having a nosegay in their hand. They thus show that they claim the consideration due those who possess some property in the parish.

The megapod of the East Indies builds an artificial mold in which its eggs are deposited to be hatched. The mounds are sometimes fourteen feet high, with a circumference of 150 feet, and the decay of the vegetable matter of which they are composed produces an artificial warmth sufficient to hatch the eggs.

In Germany, during the slippery season, temporary corks are used for horse-shoes. Two sharp pointed studs an inch long are screwed into holes in the shoe, and when the horse enters the stable they are taken out and a button screwed into their place, thereby preventing all damage to the horse and keeping the screw holes from filling.