ABSENCE AND PRESENCE.

To live alone; to shine, to grieve alone;
With winds and sounding falls to mingle moan;
To sit long hours as silent as a stone.

To live with you, and be your lover still;
To lend all wishes to your gentle will;
With you to weep, to smile, to joy, to thrill.

To utter useless thought to vacant air,
To hear always with a ceaseless care;
To seek for joy and still find sorrow there.

To speak your name and hear mine whispered sweet;
To listen for the sound of coming feet;
With ardent smile and honeyed kiss to greet.

To sit with book, and commune with the dead;
Racking all day the strained, untruthful head;
Then seek with fevered brain a thankless bed.

To feel a tender hand upon my face;
And turn from labor to a long embrace;
From pain to bliss, love, laughter, much grace.

To lie alone and wear the age-long night;
While fancy, grieving doth her love and light,
In darkness shudders still at her lonely plight.

To hear the murmurs of a peaceful rest
Breathed by an angel sleeping on my breast—
Like Love's fair palace on the flowing West.

No joys know I of dismal solitude;
Nor is there words whose cold fictitious mood
Seeks ever scenes devoid of life, and rude.

Nor yet in herbs and trees with hoary rind,
Nor rumbling waves, nor complaining wind,
Aught ever of their vaunted solace find.

The sun-eyed daisy charms not me, unless
My darling's foot doth on the grass impress;
But then it seems to feel a dear caress.

Or in the shadowy folding of her hair
Begins she the short happy, sweet flower to wear,
It seems a star for love, fallen out of air.

Sounds not for me a music in the brook,
Less on its trembling form my sketch love,
And then it seems with a sweet rapture shook.

Bear are the bushy hollows of the gloom,
And ember-light within the curtained room;
But this alone were an undoctored tomb.

Joy of the voice, the viol or the vine,
Concerts of pleasure, music, dance and wine,
Give me not these, till love can make them mine.

Thou selfish hard, that dar'st unloving try
The ennobling verse, thy song and name shall die—
Die like the weeds thou singest, utterly.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Real Life Among the Ruins.

There is much pathos as well as humor in the following narrative of the ups and downs of an actor's career that serves to illustrate the hard luck of those who are not 'fortune's favorites on the mimic stage:

A WESTERN ACTOR'S STORY.

I was always unfortunate, my father was before me. I have been on the stage for twelve years, and have met with more misfortunes in that time than any person in the same business I ever knew. I have also been unlucky in my profession; not that I lacked merit, but from an opportunity to get "better business," as it is generally expressed by professionals.

My first attempt was *Hamlet*, in which I met with an accident. It was at the old Washington Theatre. The evening that night are too painful to reflect upon. Suffice it to say, I fell through the trap set for the gravescene, and, broke my arm. I was carried to my boarding house on G street, insensible from pain and the stage carpenter's whisky.

This episode determined me to try other fields; I came West. The manager of the only theatre in the city I had determined to make my home was in want of several utility people. My purse was getting rather dilapidated; my wardrobe was magnificent. The terms were easily arranged, though far below my expectations. Owing to my great economy, the salary was sufficient to live on; and, as I had stage clothes sufficient, I was very well satisfied with everything.

The theatre burned down the second night of my engagement. My "Duke of Buckingham" suit—handsome velvet trunks and cloaks, russet boots, hat and feathers, lace cuffs and sword—was consumed by the fire.

I bore up under the affliction as well as I was able; and as my fellow actors did on the occasion, helped my misfortune along by imbibing most too freely of liquids. I managed to run in debt to such an amount that, by estimating my salary for a year, at the rate I had been engaged at, and calculating my expenses down to the lowest notch, I would just owe $25 at the end of the year.

But engagements were not so plenty as I had imagined, and more misfortunes were in store for me. I was engaged as a utility man contiguous to my new home, at a salary not sufficient to maintain a respectable pauper, though the manager thought it sufficient for the business he wanted me to play—about third rate utility. My first appearance for public favor was as "Catesby," in Richard III. "Hamlet" and "Catesby," rather a step down the ladder of histrionic fame, I was insulted at the idea. "Catesby," how that word tingles in your ear! I thought I could think it worth while to study the part, though I read it over once or twice. Well everything went off smoothly enough till the fourth act. The local favorites had been applauded to the echo, and the manager was standing in the "entrance," smiling over a full treasury; "Richard" was giving his couriers messages, and marshalling his troops for the sanguinary struggle that was to decide the fate of England, when the call-boy called for "Catesby." My lines were: "My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" My head was not very clear, and I had only a vague idea of the scene then on. They were delivered: "My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, and we've cut off his head!"

I don't think I shall ever forget the contemptuous look the "star" gave me; I don't think I will efface from memory's tablets the supercilious look of the utility people and papers composing the army of "King Richard;" but I know the manager gave me half a guinea's "retainer" after the "star" had finished his two weeks' engagement, I was taken back. My part was always perfect at rehearsal after this, and I proceeded along very smoothly for the balance of the season.

Several years after, I was playing the same line of business in my adopted city. My misfortunes still held me down, and at this time I still held the position of twelve years ago. Joseph Proctor was playing at the same house at which I was engaged, and produced "Nick of the Woods" for his benefit.

I was cast for Ouchelei, an Indian. There is nothing in the part of any moment, except the making up and a few lines connected with some pantomime business, which Proctor took the trouble to post me in. At rehearsal everything went off well, and the company dispersed to enjoy the afternoon as best they could. My old habits were strong on me, and I spent the afternoon at billiards and drink. Night came, and with it a house crammed full of people to witness the play.

Galvanic batteries were not used then to sober people up, or I might have done justice to the few lines I had to speak. I had a scene all to myself, and that was my ruin.

The silence was profound—the music was stealthily resembling spasmodic attempts to play the "Fandago" on the guitar—and up might have heard a fly's wing flap as I zigzagged across the stage and delivered my line

"Ke-softly—he-softly, like the keeping—lie—painter. Ka-white man ka-think—lie—ka red man ka-do!"

The silence was broken, and the jeers of the audience and the stage-manager's foot hurled me off the stage and out of the theatre.

My misfortune was attended with bad results. I was attacked with an awful case of tonsilitis, a malady that actors are very liable to from their coming out of the warm theatre into the cold night air. For months I was hardly able to speak, and it was fully six months before I was able to appear on the stage.

I managed, during this time, to get along by doing a little copying for the manager, and for sars that visited the city, and so lived along as best I might. I even attended the gallery door for the benefit of the actors. I became employed, for which I received a small weekly stipend.

Finally arrived me to abandon the stage and engage in mercantile pursuits. I tried the commission business, was aided by my friends, and did well for a year or so. I tried to keep away from theatres as much as possible, to efface from my thoughts all ideas of plays, actors and actresses. The attempt was a failure once; the longer I tried to stay away the harder I longed for the companionship of my old friends. I fell a victim to a fair mulatto and a third-clear benefit. For a time everything passed off smoothly, and I began to think that my lucky days had set in, but a better disappointment awaited me.

The *Black Crook* was on. We had been rehearsing it for eight or nine days. I was cast for "Zamie," the arch fiend, and had only to go on in the last scene of the last act, and two scenes in the fourth act. The long ofts between my scenes got me to inventing some sort of amusement to pass the time as pleasantly as possible.

We had so many auxiliary people that the green-room was used as a dressing-room, and the only place for rest was in our little dining room, or in the side yard, between the alley and the stage. In this yard the stage carpenter and assistants had put up perpendicular and horizontal bars, ladders, clean weights and other arrangements for gymnastic purposes. I am rather confused about how it happened, but have a vivid recollection of a rapid flight through the air from a perpendicular ladder, and a sudden thump. Then all was dark; and when again conscious, I found myself upon a little narrow iron bed, with several persons standing over me, a strong camphoric smell pervading the apartment.

I am still a cripple. The doctors say I may be able to walk again; but it will be necessary to use a crutch. I don't think I'll act again, at all events.

J. ADDISON BOURNE.

An Interview with R. W. Emerson.

It was in the winter of 1851 that we first met the "Sage of Concord." He had been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at the Brooklyn Athenæum on "Books and Reading," which the writer attended. While returning from the last lecture of the course we met Mr. Emerson and had the pleasure of escorting him to the upper part of the city, and the full enjoyment of his conversation. We had heard that Mr. Emerson's manners were cold and unbending, but found them quite the reverse. A more affable and sympathetic companion could not be desired. His bearing was modest and unassuming. He spoke with perfect freedom and simplicity, with none of the restraint which might have been expected toward an entire stranger. Mr. Emerson is said to be an adept in the Socratic art of catechising and never neglects an opportunity of drawing out young men whom he meets and of impressing his ideas upon them. He, however, attempted nothing of the kind on this occasion. He asked few questions himself, but answered readily all those put to him. The conversation was mainly upon literary subjects; and we will endeavor to give as full a report as is possible without breach of confidence.

His first remark was suggested by his lecture for the evening. In reply to some strictures upon the exaggerated tone of one of his statements, Emerson replied, with a good laugh, he smilingly said it was an intentional overstatement to put the idea more forcibly before the hearer. It was also complained of his skipping so much, and regretted what was thereby lost. He smilingly replied that they ought to be very thankful to him for the relief he had brought them. He spoke of the Unitarian connection which had just taken place, and was surprised that it had been more quietly effected. He next referred to an article on the "Transcendentalists at Concord" in *Putnam's*, which had attracted a good deal of attention, but which, he said, was full of errors. It was evidently written by an American, but he had a suspicion that some of the mistakes in it were intentional, in order to give the idea that it was written by a stranger. The authorship of this he referred to Allcott, and, alluding to a letter in which he had been informed by him that Allcott was an American Plato, roaming about unseen in villages and fields, and poor; offices are not supposed to know anything about such persons.

He spoke of Herbert Spencer as a stockwriter, who "treats all subjects equally well," and implied that he did not value him very highly. He spoke very highly of Matthew Arnold, whose lectures on "Homer" were unsurpassed by anything in the English. The brief criticisms scattered through his "Essays on Poetry" are fine, and the manner was also most excellent. Arnold's view of the "Literary Influences of Academies," if not entirely correct, is most admirably supported by the examples cited. The article on "A French Rout" was especially published in one of the English reviews, and contains a statement regarding the superiority and the German over all other systems of education. On the very same day that Emerson was here appeared in the *Nouveau Dues Mondes*, an article by M. Ronan, expressing the same opinion almost in the same words. It seemed as if Arnold had run across the Channel the day before and arranged with Ronan for the unanimous concession of opinion. He thought Arnold's culture and method would have a good influence on American readers, and would serve as an excellent example for our young writers. Arnold's estimate of Heine was not quite correct, as the latter was unquestionably not the true successor of Goethe and his school, as Arnold represents. His estimate of Macaulay, however, was a just one.

He also spoke highly of Buckle, and said that, for the importance of his subject and the breadth of his knowledge, he was the equal of Gibbon. His chapters on France, in particular, were a splendid contribution to history. In his remarks upon Scotland he was more partial. He had not seen Lockye's *Ratisonalism*, Buckle's *History*, after all, was only "a boy's book," and the work which was to succeed it in popular estimation was Stirling's *Philosophy of Hegel*, of which he spoke in glowing terms, styling it the book of the day—equaling in Buckle in force and vigor, but entirely upsetting his arguments. Stirling's treatment of his hero he compared to that of Carlyle—now smoothing him down and putting him on the hook, and then bullseying and kicking him without mercy. Stirling calls Hegel the Aristotle of modern times, and declares he has never been equaled by anything in the past, nor will he by anything in the future. We may add that Stirling's work, though favorably spoken of by the critics, has not yet reached the position assigned to it by Mr. Emerson.

He next spoke of some of our American writers, who, as a class, were much below those of England. Bancroft and Motley were our best historians, and both superior to Prescott. Of Bancroft he spoke in unqualified terms. He was an excellent scholar, and always most exact. Thoreau, who was deeply versed in Canadian history and literature, said that in that department Bancroft was perfect.

The rest of his remarks were of too private a nature for publication.

In appearance Mr. Emerson is more like a sensible farmer than a philosopher. He has an uncommonly shrewd face, and looks like a man who could manage his own affairs and escape his own interests without assistance. He is the opposite of the author of former times, studious, erratic, and careless; always in debt, and out of pockets, and generally dissolute and unprincipled. The modern literary man is a different person, and usually takes care of his own interests, and gets a good price for his wares. Thus it is with Mr. Emerson, who, though not a wealthy man, is comfortably off.

POLITICAL NOTICES.

UNION
REPUBLICAN TICKET.

JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
HON. M. RUSSELL THAYER.

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Clerk of Orphans' Court,
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18th " JAMES N. MARKS.

By Order of the Republican City Executive Committee.

WM. R. LEEDS, President.
JOHN L. HILL, }
ISAAC McBRIDE, } Secretaries.
oct4tuth3

UNION REPUBLICAN STATE COM. ROOMS,
1105 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 26th, 1867.
The Union Republican State Central Committee have made the following appointments:
HON. JAMES H. SOVEL
Of New Jersey, who will speak at
FRANKFORD, TUESDAY, OCT. 1.
MEDIA and CHESTER, THURSDAY, Oct. 3.
DOWNINGTOWN, FRIDAY, Oct. 4.
PHŒNIXVILLE, SATURDAY, Oct. 5.
WEST CHESTER, MONDAY, Oct. 7 oct3-7t

SIXTH WARD UNION REPUBLICAN TICKET.
Common Council.
JOHN FARRELL.
Select Council.
DAVID REITER.
School Directors.
JOHN L. YOUNG.
FRANCIS BOURNE.
FRANK HEWLAND.
For the unexpired term of Bartholomew W. Bexley, resigned.
SIMON DILLINGHAM.
For the unexpired term of James Hunt, deceased.
JAMES HUNT.

CLOTHING.

1867. FALL AND WINTER. 1867.
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ALBRIGHT & HUTTENBRAUCK,
MERCHANT TAILORS
915 Chestnut Street.

EDWARD P. KELLY,
TAILOR,
NO. 612 CHESTNUT STREET,
Just received, a large stock of
CHOICE FALL GOODS.
WILL MOVE OCTOBER 1st TO
S. E. corner Seventh and Chestnut Sts.
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WILLIAM B. CARLILE. MAURICE JON
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House and Sign Painters and Glaziers,
No. 437 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Glazing and Jobbing attended to with promptness on favorable Terms or a call. aug24tf

SALT—2100 SACKS LIVERPOOL GROUND SALT; 25 also, 200 sacks Fine Salt, afloat and for sale by WORK, MAN & CO., 132 Walnut.

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

RITTER & FERRIS,
No. 36 South Eleventh Street,
oct5 6mrp
IMPORTERS
OF
WHITE GOODS,
LACES,
EMBROIDERIES,
LINENS,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

GIRARD ROW. ASSOCIATE JUDGE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, HON. M. RUSSELL THAYER. MARKET STREET.

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One lot Fine Damask Towels, 24 cents.
One lot Damask Towels, 37½ cents.
Also, a full line of Bleached and Brown Sheets and Shirting Muslins.
At 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20, 25, 30, 37½, 40, 45, 50, 62½, 75, 87½, 90, 95, 100, 112½, 125, 150, 175, 200, 225, 250, 275, 300, 325, 350, 375, 400, 425, 450, 475, 500, 525, 550, 575, 600, 625, 650, 675, 700, 725, 750, 775, 800, 825, 850, 875, 900, 925, 950, 975, 1000, 1025, 1050, 1075, 1100,