ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE.

The correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* thus describes the life and death of the author of a touching poem inserted in the last number of *Appleton's Journal*:

The reader may have noticed a paragraph current recently in some of the papers announcing the sudden death of Mr. N. G. Shepherd, a well-known contributor to the literary press, noted as a thoroughly representative of the true Bohemian. Mr. Shepherd, the report says, died from the effects of intemperance, in a state of destitution, with no one at his side but a young girl who for several years had cared for him with his great unfortunate. Of a handsome presence, agreeable manners, vivacious wit, and a poetical genius that sometimes gave striking exhibitions of power, Mr. Shepherd surrendered all high humanizing influences to careful social tastes, content always to drink, and if possible, in the merry mood, to think of the matter now; no heed of anything but the passing moment. His life, his conditions, and even his genius reminded us of Poe. He seems to have been without balance; without moral self-control. He ever prefered to bring a Bohemian and boasted of his tastes for the low convivial pleasures and the precarious existence of this class. His face was inflamed with whisky; his breath unwholesome; his dress soiled and ragged; but with all these he had a refined face, the features, the tone of a gentleman. He had the fine literary tastes, that strange anomaly often seen, wherein a most scrupulous literary fastidiousness is united with an utter absence of personal fastidiousness. His prose writings are not noticeable, but many of his poems are singularly beautiful, and may be found scattered through literary and other magazines.

The last poem that he wrote the public have not yet seen. It will appear in the missing number of *Appleton's Journal*, and, if I mistake not, will awake throughout the land a keen sympathy for a poetic life, so full of once brilliant promise, but has been lost to the world by means of some fatal defect in its organization. The poem in question is tragical and tender, and will seem in its melancholy a sort of requiem for the spirit that wrote it. It is called "Only the Clothes that She Wore," and is based on the circumstances that recently at the month in this city the attire of a drowned woman was all that was left for identification. There is no haste evident in the composition of the poem, although it is such as never wrote until pressed by want, when he would hurriedly compose an article or a short poem and make with it his publisher. The rhythmical construction of "Only the Clothes that She Wore," is perfect. In its range of ideas it will even compare with the great master of rhythm, Edgar A. Poe. The mastery of this poem, which has not been shown me, is written with care, without blot, stain, or erasure, and is very far from indicating that looseness and rapidity of composition of which he is charged. The probability is that he perished from excesses in liquor, purchased by the very money obtained from this poem. He called on the editors of *Appleton's Journal* on Saturday about noon (I know reviewed the money agreed upon for the poem; was at that time apparently well, but exhibited, as he always did, evidences of his irregular life, and that very night, ten or twelve hours later, died from the effects of drink. It is a moment-house, with only the young girl already mentioned, who had cared for him. The death of the author of the poem described under such circumstances will give the verses tragical significance. It will be likely to render them more widely read than anything since the time of Poe.

ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE.

There is the hat
With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize them?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her hand
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed;
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their fine silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the tote's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and crabbled—
This you should know, without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess!

There is the shawl,
With the embroidered hems, next in order, Soiled hardly less than the light muslin dress,
And that's all.

Ah, here's a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of a lover, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or, who she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of pride in the lips?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight,
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But there we keep still, and shall keep them
until
Hope dies at last.

Was she the prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps is fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees
Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

Burlesque—Dr. Doran's Opinion.

In speaking to the coast of "The Dramatic," at the last Theatrical Fund Dinner in London, Dr. Doran gave his opinion on burlesques as follows:

"I think burlesque has, of late years, wildly overleaped its lawful limits. It has impertinently overflowed all legitimate bounds. Within its own grounds it has ample choice of subjects wherewith to raise hearty laughter and wholesome contempt; but the authors of these pieces, in their hilarious indifference, have turned away from these sources, and have begun to travesty the tender and the true. They have seized on some of the noblest and most instructive of our myths, and have shaken all the rich instruction out of them. They have run a Gilt against heroes and patriots, whose stories and whose deeds are among the dearest treasures of our memory, and they have made a jest of their heroism. But, worse than this, they have laid rude hands on women whose misfortunes envelopes them in sanctity. The last and noblest of their victims is Joan of Arc, who should have been held sacred were it only that she was childishly submissive to divine influences and tenderly attuned to human sympathies. Is that thus easy to say with Hamlet; Oh, reform it altogether? I am sure, gentlemen, you will not drank success to the Drama, it was not to this portion of it, which has given, and continues to give, grave offence to the Drama's best friends."

The English Church on the Auction Block.

The London *Telegraph* says:

"The purchase where is even—shall we beautifully say like a golden thread?—with many British institutions. For the high luxury of serving his sovereign as ensign, lieutenant, captain, major or lieutenant-colonel, an Englishgentleman also has to pay certain sums regulated by the Horse Guards, and an uncertain sum ruled by the state of the commission market, where swords are sold to the highest bidder, and 'Take, then, the sabre,' is her Majesty's spirit-stirring address to the buyer who has most money in his purse. Then we all know that there is a tariff for seats in the House of Commons; some boroughs 'rule high,' others are firm, while purchasable."

"* * * Most of all kinds of British purchases none must seem so strange to a foreign observer as the sale of advowsons in the English Church. Centuries have elapsed since the Apostles were sent forth to preach, and the early ideal of the Christian priest and ministry has been often travestied, sometimes terribly, sometimes coarsely, by wicked and worldly men. Nevertheless, in all churches the old standard is avowed. People do still consider that a minister of religion is a man who has holed himself commissioned by Divine authority to preach the Gospel and administer the rites of the Christian Church. Face to face with this still potent belief, we have the extraordinary fact that the sacred right is openly offered for sale; that the greatest publican and sinner in the city of London may buy the next right of presentation to a living, and may exercise the power of appointment. His money may have been made in any of the vile ways within the wide boundaries of our loose, elastic law; but the gold does not smell, and he purchases the right of placing at one of both altars any creature of his own—perhaps some clerical companion of his festive hours, perhaps some silly or innately vicious relative of his house. But, independently of this frequently deplorable result, the system is in itself among the grossest scandals of our day.

"The ministerial function is to show off the multifarious 'attractions' of the living, and those 'attractions' are the very reverse of such as would be supposed to influence a selection in a religious market. We are told that the souls to be saved are few, that the 'duties are hard,' that the 'society' and even the 'hunting,' is good. The rectory and vicarage of Weslington (with that of Dry Dudlington), were thus praised at an auction mart on Tuesday last; but the buildings were shut. The purchasers were told that one hundred pounds sterling a year would pay a curate to discharge the duties, and that £300 a year or surplus for the rector; while the present rector was seventy-three, and therefore must soon die; still the buildings passed, and the 'property' was withdrawn. These shameful scenes are not rare; they occur in the metropolis and, once a week, and the 'religious,' or perhaps we ought to say the clerical, journals abound with the latest reports from the market of souls.

"The origin of this gross evil is explainable enough, and the theory is not half so bad as the practice itself. Strictly speaking, the auctioneer does not sell the right to minister at the altar in a particular parish; he simply sells the right of next presentation' that is, the nomination of some man who has passed the declared clergyman of the Church of England for induction into the living. If the Bishop discovers in the candidate any grave error in theological defect, he may legally refuse induction; but the uncertainty of British law hangs around this right, and it is therefore rarely exercised."

Joke on an "Oil Smelter."

[Pleasantville (Pa.) Correspondence Tyrone Journal.]

Meeting our mutual and genial friend ex-Sheriff Bendon the other day, he told me an incident connected with one of the noted 'oil smellers and witch-hazel stick operators' and spiritualists, who pretended to be able to discover the location of the "big barrel wells," that will be appreciated. He related that some time ago, while reclining upon a log fence, in company with a long-legged "Pennamite," one of the spiritualists approached, in company with a wagon-load of people, male and female, who were accoutred believers, and who had come to locate some wells, as actors or witnesses for one of the party, whose supposed gift of the hazel had so yet proved a failure. The principal of the party got out, and also seated upon the dry knoll, commenced rehabilitating to them the remarkable effect when taken possession of by the spirits and jerked swiftly and furiously *to the place of the to be* "famous well." He said in substance that it affected him entirely beyond his control, and sometimes caused him to go so fast, right through woods and brush, toward the spot, that "a man could follow or keep up with him. To this the "Pennamite" responded—"I try that, sir." The conversation continued for a time, when all of a sudden the "spirit" took him, and he bounded toward the woods and swamp nearly with the speed of a deer, the "Pennamite" following in close pursuit, and both were soon lost from view amid the thick underbrush. Presently he came back, he stayed by the dry knoll (natural enough) and waited the result. In about half an hour the "Pennamite" came back, overtaken with laughter, and said that the "spiritualist and oil-smeller" gave him a good sharp run through the woods, and at last reached a clearing, and, making a bee-line across it, was brought in contact with a small herd of cattle, and, unconsciously, directly towards a two year old bull in the herd. His bulship, highly indignant at this intrusion among his flock, squared himself front face to meet him. At this moment, and when almost in contact, the "oil smeller" discovered his foe, and, turning quick on his heel, ran the other way as fast as his legs could carry him. So ended the discovery of the "*logue is gno*" of the to be famous oil well, and all the partieis in disgust left the place.

Oil there still sleeps in mother earth,
Stayed by a bull from having birth.

S. N. P.

The Chinese in California.

They retain all their national peculiarity of dress, cooking, religion, and never assimilate to the slightest extent. As a shopkeeper he is more aristocratic and luxurious; as a servant he is ingenial demand for his services is great.

When he dies his dying wish is for his bones to be returned to China, for, according to his pagan theologians, it will go hard with him in the future world unless they do repose on native soil.

A Chinese funeral is a curious scene in San Francisco, where a special burying ground is called the "Yerba Buena Cemetery" is set apart for Celestial repose.

When carrying the body to the grave a solemn-looking individual scatters little slips of paper with inscriptions from Confucius written on them; at the limits of the doorways are strips of red paper on which are marked similar wise sayings.

Upon the graves is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of "Chinese wine," after which the mourners depart, never looking behind them.

These is, however, another class of gentlemen who are concealed near at hand. No sooner do they see the last pigtail of the retiring mourners disappear from view than they make a grand rush for the edibles and drinkables left for the benefit of Joss, and they very seldom see the work of them—Joss, no doubt, getting the credit.

After lying some months in the grave, the bones are dug up and carefully cleaned and packed in cases, when they are placed in a vault to be put in little bundles, which are nicely labelled and stored away in a small tin coffin in the parlour of some or commercial house which is responsible for them. When a sufficient number of these interesting mementos have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and the coffins despatched with their contents back to Canton.—*Correspondence N.Y. Mail.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for the week continues the version of Victor Hugo's romance, in the course of the present installment of which the dreamer transitor has selected, with intuitive intelligence, such parts as are susceptible of that strange chapter which describes the gradual revival of wholesomeness, the prudent transitor likewise declines to render the characteristic phrase in Jeslanch's letter, "devex de tot." In the same number Dr. Hayes commences his interesting series, "What a Snow-Ship may come to," and Mr. Rice Fitzgerald contributes to it a fashion-story, with a moral, of a "girl of the period," transformed into a thinking through the influence of sudden Cape May attachment. The delightful author of "Carlingford" and "Miss Marjoribanks," Mrs. Oliphant, is as life-like and pre-Raphaelite as ever in the commencement of her new story "The Three Brothers." Eugene Benson, Mrs. Anna C. Lowe, Grant Wilson, John Stuart Hill and H. W. Bellows, are among the other contributors to the Journal. The publisher's table, offered to purchasers with this number, is a valuable line engraving by Hunt after a Narrangansett scene by W. S. Haseltine. Sold by Turner Bros. & Co.

The Bride's Fate, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, a sequel to "the Changed Brides," is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It will commence with a very large sale, as it is fully equal to "The Changed Brides," "Fair Play," and "How He Won Her," which have proved to be three remarkably good novels, recently published, and which are having tremendous sales, for Mrs. Southworth has a large congregation of readers of the day. It will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, cover five hundred pages, in uniform style with "The Changed Brides," "Fair Play," and "How He Won Her." Price, cloth, $1 50; cloth, or $1 50 in paper cover.

"Wastage on Pepper."—The Story of a Camp-Dog.

An army officer contributes the following clever sketch to the *Army and Navy Journal*:

"We have spent many Sundays in countries; we have been a prisoner at Fort Lafayette; we have attended a dinner given by the Socrates; but we don't remember ever having spent the same number of hours in so weariness, a way as those which have passed to-day. If this place is almost like Paradise gained, when the sunlight is upon it, it has seemed fully like the other place last on this day of storms and clouds. The evolutions of batteries have been impracticable; skirmishing drill equally so, and we have been driven to our dens to 'bone' the next lesson, or read the last novel at our pleasure. Yesterday was different, although, when I thought I heard a 'rapping, as of some one gently tapping, at my door.' It wasn't a rapping, I hope I may be forgiven for to be told that it was—Pepper.

"Pepper's descriptive list runs much as follows: Scotch terrier; coarse, bluish-grey hair; pair of well-cut ears heavy eye-brows; slight tendency to bandy legs.

"Peculiarities: 'Pepper' is volatile; is ubiquitous; has an aversion to pedestrian as Weston or Sergeant Bates. In a high liver—which is due to the energetic manner with which he travels from one mess table to another. On one occasion, when we were officer of the day, we visited the battery mess hall and saw him, in his favorite attitude on his hind legs, accepting alms in the shape of fresh beef. A half hour later we visited the infantry mess hall and saw him, in his favorite attitude on his hind legs, accepting alms in the shape of fresh beef. A half hour later we visited the cavalry mess hall and saw him, in his favorite attitude on his hind legs, accepting alms in the shape of fresh beef. A half hour later we visited the mess hall of the engineers. We met him shortly afterward attitudinizing before the bachelors' mess table; and yet he was not driven from the mess table, either battery or infantry mess table, but he was driven from the mess table of the engineers. His gastronomic capacity is immense. He is like the hero of that popular comedy, *Everybody's Friend*. He is alike the honored guest of the commanding officer and the private. You see him on the sofas of the married men, on the hospital bedsteads of the bachelor mess, and on the bunks of the men. He manages to be popular even with the laundresses. Had he been a man there is no doubt the amount of political fame which he could have reached. His power of adapting himself to all classes, the courtesy of his manners, and his silent appreciation of everything ingenial, would have been sure talismans to success. His dignity is of that rare old kind which we wish for in old men, but seldom find in dogs. He never forgives an affront, but hides his time, secure of a chance. He is combative, has, figuratively speaking, always a chip on his shoulder, which he desires some dog to knock off—whose proportions and muscles are to his in the ratio of twenty to one. He disdains all canine fry. As a warrior, he would fight a forlorn hope. Had he lived in olden times he would not only, like Marius, have sprung into the chasm to save Rome, but he would have barked as the gruff closed on him forever. His is a tragic end, he died a Chevalier Bayard of his race.

"He cherishes, however, a burning hatred of cats—an implacable resentment towards that unhappy race, which is celebrated for its diplomatic development in the place in the history of old nainis. 'Pepper' declares war on kittens, and instantly hoists the black flag when a cat crosses his bow. But to all other finite beings he is amiable beyond parallel. His enemies are few, and his admirers are counted by the number of people he has met in his travels.

"He came one trip by water, from New York by way of Havana to the Crescent City, and it was noticed that he was silent—seldom giving vent to his usual loud-voiced hilarity. This may have been due to the fact that his bark was on the sea." He disembarked unbeknowing, on account of the easy motion and the lounges in the ladies' cabin. 'Pepper' is well gaited, short-coupled, has been broken to harness in a baby wagon, and is not for sale.

"He deserves to have his record commemorated in verse, and his name and virtues embazoned on marble after he shall have left this transitory sphere.

"He has helped us to waste the hours to-day; hence we shall style this a—commissary—perfidy—and call it 'Wastage on Pepper.'

"Port Riley, May 24, 1869."

CATUS.

A Romance.

An English paper, the Newcastle *Chronicle*, has the following:

"In the course of the last week the colliery village of Thornley, near Dunham, was thrown into a state of excitement, the cause of which will be gathered from the sequel. About twelve years ago a pitman was desirous of seeking his fortune in another land, and, hearing of the marvellous auriferous discoveries in Australia, determined to proceed thither. He set sail, leaving behind him a wife and two children at Thornley, and arrived in due course in that distant colony, and forthwith went to the gold-fields and commenced "digging for nuggets." Variable for some time, at last fortune smiled upon him, and at the expiration of about eleven years he found himself in possession of the handsome fortune of £15,000, honestly and industriously obtained. During this long period of his absence from England he set aside, faithfully, his wife, desiring that she and her family—two girls—should join him in that great colony, and forthwith sent