LONG AGO.

When beneath you aged pine,
Lone I sit at even-time,—
There by contemplation led,
There to dream of pleasures fled,—
Come the voices soft and low,
Of the loved of long ago.

When the vernal breezes sing
And the song birds tell of spring;
'Mong the summer's gentle flowers,
In the autumn's pensive hours,
Come the vespers sweet and low,
Of the loved of long ago.

When alone from mosses gray,
Fancy takes her airy way,
Backward through the mists of time,
Circling round you trysting pine,
Come the spirits sad and slow,
Of the loved of long ago.

Mr. Bellair's Widow.

"YOU know," said the widow, in a voice smothered with sobs, "the misfortune"—here she applied a delicate cambric handkerchief to her eyes—"the loss"—she could not get no further.

Her visitor bowed, with an air of respectful condolence.

"I wish," continued the widow—"I wish to erct a monument to the memory of my poor husband. I have chosen you to execute the order." She had become somewhat calmer.

The sculptor bowed again.

"I wish the monument to be a superb—worthy to the dear companion whom I have lost; proportioned to my—" she was getting hysterical. Her visitor handed her a bottle of salts which stood convenient on the little work-table.

The widow resumed. "Spare no expense. I would willingly consecrate my whole fortune to honor his memory."

A pause, which the sculptor hesitated to break.

"I should like," said the widow again, coming to the point, "a temple with marble columns, and in the middle, upon a pedestal, his statue." Here she swallowed a sob.

"I shall do my best to fulfil your wishes, ma'am," replied the man of art. "I had not, however, the honor of personally knowing the late Mr. Bellair, and his likeness is indispensible to the completion of the design. Doubtless you have a portrait of him."

The widow raised her round arm, and pointed to a magnificent portrait, by one of our first artists.

"An admirable painting!" said the visitor. "I need not ask you if the resemblance be striking".

"It is himself! Life is all that is needed. Ah! if I could have given mine for his!" The handkerchief was again in requisition.

"I will send for the portrait, ma'am, and I guarantee that the likeness shall be exact."

"Send for the portrait!" cried the widow, with a stifled shriek; "take from me my only consolation, my only happiness. Never."

"But, ma'am, it will only be for a little while."

"A little while! An age! How could I live without the dear image? It quits me neither day nor night; I contemplate it without ceasing, through my tears. It will never be removed out of this room, where I shall pass the remainder of a miserable existence!"

The widow had worked herself up to such a pitch of feeling, that the sculptor rose to ring the bell for assistance. But she laid a white hand upon his coat sleeve, and he sat down again.

"Then you will allow me, ma'am, to come here and take a copy of it. Be not alarmed; I shall not long invade your solitude. A single sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement, and requested the sculptor to commence the next day. But he had a previous order to execute. She would have leveled the difficulty with gold, but he stood firm.

"My word is pledged," he said; "do not, however, be troubled about the delay. I will work so diligently that the monument shall be finished within the time that another artist would have requested for consideration."

"You have been a witness of my sorrow," were the widow's parting words, "you may imagine my impatience to see the work completed. Make your best haste; spare no expense, and let me have a master-piece."

He had afterwards several letters respecting these injunctions.

At the end of three months the sculptor returned. He found the widow still in the deepest mourning; but her cheek was less pale, and there was a slight tinge of coquetry in the arrangement of her weeds.

"Now, ma'am," said the visitor, "I am at your disposal."

"Ah! well, I am glad to hear it," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have sketched the statue, and shall only need one sitting to transfer the resemblance. Permit me to enter your boudoir."

"And, wherefore?" inquired the widow, with an air of surprise.

"To see the portrait."

"Oh! will you walk into the drawing-room? It is there you will find it now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; there is a much better light than in the boudoir, where you first saw it."

"Would you like to look at the sketch of the monument, ma'am?"

"Willingly. How grand! What exquisite ornaments! Why, it is a palace, this tomb?" exclaimed the widow.

"You told me, ma'am, that it could not be too magnificent. I have spared no expense; and here is an estimate of what the monument will cost you."

"Dear me!" cried the widow, after having glanced at the total. "It is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare nothing—"

"Certainly; I wish to do the thing handsomely. Still we ought to be rational."

"Well, this is only the first sketch; there is yet time to alter your intentions."

"Very good. Suppose then, we suppress the temple, the columns—all the architecture, in short,—and content ourselves with the statue? I was too ambitious; it will be quite sufficient."

"You shall be obeyed."

"It is decided, then. Nothing but the statue."

A short time after this second visit, the sculptor fell dangerously ill. He was obliged to suspend his labors; and, having followed the recommendation of his physician, and made a tour on the Continent, he presented himself anew before the widow, who was now in the tenth month of her bereavement. This time, there were some roses among the cypress. The artist brought with him a little plaster model of his statue, which promised to be a masterpiece.

"What do you think of the resemblance!" he said to the widow.

She gazed upon it for a moment, and then carelessly replied:

"It is not a little flattered? My poor husband was tolerably good-looking, but you make him actually handsome!"

"Indeed! Well, I will rectify my work by the portrait."

"It is scarcely worth your while," observed the widow. "A little more, or a little less resemblance, what does it signify?"

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I plume myself upon exactness."

"If you really wish to take the trouble."

"The portrait is in the drawing-room, is it not? I will go there."

"It is not there now," replied the widow, ringing the bell. "Robert," continued she, addressing the servant who answered her summons, "bring down the portrait of your late master."

"The one that was taken up into the garret last week, ma'am?"

"Yes, the same."

Just then the door opened, and an elegant young gentleman presented himself with a jaunty air, kissed the lady's hand, and inquired after her health, with the most gallant solicitude.

"What is this little plaster man?" asked he, pointing to the statuette, which the artist had placed upon the chimney-piece.

"It is the model of the statue of the tomb of my late husband."

"You intend to erect a statue to his memory? Upon my honor, that is very magnificent!"

"You think so?

"Great men are sculptured at full length in marble; but it appears to me—pardon my frankness—that the late Mr. Bellair was a very ordinary man. In fact, his bust would suffice."

"As you please, ma'am," said the sculptor, turning to the lady.

"Then we will decide upon the bust," said she, bowing him out.

Two months later the bust arrived, just as a gay procession descended the hall-steps, and got into a carriage that awaited their approach. The widow was on her way to the altar, with the elegant dandy who had caused the suppression of her husband's statue, there to take upon herself a second vow of conjugal fidelity.

Scandal adds that the bust would willingly have been returned; and the newly-married couple considered the sculptor's demand enormous; and that it was only with considerable difficulty, and with a threat of further proceedings, that he was at length reimbursed for the time and trouble spent upon the "widow's whim."

Art of Swimming.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface and will continue therefore if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the art of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may lose the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

A Good Dog Story.

IT does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not; if you want to buy a dog, there is one for sale cheap on a canal boat now braving the billows somewhere East of Frankfort. The Captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is but one short week since he spliced his mainbrace and let out the reefs in his driver, and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparations for a prosperous voyage. His wife sang, "Write me a Letter, Love," in the cabin; his children played on the deck; his steeds aired their frames on the tow-path, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was just recovering from his farewell attack of delirium tremens in the forward cabin. The Captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfoundland—to play with the children, fish them out when they fall in the canal, and watch the deck hands when the Captain was off after groceries.

Coming through West Utica Saturday, the Captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact he got him for nothing, so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a habit of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon the Captain's boat frequents showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the cabin and suddenly upset the captain's wife. Once he lit right on the table and spoiled a pound of butter, and he was altogether too playful.

One day the Captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of the city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of the vicinity. The dog started, too, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on its blessed back. The baby yelled, and the captain made some tender remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog misunderstood the man, and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and he went cavorting off to get a good headway, barking to himself at every jump, and as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child, the dog took a running jump of twenty feet and struck on top of the man. Well the water that man spurted aroud was boiling hot with the oaths he sputtered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled to the shore, and that captain was nearly drowned before he trod the sod again.

New Application of Paper.

Singularly enough the *Iron Age* argues that paper is to become the general, if not universal, substitute for wood, leather and India-rubber, as also, to some extent, for copper, tin and zinc, and that even iron is not adapted to uses so widely various—it being practicable, indeed, to bring paper pulp to such a state of toughness and solidity, by pressure, as to be almost as fire proof and indestructible as iron, and thus our railroad cars may be made of paper, instead of iron, thereby preventing the dangers how incurred in case of accidents. It is claimed that, in proportion to the weight, paper is probably the strougest material of construction known, combining more perfectly than any other substance the qualities of strength, lightness, flexibility, durability, and cheapness.

So many and various, too, are the articles of which it can be made that it can be manufactured in quantities practically unlimited in every civilized country, and, so long as plants continue to grow, paper manufacture can be sustained. It is also, under all circumstances, an easy material to work and handle. The fact is probably well known that the paper wheels which have been used with success on some of the palace cars are formed of compressed paper fitted into a steel tire; iron plates are then adapted to each side of the paper and bolted together to prevent any displacement of the filling.

A Dutch Mormon.

An incident of crossing the Plains in the early days was told by a clever lady at the breakfast table one morning at Frisco.

A Dutchman and his wife traveled West and arrived at Salt Lake, where they halted for a few weeks. The Mormons got around the old Dutchman and coaxed him to join their ranks. After retiring one night in their canvas-covered wagon bed, the good Dutchman broke the matter to his better-half, hinting to her that the Mormons told him he had better "stay, settle among dem, and take some more wives."

"How many vives you tinks you vants?" asked Katrina. The Dutchman thought "fife more vould make a half dozen already;" whereupon the old wife got down her bodice, and slipped from it what the Dutchman called the "prestboard, vich vas made vrom Visconsin hickory, vas very tough," and she laid the hickory fierce and fast on the old man, who shuffled out of the wagon and fell in a ditch. The old man got up, and said his "stomach it vas very cold, but his pack vas very warm." His wife cried out, "How many vives you tinks you vants now ould fool? But the Dutchman felt that one was enough.

SUNDAY READING.

Mr. Greeley's Notion of Practical Religion.

His thought about the ceremonialism of religion is well illustrated by his comments on the publications of the American Tract Society. There was an advertisement published, offering $50 for "the best tract on the impropriety of dancing by members of churches," the tract to be published by the American Tract Society. Mr. Greeley printed it and commented as follows:

"The notice copied above suggests to us some other subjects on which tracts are needed—subjects which are beginning to attract the thoughts of not a few, and which are, like dancing, of practical moment. We could suggest premiums to be offered as follows:—Twenty dollars for the best tract on the rightfulness and consistency of a Christian spending $5,000 to $10,000 a year on the appetites of himself and family, when there are a thousand familes within a mile of home who are compelled to live on less than $200 a year. Ten dollars for the best tract on the rightfulness and Christianity of a Christian building a residence for himself and family at a cost of $50,000 or $100,000, within sight of a hundred families living in hovels worth less than a hundred dollars. Five dollars for the best tract on the Christianity of building churches which cost $100,000 each, in which poor sinners can only worship on sufferance and in the most-out-of-the-way corners. We would not intimate that these topics are so important as that of dancing—far from it. The sums we suggest will shield us from that imputation. Yet we think that these subjects may also be discussed with profit; and that there may be no pecuniary hinderance, we will pay the premiums if the American Tract Society will publish the tract."

Witnesses Three.

Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is the book worth more than all others, yet it is my misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture, pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our depravity, is that we can relish and remember anything better than *the* Book."

When the shades of earth were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the Watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockheart his son-in-law.

"There is but ONE book," said the dying man."

With such testimony as this to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, reiterated by the great and good, in all ages, it is a sealed book to many; it is voted to be excluded from our public schools, and multitudes of children are growing up ignorant of its histories, ignorant of its immortal truths, and profoundly unconscious that, to it and to its teachings, they owe all that is of solid worth in social life, in civil liberty, in human elevation, and in the hope of an immortal existance.

Spasmodic Piety.

A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to "sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings." When there is a little reviving in the church they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to chide the pastor and the brethren for their coldness and want of activity. But alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and the heat goes down as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer-room or more spiritual meetings of the church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the church. If they are saved, it must be "as by fire."

☞ The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penace, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would still be more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handfull of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

☞ Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them.

☞ When Christ is with the Christian, the means of grace are like flowers in the sunshine, smelling fragrantly and smiling beauteously; but without Christ they are like flowers by night, their fountains of fragrance are sealed by darkness.