

## OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,  
Month of thy heart thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew,  
Pale Summer's melancholy hier,  
The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze!  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems, resting round  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground;  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tongues reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the west;  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stir'd the blue lake's glassy breast:  
Through summer, fainting in the heat,  
They flung in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened, now they beat

In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade,  
How like these transports of the breast  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,  
Which hope about her forehead twines,  
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
Then pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care,  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The brilliant pageant of the spring,  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And keep in darkness side by side.

## GOING AWAY AT EIGHTEEN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It seems to me that the old house never looked quite so pleasant as it does to night, in this still harvest moonlight. I know it is a dreadful old house, brown and low, and weather beaten—not much to boast of in its best days, and now it shrinks and quivers and can't hold its own against a gale, and its roof leaks with every cup full of a shower, but it's my dear old home for all that; and now that this is the last night, and I'm going away to the great, vast, noisy city to-morrow, a strange sadness comes over me, standing here by the little brown gate, and looking at the old place, and wondering what will happen before I stand here again.

There are the two great cherry trees I've clambered every summer that I can remember, and tossed down the fruit until it lay like a thick red hail on the grass; and there is the line of currant bushes, that like the old worn fence, shabby fences, and there is the quince tree in the corner that sweetens the air all about it; and just beyond the well-curb stands the old gnarled apple tree, with the birds' nests rocking up in the boughs—little robins, will you sing on just as sweetly up there when I'm gone?

I never expected to feel like this. It's hard to realize now that my life here has ended—that I shall never drive the cows up in the hill pastures again when the grass is sanded all over with shining dew—that I shall never mow down the sweet clover nor go shouting among the black berry patches, nor heap up the ripe ears in the great confield over yonder, and some how it makes me sad to feel that everything will go on just as it always has done, and nothing will mind when I'm gone away.

Come now, as though I was going to make a fool of myself because at last I'm going to the city—the city after which my thoughts and dreams have panted for years—the goal of all my hopes and longings, which has seemed so far off, which I've reached at length.

Your going to make your fortune, Tom Reynolds—just think of that! No more chopping wood and rolling at the plow, no more long days cutting grass in the meadows and coming back tired out with the hard work at night, to drive the cows home; you're going to make a man of yourself, to take your chances in the thick of the fight out yonder in the great city, and it shall go hard with you if you don't make your pile and

pluck your prize with the best of them.

I mean to make money—to be a rich man. I'll be faithful, industrious, shrewd, and make my way up to the top of the ladder.

And some day I shall come back here to the old home, and people will stare and say, "That is Tom Reynolds, who used to go barefoot to the cow pastures and drive the old ox cart down to the mill." The old house shall come down then, and in its place shall stand a handsome mansion for mother and little Amy—Amy will have grown a woman by that time, and I shall make a lady of her, bless the dear little chubby sis! how pleasant it will be to see those rosy cheeks of hers shining behind the blinds of the stately new home, and how proud the little laughing puss will be of brother Tom when he hands her into his fine carriage and dashes down the village street with her by his side!

And the poor old mother—ah, that's the best of all, she who had toiled so hard to keep Amy and me under the old roof since father died—she shall have the rest she's needed so long then! She shall sit by the window of the new house in the pleasant summer afternoons in her black silk dress, and her pretty white caps, and the hands that have worked so hard idly in her lap then, and her eyes, full of pride and tenderness, shall follow her boy around the house—her boy that is a rich man now, and that has never forgotten what she taught him, to be honest, and just and true, in the thick of all temptation.

And then, too, somebody will be grown a lady—little Lucy Ames—the Doctor's daughter, with her hair that has the gold of the spring dandelions, and her eyes the blue of the cool spring away up among the rocks of old there—little Lucy with your sweet, shy face, and your kindly words, and smile always ready for me, tho' I was your father's choice boy! I shan't forget it then! And what will say when I come back a rich man, with houses, and lands, and an honorable name?

You will be a lady then, little Lucy, but will your blue eyes smile on me just as sweetly—will you come dancing out of the door with the light in your golden hair and the old bright welcome in your face?

What if—what if—Ah, Lucy, the question will do to wait, for I have only seen my eighteenth birthday yet, and you are inside your fifteenth. But I shall carry the thought hidden away down in my heart to the great city to-morrow.

Ah, the old, swift hopes and longings—the strong, fiery ambitions come back, and stir the blood of my youth again. I long for the morrow to come so that I can be away, and at work. Good bye, old home, and yet I shall carry you too in my heart as you looked that last night when I stood by the little gate, and you lay before me asleep in the moonlight.

## COMING BACK AT FORTY FIVE.

It is just a score and a quarter of years ago since I stood here by the old gate, and my blood was hot then and my very heart throbbled high with the fiery dreams and hopes of youth.

Am I grown so old then? I have not passed beyond my prime yet, though my years lean toward fifty, and my hair is overshot with silver here and there.

And yet to-night the years lie heavy on my soul, and they seem like the burden of age as I come up to the scenes of my youth.

Nothing looks changed here. The harvest moon gathers the old house into its silver folds just as it did then—the tall cherry trees rustle over my head—the currant bushes make their dark green line where the fence has gone to decay, and the quince shrubs flutter in the soft wind.

And another wind blows up from the coasts of my youth. Oh for the old boy that stood here and dreamed its dreams and made its plans twenty five years ago!

"I was to be a rich man!" I said, standing here, in the strong confidence of youth. The world says I am that now. I would tell you, too, that I have an honorable name—thanks to the prayers of the old mother who sleeps under a little pillow of green grasses by the willows out yonder.

I wonder if she can look down and see her boy standing here, leaning on the old gate to night?

She has gone to another house; a fairer one than I was to make her, and which still comes back to me in visions of the night sometimes, with Amy's sweet face shining by the window and my mother sitting there with her black dress and snowy cap.

I am not a man much given to sentiment or romances of any sort. Years of hard grappling with fortune have overgrown all that, and they call me stern, and keen; and practical in the world where I have to deal with Fats and men; and the dew of my youth has vanished long ago; still the old memories seem to melt my heart into the heart of a little child as I stand here and look down the long highway of the years up; which I have travelled again to this night.

Little Amy, with the chubby figure and the merry face, far away from here to-night, stalwart boys and fair haired girls call the faded matron mother, as others call me "Father!"

And little Lucy Ames? Searching among the graves out yonder, I came upon a small granite monument, and in the gray stone was graven.

"LUCY, AGED TWENTY."

Is that all! Lucy, with the golden hair, and the eyes like fresh violets? Standing here to night, amid the lost visions and hopes of my youth; I could almost smile derisively on what men say of me—that I have been a "success in life." It is true I have grappled bravely with circumstances; I have hewn out with my own right arm a path to fortune. But it looks small to night, coming back here and standing by the old gate with the rusty hinges, and looking at the old house, beneath whose low roof other little children sleep to night, and on whose door step other children play—oh, the fortune looks small to me now, and it seems as though I would almost give it all to feel as I used to when I went barefoot through the cool meadow grass and up into the hill pastures to drive the cows home.

You have not changed, old house that I left thirty years ago standing in the moonlight, but you cannot give back to me the strong heart, the bounding pulses of my youth.

The birds sing, the grasses shiver, the trees move in joy about you, but in place of the strong, restless, eager youth that went out from you, a man, worn, burdened, wearied with the struggle, comes back as pilgrims go to worship at old shrines, and there comes now an echo up and down the deep places of his soul the words that, long ago, his mother taught him, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity!"

## Revenge on a Bank by Rothschild.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened at the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount drawn by Anselme Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank haughtily replied, "that they discounted only their own bills and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank: "Private persons," exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported him the fact. "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what kind of private persons we are!" Three weeks after, Nathan Rothschild, who had employed the interval in gathering all the five pound notes he could procure in England and on the continent, presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket book a five pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note—a third—a tenth—a hundredth, he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balances, as he said, "the law gave him the right to do so." The first pocket book being emptied and the first bag full he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The Baron had employed 7 hours to change £21,000. But as he had nine of his employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £189,000 in gold from the bank, and that he had occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day very much amused at the pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by nine clerks, and followed by carry away the specie. They laughed no longer when the king of bankers said with ironical simplicity, "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bill. I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure, only, I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months." "For 2 months?" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England, which they have never possessed." The bank took alarm; there was something to be done. The next morning a notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

—General Sherman hits off the "brave" men who now wish to exterminate the South, in the following home thrust, contained in a recent letter: "It is amusing to observe how brave and firm men become when all danger is past. I have noticed on the field of battle brave men never insult the captured, or mutilate the dead; but the cowardly braggarts always do. Now, when the rebellion in our land is dead, many of our brave men appear to brandish the evidence of their valor, and seek to win applause and to appropriate honor for deeds that never were done."

## Artemus Ward at Shakespeare's Tomb.

(From the London Punch.)

I've been lingerin by the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare.

It is a success. I do not hesitate to pronounce it such. You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. "If you think its publication will subscribe the cause of literature, you may publish it."

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birth-place of O'Thella and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know that he was the greatest poet that ever lived? Not one of those common poets, like that young idiot who writes verses to our daughter about the rowses that grows and the breezes that blowses, but a boss poet—also a philosopher—also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing up my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was a goin' to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes, I've been to Stratford-onto-Avon the birthplace of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over 300 years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his memory, and them as sell pictures of his birthplace, &c., make it profitable cherishin' it. Almost everybody buys a picture to put into their Albany.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakespeare is supposed to have fell down on the ice and hurt himself when a boy (this spot is for sale but can't be bought, the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford.) I wondered if 300 years hence pictures of my birthplace will be in demand? Will the people of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years, because I guess they won't short of that time, because I say the fat man weighin' 1,000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillars and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin' the pillars out from under his weskit, and heavin' them at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life.

The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselen my own townsman in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, fellow citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the use of cod-liver oil."

But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of people, who excite a feelin' of loathing in every breast where lofty emotions and original ideas have a bidin' place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford-onto-Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchas, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appointment: H. R. H.," and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appointment: H. R. H. and now you're at it. It is simply impossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him—don't do it."

The man smiled, and said I didn't understand such things. He said, perhaps I had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was by Appointment. I said, "Oh, hadn't I?" Then a sudden thought flashed over me. "I have it," I said, "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks in at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt." "And the enterprising tradesman," I continued, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically, and has a tin sign painted by Appointment, H. R. H. It is a great, a beautiful idea!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakespeare in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alas! and this marks the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager—"Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was the spot." The boy laughed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in an inglorious manner, and commenced moving backward toward the street.

I pursued and captured him, and after talking to him a spell in sarcastic style, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was raining. The only persons there when I entered was a fine buff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashionably dressed young man.

then, as I say now, any young man as ventures out in an uncertain climit without an umbrella, lacks foresight, caution, presence of mind and stability, and he is not a proper person to entrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slept the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men—you are—"

He wheeled suddenly around, and in an indignant voice said—"Go way—go way. This is a private interview!"

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't much inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbrella.

I am really delighted with this grand old country, but it does rain rather numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monark form of government or not, I leave to all candid and unprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentators, Shakespearean scholars, etsetery, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantel hasn't fallen upon any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist very much. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continue investigating Shakespeare's career, we shall not in doo time know anything about it at all.

When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, coming from one so young and inexperienced, set people to thinkin there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote "Hamlet" and "George Barwell."

When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in your glorious career. Be like an eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get, the more we will all be gratified!"

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakespeare, better get these valuable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used, to keep?"

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a landlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and undoubtedly represented a thrifty life well somewhere in Pennsylvania. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvania to wake up some morning and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for an enormous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower, to astonish people. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the ile it squirts, and time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great Shakespeare must go there once certainly, and to say one isn't a admirer of him is equivlent to sayin one has just about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawker's Poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a litt'ry man unless he knows how to spell. It's a pity that Chawker, who had goneyus, was so uneducated. He's the worst speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm afraid would stand a rather slim chance beside the needle-gun.

Adoo! Adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

—In a sleeping car recently, a man in one of the berths became greatly annoyed by a crying child whom his father was endeavoring in vain to quiet. The irate individual at last shouted out: "Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?"

At this the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth and said: "Sir, the mother of that child is in her coffin in the baggage car!"

## Treasure Trove—a Curious Belle.

An ancient gold cross was found last winter in an excavation in the ruins of Clare Castle, in England, of which the Queen desired to know the history. A treasure trove, it became the property of the crown, by the Queen's command. Antiquarians have found out all about it. There is strong reason, they say, for believing that it formed at one time a part of the royal collection of jewels belonging to King Edward III, for it is recorded that he had among his jewels kept for safe preservation in the Tower of London, "ancroys, or double croys de triff fore que est de la croys Jhesu Crist, et ne peut estre preise."—"A cross of gold which represents the cross of Jhesu Christ, set with pearls and cannot be valued." This description exactly answers to the cross found at Clare, for that had four large pearls, one at each transverse section of the cross, while the cross itself, with the figure of our Saviour upon it, was most beautifully foliated, and the chain, about two feet long, was of the richest description. How this precious royal jewel came to be found in the ruins of Clare Castle is thus accounted for:

"It was the common practice of our sovereigns in former ages to bestow on their children and grandchildren, as wedding gifts, rare jewels and relics; and as Edward III's grand daughter, Philippa, was married to Edmund Mortimer, the Lord of Clare, and upon her marriage came to reside at the Castle, she in all probability had this jewel given to her on the occasion, and it was by her taken to the Castle, where it got lost. What confirms this history, almost beyond all doubt, is the fact that this particular jewel, before described in old French, disappeared from that very time from the numerous inventories which are extant of the Royal jewels. Thus this once royal jewel, which has been buried at Clare, lost for five hundred years, has once more come into royal possession."

Who Rob Orchard.—In a certain village of the far West was an atheist. He was a great admirer of Dale Owen and Fanny Wright; but he could see no beauty in the Christian religion. Of course he never entered any place of worship. In fruit season he was specially busy on the Sabbath in defending his orchard from his great enemies, the wood pecker, and the idle profligate persons of the village, who on that day usually made sad havoc among the apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son in law—an atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he, very rudely, thus accosted the minister: "Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you do by it? Why don't you teach these fellows' better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchard?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied: "My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed; and I would most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving, but the truth is, they are so like you and the Major here, that I never get a chance.

"Good, good," replied the Major, laughing; on which the elder atheist blushed a little, and in an apologetical tone, said: "Well, well, I believe it is true enough;—it is not the church going people that steal my apples."

NEGRO HUMOR.—A Virginia rebel, who has issued a book giving his experience as a prisoner in the hands of the Federals at Point Lookout and Elmira, tells the following story: "The boys are laughing at the summons which S., one of my fellows, Feterburgers, got to day from a negro Sentinel. S. had on when captured, and I suppose still possesses, a tall beaver of the antique pattern, considered inseparable from extreme respectability in the last decade, and for a many a year before. While wandering around the enclosure, seeking, I suspect, what he might devour, he accidentally stepped beyond the 'dead line,' and was suddenly arrested by a summons from the nearest negro on the parapet, who seemed to be in doubt whether so well dressed a man could be a 'reb,' and therefore whether he should be shot at once.

"White man, you belong in dar'!"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't you got no better sense dan to cross dat line?"

"I did not notice the line."

"Well, you had better notice it, and dat quick, or I'll blow half dat nail bag off!"

"Put down that pickle!" The words are uttered hurriedly and harshly by the sergeant to an ungracious private, who, carried away by his hungry passions, has snatched a pickle from the barrel. "And why should I put down the pickle?" queries the private, mildly. "Put down that pickle!—that's all I want of you," returned the sergeant, determinedly. "Down it goes, then!" he cried, and snatching it into his mouth it quickly disappeared.

"Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?"

"Certainly—upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck?"

"I must give it up."

"Well, it is because I can't see it?"