

The Elk County Advocate.

VOLUME I

RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1869.

NUMBER 18.

SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to the utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake
And the fetters of the oppressed shall break,
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Yet its strength in a riotous fight,
Yet the type they back but leaden and dumb,
As he pats them in place with his finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his work he begins,
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!
O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world like I?
With a printing press, on a stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the light and the Wrong attack.
Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarch that lives, the wail doth he give,
Their sway lasts only an hour;
We'll the printer shall grow, and God only
Knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

From Harper's New Monthly Magazine.

MY SISTER MARCIA.

CHAPTER II.

But she did not tell me what that purpose was, and when she came back she was equally uncommunicative.

Two days afterward there was a letter for her. She read it, and then she came and sat down with it in her hand on a stool at my father's feet. Before her trouble she had had an imperious way of her own. She used to make poor James Harris feel it sometimes, but she always loved him; but she was always gentle to her father. That womanly weakness and tenderness of which I have told you, appeared, I think, to her stronger nature, and always softened her to a thoughtful sweetness where he was concerned.

"I'm going away from home, father," she said, just touching his hand with a little caress.

"Going away?" we all three cried in horror.

"Yes; that was what I want to town for would not say any thing for fear you should oppose me, and I did not want to go right against your advice. For I know I must go, in any case. It will be all you can do, father, to pay the rent and take care of the family with what comes of the farm. The interest of the two thousand dollars we must now will help you some; but it has become my business to earn the other two thousand. I want to see if Mr. Hope could advise me all the rest of you had found him so kind.—He has procured me a situation already, and I can go next week."

"What to do?"

That was my question. Mother was looking at her with a face proud though sad, and father's eyes were full of trouble and anxiety.

"To work on a sewing-machine. You know it is the one thing I can do well. I talked it all over with Mr. Hope. I am not thoroughly educated enough to teach anything but small children, and though I might take care of myself at that business, I should never earn enough to clear the farm. I have been used to a sewing machine for three years, and I can work on one for other people just as well as for ourselves. I can get good wages from the very first; and Mr. Hope thinks that after I get a little acquainted with town ways I can hire a shop, and have girls work under me, and take contracts, and make money very fast for a woman."

Her face had kindled while she spoke, and her cheeks flushed; she looked more like a queen, or what we fancy a queen ought to be, than a girl whose best prospect was to earn a good deal of money by running a sewing machine.

I could see that father did not like the idea. He had a little pride about such matters—weak, to be sure, but as I have told you, he was weak in some things. I believe he was going to remonstrate, if mother had not spoken first, and come out clearly on Marcia's side. Afterward, when my sister had gone up stairs to answer her letter, mother told us that she liked the idea not so much for the money—though, if Marcia should succeed, that would be a thing not to be despised—as for the good it would do Marcia herself. She had been afraid, ever since James died, of her falling into morbid melancholy, and she hoped this business would take her thoughts from the one engrossing subject and restore the healthy tone of her mind. So it was all settled, and the next Monday my sister went away.

You will not care to hear the particulars of her undertaking. She succeeded, of course, for she was one of those persons who seem to command success by right of nature—some royal prerogative born with them. Once in a while she came to see us. She told us she was doing well and saving money. In a few months we knew that she had a shop of her own, and that she had taken some large contracts from clothing stores; but she did not go into details. She always spoke of Mr. Hope—told us how a kind friend she had found him—how much his influence had helped her; and when once I ventured a joke about her Scotch face, with its high cheekbones, she resented it with a warmth which made me wonder if James Harris's successor were already elected; and somehow the idea was not pleasant to me.

For ourselves, at home, we got along very well. It is strange how many of the things to which one has been accustomed one finds easy and possible to do without, under the pressure of necessity. Hitherto we had been in the habit of spending all the income from our farm; and we thought, too, that we had

been careful liver. But we manage now to pay our rent without encroaching on the interest of the two thousand dollars; so we felt that we were gaining a little all the time.

Once in a while Mr. Hope came out to see his place. He would go all over the grounds with father, and talk patiently about rotation of crops, and clover and timothy, and buckwheat. Father said he understood things wonderfully for a man whose life had been passed in a town. It was his Scotch quickness, I suppose. Every time he came, too, he used to chat an hour with mother and me, and he always spoke of Marcia—told what a brave, strong spirit she had, and how nobly she was doing; till, after awhile, I got used to the idea that they did not care for each other, and by-and-by, when the farm was clear, Mr. Hope might be my brother.

I tried to be glad, but I confess the feelings I had about it were often not generous. I hope I am not meaner or more selfish than the rest of the world, but I could not help asking myself sometimes how it was that two men had loved Marcia and none at all had loved me. If her beauty had answered the question, then why had she been made more beautiful than I? What was at fault with the arrangement of things that all the sweet should come to some lives and all the bitter to others? Then I remembered how hard she was working, and felt ashamed of myself. But it did seem as if all her troubles blossomed into blessings. How superior Mr. Hope was to James Harris! Indeed I am not sure that I was getting to think him superior to every one.

Three years went round in this way, and it came the third anniversary of the day on which the farm had been sold. Marcia had not been home for some time; but she had written that she should come home on that day. So we meant to make a sort of festival of it. We could afford to now, when, after all, we had not left Ingleside, and things had come out so much better than we had feared. Marcia deserved, too, a generous welcome. Mother and I had worked busily, getting the house in perfect order, making pies and cakes and sweetmeats, and when the day came we were all ready. We hurried through the morning tasks, and I put on a pretty fall dress, with a bright ribbon in my throat, and a bunch of scarlet leaves in my hair.—Then I waited eagerly enough, for my sister, she had promised to come in the early train, and a little past ten I saw her walking up from the depot, leaning on Mr. Hope's arm.

"I think he might have let us have her to ourselves this one day," I said, a little bitterly.

As they drew nearer I noticed that Marcia had left off her deep mourning. She wore black silk, and looked regal in it. I thought that the three years, instead of wearing upon her, had deepened and enriched her beauty. She had certainly never seemed so peerless as when, having put aside her shawl and bonnet, she came and stood in the sitting-room window, looking out on the brightness of the autumn day. Her tall, slight figure seemed to have acquired new elegance in the midst of tasks that would have wrapped most women from their natural grace and symmetry. Her face was clear, and a bright color flushed her cheeks. Some secret gladness kindled her eyes and curved her lips.—I did not wonder that Mr. Hope looked at her so much; but I thought of poor James Harris, 40 rods away in his grave, and tried to believe that it was only for his memory I felt jealous.

"It is just such a day," she said, at last, "as the one before the old farm was sold.—Do you remember, Theo, how we looked out of this window together, and saw father and mother making their mournful farewell round?"

"Frank God, and thank you, Mr. Hope, the farewell never came," and she glanced up at him with that wonderful light in her eyes, and a smile which made her whole face brilliant.

She looked a long time at the well-known, well-loved scene, with the bright October glory resting on it. Then she went up to father, and leaned over him with the old caressing manner.

"Father," she said, "you must own Ingleside again."

"Yes, daughter, if it please God," he answered, gently. He had always been gentle, and these last years had made him more so.

"It has pleased God," she cried, impulsively. "Father, I have succeeded even better than my hopes. I gave myself five years to make two thousand dollars in, and I have accomplished it in three."

She took out a roll of bills, and handed them to him.

"There it is, father. Now you have only to transfer the bank stock, and Ingleside will be paid for. You must own it again today."

Mr. Hope came forward and smiled—the old heartsome smile which I had noticed that first time I saw him.

"She made me bring the deed," he said.—"She hadn't patience to wait twenty-four hours longer—you must own Ingleside again before this sun went down."

Half-bewildered, my father attended, under Mr. Hope's direction, to the details of the business; and when it was all done he sat still, like one in a maze, turning the new deed over in his hand. Marcia went up to him and kissed him, and he took her into his arms.

"God bless you, my child, my own child!" he breathed, fervently—"even so through you He has blessed me beyond my hopes."

"I said I would live till the old place was cleared!"

Marcia spoke triumphantly; and with that glow on her cheeks, that light in her eyes, I thought she looked as if she might live forever.

"You will not go back again to town?" my mother asked her, with fond anxiety.

The question suggested a new fear to my father, and he held Marcia's hand tight, and looked into her face.

"No, child, you won't go back, will you?" he pleaded, searching her face with his eyes. She stooped and kissed him—they had always been so dear to each other.

"No, father I shall not go back. I have sold my lease and my business, and I shall stay with you. My work is done."

I wondered how long she would stay—how long Mr. Hope would let her stay. Just then he spoke to me.

"Come, Theo, they want Marcia to themselves. I am in the way and you must take me out of it. They can do without you."

"Yes, every one could do without me," I thought, bitterly; but I went with him nevertheless. We wandered around a little while,

and then sat down to rest in the old arbor, in which I had sat and wept out, as I have told you, my girlish despair on that day which I have called the darkest day of my life.

"Theo," he began, with grave gentleness. "I have something to tell you—something I should have told you long ago but for Marcia."

"I know what it is," I cried, impatiently. "Suppose you tell me then."

"That I am to have you for my brother—It's all right if Marcia can forget so easily. I couldn't—that's all."

"Couldn't you?" Marcia has been very firm of purpose, too, about this money. A year ago I begged her to let me give the deed to your father, and consider the debt canceled. But I could not prevail upon her, though I told her all my eloquence. It was then that I told her what I was going to tell you to-day only you forestalled me. By-the-way, you weren't quite right in your conjecture—that wasn't just what I had to tell you."

"What was it, then?"

"That I loved you, Theo, and want you for my own. I think it began way back that first day when you came to my office. I did not acknowledge it to my own heart then; but I think it was my secret feeling for you which made me buy Ingleside, though I put the matter to myself on different grounds.—The charm deepened every time I saw my little lassie; and a year ago I made up my mind that I did not want to do without her any longer. It was then I went to Marcia, and tried to persuade her to come home, so that you could be spared to me; for I would not be selfish enough to ask you to leave your father and mother alone. I found her immoveable as granite; but she begged me hard to wait till Ingleside was paid for before I said anything to unsettle you. Somehow she begged a promise out of me, though I think I should not have given it but for my aversion to subjecting you to the unpleasantness of a long engagement. That is, you know, if you could love me well enough to be engaged to me at all. You have not told me that, Theo."

I looked him straight in the eyes—I meant to see his soul through them.

"Are you sure that you love me, David Hope, me and no other?"

"Very sure, Theo."

"And you would rather have me for your wife than Marcia, beautiful and strong and grand as she is?"

"Rather than any one else in the world, little lassie."

Then, somehow, before I knew it, I was in his arms, crying on his shoulder. Joy tears, though; for this was what I meant when I spoke of the brightest day of my life.

We went in together, after awhile, to ask my parents for their blessing, and they gave it to us with full hearts.

Mr. Hope did not go back to town that night. It was the first night he had passed in Ingleside, but he would come and go henceforth as a son of the house. I sat up with him a little later than the rest, just to hear over again what it was so very sweet to know at last—that he loved me. I began to find out the rare deep tenderness of this man who, I had felt, he loved me as his own. He suited me exactly. Some girls would have thought, perhaps, that he lacked sentiment. He did not idealize me at all—I told you in the first place that his idealism was small—but he had strong, practical sense, and acute knowledge of human nature. He knew me just as I was—with all my little tempers, and vanities, and follies—and, just as I was, he held me dear; so there would never be any disappointment between us. Our engagements were to be a short one, for he said he had waited long enough for his bride. So he only gave me until Christmas to make my modest preparations.

When at last I left him I lingered a little at Marcia's door, and listened to see if she slept. I wanted to go to her a moment, and rest my heart, burdened with its fullness of joy, in the quiet of her sympathy. But, listening there, I heard her voice a low, sweet voice always, murmur:

"My work is done. I am ready now, my love, my love!"

It was almost the old words, and it seemed to me like the echo of her cry of passionate longing the day before I saw Mr. Hope first. I knew where her thoughts were, and I would not go in to mock them with my too happy looks.

Next day Mr. Hope went away, and Marcia took me into her room, and made me what she called a wedding present. It was five hundred dollars—the sum of which, after her two thousand were safely earned, she had sold her lease and her business.

"It is for the wedding expenses, Theo, which I shall never want," she said, and she made me take it.

I looked at her so stately, so young, so beautiful—so much lovelier than I ever was or could be in any eyes save David Hope's—and I uttered my thought, I could not help it.

"Surely you will love again, Marcia. Forgetfulness comes to every one in time; and you are too good and too lovely not to be destined to make some man happy."

"I think my nature is granite, Theo, and impressions do not wear off it very easily; but whether I shall forget, or whether I shall remember, can have nothing to do with my making you a wedding present."

So she forced me to accept her gift; and I had vanity enough—I, at twenty-one, and in love—to take real heart's delight in the pretty things it brought me.

When Christmas came we were married and went away. I had not expected a journey, for I knew what a busy man Mr. Hope was; but he made every thing else give way, and took me to some of the Southern cities first, and then for a glimpse of life at Washington. It was all so gay and strange and brilliant; and I was so happy. I scarcely had time to think about the old friends, the new life was so engrossing. And yet I did not notice a vein of sadness in my mother's letters, and I rather wondered that Marcia did not write at all. I believe Mr. Hope thought more about these things than I did, for after a while he grew in a hurry to go home.

We got there one mild evening in February; and the moment our greetings were over the change in Marcia struck me. It was as if the three years—which as they passed had seemed only so touch her with new grace and brightness—had done their whole wearing work in these few weeks of my absence. She looked strangely old and thin. Her lips were colorless, and no flush stained her cheeks.—Her motions, too, were slow and languid.—When I asked her about it, she told me she

had not had time to be tired in three years, so she was taking it out now. She should be rested by-and-by when spring came.

That night, when we were alone, Mr. Hope told me that he thought Marcia would die. I never knew till that moment how much I loved her—how much I had loved her all my life. The thought of her dying seemed like a great gulf yawning at my feet, ready to swallow up half the happiness of my future. He soothed my passionate sorrow, and so tenderly to comfort me that I blessed him for it over and over in my heart. He told me that, much as he wanted me with him in town, he had concluded, since he had seen Marcia that I ought to remain at Ingleside until there was some change. He would leave me there for the present, he thought, and come out every night. This was what I had been longing, yet afraid to ask him;—for I understood him well enough now to know that he made no small sacrifice. We announced our arrangement quietly the next morning, and I could see how glad they all were.

So I went the next day with Marcia, and at night came "Mr. Hope," as I used fondly to call him. It was my most frequent pet name, and I had discovered that my stean-browed Scotch liked petting.

As the weeks went on I found that Marcia grew weaker, and I knew that the rest of the spring was to bring her would be rest indeed—the rest where

"Perfect day shall shine
Through no gloom to fight."

There were times when it seemed to me I could not bear it—when I sat dumb with weep, and watched her changed, wasting face, and turned away to meet the sadness in our mother's eyes, or see my father following his darling with long looks of wordless grief and despair. I think she saw it, too, for, one night when we were all together, she said, tenderly:

"If you only knew how happy I am, I think you would not grieve for me, my boy of you.—It is God's great mercy which is letting me go home to James. I have more for it all along, but I dare not pray for it. I left it to my God, and He is leading me gently."

After that we tried to be cheerful in her presence; and before the gusty April days were over the end came; very suddenly, but peacefully as sleep. I was sitting by her alone, and I saw a change. I started to call some one, and as I heard the old, tender, longing cry—"A little altered—"

"I am dying, my love, my love!"

Years have passed since then, and David Hope has made me very happy. The dear father and mother still live at Ingleside and I go to them in summer with my boys and girls. But I miss Marcia, my one sister, when I stand among the old scenes; and sometimes, on a splendid autumn day such as this, I like to live the dead past over, and recall my image, as she was at her brightest and her loveliest, until I seem to see her once more—a radiant ghost—in the old house she worked so hard to keep.

SHARE WE MEET AGAIN!—A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following was affixed on the sea of reading, we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

"Man seldom thinks of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton at all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to the life beyond the grave, and recall me to life, as she was at her brightest and her loveliest, until I seem to see her once more—a radiant ghost—in the old house she worked so hard to keep."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The public debt statement for the 1st of February showed the debt was then \$2,556,205,658.88.—The statement for the first of March shows that it is now \$2,544,335,904.38—a decrease of \$11,869,754.50—or of nearly \$12,000,000. The gold deposits last month were \$88,732,716.44; now they are \$98,741,209.72—an increase of \$10,008,493.28. We had then \$18,441,332.63 in greenbacks; we now have \$16,853,520.04 in currency—a decrease of \$1,587,812.59. Perhaps the democratic press will try to make political capital out of these figures.

CREAM PIE.—One pint good sweet cream, one egg one tablespoon even full of flour, one pinch of salt, flavor with lemon and sweeten to taste. Beat the egg light, then add the flour and stir into the cream. The above is for one pie in a baking dish or what suits you better, and bake like pumpkin or potato pie with only an undercrust, put the lemon on the sugar.

LOOK UPWARD.—A young man once picked up a coin that was lying in the road. Always afterward, as he walked along he kept his eyes close on the ground hoping to find another. And in the course of a long lifetime, he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years that he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the dirt and mud in which he sought his treasure, and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

NEWSPAPERS.—Wherever I have wandered, in my missionary labors, whether in the East or West, North or South, I have always observed that where the newspaper was taken by the family, there thrift, morality, and general intelligence were to be found. In the log cabins of the West as soon as my eye caught sight of a newspaper, I thought to myself—Here at least, I will find morality, intelligence, courtesy, and welcome as a garden ripe to receive the gospel seed! and I was seldom mistaken. On the contrary where neither newspapers nor good books were to be seen, there ignorance, bigotry, superstition and grossness were found in all their forms. Yes, I have often thought that the newspaper was the pioneer of civilization, and did much to make the way easy for the successful labors of the home missionary.—*Lorenzo Dow.*

MISS PALMER, the actress, has become Mrs. Daniel Bandmann, the actor.

WALKING IN THE OLD WORLD.—The increasing passion for walking-matches has extended to the Old World, and brought a number of Revenue-runners of the nomadic tribes of Central Africa—to Paris. They far surpass anything done by our race.—When they carry government dispatches, they run for days without sleep. In order to keep their chest free, they seize with both hands the end of a stick, which they place horizontally behind their neck. Their stock of provisions consist of a few dozen of dates, and their whole costume of a pair of trousers; perhaps they also carry a pair of sandals, which they put on when the sand of the desert becomes too hot to bear. On the way they lose as little time as possible. When they are out of breath, they stop, count up to sixty inspirations, and continue the journey; they sleep only two or three hours out of twenty-four; and in order not to oversleep themselves, they tie a rope of date bark to one foot and set it on fire. They know exactly how long it will burn, and when it reaches the foot the pain makes them jump up, and off they go once more on their errand.—[Our Monthly Gossip, Lippincott's Magazine.]

TRICHINA SPIRITS.—DEATH OF SEVERAL PERSONS FROM EATING DISCARED PORK.—The trichina fever which prevailed here to such a fearful extent a few years ago, says the New York Sun, of Tuesday, has again broken out afresh, and so far with equally fatal results. After a careful scientific investigation into the causes of this dreadful malady, the savants traced it generally to rats, from which hours receive it by feeding on them in sewers and elsewhere, and those in turn impart it to human beings who eat largely of pork. When these animals get into the human body and effect a lodgment, the case is hopeless. It was proved by this investigation that boiling is the surest method of destroying trichina in meat. Last week several boarders in a German boarding-house in Central street, sickened with this malady and were taken to hospitals. Two of them died a day or two ago in the New York hospital, and a piece of flesh taken from the arm of one of the men while he was alive, when placed under the microscope, revealed millions of these creatures. It is also reported that several deaths have occurred from the same cause in different parts of the city.

THE HEARTH AND HOME SAYS: In feeding farm animals, remember that when you place food before an animal, it is eaten for three purposes; to give muscular strength, to supply heat, or to make fat or butter. The more a cow consumes to supply muscular waste, the less goes to milk. The more she needs to keep herself warm, the less she can yield of milk or of flesh. Coarse, rough food, as swamp hay, butts of corn-stalks, and straw yield some starch or carbon. This is the reason why an animal in an open shed will eat trash which it would reject in a warm stable. Yet there is nothing by starving them to rough fodder. Good shelter would be cheaper. The richer the food in albumen the vigor and muscle it will make. The farmer gains more by a few high-fed animals than from much half-starved, ill-housed stock.

BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.—The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to the sound of the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsmen who dwell on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth—"Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides of the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and uncovered head.—By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks. Then each lies down to rest.

VERY few changes have been made in the standing committees of the Senate. Mr. Fessenden has the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, in place of Mr. Morrill of Maine, and Mr. Morton the Committee on Manufactures, instead of Mr. Sprague. Mr. Harlan relieves Mr. Henderson in the chairmanship of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Mr. Scott, the new Pennsylvania Senator, has been assigned to the Committees on Claims, Naval Affairs, and, more important, Pacific Railroads.

NOVA SCOTIA has not been making idle threats to unite her destinies with the United States rather than submit to an odious and compulsory adhesion to the Canadian Dominion. A powerful sentiment is reported to exist in favor of annexation. It is one of the beauties of monarchy to grant to her vassals the privileges of free expression of opinion, a vast majority of the people of that little province would declare for the scheme.

WOMAN AND WINE.—John Bright lately bore testimony to "the excessive use of wine by ladies" in England, and the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN asserts that in this country the use of wine by women is nearly as common as its use by men. "The men who use it have no business to find fault, of course, but if we used a reform movement to save needle-women from heartless employers we certainly need one to save fashionable women from themselves. What with wine-sipping match-making, politics might seem a fortunate diversion, only—it has too much of both already.

ANCEDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—Washington had accepted an invitation from Arnold to breakfast with him at West Point on the very day the plot was discovered, but was prevented from keeping his engagement by what men call chance—by the earnest request, piteously of an officer, near whose station they passed to spend the night there and inspect some works in the neighborhood. Next day, while Washington, with his staff, including La Fayette, were seated at table at this officers' quarters a dispatch was brought to the American general, which he immediately opened and read, then laid it down without comment.—No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation, dropped among his suit, and, after some minutes, the general, beckoning La Fayette to follow him passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the dispatch in his hands, and then, giving away to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the usual weakness of humanity, may be imagined.—"I believe," said La Fayette in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion, throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perceived the communication that had given rise to his emotion; and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"EVER OF THEE."—A sad story is connected with the name of the writer of the beautiful song, "Ever of Thee," which has been sung and admired by so many in this country and Europe.

Foley Hall was a gentleman by birth and education. Wealthy in his own right, with large expectations, he led a heedless life—not choosing his associates, but allowing himself to be drawn into the society of the vicious. His property soon disappeared and he was left without resources sufficient to buy his daily bread. His musical talents had been highly cultivated, but as he never needed them he scarcely knew to what degree they could be made available. In his distress, however, he wrote his charming song, "Ever of Thee." A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it; but that amount, with such a spirit, would not last long. He wrote other songs, but the money not coming as fast as he wished, in a weak moment he forged the name of his publisher, and although every effort was made (even by the publisher) to save him, it was of no use, and poor Foley Hall went to Newgate, and died broken hearted before his trial came on.