



Select Poetry.

TIME.

63 Time is like a river gliding
Away—away!
And its gloomy billows hiding
Joy's bright as day;
And with its restless current wearing
Man's heart to clay;
And life's best joys, like base weeds bearing,
Away—away!
And life is like a dew-drop smiling,
For one short hour;
With fair and glittering show beguiling—
Yet sun and shower
O'er its frail essence, each prevailing,
Shouton its stay—
Tremulous, restless, and exhaling,
Away—away!

Deferred Articles.

It is now thought by many leading New Yorkers, that the next attempt to burn New York city, was the work of men who desire to be politically revenged upon this great Democratic stronghold.

JUDITH TANEY, was born twelve years before the American Constitution was adopted. He could have said of it as Grattan once said of the Irish nation, that he had leaped over its cradle and followed its heart.—*Columbian Statesman.*

There are said to be in the United States fifty thousand heathens. Idol gods are worshipped in two heathen Temples in San Francisco. The Chinese have large colonies scattered all over California; and the work of their evangelization is inviting one to Christians of every sect.

A spunky wife at Detroit had a "family j" five years ago and vowed she would not speak to her husband until he apologized. They have lived together all the time, but no word was spoken until a few days ago when they "made."

Mr. William F. Sherman, wife of the General, left Cincinnati on Friday for Santa Fe, Indian where he is to spend the winter, superintending the education of the children, who are inmates of the Catholic institution of that place.

Whitard Swallow and Thomas B. B. are candidates for the Delaware United States Senatorship. The Delaware will, of course, elect their candidate, who they control both branches of the Legislature.

It is stated by New York papers that State really gave a majority for McClellan and Seymour, as enough Democratic proxies have been received, since the election, to change the result. In some counties as high as 200 have come to hand. Of course they were just too late to be counted.

The Newark *Advertiser* says it learns upon inquiry at the office in that city of the Morris and Essex Railroad, that the story which originated with the N. Y. Herald that Gen. McCLELLAN had been appointed Engineer-in-Chief of that road, with a salary of \$25,000 per annum, is without foundation.

The Dutch Gap canal, of James river, which has been so long in progress, is five hundred and fifty feet in length, sixty feet wide at the bottom, and one hundred and twenty-five at the top. It will have fifteen feet of water at low tide. It goes through a stratum of unctious clay in which vegetable matter exists, half converted into coal.

Bones for Manure.

A very valuable manure may be prepared from bones, dissolved in diluted sulphuric acid. Take a tight wooden-hooped cask, and set it under cover, or shelter it with boards. Put in eight gallons of water; then pour in, a little at a time, to prevent too great heat, two and a half to three gallons of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which may be bought for a few cents per pound of the manufacturer or druggist. Now put in, and punch down with a stick, all the bones the liquid will cover, or even more. Leave them to soak for several weeks, stirring them well, and punching them down every two or three days, adding more bones as there is room. After six to eight weeks, take out the undissolved pieces, and mix the liquid with a large quantity of dry manure or loam to dry off. This will make a better article, cheaper and stronger than which the markets afford, if the acid and bones can be had at a moderate cost.

Care should be taken, in preparing it, not to get any of the fluid on the flesh or clothes, as it will make sores and destroy the clothing. Some weakly and a bucket of water should be near at hand to wash off with, in case of accident.

Interesting Sketch.

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

Many years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination. It is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly-buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men" has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our sketch their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was open to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dead burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young women and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skillful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his "subjects" as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet tinted under-lids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—ones of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the head to lay it upon her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose tint to relieve the deadly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shirt, and very straitly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *think* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that it glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it, and finally, he woke with a cry of horror from

a ghastly dream that he had entered the room and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamp light, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did so he saw with wonder, not unmingled with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deadly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours, he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deadly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror that she cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and re-assure her when she woke, but he found her so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantine, and her eye resting upon Astley she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed a parently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her again sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an England woman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learnt the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

Her perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with sweet, childish, vacant expression, that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call her something," thought he, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak, "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear through him. He must do something for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an England one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying it upon her knees, began to flutter its leaves backward and forward, playing dly with them.

"Good heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile as any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and taking her by the hand he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow—"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident, that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all the woman who acted as his house-keeper's who he wanted to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that every day. He would bid her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done.—The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all. It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned, and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskillful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try and recall something of the time before, but it was in vain, her memory was clear gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world who she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything; she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skillful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that black existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as

dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner.—The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, pictured to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, and then returning violently, dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Restoring his composure by a strong effort, he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mrs. Astley's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He nursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I was dead!"

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool; Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley.

"I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years.—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three day's journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely.

"A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years I find my wife so like her in every feature and every look, that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hands upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; she is my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me! And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet. He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to him before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing, saying plainly out that she had been bro't to him by the body-snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared—!" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley gently; he had softened as he thought of that res-

toration. "Will you come with me to the grave, that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us."

Which of the men was most to be pitied? There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again:

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she cannot have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor or she has no memory of anything before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice, and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion and then threw her arms around his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love," Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones, "tell me, tell Mr. Holt if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not tell," she said, "I remember nothing, I have said so many times."

"Swear it," said Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! he threw himself at her feet clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away! She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go," shouted Holt, "for by—"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree, I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!"—The struggle was an awful one, and shook him like the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you was brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated.—"I have no recollection of anything before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife," said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her. The sneer with which the words spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I can not recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them

still the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room; that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy. I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again. Perhaps by that time I shall have thought of something for her."

"Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Living as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all, the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived her of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, then clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars to the feet of God, but never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitter cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman-like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so. "I shall die," he said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting! When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone, Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me. That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again he found that all was silent. But he awoke the third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose determined to ascertain the cause; he was unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief.