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Over the Way.

There's a nice little woman lives over the way,
Who sits by the window the most of the day;
And I never before knew a maid or a wife
Who led such an easy and indolent life.

"Who is she? What is she?" I often have said;
"Who gives her her clothes, and who gives her bread?
Pray what kind of food does she slowly devour
From the book she is gazing at hour after hour?"

If one from her duty is ready to shirk,
There's always another quite willing to work;
And this I have found is the rule of the day
In that quiet establishment over the way.

He goes to the store for butter and bread,
He kindles the fire and makes up the bed,
He washes the dishes, and sets them away,
And works like a beaver the whole of the day.

Oh, better than any invention I've seen
Is this beautiful, dutiful household machine—
That is never disturbed by a tear or a frown,
And is never wound up, since it never runs down.

She sits by the window, the fair little wife,
And seems to enjoy all the good things of life;
And if any one asked me, I surely should say
That a Woman's Rights woman lived over the way.

The Old Chimney-Place.

A stack of stones, a dingy wall,
O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A path on which no shadows fall,
A door-top where long dock-leaves sleep,
A broken rafter in the grass,
A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Naught left but these, fair home alas!
And the dear memories of old.

Around this hearth, this sacred place,
All humble household virtues grew,—
The grandsire's love, the maiden's grace,
The matron's instincts deep and true,
Here first sweet words were lisped; here broke
Life's morning dream, and yet more dear,
The love that life's best impulse woke,
Grew warmer, gentler, year by year.

How cheerful, while the storm without
Muffled the earth and iced the night,
The ruddy glow gushed laughing out
On merry groups and faces bright;
How chimed the crackling, freakish flame,
With rosy mirth or thoughtful ease,
Or, may be, syllabled the name,
Of one rocked o'er the shivering seas.

What fairer scenes, what golden lands,
What pageants of romantic pride,
In the weird deep of glowing brands
Saw the fair boy, the dreamy-eyed,
Till, musing here, his spirit drew
Strong inspiration, and his years,
By Beauty's subtle nurture, knew
The paths of Nature's inner spheres.

Here as the swooning embers sent
A faint flush through the quiet gloom,
In the warm hush have the lovers blent
The fragrance of their heart's fresh bloom;
And, veiling in soft drooping eyes
Her tremulous joy, here blushed the bride;
Here, o'er pale forms in funeral guise,
Farewells from broken hearts were sighed.

This spot the pilgrim, 'neath strange skies,
Saw in his way-side dream; here stood
Old friends with gladness in their eyes;
Here grew the beautiful and good—
Sweet friendships—faith serene and sure—
Manhood's strong purpose, warm and bold—
Courage to labor and endure,
And household feelings never cold.

Here, leaning in the twilight dim,
All round me seems a haunted air;
I hear the old familiar hymn,
My heart goes upward in the prayer
That made the night so full of peace;
Kind lips are on my brow—my ear
Hums with sweet sounds—they faint—they cease,
And night o'er all broods calm and clear.

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

In August, 1859, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveller like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had plenty of time to get used to snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one of 14,000 feet. I well remember the sensation I felt when I first saw one of those crevasses which seam the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, and tried to gaze down into its terrible depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some 300 feet below, but I believe it was only the effect of perspective, the rent being probably prolonged as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain never to come out alive," said one of my guides.

"True," replied the other; "but I knew one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he lives at Grindlewald. He is a chamois hunter; he was returning home; in descending the crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, beneath his weight when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and an arm broken. Between the earth and the ice he found a hollow place into which a stream was running; crawling along suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and in three hours he was out of the glacier."

Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, but the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then, if ropes long and strong enough are at hand, it is possible to save him from a dreadful death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveller perishes of cold, or falls lower down into the crevasse during the hours which elapse while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian nobleman perished in a glacier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended the Breveret, we now had only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine we started with our guide. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which played below us its surface riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend, and to traverse in zigzags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes, when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred up our passage. It opened with a length of some sixty yards, and ended upon our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spike of my alpenstock as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in the ice, large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasse below it, and said in a grave tone, "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the aid of my alpenstock I had already got half way up this icy hillock, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole that I had made in the ice; my foot passed it; I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the least projection by which I could hold myself in. The declivity became perpendicular, and fell into the gulf.

I heard the cry of despair of my companion and my guide. My own sensations cannot be described. I was giddy and half-stunned, sent backwards and forwards from one wall of ice to the other, I felt myself descending to a great depth, condemned to be dashed to pieces, to die by a horrible depth. Suddenly something stopped me, I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope! a rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow ledge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively and immediately by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough for me to plant one foot.

Then I heard my companion say above me, "We never hoped to hear your voice again; trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Mantanvert to seek men and ropes; he will come directly."

"If he is long," I replied, "I shall not come up alive."

My position was a terrible one; the thin ledge of ice was so narrow that I could not place both feet on it. I could only support myself on one leg, half resting against one of the ice walls, smooth as a mirror, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice water flowed down upon my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones; above my head I saw the long and narrow streak of the sky round which the mouth of the crevasse formed a frame. The ice, which was of darkest blue color, encirling me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous water-courses streamed down their sides, but in this extent of more than sixty yards I could not see any other projection or obstacle except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking for one second only, down into the terrible abyss, above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide, lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. I believe if I had fallen but a very few inches on either side from the narrow bridge which had arrested me, I should have been buried and jammed up at a depth where no rope could have reached me. I had remained about twenty minutes in my perilous position, nerves and muscles stretched to the utmost to keep myself there, looking at the sky above my head and at the ice around me, but not daring again to glance into the gulf below. The blood was flowing from a wound I had received in the cheek, and I felt that my right leg, upon which fortunately I was not resting, was severely bruised; the left leg, however, pained by the effort of standing the cold, was beginning to give way. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more benumbed me, the water continued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! Nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice. I was seized with giddiness as a terrible thought crossed my brain.

"He has gone to see if the help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again; there are hundreds such—I am lost!"

I commended my soul to God. My strength was exhausted. I had never given up all hope. I was seized with a desire to let myself fall, and thus put an end to this agony.

At the critical moment, I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, all so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity, God guided him to see a little knapsack which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to him to look at his watch. Five minutes more had elapsed. The cold was becoming more and more intense; the blood was literally freezing in my veins. I called; I asked if there was any one in sight. The guide had started thirty five minutes ago, and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could return so quickly, as we had taken three-quarters of an hour to get to this spot, and he had to go and return.

I felt that I could hold on but very little longer. The frail support on which my safety alone depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered that I had a strong knife in my pocket, and resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; he implored me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice, high enough for me to reach it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it; then about two feet above the little bridge I dug out a hole sufficiently large for me to put my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall, I was able to raise myself and keep myself firm in this new position. I descended again upon the bridge, and began another notch above the first. I flattered myself that I should thus be able to escape from my prison, but a single slip, a false step, would precipitate me into the abyss.

I was working diligently at my second step, when I heard a joyous cry above me. "Here they are! Three men with ropes—they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower, and tie it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! it is too short!"

"We have another."

That was fastened to the first and let down. I seized the end of it. I bound it strongly around my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began—I was saved. A minute afterward I was standing upon the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had happily lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

When I placed my foot upon firm ground again, an overpowering feeling of deep gratitude to the Almighty who had delivered me in so great a peril filled my breast; I fell on my knees and fainted. When I again became conscious, our party was preparing to start for the Montanvert. Before leaving I wished to cast one last look into the crevasse where I had nearly been buried alive. I saw how completely impossible it would have been for me to get out of it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed me, as I reached it, to lean against the opposite wall, and without that support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to scale this perpendicular wall of ice.

The guide had run to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable for the purpose. In despair he started for Chameunix; when on the way he met two muleteers. Their animals were laden with wood, tied on with ropes, which he implored them to give him to save a poor traveler who had fallen into a crevasse. These good people at once unloaded their mules, and came with the guide to my assistance. Tying them together—there were three—the ropes reached the depth of thirty to forty yards, where I had been arrested in my fall.

Assisted by my deliverers, I was able to reach Montanvert, where, in a good bed, and with my bruises attended to, I had leisure to dream about the danger from which I had escaped, and the remembrance of which often haunts me both sleeping and waking. I trust that future travelers, profiting by my experience, will not run the risk of penetrating into the midst of these icy regions without providing themselves with axes and ropes, and especially with a first confidence in God's goodness, the surest of supports, and the best safeguard here below.

DON PIATT writes about an auction of the contents of dead letters: "As the rude auctioneer held each article in the dim light, and coarsely cried it off, I could not help to think of the fingers that had worked, and the heart that had throbbed over the token of affection, and remembered that it had failed of its destination, and was being sold for filthy lucre to this motley crowd. Two-thirds of these evidences of remembering love came from women. The fact is, during my stay, I did not see one that could positively be ascribed to a man. To a woman's busy fingers, and to a women's heart could the work be attributed, and also to a woman's ignorance or carelessness, probably, in addressing, is due the fact that the work miscarried."

OWYHEE, Idaho, is now shipping $41,000 in bullion weekly.

JOHN CUTTS' SECRET.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman who having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wantin' naow?"

"Is Mr. Cutts in?"

"Yes, he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts where any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin' and sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see him," was the reply.

"Is it real business, for pay, or only a favor you want? I can let your hoss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why—I can do anything for you that he could, and a good deal more! I can take the money, and rite the receipts, and pay the men, and I take care of the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseflesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once.

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of this case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he haint no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And, besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in town, and so be I," said this woman for the times.

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face—but he knew his own interests too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, I suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you and save your time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts for nothing—for I've got a big dairy and hain't no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was though, for your sake," said the gentleman.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you're a schoolmaster huntin' up a district school; and you think he's a committee-man; but he ain't this year."

"Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but she gave no marching orders.

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I can read a man right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawed or wills made, so if you're huntin' a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence and alone. If he chooses he can break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sake alive! Brother Lif's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow. He left a little something, didn't he?

"I never heard of him, and nobody's 'blowed up,' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"O—now I know! You're the man what wants to go to Congress, and have come here huntin' after votes. He shall not vote for you! I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge and nothin' else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says, 'there isn't neither man or woman, but all's one in politics.' I believe the day is comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to woman, afore you can get the big place and high pay that's a catin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know what you are talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun-bonnet to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way, and carried the words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and haint an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to enquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself—and perhaps of... to drive you wherever you go to order them.'"

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and to two or three widows in the town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive—and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly, on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to-day—and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family.

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a cruelier fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madam Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up, and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a "dumb spirit" for the night, and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out, and went to sleep; but at daybreak she began again. He then ventured to say: "As soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, "till you have told me what the man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast," and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After awhile she went out to the barn, and found him seated on an upturned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is cooln'; do come in."

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as required, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, madam settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Ma'am Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth the head of my family—and unless this house is made mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with my boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called "John Cutts' place," and he's the head of the house.

Maddening Mechanism of Thought.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stand them, madness makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clinking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled forehead. If we can only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ. Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the strings that hold the weights, blow up the internal machine with gunpowder. What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest, that this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos, that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath, that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has to utter but his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor. Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons where neither hook, nor bar, nor bedcord, nor drinking vessels from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall be seen. There is notling for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remember that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust among the works of this horrid automaton, and check them or alter the rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery. Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium, they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, after its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.—*Exchange.*

A MAN of unblemished character was a candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting, an elector got up and said:

"I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me by a direct *yes* or *no*, like an honest man?"

"Undoubtedly I will,"

A most incautious promise, as the reader will say.

"Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman *who killed his washerwoman?*"

What was the poor man to say? What *yes* or *no* could answer the question? He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labors under the grave imputation, in many people's minds, of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

JOHN HESS, who had been confined in the jail at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, escaped a few nights since, and immediately went to Neenah, his former home; thence he went to the home of his divorced wife and murdered her, first shooting her, and then cutting her throat from ear to ear. The murderer then repaired to his brothef's house and hid in the attic. An effort was made to arrest him, when he shot himself through the head.

AN Indiana paper announces that Hon. W. H. Holman is to be the next Democratic candidate for Governor of his State, and Hon. D. W. Voorhees for the Senate, while Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks will have the entire Indiana delegation in his favor for President, in the next Democratic National Convention.

The printing and reporting of the Illinois State Constitutional Convention cost $85,000.

Two Chattanooga men went hunting, were gone two days, and killed 385 quail, 11 turkeys, 110 squirrels, and 3 deer.

The Ancient Fenians.

In the early history of Scotland and Ireland, a tribe of Celtic warriors stand forth pre-eminent by their bold adventures and warlike deeds. The scenes of their exploits received names still perpetuated in the topography of both countries, and the exploits themselves became the theme of many poems, and romances. Finn Mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole) was one of these warriors, and their most famous commander. According to Irish annals, he lived and died in the third century of the Christian era. So great was his renown that these Gaelic warriors, who had previously been designated by various names, barbarous to our English ears, were henceforth known as Feinne, Finna, or Fenians; and such were celebrated in the legendary history of Scotland and Ireland. They seem eventually to have constituted a kind of established militia, whose duty it was in the words of an old historian, "to defend the country against foreign and domestic enemies, to support the right and succession of their kings, and to be ready upon the shortest notice for any surprise or emergency of the state."

These meagre historical details give one little idea of the amount of Fenian literature which still exists in ancient Gaelic manuscripts. One of its most accurate and learned students has computed that, were all the Fenian poems and legends published, they would fill three thousand closely printed large quarto pages.

To enter the ancient Fenian order, "every soldier must swear that without regard to fortune he would choose a wife for her virtue, her courtesy, and her good manners; that he would never offer violence to a woman; that as far as he could he would relieve the poor; and that he would not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation. Every soldier must be well acquainted with twelve books of poetry, and be able to compose verses. He must also run well, and defend himself when in flight. To try his activity, he was made to run through a wood, having a tree's breadth, and the whole of the Fenians pursuing him; if he was overtaken or wounded in the wood he was refused, as too sluggish and unskillful to fight with honor among such valiant troops.

"He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; able also to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Without stopping or lessening his speed, he must be able to draw a thorn out of his foot. Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity."

These are some of the qualifications given to us by an ancient historian, who naively adds: "So long as these forms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad." What would become of our modern Fenians were such qualifications now required?—*Prof. Seelye, in Scribner's Monthly for March.*

Death of a Noble Woman.

The telegraph brings us the painful intelligence of the death of the Senora Dona Marguerite Maxa de Juarez, wife of the President of Mexico. Born of an honorable family in the city of Caxaca, she married at 15 the then unknown young lawyer, who subsequently rose step by step in his profession and in political position, until he became literally the head of the nation and one of the most famous men of our times. Few women ever passed through such vicissitudes of fortune. She saw her husband at one time a prisoner in the hands of the revolted Church party, under Miramon, at Gaudalajara, and threatened with instant death, and again was herself compelled by foreign invaders to seek an asylum in the United States, where she industriously furthered the cause of the Republic and contributed not a little to the further overthrow of the Empire. On the fall of Maximillian, Mr. Seward sent her and her children back to Mexico in an American war steamer. She always manifested the most grateful regard for the American people, who had been the friends of her family and country in their hour of adversity. She was admired and beloved by all classes in Mexico; by the aristocrats for her piety and courage, by the republicans for her unostentatious mode of life and patriotic devotion to the cause of the nation, and by all alike for her charity, kindness of heart, and maternal devotion. She was the mother of thirteen children, of whom one son, a fine, promising young man of 20 years of age, now in Europe, three married and three unmarried daughters, survive her. A year ago she appeared like an American woman of 35 or 40, in excellent health. Nothing in her dress or equipage distinguished her from the wife of any well-to-do citizen of the capital, and her taste, like that of her husband, led her to avoid all unnecessary display on even the most important occasions. When the Seward party called at the palace to bid her good-bye on their departure from the capital, they found her sitting with her daughters around her, all engaged in family sewing, and noticed that the work was merely laid aside for the moment to be resumed on the departure of their guests, not hurried out of sight as it would be in many American or English families occupying infinitely less exalted positions in society. She was always kind, sympathetic and affable, displaying all the characteristics of a perfect lady, a faithful, devoted wife, a model mother, and an honor to her sex and race.

A Real Rat Story.

A London (Canada), paper says: The most exciting rat chase we have heard of for some time has been going on in Sparks street for some days past. Mr. Offord was terribly annoyed by the destructive little brutes, and had lost a great deal of his stock by them, and seeing a receipt for banishing the pests, he tried it. The plan was simply to spread some kind of a drug on the floor near their runs, where they would get it on their feet. The drug burns like caustic, and they lick it off and get it into their mouths. Mr. Offord was astonished to find that in a short time he hadn't a rat about his premises. Dr. Brown across the road, however, found that his stock had increased to an alarming extent. Mr. Offord gave him his receipt for banishing them, and drove the hungry little brutes into Mr. Alfred Brown's house. Mr. Brown saw with astonishment the terrible plague that had come on him and sat up at night to kill the brutes. An idea of their numbers may be formed from the fact that he killed sixteen one night in his room. After he was tormented for a couple of days, Mr. Offord gave him the receipt, and he soon got rid of them, and they retired on Mr. McCormick's flour-store. He has got rid of them also, and Mr. Champness has now got the whole of them. It is the intention of parties who know the receipt to drive the rats into Lower Town. A couple of weeks will be sufficient, and they will cross the canal some fine night and walk into the Metropolitan, and their entry will be as triumphant as that of the Germans into Paris.

AN Indiana girl finding a man in her room at a hotel, picked him up and threw him out of the window.

THE Joint High Commission were cordially received by the President.

Lost on the Plains.

In January last, John Wilson, a lad about 16 years of age, left his home, on Mosquito Bottom, Kansas, in company with his father and two neighbors, for the purpose of hunting buffalo on the upper Arkansas. The weather was all that could be wished, game was found in abundance, and the hunters secured as much as their teams were able to haul back on so long a distance, and on the 10th preparations were made for a return home.

Young Wilson, had become enchanted with the wild scenes and wilder sports, and shouldering his gun hastily, he started out, and was soon lost to sight as he picked his way quietly along the river bank and timber. The boy not returning in a reasonable time to the camp his father and companions became uneasy, and set out in search of him. Guns were fired, but no answer came in response. The same was continued throughout the night, and large fires were kindled on the highest eminences in the hopes of attracting his attention, but all in vain. The day elapsed in fruitless search, followed by another night of demonstrations similar to those of the first. On the third day, after fully deliberating on it, the party concluded to return home, form companies of their neighbors, and make a grand search for the boy on the plains.

Awakening from sleep, through a feeling of coldness, young Wilson looked out upon the dreary waste before him. The wind still blew, but the sleet had subsided. His frozen clothes clanked about his body as he arose and picked up his gun. He now fully recognized his situation, and his first thoughts were on his friends and something to eat. To choose his course puzzled him, yet no time was to be lost. He plucked from one of the bushes a sprig sat it on end, and in his boyish way, resolved on going in the direction it might fall. As the result will show, it fell in the opposite direction to that in which his friends were, and he wandered further and further away.

For procuring food his gun was now his only reliance, and as he trudged about he kept a sharp lookout for game. The first day out nothing in the game line presented itself, but on the second day a small herd of buffalo, on which he fired, passed him. His shot was short of the mark, and they were soon away. So he passed the third and fourth days. Weakened by hunger and fatigue, he nevertheless kept up good courage, and hoped that if he did not find his friends, he at least might fall in with other hunters or Indians, friendly or otherwise, he did not care much which, so long as his scalp was safe and a prospect of a replenishment of his stomach offered.

On the morning of the fifth day he came to a small stream, skirted by a few scattering trees. Here he gathered some broken limbs, and pulled out from beneath the roots the dry grass and started a fire. This he did by firing off his gun and blowing the wad into a blaze, which soon grew into a warming fire, by which his frozen clothes were thawed out and himself warmed. By this time he was too hungry and worn out to proceed much further, and he resolved on keeping up his fire through the day and night. While so engaged late in the evening, he was suddenly startled by a gruff "how!" and a dirty big Indian stood before him, with a gun on his back and the hind quarters of an antelope.

"Bully!" replied Wilson, "how yourself?" He gazed in astonishment at the intruder. The Indian comprehended the situation, proffered him a portion of his meat, and they sat down together and ate ravenously of it. The heat and food livened him up, and he soon ascertained that a band of friendly Indians were encamped a few miles below. To this camp the two repaired, and Wilson was welcomed kindly, and fed for three days, when enough provision was given him to reach the settlements. His course was pointed out and he started on his homeward journey. He traveled three days, when he fell in with his father and friends, who were returning to renew the search for him. The meeting was a joyous one, and young Wilson is content with "only one more shot."

Nothing in the Way.

President Baez says there exists no treaty between Hayti and Santo Domingo to prevent the ceding of the latter to any Government. The convincing proof that no such treaty exists is, that the Dominican Government has made an agreement to the contrary with the Government of the United States, without any protest whatever from Hayti, while if such a treaty had existed, the fact would have been brought to the attention of the whole world long ago. It was hinted in conversation with officials, that Mr. Sumner in certain personal interviews, himself at one time desired President Baez to come to Santo Domingo and keep himself in power, and that ultimately the United States would lease or buy Samana Bay, but President Baez having the subject brought to his attention, said the matter belonged to the class of private conversations.

The Baez Government denies emphatically that any cession of lands, any advantages or privileges whatever had been granted to any citizen of the United States or elsewhere. From the best information attainable, it appears that mines are regulated according to the French laws, which declare that private owners are owners of the surface, provided there are no mines, or at least until after they obtain authorization from the Government for such mines, in advance of designation &c., by others. There are, therefore, Mr. Baez says, no reservations in contradiction to the law in force.

In reply to the question as to the imprisonment of individuals for political offences, the President most emphatically says that no one has been imprisoned or banished for political opinions against annexation; that all who followed Cabral January 31, 1867, did so of their own free will, and that some few who have gone since, owe their forced absence to the fact that they conspired against the public safety in favor of Cabral or Luperon.

The debt of the Republic appears to be as stated in the Senate by Mr. Morton and others, namely, $1,500,000 in gold, but the friends of Mr. Baez say that unless great care is taken to reject spurious claims, a much larger amount will be required. It seems to be the desire of the Baez administration to pay the debts while the Government still has legislative power to admit or reject the accounts, according as they are just or spurious. None of the clergy, as above stated, have thus far made any protest against annexation. It was charged in the Senate debate that Baez intended to leave the country. This he emphatically denies.

People are inquiring how long cotton will keep. Columbus, Ga., asserts that no change is noticeable in the appearance of the staple in bales, which have been in its warehouse since 1866, and Augusta Georgia, rejoins, that a bale was sold there the other day which, having been in the warehouse eleven years, looked somewhat oily, and it brought as much money as new cottons of similar grades.

North Carolina is the fourteenth State in the Union in point of population. She is one of the sixteen that have over one million inhabitants.

The Struggle for Food.

One calm day, as we were lying at anchor off the shore of Florida, a long, devious band of ripples was observed contrasting sensibly with the still water of the Gulf. Eventually it approached, and proved to consist of myriads of small fishes—young "sardines." Here was a wonderful illustration of the maxim, "Eat and be eaten." First, the spawn of these small fishes is hatched upon the surface of the sea, and forthwith acres of forms live, move, and have their being—gregariously, and almost as one mass of animation. So uniform and simultaneous are their movements, they seem like the result of one impulse. Large fishes, the Jacks, so called, make vigorous onslaughts among them, and carry many captive. The dash and uniform simultaneous movement of a squad of Jacks as they make a raid upon these solid columns of sardinian infantry are interesting to witness. The sardines are continually leaping out of the water to escape their enemies, presenting in the sunlight their sparkling silver sides, and attracting the attention of the watchful sea-fowl. This vast animated patch soon became a scene of the greatest interest. As the "streaky fingers of the morn" began to fade, and the sun rays to glisten on the silvery wings of the flying fish, and glow in iridescence on the rippling masses, the brown pelicans drop from their roost and come flapping heavily toward the scene. Fluttering for an instant over the prey, down he plunges, with open, dip-net bill, resting on the water to adjust the game in his capacious pouch. The laughing-gull—inglorious bird!—with eager and accustomed eye, hovering near, essays to help himself, and, *nolens volens*, settles on poor Pelee's head—a head, albeit, none of the smallest, but one amply rotund and roomy. Now is the moment of his discomfiture. As the fish is turned to bring it right end down, the gull adroitly snaps it away, laughing his derisive *ha, ha!* as he goes. The pelican seems to submit to it as an inevitable operation, and makes no resistance, but flaps heavily up again to renew his search. Meantime the lazy gull is brought to grief, even in the midst of his hilarity. The war-hawk is on his track. Listening and ogling from the neighboring shore, he spies when he can leave his roost to profitable purpose. The exultant laughter of the gull soon gives place to shrill cries of alarm. The war bird, conscious of his power, bears a weary eye; cautious, and sure of his mark. The weaker darts fitfully in zigzag lines, striving with all his power to escape. Fatigue and fear prevail, and losing faith, he lets the choice morsel drop. Down darts the hawk; clutching the prey ere it reaches the sea, he soars straightway to the nearest roost. So the struggle for existence goes on.

THE DANGER of wearing false hair is illustrated in a new and forcible way by the recent experience of a Massachusetts dame. Fancying that her natural charms required enhancement, she innocently purchased one of those mysterious and tail-like appendages for the female head known, we believe, by the technical name of "switches." It was a "switch," equally beautiful and becoming, and for a brief space all was hair and happiness. But presently Madam began to feel an unpleasant sensation about the throat every time she assumed the foreign locks—in point of fact, a choke. She would, in her own striking and piscatorial language, "get as red as a boiled lobster, and gasp like a porpoise" dreadful symptoms which disappeared as soon as the "switch" was removed. What was this mystery no mortal could explain, Madam, being a true Boston woman, called a "medium," and the "medium" called a spirit from the vasty deep. Then did that