

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

NOBILITY.

Who counts himself as nobly born
In noble despite of place,
And honors are but bonds to one
Who wears them not with Nature's grace.
The prince may sit with crown or chair,
Nor feel his state disgraced thereby;
But he who has but small esteem
Husbands that little carefully.
Then be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more than art thy own;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.
What though not bid to knightly halls?
That mansion is not privileged;
Which is not open to the best.
Give honor due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for the lesser claim;
It is not to be destitute,
To have the thing without the name.
Then dost thou come of noble blood,
Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of thee.

THE SECRET.

In 18— we were invited to address the friends of temperance in the village of Western— A Lodge of Good Templars had just been instituted, and had redeemed some of the most abandoned drunkards in the place. Legions of devils had been cast out and noble men given back to their families. The gentleman presiding over the meeting in the church, was a noble specimen of a man; tall, finely built, polished in manner, and with an eye and voice in which the light of a full, great heart were unmistakably blended. He was dignified and commanding, yet gentle and unassuming as a child. I loved the man before I had ever placed his hand in mine.
Others were impressed with the bearing of the president of the day—why so much I could not understand, he being a citizen with whom they were familiar—but a feeling of quiet admiration seemed to pervade the vast audience in attendance. There were three ladies in the audience who more especially appeared to labor under some uncontrollable emotion. They wore like children, but their tears hardly seemed those of sorrow. I noticed that the chairman at times could hardly suppress his own feelings, for his lips were pale and quivering, and his voice was tremulous with the flood of tears beneath. I saw here and there tears dripping upon other cheeks. It was a mystery, for the exercises had not commenced, and I had seen nothing to account for the tears. And yet I was aware of it.
At the close of my address, I appealed to the people in behalf of the Lodge, and asked them if it had not wrought great good in their midst? Had it not redeemed some who were once the soul of honor? Had it not restored some erring son to a widowed mother? Had it not made some happy, and filled some aching heart with bliss too deep for utterance?
"It has! and the widow's blessing be upon it, and the blessings of the God of the widow and the fatherless!"
As if one heart pulsed in that audience, a deep and thrilling amen burst from every lip, the eldest of the ladies, before noticed was standing on her feet and weeping in the fulness of joy. The chairman hid his face in his hands, and his broad chest heaved as only that of a strong man can do, in such an hour.
In the evening, the lodge met, and I was pleased to find the chairman of the day the worthy chief, filling the position with that rare tact which few can boast. Twenty-three were initiated by special dispensation, and the glorious old altar glowed with the kindling of a more glorious light. Hands silently clasped hands; tears answered tears; and through all, the calm smile of a great joy shone out and warmed every heart.
After the business of the evening was completed, the chaplain asked that the lodge re-open under the head of the good of the order, and the doors be thrown open to the people who were thronging the streets in front of the building. "This is not so much for the people," said he, "as for parties immediately blessed by our effort here, and to bring together in holiest ties those whom ruin has put asunder. Angels in bliss are drawing aside the curtains at this hour to witness a scene at this altar which will cause joy on earth and in Heaven."
The doors were thrown open, and like a pen-up flood, the people swept in and filled up the vacant space save that which had been reserved in front of the altar. First in that crowd were the three ladies I had noticed in the church. Silence secured, the chaplain advanced into the open space and said:
"Nowhere in life is the effect of ruin so cruel and desolating as it is at home. The spots which a good God designed should be Eden, are transformed into hell, where bones are crushed out, lives turned to gall, and the boldest tries which ever linked human hearts, broken in agony and tears. The husband forgets the gentle heart which gave its priceless trust when he was worthy of it, and treats it under foot by the broken shrine."
"But here is a pool where the angel comes to the troubled waters, and however long the years of infirmity, the stricken ones can be healed. Here there is bread enough and to spare, and many hungry prodigals have returned. We have seen them afar off, and there has been singing and rejoicing here, for the lost has been found, the dead made alive again."
"We have witnessed these things in our midst. We have seen two whom we all love, join hands at the marriage altar in the light of a glorious life promise, and the flood of the wine cup rend the sacred tie, and drive the wife out to weep, and the erring husband far down the beauteous way of drunkenness. We have seen one who loved as only woman can love, compelled to obtain

that separation which is a thousand times worse than death. But, bless our Father in Heaven, the wine cup has been dashed down, and the exile returns and knocks at the Eden from which he was banished by the flaming sword of appetite. Let those whose love through the long dark night of the last five years, has clung with changeless strength around the early vow, stand forth and once more join hands at our fraternal altar, before these brothers and neighbors here, and God and His good angels in Heaven."
Pale, and reeling with terrible emotion, the worthy chief stepped down and stood a moment as if crushed with fear, that he would not be met by one whom I now understood as a divorced wife. The intensity of feeling manifested by these persons, can never be pictured on paper; it was painful. The suspense, however, was but for a moment. With a sharp cry of joy, the lady in black tossed her veil back from her face, sprang forward and grasped the extended hand in her own hand and kissed it over and over again.
"Mine!" she sobbed in delicious joy. "Mine! Mine again! O God, how can I thank Thee for this? Mine at last, and you will love me again as of yore, Herbert, and we shall be so happy!"
Her face, the picture of innocence and trust, and of exceeding beauty, glistened with tears, wearing a smile of indescribable sweetness and joy was upturned to his. With a simultaneous cry the long severed hearts sprang together, and looked in each other's embrace, they were one again. While thus united the chaplain repeated the marriage ceremony. "And what God and our reform has this hour united, let no man or rum put asunder. Brothers, salute your brother and sister."
Before the rough hand, however, had dared to disturb the clinging clutch of those long parted, two others had joined the weeping group.
"My own loved first born!"
"Brother! brother! my own, my noble brother!"
The mother and sister fell upon the neck of the worthy chief—Lodge, and never did the emblem of the Red, White and Blue, receive a holier baptism of joyous tears. Never was there a scene on earth more touching and sublime.
As we passed from the Lodge room, the mother laid her hand upon my arm and invited us to spend the night with her. We were glad to accept the invitation, for we wanted to learn more of what we had, then witnessed. Taking her arm we silently walked homeward, for each heart was too full for utterance.
The widow was quiet, but happy, and for a long time sat by the fire dreamily, and then wiping away the tears that would find their way over the withered cheek. We communed with our own thoughts, and loved our cause better for working such changes in the desolate places.
While the tea kettle was singing over the blaze, which seemed to crackle and flash with the new found joy, the table was spread and plates set for three. In a little time the sister came in, and stealing up to the mother, kissed her tenderly on the cheek. The silent act spoke volumes—there was happiness in their hearts which such acts alone could express. Words could not have told it so impressively.
While we were seated at the table, the mother spoke of the Order of Good Templars as a secret society. We remarked that the organization was not so really.
"A mere matter of self-protection," we replied.
"You have an oath which binds you to keep that secret," and she looked inquiringly into our eyes.
"No oath but that of our promises as men of honor," we answered.
"If I tell you what the secret of your society is, will you admit the truth?"
We hesitatingly nodded assent and she began:
"You saw that man who presided at the meeting this afternoon, and in the Lodge this evening? He is my only son. He married one of the noblest of women and commenced life ten years ago with means, character and friends. His fall is a long, terrible history—a fearful nightmare which I hope has passed away. He forgot me, forgot wife, forgot sister, though we all clung to him in the darkest times of his degradation. None but God can know how I've suffered. For years I wrestled in prayer, even when it seemed that God had forsaken the widow and her sorrows. Many are the long, dreary nights—so dreary. Mr.—, that I have knelt by the slumbering drunkard and prayed that the cup might pass by. My eyes have been fountains of tears, and there have been times when I longed to die. Times, too—God forgive me—when with clasped hands I have invoked terrible judgments upon those who were wringing my old heart in the ruin of my boy."
"One night, six months ago, he was brought home struggling with delirium tremens, and for three weeks varied between life and death. All this time a certain number of gentlemanly appearing young men alternately took their place at the bedside. They were kind, and I did not want to think them of those who had helped to lead him astray."
"When my son was able to sit up, and occasionally walk out, I began to tremble, for I feared the worst."
"Early one evening, they asked me to permit them to take him to the village for a few hours. No, said I, you shall not. Leave him and go on your ways, for I fear you. But they so earnestly and kindly urged me, promising that no harm should befall him, that I reluctantly consented, and they passed out."
"The hours never seemed longer than while they were gone, and most of the time I spent in prayer. Every foot-fall in the

street startled me, and my poor aching heart was full of fearful forebodings of coming evil.
"About ten o'clock, I heard voices down the street, and a moment after footsteps. I listened keenly, and my heart leaped with joy—I knew one step and that he was sober. I dared to hope that something better was in store for me. In a moment the door was thrown open and a half dozen gentlemen were in company with my son. He slowly advanced to where I was trying to stand by leaning upon a chair, and for a moment he looked me in the eye. He was sober.
"Mother!" at last he cried, "my own, but deeply injured mother! I saved at last, and you will be happy again," and he put his arm around my neck as when I used to lift him from the cradle, and sobbed aloud.
"Saved mother! do you hear that? A man again. You will love me once more, will you not, mother? And Amy shall not weep over her brother again. And the injured Mary—will she not come back to me and be happy again? For I am a Good Templar!"
"Oh, what an hour was that. We have been so happy and thanked God so often. It seems as if our hearts could not hold all this joy. The wife, poor girl, has come back again, you saw her to-night, and sure enough there is joy on earth and in Heaven. But I can not talk, I can only weep my joy. I have your secret; it is to save the drunkard and make the waste places glad with hope and happiness again!"
The old woman had guessed it; the secret was out.
A WORD TO WIVES.—Little wives! if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-moaning word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same good luck now. If you do feel that you become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all you love on earth or hope for in heaven—ur him back to the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you acquire will live forever in your husband. Neatly by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself, and become a Lucy Stone or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station—needs a greater honor.—*The Ladies' Home.*
ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wildness may lead us far from the object of filial love; we may become wild, head-strong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst our tears. Round that idea, we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and fancies the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.
SWISS BRIDAL CUSTOM.—A correspondent, travelling in Switzerland, writes that the custom of making gifts to the bride prevails there, as everywhere, but he thinks it is better regulated. The bride makes out a written list of things she will require in beginning to keep house, especially those that are over and above what would naturally be furnished by her friends; and one of them says, "I will give her this," and marks that as provided for; another will give her something else, and sometimes two or three more will combine and furnish a more expensive present than any one would give alone. After the wedding the couple usually start off on an excursion, and on their return they find their dwelling filled with these presents, each marked with the giver's name.
ANXIOUS TO MARRY.—Once in a church a young man who carried the collection plate, before starting to collect, put his hand in his pocket, as usual, and put a shilling, as he supposed, on the plate, and then passed it around among the congregation, which numbered many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astounded and amused, and the young man taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation lozenge on the plate, with the words "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face. None of the young ladies, however, closed with the offer.
CASHMERE GOATS.—It is stated Cashmere Goats can be raised in this country at an expense of but \$5 each, and they are sold at \$1,000 apiece. The demand for pure imported breeds of these animals is so great that an agent has been sent to Asia by persons in this country who are interested, who has been commissioned to import the best animals that he can get, and also to investigate the mode of manufacturing the fabrics.
Ground rents—the effect of earthquakes.

A Little of Everything.
—A social pony—the dandy lion.
—Female gymnastics—jumping at an offer.
—A "seedy" institution—the Agricultural Bureau.
—Grasshoppers are so thick in Kansas that they scoop them up by the peck measure.
—A million of dollars is annually made by the sale of Florida cedar wood for lead pencils.
—A thirty pound shad is reported to have been caught at Poughkeepsie, New York, a few days since. Doubtful.
—The Astor House in New York is assessed for \$700,000, and is said to be worth probably five times that sum.
—Mr. Pardee, of Illinois, has found that lime slacked in salt brine, sown broadcast, has kept insects from strawberries.
—The amount of real estate for sale in New York at the present time is said to be greater than it has been for years.
—Wm. B. Astor owns real estate worth sixty-five millions of dollars, and is constantly buying more. He never sells any.
—The brain and the stomach seem to be in opposition to each other; when the latter is empty the former is most active.
—The Masons of New York city have determined to build a home for widows, orphans, and the disabled of their own order.
—A mutton chop, in boarding-house parlance, means a piece of the bone of a sheep from which the mutton has been chopped off.
—Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when one set "a-going."
—The New Orleans Crescent denies the statement that Ex-Mayor Monroe and family, of that city, had gone to Canada, and says they are still in New Orleans.
—A bachelor friend of ours has left a boarding-house, in which there were a number of old maids, on account of the miserable "fair" set before him at the table.
—Pigiron Rock has been called the corner-stone of civilization. The Irishman's toast at a New England dinner: "Plymouth Rock, the barney stone of America."
—Could anything be sweeter than the negro's reply to a young lady, whom he offered to hit over a gutter? "Lor, missus," said he, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."
—Horace Greeley says that the darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.
—A little girl, four years old, was recently called as a witness in a police court, and being asked "what became of little folks who tell falsehoods," innocently replied that they were sent to bed.
—Three Prussians, resident at East Saginaw, Michigan, have received official notice from the authorities of their native land, to report themselves for military duty, on penalty of dishonourment.
—A short time since, two young ladies, well-known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit! it fits as if I had been melted and poured in."
—"Look here, boy," said a gentleman to an urchin, who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much."
—"No, I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm a gnawing this 'ere candy."
—A rural editor, speaking of a quill driving cotemporary, says: "His intellect is so dense that it would take the nigger of common sense longer to penetrate it than to bore through Mount Blanc with a boiled carrot."
—An old fellow who has been there, says, "Stopping the stream of alcoholic fluid, that finds its way down the throats of human beings, and checking the slight water-fall existing in the Niagara river, are matters of equal feasibility."
—At one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted, in reply, the text, "No man can serve two masters."
—"Larry," said a coquettish young lady to her cousin, prematurely bald, "Why is your head like heaven?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replied the swell, "unless, indeed, because it has a shining crown."
—"Good, but not correct," because there is no more *deying* or *parting* there."
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