

Poetry.

WHAT THE WIND-ELVES HEARD AND SAW.

BY BENJ. B. BARNARD.

The wind whistled that I ever heard

Was the wailing plaint of a mother-bird

For the one who nestling that cheered her nest.

Dead, with a thorn in its pretty breast.

The South Wind:

I have known a sight that was sadder still;

Than a grave upon which the sunbeams fall;

And a mother weeping for her poor boy's name.

For his ruined soul, and his guilt and shame.

The West Wind:

The sweetest sight that I ever knew

Was the light of two lovers whose love was true

As they pledged themselves, come what would or no.

One path in life they would henceforth know.

The South Wind:

Once, when a weary old man died,

I saw a grave-gate opening wide.

And his wife, who an angel long had been.

Stretched welcoming hands, and cried, "Dear

come in!"

And the look on her face—I was dumb with awe.

A sight that was grander I never saw.

The West Wind:

Last night, when the stars were out in the blue,

Like a dead white-lily kissed by dew.

I saw a lady of two short years

With its mourning mother's tears.

The South Wind:

I saw a mother go in one day

Through the gates of Heaven, and heard her

"In my baby here?" and they put in her arms

A new child, sweet with a baby's charms;

And she cried as she kissed it, her face aglow.

"I have found my baby! This is Heaven,"

she said.

Miscellany.

Famine Scenes in India.

From the voluminous contributions

to the London Daily News, by its

Tirhoot (India) correspondent, we extract

the following: "Visiting the police

station, we found collected around it a

number of beggars in the most

deplorable condition. One had

extended on the ground to all appearance

dead. Two others were slowly dying.

Two native doctors were calmly

looking on, as were a number of

other petty officials, but no one took

any notice of the poor miserable

wretch. Macdonald's relief house

is not yet finished, but had a doctor

to use as a house as a temporary hospital,

and thither he ordered that all the

disorderly beggars should at once be

sent to a leaner mortal with life in

him. He could not walk; but with

much moaning he shuffled along, no

body tending him a supporting arm.

After a short time he reached the place

to which they had been taken, but

was full of misgivings that the relief

had not been prompt. In a straw shed

short time after he was taken to the

ground, all save the man of whom

I have spoken, who had sunk down

dead, were seated in a row. The

native doctor calmly stood outside

of the evening air. "Has anything

been done to get food for

me?" I asked. "No," he replied.

"I am of your company the police

inspector handed a rupee to the native

doctor and bade him once send into

the shed for food. The doctor

calmly did so, and then, strolling up

to the living skeleton, gave him a

push and told him it would be all right

by and by.

"The food came at once, a species

of parched pulse which required to be

boiled. This was done, and the

among the recipients was the living

skeleton. That is to say, as he lay

moaning a couple of hours later

he died. The next day he was

clothed, and general satisfaction

appeared to reign at this achievement.

They might as well have put a

reigning hook into his hands and

made him go and find his food in the

fields. He pointed raised himself on

his elbows, and then, with a

plaintive cry, he said, "I am

not well, please to give me a pinch of

it, and then suck back with a groan

of despair." Native functionaries

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THE SEARCH FOR JOHN SMITH.

John Smith married my father's great

uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Byrne;

consequently I was a relative to John.

John's country home, and each year

had most cordially pressed us to our

compliment.

Last October, business called me

suddenly to the city of B—, where

our relatives resided, and without

time to write or advise them of my

coming, I was intending to visit the

family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I

left behind me my address at home in

my notebook, but I thought but little

of it. I could easily find him, I thought

to myself, as the cars set me down amid

the smoke and bustle of —.

I saw a man who bore the name of the

blacksmith I came across.

He looked at me with an ill-suppressed

grin. What was the fellow laughing

at? To be sure my clothes were not of

the best, but I had just the thing for

one of my kind. I was wearing a

blue with bright buttons; but my

coat was whole, and my aunt Betsy had

scored the buttons with whitening and

soft soap until they were like gold.

I repeated my question with dignity:

"Can you direct me to the residence

of Mr. John Smith?"

"Mr. B—m—t—h?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, John Smith is in the army,"

replied the man. "He married my

father's great uncle's eldest

daughter, Melinda."

"I don't think I know a John Smith

with a wife Melinda."

"John Smith is said to be a common

name with him, from the peculiar tone

he used in speaking of that individual.

"Ah!" remarked I, "then there is

more than one of that name in the

city."

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then, direct me to the

nearest."

"The nearest is in West street, second

left hand corner—will you see the

name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on

the cordial welcome I should receive

from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome

house with the name of a silver door-

plate; I rang the bell—a servant

appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mr. Smith—is he?"

"In the army? Oh, no—she is at the

beach."

"This Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"Yes, sir, that is the house."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and

was she a Byrne before she was

married, from Squashville?"

"The man reddened and responded

stammeringly. "No, she was not in-

deed! Make of that yourself, or I'll

call the police. I thought from the

first that you were an entry thief, but

you don't play no game on me!" and

he banged the door in my face.

I, a thief! If I had not been in such

a hurry to find the Smiths, I should

have given that rascally fellow a sound

knocking, and he would have

been sorry to see me.

Inquiring of the fact that a John

Smith resided in Arch street. Thither

I bent my steps. A maid servant

answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"Before the lady could reply, a

heavy hand jumped out of the

shadows behind the door, and laid

his heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried, in a voice of

thunder.

"Mr. Smith is here. He staid at home

all day on purpose to catch you! and

now by Jupiter, I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, "there must be some

mistake. I have never seen you

before, and I don't care to inquire if

you are Mr. John Smith."

"I'll inform you about Mr. John

Smith in a way that you won't relish, if

you don't settle damages forthwith.

Five hundred dollars is the very lowest

figure and you must leave the country!"

I cried, "What do you take me for?"

"You'd better be careful or you'll get

your head caved in."

"You young villain, you!" cried he

springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a

shrill female voice, and a tall figure in

a sea of bonnet bounded down the

stairs. "Don't—don't for the love of

heaven—don't murder him!"

"Whom do you take me for?" cried I,

my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask that

question! Do you deny that you are

my wife's heart, and I've now to

plan to elope with her! I've found

it all out—you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting

you, sir, but I have never seen

Lenox street. It was twilight when I

rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me fairly

forcing me into the hall, before I could

utter a word. "Walk right in, sir,"

I was gently pushed toward the door

of a shadowy apartment, and at the

entrance I was announced:

"Mr. Henry!"

"The gas was not lighted, and the

apartment was in semi-darkness. I

heard a soft, quick footstep on the

carpet, and a pair of the sweetest lips

in the world touched mine; and, good

gracious—for a moment the world

swam; and I felt as if I had been

steved in honey, and distilled into

Lubin's best triple extract of roses.

"Oh, Henry—my dearest and best!"

"Why don't you kiss me, Henry?"

cried a voice like music. "Have you

ceased to care for me?" and again the

kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I

am naturally a difficult man, but I have

some human nature in me, and I paid

her principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that

being in the army had made you cold-

hearted—good heavens! She fell back

against a chair as pale as death. The

servant had lit the gas, and I stood

reveling.

"I beg your pardon, marm," said I,

"but there is evidence some way. May

I inquire if Mr. Smith is your

father's great uncle?"

The red flush came to the young

lady's cheek—she was handsome as a

picture, and she replied with courtesy:

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