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## Poetry.

### EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She look'd across the water,
And long and loud laugh'd she;
"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And "hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Who saileth here so bold?"

"The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I shore their golden tresses
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale.
So, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter;
He shore her locks of gold:
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full, to-day.
So hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Sail westward, ho, and away!"

## Miscellany.

### Appearances Against Him.

The history of English law contains few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against murder owed such humane amendment as to make the finding and positive identification of the body of the slain person essential to the conviction of the murderer; and as the same remarkable case had a peculiar moral and social insignificance for the young lovers of all times, who, in their passionate devotion to each other, are altogether too apt to disregard the fortunes of everybody else in the world, it may be recalled appropriately for modern reading.

Upon the death of Mr. George Perkins, a widower of considerable property in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian should inherit the whole fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a middle aged bachelor of limited means, had of course inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relatives pronounced the document an extraordinary piece of servile fatuity and darkly hinted that harm would ensue from it. This feeling caused an alienation between the occupants of the Epping Forest residence and the aforesaid prophets, and made the latter become the bitterest persecutors of the dead man's brother in the strange and tragic succeeding events which have been described as follows:

Uncle and niece were both seen one day walking together in the forest, but the young lady suddenly disappeared, and the uncle declared that he had sought her as soon as he missed her, and knew not whither she had gone or what had become of her. This account was considered improbable, and appearances being clearly suspicious, he was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Other circumstances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position serious. A young gentleman in the neighborhood had been paying his addresses to Miss Perkins. It was stated, and generally believed, that he had gone, a few days before she was missed, on a journey to the north, and that she had declared that she would marry him on his return. The uncle had repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and abuse of his authority over her as his ward.

A woman named Margaret Oakes was produced, who swore that about 11 o'clock on the day on which Miss Perkins was missed she was passing through the forest and heard the voice of a young lady earnestly expostulating with a gentleman. On drawing nearer the spot whence the sound came, Margaret Oaks testified that she heard the lady exclaim: "Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" The woman was greatly terrified, and ran away from the spot. As she was doing so she heard the report of firearms. On this combination of circumstantial and positive evidence, coupled with the suspicion of interest, the uncle was tried, convicted of murder, and almost immediately afterward—according to the custom of those days—was hanged.

About ten days after the execution of the sentence upon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was strictly true. Miss Perkins said that, having resolved to elope with her lover, they had given out that he had gone on a journey to the north, whereas he had merely waited near the skirts of the forest until the time appointed for the elopement, which was the very day on which she disappeared. Her lover had horses ready saddled for them both, and two servants in attendance on horseback. While waiting with her uncle, he reproached her with her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved, and, after some remonstances, she passionately exclaimed:

"I have set my heart upon him. If I don't marry him it will be death to me; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!"

Just as she proclaimed those words she heard a gun fired, at which she started, and she afterward saw a man come from among the trees with a wood pigeon in his hand, which he had shot. On approaching the spot appointed for a meeting with her lover, she formed a pretence to induce her uncle to go on before her. She then fled to the arms of her lover, who had been waiting for her, and they both mounted their horses and immediately rode on. Instead, however, of going to the north, they retired to Windsor, and about a week afterward went on a tour of pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce, when there was no very regular postal communication, and no telegraphs, they never heard of their uncle's sad fate until their return to England.

In numerous letters to her family and friends, the Duchess of Edindurgh describes her life in England as one of perfect happiness. She speaks with great gratitude of the cordial and friendly reception she has met with from all with whom she has come in contact—the Queen, the royal family, and the court at large.

### WINNING A NEW DRESS.

"Such a beautiful new silk as Mrs. Leith has got," exclaimed Tom Vernon's wife, as they were eating breakfast. "The loveliest shade of a lavender, and trimmed with lace that must have cost at least three dollars a yard. It's just exquisite!"

"Of course," laughed Tom; "I can foresee what all this enthusiasm is leading to. My little household divinity has an idea in her head that she would look well in lavender silk."

"I did not *say* anything of the kind," said Mrs. Vernon; but Tom knew by the way she said it that he had guessed pretty near the truth.

"And the way in which she got it makes it all the more enjoyable, she says," went on Mrs. Vernon. "You know Leith's always telling how easy it is to get the start of a woman in a joke, or anything of that kind. It seems Mrs. Leith got the start of him in some way, and he felt so cheap over it that he promised to get her the prettiest dress in town if she'd keep still in regard to it. That's the way she earned her lavender silk."

"Poor Leith!" laughed Tom. "I don't pity him, though. He ought to be able to hold his own with a woman. I'd like to see a woman get the start of me!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mrs. Vernon, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and a view to business. I'll agree to get the start of you in some way if you'll get me a lavender silk."

"Agreed!" responded Tom. "But I'm afraid you won't have your new dress very soon, my dear."

"See if I don't," said Mrs. Vernon, wisely. "It isn't such a hard thing to get the start of you men as you think it is. We could do it any day if we cared to try."

"Oh!" laughed Tom, giving her a kiss as he spoke, we are not conceited at all, are we?"

"Not the least," answered his pretty wife; "you wait and see how the case stands by and by."

"Well, I'll wait, answered Tom, rushing round distractedly in search of his hat. "Where the dickens?—I hear the train coming, and I've only three minutes to get to the depot in. Oh, here it is; good bye, Kitty, and remember, I predict that you will lose your new silk dress," and with another kiss he was off.

"Rather a poor show for comfort," thought Tom Vernon, two or three days after that, as he entered the crowded car, and looked about him for a vacant seat.

Every seat was occupied. The poor fellow thought he had got to make the best of it and take a standing ride homeward, when a young lady, at least he considered she was a young lady from her style of dress, but couldn't be certain of anything, because her face was hidden under a brown veil, beckoned him toward her, and offered him half her seat.

Tom was always very susceptible. The fair sex had kept his heart in a continual flutter before he married. Now, he felt sure that there wasn't a woman like Kitty in the world, and yet he couldn't overcome his susceptibility. A pair of bright eyes bewitched him for the time being. A smile from a pretty face was too much for him to resist.

Therefore, when this veiled lady offered him a seat beside her, Tom, with a face that was very expressive of the pleasure with which he accepted the offer, came forward and sat down, wondering who it could be behind the brown veil. Some young lady who knew him by sight, he was pretty sure, because there was something in the trim little figure that seemed rather familiar to him.

The train started with a jerk, and the young lady was nearly twitched off the seat. Tom helped her to become settled, and in some way his hand got entangled with hers, and he didn't try to disentangle it. The young lady didn't seem to have any very serious objections to the situation, for she permitted Tom's fingers to cling to her own daintily gloved one under cover of her shawl.

Tom said something once or twice, but the lady didn't seem inclined to talk much.

It was perhaps a half hour's ride from the city to the place where Tom got off. A half hour doesn't seem very long, but it was quite long enough for Tom to get up a silent flirtation with his young lady companion. Once or twice he wondered what his wife would say if she knew all about it. But then it was just to pass away the time, and there wasn't any harm in it. Merely an innocent amusement.

Just before reaching the station where Tom lives, the train passed through a tunnel.

Into this tunnel plunged the train on this memorable evening. The lamps had not been lighted in the car, and of course everything was wrapped in midnight darkness.

"May I have a kiss?" whispered Tom, leaning toward the brown veil. "Just one," he pleaded.

There wasn't any reply in words, but Tom, whose arm had stolen about the silent young lady's waist, felt a curious tremble shake her. He didn't know but she was laughing at him.

"Silence gives consent," said Tom, and pulled away the brown veil and plumped a whopping kiss somewhere in the vicinity of her ear.

Just then the train dashed out of the tunnel, and Tom hoped to see the face of his queer companion. But the brown veil was down.

The train stopped, and Tom got up to get off.

So did his companion.

A cold shiver ran over him. What if the story should leap out!

He hurried out of the car, and looked around at the door, to find the brown veil close behind him.

He made a plunge for the platform, but he couldn't escape his fate. The brown veil followed him.

"Who the dickens can it be?" thought Tom. "If it's any one who's going to stay here awhile, Kittie will be sure to hear of it, and I don't know how I could explain it to her satisfactorily. Women are so particular."

"Hello, Tom!" called out a friend, coming up just then. "Just from the city?"

"Yes," said Tom, who was meditating a hasty retreat. "Who *is* that woman in the brown veil, Bernard? She came up on the train with me."

"That woman in the brown veil?" said Bernard, looking about among the crowd; "I don't see any."

Tom breathed freer.

"I don't see her now. I didn't know who she was, but there was something kind of familiar in her appearance, I fancied. Good gracious!"

"Tom's last remark was caused by the appearance at his elbow of the identical lady in the brown veil.

"I'd like to walk home with you, if you have no objection," she said, with a queer little tremble in her voice, as if a laugh was not far back of it.

"With me!" cried Tom aghast. "I—that is—"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference," laughed the lady, and Tom's eyes were something worth seeing when he heard that laugh. "Dear, dear! It's too good to keep! Oh, Tom! Don't you know me?"

Up went the brown veil, and there stood Kittie, her face perfectly convulsed with merriment.

"I'll be shot if it isn't my wife!" cried Tom, looking as if he wanted to faint, or do something equally diverting.

"Didn't know your own wife!" cried Bernard. "I declare, if that isn't the richest joke of the season, I say, Tom, I must tell the boys about that. Oh, I must reall."

"Just one," whispered Kittie to Tom, with her eyes full of mischief. "Silence gives consent". "Wouldn't you like another one?"

"Tom's face was as red as the rose in Kittie's hat.

"If you'll keep still about that—"

"You'll get me that lavender silk," finished Kitty.

"Yes, I'll do it," cried Tom. "Just say it's a bargain."

"And you'll never do so again?" added Kittie.

"Never, as sure as my name's Tom Vernon," said Tom silently.

"Well, on those terms, I agree to say nothing about it, but—it was so rich!" and Kittie couldn't help laughing till she cried. "Oh, Tom, to think of it!"

Tom declares now that he knew who the lady in the brown veil was all the time, but he can't make his wife believe it. She got the lavender silk, and the transaction bids fair to be a lucky one for her, because if she wants anything she has only to say: "Just one!" and "Silence gives consent!" and Tom, looking decidedly sheepish, is sure to come to terms.

### The Bombardment of Bilbao.

A correspondent of the London *times*, who was in Bilbao immediately after the raising of the siege, says many of the inhabitants have pale, famine stricken looks, but the majority have suffered less than might have been expected, although their privations have been very severe. A room was shown to me in which many persons were huddled together, among them a women in child-bed. I heard another family which for seven weeks lived in a cellar sleeping in their clothes. Many have naturally suffered from want of light and air; food also was scarce and bad, and for the last five days there was no bread, and garbanzos and maize cakes were used as substitutes. Cats and rats are said to have been eaten commonly. Horseflesh was 4s. a pound, veal 8s., one egg 1s., a cabbage 3s. There was little wine, and that of bad quality.

"The inhabitants deserve the highest credit for their resolute endurance. They declare they were prepared to hold out another month. Few lives have been lost; less than thirty. Great precaution was taken, doors and windows being fortified with sand bags and planks, and watchmen placed in towers to observe the besieging batteries and blow horns warning people to retire within doors whenever a gun was fired. The destruction of property, however, was terrible; scarcely one house has escaped, the interior of many being demolished. One received forty-two shells, another twenty-five. Scarcely a whole pane of glass is to be seen anywhere. The Carlists bombarded thirty-nine days and threw 6,000 shells of old spherical pattern. In addition to the destruction inside the town, numerous houses were set on fire by a portion of the Bilbao Volunteers, who were angry with the occupants for sympathizing with the Carlists. Many farmhouses round Bilbao are still in flames. Three bridges in Bilbao have also been destroyed by floods. The river is now clear, and the first steamer that arrived since the siege was loudly cheered by a large crowd. The Carlists left behind three spiked guns. Their precipitate retreat is said to be owing to four battalions refusing to fight."

### The Light Most Favorable to Beauty.

Winckelmann relates that the young girls of Rome, after they have been promised in marriage, are seen by their lovers for the first time in public, in the rotunda of the Pantheon, because the light enters there by a single opening in the roof, and the light from above is most favorable to beauty. Women are the judges and from their decison there is no appeal. Man being the only one among living beings to whom the upright attitude is natural, it is fitting he should receive the light from above, as this enchances all the graces of the human figure, of which hight is the dominant demension. The contrary is true of the scenes of nature. The mountains, the hills, the trees, the rivers, the ravines and the other accidents of the landscape, lose a part of their character and their form when lighted perpendicularly. Thus a field is never more interesting for a landscapist than when it is traversed obliquely, almost horizontally, by the rays of the rising or setting sun. In a gallery whose openings are made on the slope of the roof, statues produce the most agreeable effect, and have the most dignity. A sheet of light extends itself over the breast enlarges it visibly, effaces the lower part of the ribs, lessens the projection of the abdomen; but it is the human head above all which under the light from above reveals all its beauties. The eyebrows become more prominent, the eyes more brilliant under the dark cavity hollowed by the arch of the brows, the cheek bones slightly raised, the nose simplified and lengthened, marked by a luminous line that supports the shadow thrown where the black of the nostrils is softened and lost. Let the light come from below, all the beautiful order is overthrown.

### Ideal Feet.

The celebrated anatomist, Professor Hyrtl, of the Vienna University, recently opened one of his lectures to his class with the singular question: "Which is the most beautiful foot, considered from the anatomical standpoint?" and then said: "It is remarkable that there can be so many divergent opinions on this subject. While the sons of men look upon a small, slender and graceful foot (if a lady's foot) as an ideal one, the anatomist utterly rejects it as beautiful, and only the large, long and broad foot is the ideal one in his eyes. Even the greatest classical writers of antiquity—Horace, Catullus and others—who had great appreciation of feminine beauty, never mentioned, in the description of their beloved, their small feet. The people belonging to the Celtic race have small feet, the Hindoos, especially, have such small feet and hands that they may be envied by many European Countesses. The greatest beauties of Europe—the Italians—have really long and broad feet."

### A Town With a History.

THE GEM OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

There is a sense in which, of course, every town has a history; but there are comparatively few towns, even in our most historic commonwealths, whose origin stands so directly connected with great movements of mind, and far-reaching plans of men, in both hemispheres, as that of the unpretending town of Williamstown, in Berkshire county, Massachusetts.

In the museum of Bowdoin College, Maine, there may be seen a curious relic in the shape of a bell half imbedded in the stock of a tree. This bell belonged to a Jesuit chapel, built at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec, by Father Rale, who was there as a French Missionary to the Indians certainly as early as 1695, and whose chapel was pillaged and burnt in 1724 by a party of English, under the belief that French and Indian hostilities against the New Englanders were stimulated and aided by this Jesuit priest. He himself was killed at the same time, several chiefs who endeavored to protect him sharing his fate; and his body was disgracefully mutilated by those who had shot him, but was afterwards tenderly buried by the Indians beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar. The bell of the chapel in some way fell into the embrace of a growing tree, which preserved it till, in our own time, the woodmen found it at their work, and sent it where it will be preserved till the end of time.

The death of this last Catholic missionary in New England, and the consequent abandonment of Indian missions, had been preceded and was followed by a large emigration of the Indians, who had been under French influence, to Canada. They left their hunting grounds on the Kenebec, the Androscoggin and the Connecticut, and sought new homes in the North and West; but the remembrance of their former seats still remained; they were full of indignation against those whom they regarded as intruders; and it needed only a war between France and England to furnish them justification and employment in predatory excursions of their own against the frontier English settlements, or in acting as guides, through a region with which they were perfectly acquainted, to other and more distant Indians. Such a war was declared in 1744.

No sooner was this declaration known in the New World than the frontier settlements of Massachusetts were exposed to incursions from Canada by hostile French and Indians. Their favorite paths from the St. Lawrence were either by Lake Champlain, up Wood and Otter creeks, across the highlands of Vermont down Wells and White rivers to the Connecticut, or by Lake George, across the carrying place to the headwaters of the Hudson, and thence up the Hoosac and across the watershed now pierced by the Hoosac Tunnel (almost directly over which runs the old Indian path) to the Deerfield River. Towards the settlements these routes converged, and the egress of the war-parties was pretty sure to be somewhere between Brattleboro' on the Connecticut and the base of Saddle Mountain, near the headwaters of the Hoosac.

In the very year in which Rale was shot, and to cover the towns in the valley of the Connecticut from the attacks of the Indians, Fort Dummer had been erected on the site of what is now Brattleboro', and became the first English settlement within the limits of the present State of Vermont. On the first news of the declaration of war between France and England, the provincial government of Massachusetts authorized the construction of a line of small forts from Fort Dummer to the valley of the Hoosac, at the foot of Saddle Mountain. These works were in what are now the towns of Bernardston, Heath, Rowe, Coleraine, and North Adams, and were all built in the summer of 1744, under the superintendence of Ephraim Williams, after whom both Williamstown and Williams College are named. He commanded also, with the rank of captain, this line of defenses, having his headquarters at Fort Massachusetts, the westernmost and principal of his works. Again and again was this fort attacked by the French and Indians; and in August, 1746, while Captain Williams was absent on a military expedition to Canada, it was captured after an obstinate defence by a party of eight hundred men, and the garrison carried prisoners to Canada. Just two years after, it was attacked again by three hundred and thirty French and Indians, Captain Williams being present, but this time the assailants were driven off with loss.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle brought back his prisoners from Canada, and gave Captain Williams leisure to attend to the wants of his companions in arms and to the interests of the Upper Hoosac. At his instance the General Court of Massachusetts appointed, in 1749, a committee "to survey and lay out two townships on Hoosac River, each of the contents of six miles square in the best of the land, and in as regular a form as may be, joining them together, and return a correct plat of said townships; and also to return the course and distance of said towns from Fort Massachusetts. The next year the west township, now Williamstown, was laid out in detail by another committee, who were directed "to grant as many lots as they should think proper to the soldiers of the garrison of Fort Massachusetts." Williams himself received a grant of one hundred and ninety acres in the east township, now North Adams, and thus became owner of the large meadow on which the fort was built, and on which is now growing, to mark the very site of the old fort, a Florida elm tree planted a few years ago by one of the professors of Williams College.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was little more than a truce. The French were in undisputed possession of the great valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio and the Mississippi; they had the friendship of the Indian tribes, except the Six Nations; their territory enclosed, in the form of an arc of a circle, all the English settlements; they were bound at least to maintain entire the possessions which they had, even if they had not determined to bring together the horns of their cresent, and thus fling the English into the sea. The great thoughts of the great men of the old world were directed to this great question of the new world. The most prominent political problem of the middle of the last century, which all statesmen were straining their minds to solve, was whether France or England were to control the vast territories and resources of this continent.

In the meantime the colonists themselves became full of enthusiasm over this practical question, and, before another formal declaration of war was made between the two countries, two expeditions against the two most important French forts had set out with high hopes, one led by a British Major-General, who had George Washington for one of his aids, against the fort at the forks of the Ohio; and the other commanded by Sir William Johnson, but consisting mainly of militia-men from New England. Both failed in their immediate object; but, as the scenes of Braddock's defeat were the foundation of Washington's fame, so the fight at the head of Lake George, in which Ephraim Williams was killed, consecrated another name to unending remembrance. For Williams, on his way to the battlefield as Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, which was made up in part from his old comrades at the fort, made his will at Albany, and devised all his property to the founding of a free school in the west township on the Hoosac, provided that when the boundary lines were drawn between New York and Massachusetts the township should fall within the latter and should be called Williamstown. Both these conditions were met, and the free school became Williams College in 1793, and the town has been proud of the genial memory of its founder from that day to this. The sword and the watch of Colonel Williams, both of them on his person when the fatal bullet struck him, now hang as memorials in the trustees' room of the college.

The town is equally remarkable for the quiet beauty of its valley, and for the boldness and variety of the mountain scenery about it. It is, indeed, as Rufus Choate once expressed it on the spot, "surrounded by an eternal poem of hills." "Baptized in the blood of its founder, and surrounded by an eternal poem of hills," was the whole expression of that magician-orator. Aside from the college, now approaching its centennial, whose reputation draws young men from a very wide circle of country, Williamstown is becoming more and more noted as a place of summer resort. Formerly, there was a great lack of suitable hotels for the accommodation of strangers, but this lack has now been abundantly supplied.

### Burial Better than Cremation

Dr. P. H. Holland, a British Medical Inspector, writes in opposition to cremation, to a London journal. He says:

"If the advocates of cremation confined their efforts to trying to persuade those who prefer it to adopt the practice of cremation, I for one should not think it worth while to oppose them, being well assured that so very few would follow that advice that little practical inconvenience would result; though if, contrary to all reasonable expectation, the practice should become common or even frequent, some very troublesome precaution would have to be taken to guard against the destruction of evidence of guilt or, what is as important, of innocence, in cases of suspected murder, especially by poison. Some of the advocates for cremation, however, not content with asserting that the dead might be burned without creating any nuisance, which I do not doubt is possible provided great care be taken and no cost spared, also assert what is quite untrue, that by no amount of reasonable care can the practice of burial be continued without great risk of injury and the certainty of danger; and one of them has even ventured to adduce, as proof, that well situated and well managed cemeteries are or must become public nuisances, because, forsooth, overcrowded burial grounds were so when closely surrounded by dwellings, and in which the remains of the dead were constantly being disturbed before decay was completed. As well might it be contended that because a dung heap in a close court is a dangerous and disgusting nuisance, therefore a cultivated garden, rendered fertile by the same sort of manure, must necessarily be a source of danger to all near it. Many of the recently established cemeteries are in effect ornamental gardens, much used as favorite resorts for air and exercise by large numbers of persons who have no easy access to other such places, and it is simply incredible that they would be so used if they were, as has been rashly asserted, offensive and disagreeable. It is, of course, essential to safety that the situation for cemeteries should be well chosen, and that they should be very carefully managed; but to assert, as has been asserted, that when so situated and so managed they are causes of reasonable apprehension to all residing near them, is too absurd to be believed by any one but an enthusiastic advocate of cremation obliged to use bad arguments, being short of good ones.

"As the alleged economy of the proposed change, the answer is very simple. The cost of raising to a white heat a chamber seven feet long and five feet in diameter, in which it is stated a corpse may be reduced to ashes in an hour, must be much more than for digging a grave, and as in most places cemeteries have been already provided which must be paid for whether used or not, the cost of the grave itself can but rarely be saved; but even if all cost of burial itself could be avoided, the expense of funerals would be but little reduced, unless, indeed, the people at large could be persuaded to forego all costly ceremony in the disposal of the dead. They are, indeed, gradually learning that undertakers' display is vulgar and tasteless, as well as wasteful, but its diminution would not necessarily be effected by the substitution of burning for burying, while it might be much diminished if provision were made, as it easily might be, for avoiding funeral processions from the dwellings to the cemetery and confining the ceremony within the precinct of the cemetery itself. If the coffin were conveyed previously to a place of reception at the cemetery, the funeral party might assemble there with as little trouble or cost as if they were going to church; by which plan the temptation to make funeral display would be removed with the opportunity of doing so. Of course, such a change in established custom can only be effected gradually; but, if once tried, its great convenience would insure its rapid adoption. One of its advantages would be that those living near the roads leading to cemeteries would not be annoyed by the sight of funerals now sometimes so frequent as io be a serious subject of complaint."

### A Stunner.

No man, however low down in the social scale, but has some redeeming quality. Our friend who gave the church-members a well merited rebuke, acknowledged the "corn" as to his failing, and took particular pains to show up theirs, They had a parish in our church, writes a New England correspondent, and the great question of the salary of the pastor of Blank was up for discussion.—But the debate was like the handle of a pitcher—all on one side, nearly every one talking the ground that would be impossible to go beyond the present starvation point. At length, to the surprise of all, a poor old man who was never known to speak in meeting, rose, and holding on by the pew to steady himself, said: "Mr. Chairman, they call me a droll fellow, and so I am; they call me a drunkard, and so I am; they call me a swearer, and it is true, and I'm ashamed of it—ashamed of all; but I ain't half so much ashamed of it as I am that I have to live in a town where the people are so stingy to give the minister a decent living." The effect of this short speech was very happy. It shamed the people into duty and decency, and the salary was increased by the unanimous vote of the congregation.

### The Romance of a Millionaire.

The Paris papers announce the death of Baroness Michaela de Pontalba, a native of New Orleans, and the late owner of princely estates in that city; the daughter of Don Andres Almenaster, the Spanish intendant of finances of the colony of Louisiana, who founded the cathedral in New Orleans and several charitable and religious institutions, and who died, leaving his daughter the wealthiest then this side of the Atlantic.

In those days, and indeed long afterward, the fair *demoiselles* of the colony finished their education at the convent, and made their *debut* in society and the fashionable world at a very early age. And, indeed, marrying at fourteen and fifteen years of age was no rare thing for them to do. As Mlle. Almenaster was married in 1812, at the age of nineteen, to her cousin, the Baron de Pontalba, it was some time ere that date when she reigned a *belle* in the parlors of the old creole aristocracy, and where she met the celebrated John McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire. Of marvelous beauty, and an heiress, the young merchant fell an easy victim to her charms, and his subsequent lonely life and asceticism were attributable to the early and crushing disappointment of his love.

Young McDonough, from the cultured society of Baltimore, obtained an easy *entre* in the privileged circles of the Southern capital, where his gay and dashing habits and luxurious living soon made him a noted personage. It was not long however before the bewildering Spanish beauty led him captive. He proposed marriage, but the answer he received was as decisive as it was mortifying. He was not rich enough to marry the heiress of Don Andres Almenaster.

In his bitter anger McDonough vowed he would live and work until he was richer than all the Almenasters and Pontalbas put together. He kept his word. A recluse from the moment of his rejection, the energies of his powerful mind and indomitable will were absorbed in money-getting. He accumulated eight millions of dollars, and died in a lonely house, opposite New Orleans, with only servants for attendants, a comparative stranger in the city where he had lived all his life, and of whose property he was so largely the owner.

In his death-hour he talked incoherently of his early disappointment and desired that a small painting on ivory, supposed to be a likeness of his early charmer, be buried with him. It was done, and so faded from the world his romance and his life.

### Woman and Home.

Woman—*i. e.*, civilized woman—may be defined as a housekeeping animal. The girl of three summers busying herself with the cares of an automaton family—dressing, undressing, and redressing her doll-children, making her baby-house beds, arranging her miniature chairs and tables, setting out her mimic tea-set, boiling her dwarf teakettle, and regulating the general economy of her Lilliputian household—is only a type of the dignified matron who shall one day—unless nature is cheated of her true vocation—preside in a home of her own, governing with a gentle sway, and diffusing around her that quiet felicity which more than compensates for the loss of Eden.

Heaven did not intend women to be the inmates of boarding-houses. They are out of their element in all such abiding-places. There are erratic exceptions to the general rule, but the true sphere of really womanly woman is her own home—her true "mission" to make her husband and her children happy. Her heart more than her head, "marshals her the way she should go." Her affections, her wifely and motherly love, instructs her intellect, sharpens her perceptions, and gives force, energy and precision to her plans and purposes. Such a woman prateth not of her sex's rights—mourneth not over its wrongs. She attends no conventions, covets not the double-barrelled garment, demands not a seat on the bench, a post in the State, or a vote through the ballot-box. Content with the position assigned to woman by the Almighty at the creation, and which the prophets, patriarchs, apostles, and the Saviour himself, have declared to be most meet and seemly for the "weaker vessel," the good wife never attempts to overstep the limits of her appropriate sphere, but makes that sphere a charmed circle, within which the husband and father is disburdened of his business cares, and enjoys a fullness of placid happiness which the outside world can neither give nor take away. Fortunate is he who hath such a woman to wife; for she shall not only smooth the roughness of his earthly journey, but lead him gently by the hand toward heaven.

### Pugnacious Pilgrims.

At the "holy place" at Bethlehem (says the *Cologne Gazette* of May 3, quoting from the *Neue Freie Presse*) the Christian pilgrims have caused a violent fray. According to a custom introduced some years ago the Latin Convent formed in spring a religious excursion to the Jordan, in which the pilgrims who have arrived from Europe are accustomed to take part. On their return they attend generally a Te Deum in the Grotto of the Nativity. On the 8th ultimo the multitude of pilgrims, which this time was particularly numerous, returned from the Jordan to Bethlehem and wanted to enter with with flying banners and in a great procession to the Grotto through the so-called "Iron Gate." The Turkish military in charge of the Temple at Bethlehem, in order to keep the Christians of the different confessions from breaking their necks against one another, explained to the leader that the Latin clergy had, it is true, the right of passage through this gate, but that under present relations they must take their way through the portal of the Latin Convent which leads into the church itself. Thereupon the mass of pilgrims fell upon the troops, struck the officers, and maltreated the soldiers. When the District Superintendent appeared and was about to interfere he did not come off much better.

### A School for all.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.

## Youths' Column.

### A Swiss Baby's Lullaby.

Sleep, my nestling! Close thine eyes
In this May-time paradise!
See, above thee, piles of snow,
Breathe the clover's bloom below;
When 't is May-time,
Children's play-time,
Strong and ruddy, how they grow!

I will hold thee, soft and true,
As the May-bell holds the dew;
See, above thee swallows fly;
Hear the wimpling brooklet nigh;
When 't is May-time,
Children's play-time,
That's their best time, so say I.

To my heart, O, snuggle near;
That shall bring sleep's angel here.
He will waft sky-dreams to thee,
Lull thee, like the humblebee;
Sweetly singing,
Softly winging,
Cooling thee upon my knee.

Now thou shuttest up thine eyes,
Floating off to Paradise;
I will bear thee soft away,
And in quiet chamber lay;
When 't is May-time,
Children's play-time,
That's the best time; sleep away!

A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.—He was a quiet, awkward fellow, and when he first came into Deacon Byer's drug-store the other clerks set upon him for a "greeny," and played all manner of sly tricks upon him. They had to be careful, though, for the deacon was a good friend to Sam; he used to know his mother when they were both children, and went to school 'cross-lots, down at Cherry Valley. Sam was a "greeny," to look at. His clothes were homespun, with a kind of country cut; and he had a slow way with him, as if his thoughts were always woolgathering.

He brushed up a little, after a while, and looked more like other folks; but the boys kept up their jokes, because they'd got in the way of it; though, bless you! Sam did n't mind 'em, any more 'n so many flies! He kept steady about his business; and, whenever he had a spare minute, he would pull a ragged old book out of one of his coffee-sacks of pockets, and you might fire a torpedo under his nose and never start him.

The deacon's store was just over the bridge by the cotton factory. Most of the hands traded there, more or less; and it was curious to see, that, while the other clerks never troubled themselves to remember the names of any but the forman, Sam knew every fellow by name in three weeks, even to old Ben Spafford, who never could let hard cider alone, and got discharged and taken on again about once a month.

One day, I remember—it was October and the trees below the mill were coloring splendidly—I'd been into the store after some little notion for my wife, and stopped by the door to see what the school-children were in such an uproar over. Sam came and stood by me. He was the only one in the store; nearly every one on the street had gone to dinner, for we are old-fashioned folks at Warrentown, and eat our dinners at noon, which is the sensible time for dinner, I take it.

Well, what should we see but the whole troop of those little savages tearing down the street after uncle Ben's Joe—a poor little half-starved fellow, that never had seemed quite right in his head since he had the scarlet fever.

I do n't think they meant to hurt him. It was just a little rough fun, set on by that ugly, savage streak, that seems to be at the bottom of so many boys' natures, after all.

But Joe was as frightened as if a horde of wild Indians were after him. He ran past the door before we could stop him, screaming, and looking right and left, like some hunted animal. Half the factory hands were at the windows—for the mill was stopped—some of them laughing and cheering the boys, when, quick as a flash, Joe darted upon a narrow plank that lay across the mill-race.

Whether it was fright at the swift running water that turned him dizzy, or whether he had a fit, as he sometimes did, nobody can say; but the little fellow staggered, and threw up his arms, and, in an instant, I was alone at the shop-door. In fact, I am sure Sam must have foreseen what was likely to happen, and started as soon as Joe turned towards the race. At any rate, there he was, lying flat upon the edge of the flume, one arm around a post, and his cool gray eyes fixed upon the water. An instant more and he made a plunge forward, and brought up little Joe by the hair of his head. It was as much as he could manage, but he had him out before I could reach him.

How the women cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and how the men rushed out after him, as he carried little Joe, in his deliberate fashion, up to the store, where the frightened school-boys were waiting, with pale faces, to see what had come of their cruel fun.

"*Cowards!*" was all he said, as he walked past them, but it came out with a sting that made them tremble.

"Can you swim, Sam?" I asked, as we two worked over little Joe, and brought the color back to his white face.

"No, sir," said Sam, "I'm sorry to say I can't."

"What if he had pulled you in? I thought for a while he would."

"I do'nt know!" said Sam simply; "perhaps you would have saved us both, Mr. North. But at any rate, there was no time to measure chances, you know."

"Good stock! good, brave stock!" said the deacon, nodding his head, and flourishing his bandana, as we talked it over. "He comes of the old Scotch Covenanters. Why, bless you! I've seen his mother, when she was no higher than this counter, charge upon a couple of little wretches to rescue a sick kitten they were tormenting; and Sam, why, I do n't mind telling you, though it's a secret, but he 's wearing his old clothes and scrimping every way, to help his younger brother take drawing-lessons of the best teachers, because, you see, the little fellow is a genius, while Sam is only a good-natured, plodding fellow."

But I can tell you, as I told the deacon, I call Sam something better than a genius. I call him a knight of the Legion of Honor?

THE ROPE.—Two young, ragged boys whose names were Guy and Jack, found an old rope lying in the road, over the possession of which they disputed long and loud. Guy snatched one end and Jack the other, and both pulled with all their force to get it. Suddenly the rope broke and both fell backward down into the mud, presenting a pitiable appearance.

A passer-by said to them, at this very moment, "Behold what happens to quarrellers! For the most worthless trifle they become angry at each other; and what then results? They cover themselves with ridicule and shame before the eyes of everybody, just as you now stand before me covered with mud and dirt."

"Study to keep the peace; for discord always brings evil in its train.

## Varieties.

Why is a sword like beer?—Because it is of no use till it is drawn.

Richard Grant White is said to be the tallest writer in America.

What length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above the feet.

I had rather have newspapers without government than a goverment without newspapers.—*Jefferson.*

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to increase as von contract them.

Chicago dogs are great epicures. They won't eat beef when they can get live babies. This fastidiousness seriously affects the growth of population.

Skepticism has never founded empires, established principalities, or changed the world's heart. The great doers in history have always been men of faith.

They who in their age approve of the career of their youth, have generally had the wisdom of age in their youth, and have generally the vivacity of youth in their age.

Quiet confidence in God is the only way to obtain deliverance from darkness. They who in times of distress forsake the mercy-seat, and rely on their own devices must "lie down in sorrow."

A will is registered in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, which contains the following remarkable clause: "I also give to my beloved wife one red cow, one three-year-old colt, and the remainder of the kitchen and household furniture."

A Cincinnati seamstress uses a gray squirrel as a motive power for running her machine, and well he does his work,—not only sewing straight seams, but hemming and gathering a ruffle as neatly a could be done by human hands.

Pasigraphy, a method of writing recently adopted in some parts of Europe, is about to be introduced into this country. Instead of words figures are used in this system. Thus: 2867, 1534, 3255, 709, 2409, 1545, 1805, 1442, 795, 1728, 553, 1153, 709, 4293, 3240, 201, 470. Translated into English, this reads: "Dear Sir: When you call here, I have some small books for you. Yours truly, Samuel Birch."

Ladies who imagine themselves martyrs to tyrannical husbands should pity their sisters in India. Among other restrictions, the Hindoo Bible forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyes, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman (think of that!) or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

The smallest and oldest State in