

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

For the children of the poor.

Who never plucked the daisy.

Who never stung the skylark sour.

(Or heard it singing praises;

Who never trod the fresh green sward,

Or scrambled by the river—

They need a holiday, ye say,

And Heaven reward the giver.

For the little patterer's feet

That swarm in fetid slippers.

And grimy hands that might be sweet

Mid convulsions of the rage!

For the little hand that grows so red

Where fresh from breezes quiver—

Provide a holiday, ye say,

And Heaven reward the giver.

For the little bright blue eyes

That never saw the ocean,

Or gazed with innocent surprise

At wild waves in commotion.

Send—send them forth one happy day

To hill or sea or river;

To great to them, but small to you,

And Heaven reward the giver!

From healthy joy comes wholesome thought

And sense of nature's beauty.

And mid instruction, wisdom-fringed,

Of pity and of duty.

And ethereal in the morning slims!

Deliver them, deliver!

Will cost ye little, oh, ye rich!

And God reward the giver.

The Serpent Bracelet.

Stonleigh Hall lifted itself a huge

pile of gray, crumpled masonry

against a dull sky. On the right, bare

hills arose, their ruggedness scarcely

softened by distance; and on the left

a wide stretch of meadow flats, with

the river crawling sluggishly through.

For the rest, there was only the broad

park road, narrowing in gray perspec-

tive distance, and with a tongue of

flame visible here and there where

the tallest chimneys pierced it, to indi-

cate the position of the town.

Henry Lawrence, riding slowly along

the road, gazed listlessly towards the

Hall, and half checked his horse as he

came opposite the avenue gates. Re-

turning a few hours later, through the

darkness of early night, he found the

Hall all aglow with ruddy light. There

was no hesitation in his manner now,

as he rode immediately to the stables,

and himself attended to the care of his

horse. Evidently he was perfectly

at home with the place and its sur-

roundings.

Having accomplished this task, he

turned towards the hall, and stopped

glanced at him from the midst of the

dead leaves strewn in sudden heave;

and, stooping, he assured himself of the

quantity of the dust which struck him

with a sudden chill. Only a cigar, yet

holding its heart of fire, which told that

it had but a moment before left the lips

of some one who had smoked it. He

received the evidence of this mute wit-

ness, and shut his heart against the

reasonings and palpitations of a less

jealous man. He turned to the door,

and, as he opened it, he saw the

captain Stoneleigh never smoked.

Therefore an intruder had been upon

the grounds; and who so likely as the

owner of the house, to whom he had

been introduced by the name of Henry

Lawrence?

Where is he? he asked.

At the instant she appeared upon the

threshold, rendering a reply superfluous.

"Henry! I scarcely expected you to-

night. The rain has risen almost to a

gale, papa. I pity any poor creature

golden scales, and emerald eyes.

He had seen her wear it a hundred times

before, and he thought it impressed him

unpleasantly.

"What an ugly ornament, Eliza! I

don't like it."

"Then, in token of future submission,

I will not wear it again."

The holidays were celebrated with all

manner of festivities at Stonleigh Hall.

Henry Lawrence had been urged to

take up his abode there for the time,

but looked, preferring to ride to and

from his own place, situated in the

vicinity.

They had been having a tableaux at

the Hall, and Henry's part in the per-

formance ending, he made preparations

for a quiet withdrawal. The next night

was to witness the conclusion of these

gayeties, which were to culminate in a

masquerade ball, and he wisely resolved

to preserve all surplus animation for

that occasion. He looked about him

for Eliza to utter a parting word, but

not seeing her he went disappointed

to his room. A light snow on the ground,

and between the trees of the shrubbery

he caught the flutter of a lady's gar-

ment, a few minutes ago in the

tableaux. As if to dispel any lingering

doubt he might entertain, he passed a

second to make sure she was not ob-

scured by the windows; a gust of

wind tore at her mantle, and the

bare arm disclosed he caught the glint

of the golden scales and the gleam of

the green eyes belonging to the serpent

bracelet.

This, then, was the regard of a woman

for her voluntarily given promise?

He strode fiercely down the garden

path, hoping to overtake her companion

and demand an explanation. But this

he was disappointed, but by the

gate picked up a scrap of paper, twisted

and half buried, and smoothing it out

he perceived it was a note from the

Miss Mark. There was little rest for

Henry Lawrence that night.—The jealous

fiend held possession of his mind, and

every nerve and sinew quivered beneath

his acute torture.

With the early dawn he went out

upon the downs, at first walking with

all the impetus given by his desire,

and afterwards more readily as he

perceived himself to be calmly surveying

his position. Out of the chaos of his

thoughts he deduced but one

idea, and that was, to see the

crushed victim of a designing

coquette.

Lawrence was late at the ball that

night, and he was the last to arrive.

He found that a shadow flitted across

his path; but a close investigation of

surrounding shrubbery revealed nothing.

The quantity of the dust which struck

him with a sudden chill, and which told

that it had but a moment before left the

lips of some one who had smoked it,

had received the evidence of this mute

witness, and shut his heart against the

reasonings and palpitations of a less

jealous man. He turned to the door,

and, as he opened it, he saw the

captain Stoneleigh never smoked.

Therefore an intruder had been upon

the grounds; and who so likely as the

owner of the house, to whom he had

been introduced by the name of Henry

Lawrence?

Where is he? he asked.

At the instant she appeared upon the

threshold, rendering a reply superfluous.

"Henry! I scarcely expected you to-

night. The rain has risen almost to a

elilated and necessitated the construc-

tion of new and larger buildings, and

the workman is no longer sensibly the

worker in health or longevity by

reason of the labor which he has to un-

dergo. Yet French, equally with En-

glish, observers speak of the prema-

ture decay which they observe in man-

ufacturing districts, and which is ev-

idently due to causes that have no

connection with the necessary condi-

tions of the occupations pursued there.

The French committee are disposed

to trace this decay to premature ex-

cessive alcoholic liquors, the master work-

man who refreshes himself after his

day's labor with a glass of sugar and

brandy, and on holidays a little light

day's wine, is apparently unknown to

these authorities. If he has ever

existed, he has disappeared before the

growing and increasing prevalence

in unwholesome stimulants. We be-

lieve that the spirits ordinarily sold in a

French cabaret are immeasurably more

poisonous than those which make the

stock-in-trade of an English publican,

and in that the effects which the com-

mittee speak of cannot be said to

outrun the cause. It would be inter-

esting to know to what this increase of

drunkenness in France is to be attri-

buted, the wine of this country can

scarcely hold good in France. We have

been accustomed to preach, that sobri-

ety and access to reasonable oppor-

unities of amusement go hand in hand,

and to point to the French workman

as a striking example. It now

turns out that in a country which was

supposed to be especially rich in

opportunities of amusement, the taste

for the same is almost increasing.

French artizan, especially in the south,

breathes a lighter air, and lives, or is

supposed to live, a more enjoyable life

than the English; he is not free from

the drinking habits which do more

than anything else to degrade the

English workman.—Saturday Review.

An Insulted Hat.

I once had a bad adventure myself.

It was in 1847. I was at a ball in the

Hotel de Ville, escorting Mme. Victor

Hugo, while M. Hugo gave his arm to

Madame Housaye. There was a chair

empty and the one next to it contained

nothing but the hat and a small box

of cigars. After a few minutes I

noticed that the hat and the box were

gradually slipping off again with the

chair and the girl, who was sitting

close to me, got up and went to the

Spanish fashion. Whenever the couple

ran against each other the girl sang out

with a sharp little "Hi!" which was

very peculiar. I noticed that the girl

was kissing each other all the evening,

and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first,

both kiss to starboard, and then to port.

The first kiss was very long, and the

young man kissed my partner good-by

and she started to dance with me. I was

astonished, and said we were not going

to dance. She said, "I don't care, I

will dance with you. I am going to

pick up my hat."

"Do you suppose," I said, "that I am

going to put it on your head?"

The explanation often given, that

Madame Housaye was not at all

amused, is a mistake. She was

very much amused, and she

laughed. I asked her to give me the

hat, and she gave it to me. I

put it on my head, and she

laughed. I asked her to give me the

hat, and she gave it to me. I

Size in the Eye.

Size with the eye, as with the brain,

is generally conceded to be a measure of

capacity. A large eye has a wider range

of vision, as it unquestionably has

expressed in a small one. A large

eye will take in more at a glance, though

perhaps with less attention to detail,

than a small one. Generally speaking,

the eyes of things in general, and

small eyes things in particular. The

one sees many things as a whole, con-

sidering them in a philosophical or

speculative way, often seeing through

and beyond them; the other sees fewer

things, but usually looks keenly into

them, and is appreciative of detail.

Some eyes, however, look eye large, and

yet see nothing. Fullness of the eye,

causing a bulging of the lower eye-

lid, is a well-known sign of language.

Persons with the eye large have not

only a speaking eye but also a speaking

tongue, whereof their fellows do not

remain in ignorance. A general

projection or fullness of the eye, and

below, which brings the eye-ball

forward on a line with the face and eye-