

## Original Poetry.

ELLA H.

Gentle Ella thou hast left us,  
Bright thy star, too soon it set,  
Still its spirit light and radiance  
Lingers warm on memory yet.

Joy of earth thou hast but tasted,  
Earthly sorrows lightly known,  
Life to thee was rosy morning,  
Fading while the flush was on.

Happy they who die in childhood,  
Free from guile and pure from sin;  
Speed them on to heavenly mansions,—  
Hear the welcome enter in.

We must leave the storm and tempest—  
Storms again shall touch thee never.  
We must strive with sin and sorrow—  
They have passed to thee forever.

Ella, dost thou never wander  
From the spirit realms above,  
And with sister angels hover  
O'er thy home of earthly love?

When the morn with rosy fingers  
Opens wide the gates of day,  
Dost thou never round us linger  
In some lovely sunset ray?

In the sombre shades of even,  
In the hushed and silent night,  
Oh! we feel thy presence near us,  
See thee point to realms of light.

We will heed thy earnest pleading,  
Agonize for heaven's bright crown,  
Washed in blood of thy Redeemer,  
We will meet thee at his throne.

McD.

## Miscellaneous

## PREVENTING AN ELOPEMENT.

A writer in the *Democratic Quarterly Review*, sketching life at Baden-Baden, records the following incident:

A noble Hungarian lord, Count Christian W——, had come to pass the season at Baden, accompanied by his daughter Helen—Young, beautiful and charming, and heiress to an immense fortune left her by her mother, the young countess soon found herself surrounded by a host of admirers. Adorers of all kinds were not wanting—rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was queen, where the aspirants contended for her hand by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage, ten cavaliers were in saddle caroling around her *calèche*. At the ball the most elegant dancers were devoted to her. They had neither cares, attentions nor sighs, but for her, whereat many beautiful women—French, English and Russian—were particularly mortified. Among these pressing suitors Helen selected the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan M—— was, it is true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes and wavy hair.—In the place of true passion, he had eloquence of look and word; in short he dressed with taste, danced marvellously, and sang like Rubini. But unhappily, these advantages were contrasted with great vices. A dissipated gambler and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The count after having informed himself of these facts, desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against a dangerous affection. Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers, nor the orders of her father. The man for whom he endeavored to destroy her esteem—was already the master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedents of the young Italian. If Gaetan had had to do with a father who lacked energy, perhaps he would have become the happy possessor of the young countess, and the peaceful possessor of the immense fortune with which he was so frantically in love. But the count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth and all the rude firmness of an indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors de combat* this carpet knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when accident threw into his hands a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen. The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, proposed, in direct terms to the young countess, an elopement, and proposed a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the count was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the Conversation House.

A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

The young girl had not read the adrocity intercepted note.

"Put this flower in your belt," said the count to her, offering her a rose, "and come with me."

Helen smilingly obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Gaetan, who, seeing the rose, was overjoyed.

The count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done he returned to the little house in which he lived at the outskirts of Baden, on the Lichtenthal road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There instead of the daughter he found the father armed with a brace of pistols. The count closed the door and said to the wretched Gaetan trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have a right to do so. You have entered my house at night; you have broken into it. I could treat you like a felon; nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal an heiress—to steal a fortune. Here is your letter which unveiled to me your criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy. But to take your life, I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm; a duel would have long rid me of you. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and now I will slay you only at the last extremity; if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden, not in a few days not tomorrow, but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you. Never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand! I hold your life at my mercy, and a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the chevalier.

"In good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary; take them!"

"Permit me to decline your offer."

"An imperious gesture over the false modesty which the chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who declines for form's sake."

"But," said he, "the secretary is locked."

"Open it."

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock then."

"What! you wish me to—?"

"Break the lock or I'll shoot you!"

The pistol was again presented as an argument which admitted no reply. Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well," said the count. "Take that package of bank notes; they are yours. Have you a pocket book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket-book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What?"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But—"

"But, sir, I mean to have all the evidence of a burglary. I mean that a robber shall be known. Robbery, or death! Choose! Ah! your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. For the rest, make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary, reckon on me.—Be gone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

**LOCOFOCO MATCHES.**—These useful household conveniences were first introduced to the public in 1836. An exchange, in a discourse upon the match trade, says A. O. Phillips, of Springfield Mass., was the first person who took out a patent for their manufacture. The composition is a preparation of chalk, phosphorus and glue, and is made as follows: An ounce of glue is dissolved in warm water; to this is added four ounces of fine pulverized chalk, and stirred until it forms into thick paste. One ounce of phosphorus is then added, and the whole kept a little warm and well stirred, until the whole are well incorporated together. Into this the ends of matches—which have been previously coated with sulphur and dried—are dipped, and then laid in rows on slips of paper, cut wide enough to lay over the ends of the matches. One of the largest loco-foco match factories in this country is located in Troy. It makes about \$1,000 worth a week. When loco-foco matches were first invented, they sold for six cents a box. They now sell for twenty-five cents a gross.

## Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on Money.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, 9th March, on Money and its Uses. As usual, his audience was very large, and the attention throughout profound and earnest. He said that ours is the age of wealth. This world has had its age of war, its age of art, its age of chivalry, and its age when political economy was the controlling idea, but ours is the age of commerce. Money is the world's power to-day. It rules the state and settles political questions. It is stronger than religion—stronger than any principle of morality or political economy—stronger than all combined. For money, the world's spirit would adopt any government or any religion.

If the pope of Rome could convince the world that his religion was a money-making religion; he could send his golden bulls from pole to pole; and there is not a native, that would not carry them. If the Czar of Russia could convince the world that czarism was the government most profitable, czarism would be the world's government; and there is no power on earth that could prevent it. For money, the world's spirit would crucify Christ in whatsoever form he might appear. There is no such meeting this desire for money in a successful conflict. It would be a thankless and unsuccessful task, to urge upon the world any principle which it believed to be opposed to its pecuniary interests; and they who do thus stand out are few, and their task is a hard one. Happily, there is no occasion for warring with a desire for wealth.

The desire to be rich is not evil of itself. It is nonsense for a man to stand up and disclaim the desire for wealth, and urge upon the world the idea that it should be poor.—Money is neither an evil nor good of itself; it has not a moral character. It is simply an agent, and whether it be good or evil, depends upon the manner in which it is used. It is like a sword. Whether a sword be in the hands of Benedict Arnold, bathed in his country's blood; or in the hands of Washington; welded for justice and liberty, it is a sword only, and has not a character. Whether it be an instrument for good or evil, depends upon the character of him who holds the hilt, and not upon the sword itself. So it is with money. It is an agent; a gigantic motive power that thunders around the world. If the Devil stands engineer, it thunders on; freighted with untold mischief, scattering oppression and wrong. But if it is guided by the spirit of love and truth, it is like the sun, shedding light and summer upon the world. It is an angel of mercy and love, when directed by the spirit of Christ.

It is the duty of the pulpit, then, to direct and instruct in the use of wealth, and not preach against it. It has grown to be a great power in the church, and it must be preached to. He doubted whether, in this city, an equal amount of wealth could be found among any other equal number of men as among our church members. Mammon has joined the church, but he is not converted; and it is the duty of the pulpit to urge upon the church the true uses of wealth. In primitive days men's usefulness was measured by their character and their piety. Now unfortunately, piety has become fashionable, and we are more accustomed to measure their usefulness by the amount of their money.

Suppose, said he, that twenty poor, but very pious and good men, were to come here, and should apply to our examining committee for admission to this church. The committee would tell it to our members, and they would say, "Oh well; that is very well; we are glad of it." Suppose that they were to hear that twenty men, worth half a million each, had been added to all the congregations in the city, and had concluded to join this one. "Oh" (said the speaker, putting his thumbs behind his vest, and assuming a most pompous attitude) "oh, we are delighted to hear it!" We should all examine ourselves to see if we have not more or less of this spirit. If a minister receives a call from an obscure village, and one from a great city, is he not very likely, perhaps unconsciously, to think he can do more good where the large church and salary are located?

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITION BY GEN. JACKSON.**—The following beautiful inscription is engraved on the tombstone of the wife of Gen. Jackson, erected over her grave in Tennessee. It was written by the brave old General himself, and for terseness and brevity of expression has seldom been exceeded by any similar monumental record.—"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson who died on the 22day of December, aged 61 years.—Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her creator for being permitted to do good.

## LORD HOWTH'S RAT.

Tom Sheridan was out shooting on the moors in Ireland, and lost his dog. A day or two after, it made its appearance, following an Irish laborer. It was restored to Sheridan, who remarked to the laborer that "the dog seemed very familiar with him." The answer was: "Yes, it follows me as the rat did Lord Howth."—An inquiry about this rat drew forth what is now to be told. Lord Howth, having dissipated his property, retired in very low spirits to a lonely chateau on the seacoast. One stormy night—a vessel was seen to go down; and next morning a raft was beheld floating towards the shore. As it approached, the bystanders were surprised to find that it was guided by a lady, who presently stepped upon the beach. She was exquisitely beautiful; but they were unable to discover who or what she was, for she spoke in an unknown tongue. Lord Howth was struck with great pity for this fair stranger, and conducted her to his chateau. There she remained for a considerable time, when he became violently enamored of her, and at last asked her to become his wife. She (having now learned the English language) thanked him for the honor he had intended her, but declared in the most positive terms that she could never be his.—She then earnestly advised him to marry a certain lady of a neighboring county. He followed her advice; paid his addresses to the lady, and was accepted. Before the marriage, the beautiful stranger took a ribbon from her hair, and binding it round the wrist of Lord Howth, said: "Your happiness depends on your never parting with this ribbon."

He assured her that it should remain constantly on his wrist. She then disappeared, and was never seen again. The marriage took place. The ribbon was a matter of much wonder and curiosity to the bride; and one night, when Lord Howth was asleep, she removed it from his wrist and carried it to the fire, in order that she might read the characters inscribed upon it. Accidentally she let the flame reach it, and it was consumed. Some time after, Lord Howth was giving a grand banquet in his hall, when the company were suddenly disturbed by the barking of dogs. This, the servants said, was occasioned by a rat which the dogs were pursuing. Presently the rat, followed by the dogs, entered the hall. It mounted on the table, and running up to Lord Howth, stared at him earnestly with its bright, black eyes. He saved its life; and from that moment it never quitted him; wherever he was, alone or with his friends, there was a rat. At last the society of the rat became very disagreeable to Lord Howth; and his brother urged him to leave Ireland for a time, that he might get rid of it. He did so, and proceeded to Marseilles, accompanied by his brother. They had just arrived at that place, and were sitting in the room of a hotel, when the door opened, and in came the rat. It was dripping wet, and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, greatly enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker, and dashed out its brains.—"You have murdered me," cried Lord Howth, and instantly expired.

## Female Faces.

I know a woman who might have been the ancestress of all the rabbits in all the hutches of England. A soft, downy-looking, fair placid woman, with long hair, looping like ears, an innocent face of mingled timidity and surprise. She is a sweet tempered thing, always eating or sleeping—who breathes when she goes up stairs, and who has a few brains in working order as a human being can get on with. She just is such a human rabbit, and nothing more—and she looks like one.—We all know the setter woman—the best of types—graceful, animated, well formed, intelligent, with large eyes and wavy hair, and who can turn her hand to anything. The true setter woman is always married; she is the real woman of the world. Then there is the Blenheim who covers up her face in her ringlets, and holds her head down when she talks, and who is shy and timid. And there is the greyhound woman, with lantern jaws and braided hair, and large knuckles generally rather distorted. There is the cat woman; too elegant, stealthy, clever, caressing, who walks without noise, and is great in the way of endearment. No limbs are so supple as hers, no backbone so wonderfully pliant, no voice so sweet, no manner so enduring. She extracts your secrets from you before you know you have spoken, and half an hour's conversation with that graceful, purring woman has revealed to her every most dangerous fact it has been your life's study to hide. The cat woman is a dangerous animal. She has claws hidden in that velvet paw, and she can draw blood when she unsheathes them. Then there is the cow faced woman generally of phlegmatic disposition, given to pious books and tetafalism. And there is the urcher woman, the strong-minded female, who wears rough coats, with all men's pockets and large bone-buttons, and whose bonnets bring a spiteful defiance at both beauty and fashion.

I have never seen a true lion-hearted woman,

an, excepting in that black Egyptian figure, sitting with her hands on her knees, and grinning grimly on the museum world, as Babastis, the lion-hearted goddess of the Nile.

## AMERICAN PHEGM.

*Life Illustrated* quotes the following story from the American experience of "a Monsieur Alfred d'Almbert," who having *tour-ed* this country through, of course published his ideas about it to the world at large:

Far away from the great cities, half hidden in the foliage, was the modest log hut of a man, half trapper, half fisherman, and more than half savage. Of course his name was Smith. He was married, and he and his wife in this one little chamber led the happiest of existences: for on an occasion she would not object to go twenty miles to hear the Baptist minister preach. One evening at sundown they were both together in their little cabin, she knitting stockings for the next winter snows, he cleaning the barrel of his fowling-piece—all the parts of which were lying dismounted about him—both busy and neither uttered a syllable. By degrees a dull but regular sound breaks upon the silence of the wilderness. The steamer is ascending the river, making the best of its way against the stream. But neither Smith nor his wife pay any attention; he goes on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking. The air, however, darkens; a thick smoke rises upon every side; a formidable explosion is suddenly heard; one would have said it was the discharge of several cannon at once. The boiler had burst; the vessel was sunk; everything was destroyed.

Smith and his wife did not look up: he went on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking, for explosions of steamers are so common. But this was one which was to interest them more nearly, for scarcely had the explosion ended, before the roof of the cabin split in two and something heavy descended through the aperture. This something was a man who dropped between the pair without, however, disturbing either—he still cleaning his gun—she still knitting her stocking. But the traveller—so rudely introduced—seemed rather astounded at his descent. After a few minutes, however, he resumed his coolness, and began to look about him—fixing his attention, at last, upon the hole through which he had just arrived. "Ah! my man," said he a length, addressing Smith, "what's the damage?"

On this, Smith, who had not given up his work, put aside his rifle, and looking up to estimate his loss, answered after some reflection: "Ten dollars."

"You are hanged!" exclaimed the traveller. "Last week, in the explosion I happened to be in with another steamer, I fell through three flights in a new house and they only charged me five dollars. No, no—I know what's the thing in such matters. Here's a couple of dollars; and if that won't do and sue me and be hanged!"

**A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.**—The following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes: "A whole family in Heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy. No one is absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter are away. In the world below they are united in faith and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united admiration. On the banks of the River of Life, they walk hand in hand, and as a family, they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one to wander in temptation. No one to sink into the arms of death. Never in Heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in his infinite mercy every family may be thus united."

**A YOUNG WHITE GIRL,** named Olive Oatman, aged 16 years, whose father and mother, together with four of her sisters and brothers, from Iowa, had been massacred in 1851, while on route to California, was rescued from the Mohave Indians after being four years in captivity. She has almost entirely forgotten her native tongue, being only able to speak two or three words. Being asked in the Indian language her name, she replied "Olive Oatman." It is stated on the chin, and bears the marks of hard slavery. She was rescued through the efforts of the U. S. Army officers at Fort Yuma, who paid a ransom for her.—A younger sister, captured at the same time, died six months ago.

Neatness may be carried to excess. Mr. Slesher is devoted to whitewash. On taking a house in the country he whitewashed the trunks of all the trees, affirming that it gave them a nicer appearance. He was next proceeding to improve the hollyhocks in the same style, when Mrs. S. dragged him away by the coat tail, declaring that she had borne a good deal but she could not stand that.