THE OURSE OF WINE A window in the heaven was just ajar, ... When dil'unseen by the senting stur, An angolalipped out from her jasjer, throne, Aud wandering down to the world alone,
She watched the children of men in the race
For fashion and fame, for power and place.

ghe with our off good and the low

er but the even of wheat on the

bodelingalty and diffuse termila out tor some of it were, and that

She saw how the miser could heard up his gold Sas saw how the whist could folk the cold; And loave his own kindred to die in the cold; She saw how the Scholar bent o'er his books, Till the seal of death's angel was seen in his looks She saw how a warrior, in hope of renown,: She saw how the maiden by sulfishness cursed, Though by flatterers blessed, by her victim

the saw crime-stained culprits in pulpit and pew, and the falseness of those who had sworn to

In the ships on the sea, in the houses on land,

In the links of the chain were life's phases are told, Both the good and the true, with the base and the And the shadows of sin like a firmament hung And the shadows of sin the steps of the young And the tears of the sorrowing flowed like a wave O'er shrines that were broken, that love could not

But a sorrow far deeper, more fearful than all, The angel had viewed, though hovel or hall Had yet to be seen, where the victims of rum In the ashes of grief and sorrow were dumb. Not long did she walt, ore the trail of the cup Yas seen in its march over faith, love and hope. And never came tide, that in cbb and flow, Covered over such love, or revealed such west of children of men," said the angel to me, The sorrow of sorrows this sorrow must be! Beyond all the sorrows that miser can make Beyond all the lives that ambition can take The greatest is this, where all hope is bereft And the curse of intemporance only is left.

O, man, made immortal for loss or for gain,

Why, why touch the wine-cup? Why take to

That viper which outers, but seldom departs? Instead of the sunshine to brighten your path

A MARRIED CUSS. Young man, if over inclined you be To enter the port of matrimony, o onter the port of matrimony, Be wary how you go through it! If I ask of my wife not to frot and to fust She only replies, "You're accuse; you're accuse You're accuse, you're accustomed to it i No matter how tidy she once may have been And flonty of women so view it—
The more you complain and kick up a muss,
The worse she will be, till you're really ac cus, You're ac cus-, you're accustomed to it! So I say, young man, take warning in time! Look well to the lesson contained in my thy! Or twenty to one you will rue it!

If once you submit, 'twill always be thus;

o, in getting a wife, pray don't get ac-cus-Get ac-cus-, get accustomed to it! THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. The door had just closed upon his retiring figure, and I haste to gather into a sheaf the stalks of ripened grain he has scattered around me during the past hour. An American gentleman of unblemished reputation and strict integrity is an honored guest at any fireside; but when to these noble graces is added the dignity of eighty years' varied experiences, and a memory as clear and sharp as the blue-black eyes which sparkle under his gray, shaggy brows, he is a gem of a visitor, as rare as valuable. Such was mine. And his talk-like the mirage of the desert, which reflects from the beautifully tinted sky back again to one's eye the pomp, circumstance, and host of the carayan cone be vond the horizon of vision-brought up lmost into active life some of the scenes through the clear lens of his unclouded recollections. It seems a long time since Charles Carroll, of Carolton, died; and still longer since, with one bold stroke of his pen, he affixed his signature and. the name of his estate to that great document which, had England conquered, would have been the recorded evidence of his treason, and the cause of the loss

"Yet I know him well," said my visitor, Mr. Hendon, 'In my native town of Frederick, Maryland, many times, when I was a boy, I have seen him-an old man, with hair white as the silver knob of his caue, walking slowly. We liovs would step aside when he approached us, with the deference due a king. He was a little man, his figure bent, his frame slight and muscular, and his manner the gentlest and most courtcous-well, child, there are no such gentlemen as when I was a boy." And the old man's gaze seemed introverted as with the end of his cane, he traced cabalistic figures upon the carpet, to the meaning of which his memory alone had Atho key. "Does that time seem very far off.

Bir?" I ventured, by way of bringing his thoughts back

"No; it scarcely seems longer than when we saw a procession coming up town. Some men were on horseback. and their knee-buckles shone like glass : others, in their best new leather breeche and blue coats, marched behind; the drum and fife were playing; and everybody looked excited but old Medtard who stood on the door-sill, smoking his pipe, and looking monstrous contemptu

"What's coming, Mr. Medtard?" we

"Only a green man, down the Lancaster Road.' Away we went, like a pack of hounds in that direction, to meet a coach drawn by four black horses, with liveried foot men hanging on to the tassels behind, and surrounded by a large troop of military as an escort. Inside the coach sat President John Adams-a portly gentleman, dressed in pearl-colored broadclott and large powdered wig, who, with his suit was traveling from Philadelphia to Washington, on the occasion of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to that place. We followed the procession until the President dlighted at Mrs. Kimball's tavern—the depredations along the Eastern Shore of sign of the Golden Fleece-where Major- Maryland, there followed the sacking of General Henry Lee received him."

"Umph'i Politics change, but human nature never. John Adams was a Fed: eralist, and poor Medtard a Republican, which made a big difference those days. Yes, that happened seventy years ago Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's this very month, but it don't seem longer than the span of my hand."

"And why was Mr. Medtard so in-

Yet you have lived to see great " Yes, in degree, but not much in quality. Folks walked and suffered and could watch all the enemy's preparations died for ideas, then, same as now. As and he know the danger they forbodied poor Frank Key used to say.

of a real post who dared appropriate,

Two numerous triands or Mr.

If is is containly care, of , the best he even !

were once two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Tancytown, Frederick county, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, John's only children, were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, there has never been anything like it walk, where three months we remain Mr. Bruce-said to have been heir to the throne of Scotland-who had built a mill on Pine's Creek, and there, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spont his very early boyhood. large, manly-looking fellows, but Frank

and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheerfulest face and most pleasinto town, near my father's, Frank was fate. half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger out of his reverie. was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring; and as shrowd as the shrewdest. He married bright little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with the sky-lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either reported of their marriage.

Mr. Taney was a strict Catholic, and ison, of Lancaster, commander of our Frank an Episcopaleau, not considered very zealous and sharp in his profession, and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife nuch larger and taller than himself, went to housekeeping on Market Street. and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809, to seek my fortune n Lancaster, Ponusylvania

"Then you little thought you had spiring song would become the national anthem of America?" I asked.

"No more than Abraham was aware behaved otherwise so rudely, we were days"-and here the old gentleman involuntarily drew up his bowed form-When even the proudest city belles were woodd and won in homespun rather liave danced with many an olegant woman in linsey-woolsey and tow frock those times, and well remember that Governor Simon Snyder, at his inauguration in 1808, wore a suit of broadcloth, manufactured in a loom in the borough of Lancaster. Patriotism was strong when it could conquer even woman's

I forget the malicious twinkle of his eyes at that last "hit" out of honest reverence to our grandmothers, who in-

spired it. kept growing more insulting, the whole country was clamorous to punish her. and war was declared on the eighteenth of July, 1812. I had gone down in the to Baltimore, to buy some type metal for my father, who was an astronomical instrument maker, and witnessed one of those outbreaks of popular feeling, growing out of the state of the times, which gave that patriotic but impulsive city the temporary title of 'Mob

-" A newspaper called the Federal Re-

nublican, which had been published in Georgetown by a party of rebels to the made for the occasion from his usual administration, was removed to Balticitizen's dress was a cockado stuck in more, where its issues contained violent articles in opposition to the war, the government, and loyal citizens of Baltinore. The people determined they would not stand it. So they hurriedly got up a procession, in which they were joined by a number of sailors from off the Bay, who, drawing after them a huge cable, encircled the printing office, and pulled it down. The rebel party procured new material, and, removing into a large brick building, defled the moband continued their publication. Antici pating another attack, they wrote to Roger B. Taney, at Fredericktown-who belonged to their party—to come down last Christmas since a parcel of us boys to their assistance, bringing with him were playing before Medtard's tavern, lathing hatchets, pitchforks, and any other implements of warfare be could obtain. Roger was a sober citizen, who thought discretion was the better part of valor, and staid at home. The Baltimoreans renewed their attack upon the building, from which many of them were fired on and killed. Governor Winder then ordered the military to rout the mob, which they did; and the sheriff entering the house, the offenders surrendered to him, and were put in the jail for their protection. All seemed quiet populace re-assembled, broke into the jail, killed a General Lingan, in the door way, and cruelly beat and wounded any others. They then threatened the nost office in which several of the ob-

but the civil and military authorities again interfering, they were finally quelled. "Thus you see how, history re produces Itself. "You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet?
The atroclous scoundred! Words can nover paint the miscrable coward and boaster in his true colors. After his Washington, the battle of North Point. and the attempt of the enemy to take different to the approach of his Presi-the city of Baltimore by water, as they liad failed to do it by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort Mc-Honry, Soptomber thirteenth, 1814. I ave gone over it again, in fancy, hun core, could not help composing that Just

noxious papers were said to be deposited.

poom. It was forced out of him. think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort McHenry, the city's main defense. He

And you know Francis Key. T ing bombs, do you think he could sloop?, We were not some the Coloned Kopingdy ongoriv saked, fired to know samething As the struggle ceased upon the coming having failed to know samething As the struggle ceased upon the coming having failed to know samething As the struggle ceased upon the coming having failed to fundsh, us, prevision, wilight for the flag of his country, his Quakers, who would "Knew him ! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house. There of the deep' the banner loomed dimly in little grocery in the place. the morning sun's first rays, and he ex-

> 'Tis the star spangled banner i oh, long may i O'er the land of the free and the home of the t was prayer and praise all in one a and

Simple relevance of the worst specimens.

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweat ing face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a few rapid strides across the floor. He had forgotten his cane The brothers, Philip and John, were and the weight of his eighty years in this poem?' said one of our mess, coming it eminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that noment stood before him, in the fleshand-blood insolence of his real self, I ant smile I ever saw. When they moved would have been the chronicler of his

"Where were you during all that excitement, Sir?" I asked, to waken him

"Chafing like a caged tiger because was not in it. The first day of August, that same year, I, with a hundred and thirteen others, volunteer militia, were the first to leave Harrisburg, Pennsyl vania, in defense of Baltimore. Our ondezvous was York, Ponnsylvania, where we expected to meet General Wat livision. "How were you uniformed, Sir?"

"In blue cloth coats turned up with

ed, blue pants, white vests, shoes with cloth gaiters over them, fur hats, and high leather stocks with the United tates coat of arms stamped upon them engraved the impression for those stocks in type metal for our company and a proud day's work it was. Every been daily seeing the man whose in man found his own uniform; and of the many thousand Pennsylvanians I have seen march from Camp Curtin within these last ten years, none felt bolder to that he was entertaining angels. Yet protect our country than we. When we the war cloud, through which the light reached York, where General Watson of his genius was to burst upon us, was was to meet us with new Harper's Forry oven then gathering. You have read, muskets and tents, he was not on hand, about the embargo which was declared so we were quartered at first in the court in 1806, when England, jealous of the bouse. Hearing our camp equipage was naval power of the States, fired into at the Carlisle Barracks, a squad of u the United States ship Chescapcake, and got wagons, went after it, and brough it to the York jail, whence each man

compelled to close our ports against her drew his musket, cross-belt, and car vessels and imports. Those were the tridge box. We were on duty there several weeks before the division of five housand men was organized. We grew dreadfully impatient. Telegrams were not dreamed of those days, and daily than be dependent on foreign finery. I newspapers were almost as searce as roses in winter. One morning some of our guard went out to gather wood, and hearing a dull, rumbling noise, they laid their ears to the ground and listened. The sound of cannon was distinctly neard, and they hurried to camp with the news. Soon wagons outwardly filled witichay, but containing the specie from the banks in Baltimore, came in for protection, followed by every kind of vehicle, packed with flying Baltimoreans. Then, in tremendous haste, we were filed

into ranks and marched to the seat of war, three days after the battle had been General Armstrong had an Irish ought. brother-in-law, Kennedy, who was ap-pointed colonel of our regiment. He knew as much about military tactics as bear does of mathematics. An oldfashioned country school master, with scarcely an idea above the common spelling book of that period, and vain and tyrannical in proportion as he was ignoant, he was illy fitted to control as spirited and independent a set of -Penn sylvania Dutchmen as ever trod American soil. He rode an immense fat black orse, with a back nearly as broad as an elophant's; and the only change he had

his hat, and a short sword buckled round his thick waist. "The captain of our company, Mr Walker, who was every inch a man, and who, by reason of his superiority, should have been our colonel, needed to exercise all his influence with the regiment to preserve any kind of discipline. It was long three days' march to Baltimore. We were fourteen thousand strong, and eager to meet and punish our British invaders; but a succession of heavy thunder-storms and the fatigue of long marches through the mud almost command, issued every fifteen minutes. The second day some of the men fainted from the heat and fatigue. Nearing a pump along, the road-side, we halted to drink, but the colonel angrily urged us forward. An orchard near by hanging full of harvest apples, tempted some of

and brandishing his sword, he shouted, Ye blackguards! would ye be afther powers of mimicry of two of our company, Charles and Fordinand Durang. they kept us alive, soul and body, by coffee, most delicious. I can never forget that coffee, nor how it revived us. The city was in a blaze of excitoment still, and news came that the British were hovering about," and we must go to Elkridgo's Landing to oppose them.

As we marched through the streets they were exceeded, with women, weeping, and crying, "Oh, those poor, follows will complete to his friends, giving them of might great his first would comove the might great his first will be weeping and crying, "Oh, those poor, follows will one letter to his friends, giving them of weeping them of the weeping them of the weeping them were considered in the part where he fell in the weeping and his many such flowers which the weeping and his many such flowers bloom over him. But no, a solvent answered the sum of a noble race of Massachus. They webs the follows his first him was a such that we was a safety for a might great him was a such a second with the same of the sum of the second with the same of the same as well as well as well as the same as we were as well as the same as we

Bladensburg, an officer came dashing up, his horse covered with down with

morning, and he looked through the dim and the Elkridge people all being heart sick with fear and doubt, could he give us food to eat, nor straw to lie upon holp the grand outburst of that first we were compelled to do without either, verse? And then, as through 'the mists or buy for ourselves from the only on

"The occasion of our return was also that of the colonel's first compliment t us. 'Boys,' he said, brandishing his little sword, 'ye behaved like veterans? "We got back that evening, and on camped upon Gallows Hill, near a rope came. Then, for the first since leaving York, we took breathing-time, an looked about for amusement.

"'Have you heard Francis Key' one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entir division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloguence. An idea seized Fred Durang Hunting up a volume of old flute music which was in somebody's tent, he in patiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called Anacreon in Heaven (1 liaye played it often, for it was in my book that he found it), struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed

Boys, I've hit it !' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first first cousins. My first recollections are ime the song of the Star Spangled of a boy, in a red frock and moroe Banner. How the men shouted and shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed clapped, for never was there a wedding a sunny haired, blue eyed baby, of poetry to music made under such nspiring influences! Gotting a brief Harry Church; that baby was Mary furlough, the brothers sang it on the Moore. stage of Holiday Street Theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, lie in the cometery at Fredericktown;

here is an American boy to sing it." "Was that the only incident of the ore eager for his stories of old times. "Very little beside. Our principal ardship was a want of good bread. That furnished us was so old and sour it contained worms an inch long. Our ations of beef and rum were abundant. of rum there was enough served daily for us to swim if we had wanted. General Watson was appealed to; but there was bad management somewhere, and things grew no better. 'All rum and no bread' became the sullen motto of the entire camp. The Maryland encampment, a mile from ours, held a mock court-martial, and made of theirs a daily bonfire. I remember one day that General Watson, with his negro servant riding behind him, was about entering the city. The guard, instead of presenting arms, saluted him with 'All rum and no bread!' . 'At him,' Pomp l' shouted the indignant officer. The guard fled, the negro pursuing in vain; and it was said he never stopped running until he reached his home in

Berks County."

CARTAIN LINCOLN. On getting up to the plain, at our loft and front. I found that Gen. Taylor had not yet arrived; while all was anxiety at also. the sight of the immense masses of recting-of "Buona Vista!" with the little blue eyed play-mate, and ight arm pointing to the rear was reponded to with his right arm forward; bably the last exclamation of his life,

except his closing cheer. As I passed onward, I first met Colonel Belknap, moving quietly along un- marry her. der a perfect hail of musketry, and next found General Taylor, and his staff, as they came upon the plain from Saltillo. where the anxiety of the general had exhausted us. 'Push along, men , ye're | carried him during the night to assure walkin' dreadful slow,' was the colonel's himself again of the proper disposition of the troops there,

We had scarcely moved a hundred yards upon the plain, when Captain Bragg rodo up with the exclamation "General they are too strong for methey are six to my two!" Unon this General Taylor authorized him to with the thirstier ones, who broke ranks and draw to a safer place. As he turned to rushed for the fruit. This excited the join his battery he saw me, and, graspcolonel greatly. Riding up to the rails ing my hand, cried out, "I give you joy. I shed a tear for you just now, I thought I saw you dead," I followed laying the ranks for the paltry sum of him, and saw at the feet of the horses of one of his pieces all that was left of the an apple? one of his indignation gallant Lincoln, so recently in full and grow into a by-word, thanks to the joyous life. My first impulse was to find out for themselves whether I am save his sword, as of priceless, value to those who loved him, and I carried it They, with their fathers, were strolling with his pistol to the field hospital under play-actors (natives of Lancaster, I the edge of the plain, for safety. Upon I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary think), who, when their winter engage returning some short time after, and, Moore I selected with a beating heart; ments in city theatres were over, would finding his body still left where it fell, I it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with ontertain us in town and country with had that also taken off the field. He my name and her's engraved insidetheir varied accomplishments. The had pressed forward as I passed him, to that was all, and yet the sight of the litbrothers were such gould, brave fellows, the front of Bissel's regiment, then form. the toy, strangely thrilled me as I baland mirthful, so full of rollicking fun, ling to support a section of artillery un aneed it upon the trip of my finger, der Thomas, and to meet the charge of compelling us to laugh. Well, when we the advancing columns. Riding along compelling us to laugh. Well, when we the advancing columns. Rights and paint energy suggested an old encampment near Baltimore, on the York Road, just along side and rear to cheer them on, with the what was known as Howard's Woods, "Come on, my brave Illinoisians, the citizens came to meet us, lauding and save this battery." In the storm of drays on which were hogsheads of hot musketry that then rained down upon den within that ring of gold.

"Tall," bearded and sun-bronzed; I them, one ball struck him in the waist, nother entered the back of his head, and dropping slowly forward, he was caught by a captain of the chaiging regiment, who passed him into the arm Elkridge's Landing to oppose them. of his orderly; and he was laid upon the

A SUMMER DAY Sunstitution over the mondow Minds. (1)
Kleshing the crumson clover!
And simetime inquiting the fifty clips
That the yellow bees hung week. And sunshine over the unity lills

And over the dimpling rive.

And I wished that the sun sud the Same Might shine and last Creve

child. 🕾

We walked down by the meadaw path, The broad highway formating, For the gulet of that levely spot Seemed botter for our love maxing.

And I was sloud and she was shy.

And we walked down through the clover;

But we thought it the sweetest Summer de That ever the sun shone over-We heard the birds in the waying grass;

As they twittered to each other About the rosts they had hidden away— And the coo of each glad bird mother. And we thought, as we walked that Suinille. Through the clover blooms together, . . ... That at last the world was in perfect tune . . In the glad, bright Summer Weather. I cannot tell what I said to her; & . -As we walked knee-deep in clover ; --

But I know that the robles morelly sang Their sweetest of sweet song ever. And down in my heart love's own bird sang And when we came up the meadow path, Our hearts sang over and over;
"O sweet, glad day, for blossom and bird,
And for eyery blythe young lavering in hand, yat'l know not the words, also said;... Or whether she spoke at all ; ....it But of all sweet days, that Summer day

I count as the best of all. MARY MOORE. All my life I had known Mary Moore

all my life I had loved her. Our mothers were old play-mates. quito a year old. That boy was myself

Later still, I see myself at the old school-house, drawing my little chaise and sang around our bivouac fires, and up to the door that Mary might ride whistled in the streets, and, when peace home. Many a beating have I gained was déclared, and we scattered to our on such an occasion, for other boys behomes, carried to thousands of firesides sides me liked her, and she, I fear, was as the most procious relic of the war of something of a flirt, even in her ping-1812. Ferdinand Durang died-I do not fore. How elegantly she came tripping know where—and Frank Key's bones down the steps when I called her name how sweetly hor blue eyes longed at me but I guess that song will live as long as how gaily, rang out her morry laugh, No one but Mary could ever bring he heart so soon to her lips. I followed ampaign, Mr. Hondon?" He was got- that laugh from my days of my child ting restless as a child, and I only the hood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth : I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee, and call me "father," I find that memorie of youth are strong, and that, even in gray hairs, I am following the music

> When I was fifteen, the first great so ow of my life came upon my heart. part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life it. to me. But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flash of i aineteenth year. I was no longer awk

ward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful monthl attainments, and nover thinking she might dazzle and be wilder me still more. I was a coxcomi I know, but as youth and good looks have fied, I trust that I may be believed in the right place, I know, when I say that solf conceit has left me

An advantageous proposal was made Mexican infantry, their bright arms me at that time, and accepting it, I gave glittering in the early morning sun that up all idea of a profession, and prepared his eyes and smile are the same as ever were seen approaching under the fire of to go to India. In my hurried visit their heavy guns from the ridge just home of two days, I saw nothing of ncross the narrow valley. I turned to Mary Moore. She had gone to a boardour rear to seek the staff and mot my, ing school at some distance, and was not friend Capt. Lincoln, Wool's adjutant expected home until the following May. general, on a gallop to the front. My I uttered a sigh to the memory of, my called myself "a man" again. In a year I thought as the volviely

and "Buena Vistad" which was pro- whirled away from our door-in a year, or three years at the very most "I wil return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me-never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary metne-tnen she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I should have found myself in staken. India was my salvation, not morely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and had made me a better man. When at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was I murmured to myself, and they shall better worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from that land of romance and gold for the friends
I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary

To the eyes of others, it was small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts overy one in the topin. But nothing was said grown Front, in gonoral so den within that ring of gold.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I

knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, aild the hum of conversation and cheef ful laughter, showed me that company was assembled there. 'I hoped that sis-

mons. They were too merry in the par- crown. For there was the happy home lor to hood the long hoseint one who group and dear home fireside, with sweet asked for admittance. 'A better thought Mary Moore, (The eyes I had dreamed cetts, the names of whose heroes kild like this in through my mind is I heard of day and night, were falling beneath, with General Jackson at Course clock thed for ideas then, same as now. As and he knew, the danger they forebolded. The order for ideas, then, same as now. As and he knew, the danger they forebolded. The order for ideas, the sweet filled for ideas, then, same as now. As and he knew, the danger they forebolded. The order for our immediate requires a statement of the order for our immediate requires a statement the order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires and in the order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requires a statement to he order for our immediate requirement to he order for our immediate req

Llesitated a moment before making myself known to asking for any of the Many years have passed since that family. ....And while I stood silent; a: strange apparition grow up before me; and glossy is fast turning gray il am from behind the servant, pecred out a now grown to be an old man, and can goldon head, a tiny, delicate form and a weet childish face, withublue eyes, so spont life. And yet, sweet as it has ike to those of one who had brigh my boyhood, that started me with a sud-

den feeling of pain "What is your name, my pretty," sked, while the wondering servant held ha door. "Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly She lifted up her hands to shade her aco. I had soon that very attitude in ird-like voice with him tonnoull

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and lopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to isurp my place beside the girl, had speepeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was the child-his child and Mary's

I sank, body, and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands I luaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The fittle one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her prottyllips as if about to cry, while the perploxed servant stopped to the parlor and called my sister dut to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely, I heard a slight stop, and pleasant voice,

Did you wish to god my father, I looked up - There stood a protty, west faced maider of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had oved so well. I looked at her for a moent, and then stilling the tempest o my heart, by a mighty effort. In opened

Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry ! oh, my brother Harry !" she ied, and threw herself upon my breast, and went as if her heart would break. I could not weep. "I drew her gently hito; the lighted parlor, and stood with

ny arms and said

hor before them all There was a rush, and a cry of joy and then my father and plother sprang toward me, and welcomedine home with cartfelt tears: Oh, strange and pass ing sweet is such a greeting to the wayworn traveller. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand; while Lizzio clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost; and although another had secured life's most choicest blessing, many a joy remained

for me in the dear sanctuary of home. There were four other inmates of the oom, who had risen on my sudden entranco. One was the blue-eyed child was sont to school, and was obliged to whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant cor per to which she had harriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slonder figure, half hidden by the heavy window ourtains that fell to the

When the first rapturous greeting was

hand,
""Welcome home, my boy!" he said, hand. with the loud, cheerful tones I remem bered so well. "You have changed se that I never would have known you but no matter about that, your heart is

"How can you say he is changed?" aid my mother, gently., "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but It is a heavy heart which changes him He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered, sadly, " am your boy still." . Heaven help me! At that moment l olt like a boy, and it would have been a dessed relief; to have wept upon her

osom as I had done in my infancy But I kept down the beating of m beart, and the tremor of my lin, and answered quietly, as I looked into his full handsome face ;;;

"You have changed, too, Frank, but think for the better.". "Oh, yes thank you for the complimont liche answered with a hearty laugh "My wife tells inc. Larow handsome overy day. Research and sell His wife! Could I hear that name and

ceep silent still. Mand liave you seen my little girl? o added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her criffisoned chook. "I tell you, Harry, there is no such other in the world. Don't you think shelooks very much like her mother used to?" "Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo !" cried Frank, with a sudden ess which made me start violently, " have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your younger days-yes Havry," amt he stapped mo on the baokfor the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once, but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the core mony. Come, here she is I for one want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustached of yours in the pheration

He pushed Lizzier laughing and bluck ng, towards moss A gleam of light and liopo almost too dizzline to bear dema ver me, and I cried out bofore I thought, 

obtuse, was this time silent. o'Ilkissed the fair check of the young wife, and lightied to the silent ligure looking on of the windows Moore Parkaid in low, enger tone, "linve you no welcom to give the wantlerer? She turned, and laid her hand imprin

and said flurriedly - a harter a middle "Thin glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words and yet how blessed they made measal would not have yielded "But no, a servine answered the sum her up that moment for an emperor's delivering the valed delivering delivering

meaning of happiness until that momen happy night, and the hair that was dark look back to a happy, and I hope a wellbeen, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manliced so bright shines also upon my white hairs.

An gride which appeared to the Hel-

department in appropriate glasser area.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart, Diamoas young as ever ... And Mary, withoher bright ... hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or changed. The heart that held her ininother; alm my boyhood, many and infancy and sheltered her in the flush many a time—and answered in a sweet, and beauty of womanhood, can never cast lier out till life shall cease to warm Mary Mooré Chester, lisped the it. Not even then, for love still lives above suits extragetinet a a consension

at Attendend to a remain to get in ANEODOTES OF RUFUS CHOATE. Rufus Choate and Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, often indulged in wordy combats, and wit was generall freely expended by both sides. was once arguing a cause before the Chief Justice, (who was one of the home liest men ever elevated to the Bench, and, to express his reverence for th conceded ability of the Judge, said, in vielding to an adverse decision :

'In coming into the presence of your Honor, I experience the same feelings as the Hindeo does when he how before his idel... I know that you are night, but I feel that you are great!

It is said that Choate had a command of language, and his brain toomed with wealth of diction truly marvelous. When Judge Shaw first heard that there was a fresh edition of Worcester's Dictionary, containing 2,000 new words, he exclaimed, "For heaven's sake don't let

Choate get hold of it !''
Choate, in an important assault and hattery case at sea, had Dick Barton, olife mate, of the clipper-ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that Dick got his salt vater up, and hauled by the wind to ring the keen Boston lawyer under his

batteries. At, the beginning of his testime Dick said that the night was as "dark as the devil, and raining like seven

Suddenly, Mr. Choate asked him "Was there a moon that night?" " Yes, sir." 'Ah, yes! a moon "Yes, a full mean."

"Did you see it?" "Not a mite." "Then, how do you know there was moon? "The Nautical Almanae said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer

in the world." " What was the principal luminary that night, sir ?" "Binnacle lamp aboard the Chal engo:"

"Ah! you are growing sharp, Mr. "What in blazes have you been grindne me this hour for—to make me dull?" Be civil, sir. And now toll me what latitude and longitude you'crossed the equator in?"

"Sho"—you're joking."
"No, sir, I am in carnest, and I dosire you to answer me." "Ah'! you refuse, do you?" 🦠 "Yes—I can't"

"Indeed! You are the chief mate a 'clipper ship,' and' are unable to answer so simple a question." "Yes, "tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator."

Tant shot floored Rufus. EDITING A PAPER.—Editing a paper s very pleasant business. If it contains too much political mattor, people won't read it. .. If it contains too little they won't If the type is too large, it don't contain

lough, reading matter. 👾 🤫 🛲 If the type is small, they can't read it If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies. If we omit them, they say we have no nterprise, or suppress them for political

offect. If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections. 144 If we publish selections, they say we re lazy for not writing more, giving them what they have read in some other napor

If we give a man a complimentary no tice, we are consured for being partial. If two do not, all hands say we are a reat hog.

If we hisert an article which please w littlies, the men become jenlous.

If we attend church they say it is nly for effect If we do not, they denounce us as deoitful and desporately wicked? If we remain in our office and attend our business, folks say we are too roud to minele with our fellows."

If we go, they say we never attend to

or business. If we don't pay all our bills promptly, ncy say we are not to be trusted. If we pay promptly, they say we stole the money respecially those who owe us. for cortainly, they judge that if a marity of our patrons do as they do, we annot liave much money.

GENERAL SHERMAN made a humorou speech at the Germantown college comnorment. He said: . " I was pleased at hearing the valedictory delivered by Mr. Dixon. I was in St. Louis about the time he was born, and his father be ing, a very dear friend of mine, and the young gentleman so small and weak that he was not expected to live long, I stood god-fatlier to him. That was some years back; I won't tell the girls how many lot us call it soveral years. I do not suppost the young man remembers t, but those who were there at the time will bear me out in saying that I did not assume much responsibility. As It is I am delighted to find him grown up well and strong, and enjoying the honor o

An Indiana man Book landahumi re marking athat die had an engagemen

'hy down a warmaren My old Wollh pelchbor over the way And listened to hear the robin sing. er grandedo, playing at marliles stopped

admini von editibatedhija, dan opal

And cruel in sport, as boys will be, Torsed a stone at the bird, who hopped 'From bough to bough in the apple tre "Noy!" said the grandmother; "have you m My poor, bad hoy! of the flery pit, And how, drop by drop, this in orcifol blid Carrios the water that quenches it? Ho brings cool dew in his little bill,

You can see the mark on his red breast Of fires that scorch as he drops it in. My poor Bren rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird, Singing so sweetly from limb to limb, fery don't to the heart's four Lord Is he who pities the lost like High had Amen'!" I said to the beautiful myth. Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well

ach good thought is a drop wherew. To cool and leasen the flies of hell. Prayers of love, like raindrops fall, Toars of pity are cooling dow, And dear to the heart of our Lord, are all Who suffer like Illim, in the good they do!"

—Attantic Monthly

> AGRICULTURE A TRAUD!

NOT BY H. G. The basest fraud of earth is agriculture The deadlight ignis fatus that ever flittered to beguile, and dazzled to betray is agriculture. I speak with feeling on this subject, for I ve been glittered have little else in print. The mechanical and beguiled, and dazzled and destroyed construction of a falsehood is a matter of

by this same arch deceiver-She has made me a thousand and broken every one of them. She has promised me early potatoes, and the rain has drowned them; late credited. potatoes, and the drought has withered

She has promised me summer squashe and the worms have eaten them; winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured

She has promised cherries and the living things, uncomely to the eye and readily convince a fool that you are a insavory to the taste. She has promised strawberries,

the young chickens have enveloped them, and the eyes cannot see them. She has promised tomatoes, and the ld hens have encompassed them, and we give it as a part of the gossip of the the hand cannot reach them.

I agose betore dawn to set out sweet thirty chills and three pecks of potatoes. I toiled in the heat of the day to cultivate cabbages; I raised twenty-two blisters, but nothing more. I labored with the latest twilight to hoo my melons. I lost the melons, but found the rheumatism. · No wonder Cain killed his brother He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't grandfather to kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam seven dollars a barrel, had been cut down by bugs, from the head waters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winter killed, and wasn't worth make it than any other newspaper ever cutting. His Norway oats had gone to tray, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black. Spanish watermelons had been stolen by boys, who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent fence, and written seurrilous one-third interest in it for \$50,000. ggerel all over his back wonder he felt mad when he saw Able whistling along with his fine French merinoes, worth eight dollars a head and wool going up every day. No won-

der he wanted to kill some body, and thought he'd practice on Abel. And Noah's getting drunk was not-at all surprising. Ho had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine tliere would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him."Quack," and every family would have bought a bottle of "Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and ard's paper, is valued at \$500,000, but is Anti Deluge Syrup." As a politician, not for sale. he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates in every convention. As a We have all of us, probably, met with lawyer, he would have been retained For a long time the ground was so wet ence.

docks, the burdocks, the mullens, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots —the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hall—in have their fair names unembittered by short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in overy battle. I have no more admiration to waste on the father of George Washington for forgiving the lestruction of his cherry tree. A cherry tree is only a curculio nursery, and the

الم المراكبين و المناطقة المناطقة والمناطقة والمناطة والمناطقة والمناطقة والمناطقة والمناطقة والمناطقة والمناطقة وال The editor of an eastern paper having received a bank note detector, returns hanks, 'and modestly asks for some bank notes upon which to test its acurac**y**.

grandfather of his country know it. I

six years old I'll give him a hatchet and

tell him to down with every cherry tree

on the place .- Cincinnati Times.

"ARB dose hells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. A No, in-deed,", answered Tibe, "doy ab, got plenty of fire, and do bells are ringing for water." hammer of the first of the

Woman is the primeval cause of all

A MAN in an ecstatic mood, exclaimed.

LACONICS,-The following laconics were invented by Mister Ignotus, and I am in no way responsible for either sentiment or diction : .

It is to be feared that to most men the sky is but a concave mirror, showing nothing behind, and in looking into which they see only their own distorted images, like the reflection of a face in a spoon. Hence it needs not surprise that they are not very devout worshippers; it is great wonder that they do not

openly scoff.

The influence of climate upon civilization has heen more exhaustively treated than studied. Otherwise, we should know how it is that some countries that have so much climate have no civiliza-

Who so shall insist upon holding your attention while he expounds to you things that you have always thriven without knowing, resembles one who should go about with a hammer, cracking nuts upon other people's heads and cating the kernels himself.

There are but two kinds of temporary nsanity, and each one has but a single symptom. The one was discovered by a coroner, the other by a lawyer. The one nduces you to kill yourself when you are unwell of life; the other persuades you to kill somebody else when you are fatigued of seeing him about.

If it were as easy to invent a credible alschood as it is to believe one, we should the gravest import; a lie which is sober narrative is universally scouted, may be "done up like new" in a pungent opigram, and will be as universally

There is more false morality in provorbs and aphorisms, than there is poison painted candy. A bad marriage is like an electric

nachine; it makes you dance, but you can't let go-A strong mind is more easily impressed purculio has strung them, and contain than a weak one; you shall not as

philosopher, as a philosopher that you

are a fool .- Overland Monthly. NEWSPAPER POINTS .- The following appears in the Chicago Republican, and day, taking occasion to remark, however, that the valuation placed on some of the otatoes; the ague seized me; I had papers is either too high, or that placed on the World, which is the second best newspaper property in New York, is too

> The New York Herald is valued at \$5,000,000, and is owned by Commodore James Gordon Bennett, jr., having been presented to him by his father. The Evening Post was valued by John . Cisco and two other referees, some

months since, at \$1,250,000. The New York Times was valued at \$1,500,000; \$1,000,000 has been offered for it and refused. The New York World is valued at \$1,200,000. More capital was sunk to

started in this or any other country. The Tribune is valued at \$2,000,000 and could not be purchased for tha amount. The Evening Mail is valued at \$150,-

\$200,000, and is not for sale. The New York Sun is valued \$1,500,000, and pays seven per cent of larger amount. The Commercial Advertiser is valued

The Evening Telegram is valued

at \$550,000, but it would take a larger sum to puichase it. The Journal of Commerce is valued at **\$500.000.** 

The daily and weekly News are valued \$800,000. The daily circulation of the News and Sun approximate closer than any other two daily newspapers in the city. The New York Star, Mr. Joseph How

AN ITEM FOR EVERY MAN TO READ .instances in which a word heedlessly every case, tried at the Ararat Quarter spoken against the reputation of a wom Session, or the old Ark High Court of an, has been magnified by malicious Admiralty. But he three away all these minds until the cloud has been dark advantages and took to agriculture, enough to overshadow her whole exist-To those who are accustomedhe could raise nothing but sweet flag and bull-rushes, and these at last became a drudge in the market. What wonder

that at last he did get half a peck of Never use a lady's name in an imthat at last he did get half a peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Japhet's honey bees, he should have made wine mid drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

The fact is agricultura would demora lize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it. I'm a demon now, I'm, at war with everything. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my botter nature tells me to lie still till seven. L'hight myself into the garden to work-like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the docks, the burdocks, the mulens, the moles, the mulens, the moles, the mulens, the docks, the burdocks, the mulens, the

In a letter to the proprietor of a monthly magazine, Horaco Greeley says: I was formerly called a "Grahamito," grandfather of his country know it. I that is, I rarely ato meat. And it is have half a dozen chorry trees, and the day my young, George Washington is caten very sparingly. I eat, however, six years old I'll give him a hatchet and like other folks, not having time to make myself disagreeable to everybody by insisting on special food wherever I go, since I travel much and eat in many places in the course of a year. I ceased to drink distilled liquors January first, 1824, when I was not thirteen years old 1624, When I was not thrighn years out.
1 occasionally drank beer four or five years after, when I abandoned that also.
I cannot remember that I ever more than tasted wine. I stopped drinking coffee about 1834, because it made my coffee about 1834, because it minde my hand tremble. I am opposed to norves, I did not drink tea for a quarter of a century, ending in 1801, when I had brain fever and was very ill. My doctor insisted that I should drink either claret or tea, and I those the tea, which I have generally used since, though not uniformly. My favorite exercise is triuming up trees in a forest with an axe, cutting out underbursh, etc. I wish I could out underbrush, etc. I wish I could take more of it, but my farm is distant and my family scattered. I sometimes