CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn;
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands exulting, glean
The apple from the pine;
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hill the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer noon,
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time is come,
We pluck away its frosty leaves,
And bear its treasures home.

Then richer than the fabled gifts
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grains shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn,
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let Earth withhold her goodly root;
Let mildew blight the rye;
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
And wheat fields to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our father trod;
Still let us for His golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

Curious Experience of a Highwayman.

Timothy M'Carty is a notable man. He was born in Vera Cruz, Mexico, and during Maximilian's short but eventful reign was in a dungeon, the most loathsome that the mind can picture. He was suffering the penalty of brigandage, having been caught by the Mexican forces in one of the Sierra passes, with a horde of banditti. When the Mexicans discovered the retreat of these robbers, in one of the mountain gorges, they found evidence that M'Carty was not a bandit, but a hostage. Nevertheless he was taken to Vera Cruz, and by some hocus pocus, which the United States Consul endeavored to have righted, was immured in one of the cells of the Mexican bastile. In the year 1869, having been immured then for four years, he escaped in a remarkable manner.

An alteration was being made in the bastile, and the prisoner, whose perceptions were rendered unusually acute by his long incarceration, ascertained that they were tearing down one of the thicknesses of the wall of his dungeon. With the hopelessness of an iron dishpan, in which he was served his meal, and a bottle of vinegar, he went energetically to work to loosen one of the stones of the wall. The vinegar he poured upon the cement, and in time had the ineffable joy of discovering that it was softened. Having, as he believed, sapped the strength of the cement, he waited until night, (he had from the first been shrewd enough to keep a record of the days and nights,) and then pushed the block from its place. In its fall it dropped upon a horse that was stabled close to the wall. The animal was killed, but its body broke the noise of the fall. Cutting up an old tick that lay upon his iron bed, M'Carty made a rope, by which he descended, and under darkness succeeded in reaching the interior. After a long, weary march, marked with the most poignant pains and deprivations, he reached Houston, Texas, and from thence his return to this city was easy. He has been knocking about Philadelphia for a long time. Last night, being hard up, he stopped a man in Eleventh street and Girard avenue, and, in the words of modern brigands, exclaimed, "Your money or——!" As the stopped was the stronger, he easily escaped from M'Carty's clutches, and soon brought a policeman to the scene. The would-be highwayman was arrested and held in $800 bail.—*Phil. Tel.*

Terrible Earthquake in the Phillipine Islands.

A special London dispatch says the earthquake in the Phillipine Islands on May 1st, affected in a terrible manner the small island of Camiguin, five miles from Misamis. For some months previously especially in March, there was a succession of violent shocks, which opened extensive crevices in the earth. Finally, on May 1st, the level plain near the village of Cartarmin began gradually to subside until the tops of the houses became level with the surface of the earth. This remarkable phenomenon attracted a large number of people, when suddenly some terrible shocks were felt, and before the thundering reverberations had died away the whole level plain fell in, engulphing one hundred and fifty persons. The plain became the crater of a volcano 1,500 feet wide, and from it smoke, ashes and stones were thrown into the air. A pause till dark succeeded, when there was another explosion and a rain of fire followed. The woods became ignited, and men and cattle went flying before the flames. The spectacle was frightful in the extreme. The volcano continues to eject stones and earth. The inhabitants have left the island, which formerly contained a population of 20,000. Camiguin produced one-tenth of the whole manilla rope grown.

AFTER THE REDSKINS.

NEW YORK, August 7.—A Texas letter says: "The army in Texas (cavalry and infantry), to the extent of several thousands, will take up their line of march on August 15 with a view to concentration at the head of the Wachita Mountains, from whence, under Colonel McLensie, they will proceed to the chastisement of the Commanche and Wachita Indians. The troops are exasperated by the treatment of their lost associates, and go for extermination of the Indians."

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.—The press of the Pacific coast unanimously condemn the order of the War department, countermanding the order of Gen. Stoneman for an active campaign against the Apaches, for the purpose of giving the Quaker Commissioners an opportunity to operate. The order is denounced as handing the helpless settlers of Arizona over to the tender mercies of the Apaches.

There is a masked political society in Charleston known as the "United S. C. Avengers." The name is split up in this way so that the illiterate can spell it. Outside of that State the letters are run together, and the society is known as the "United Scavengers."—*Adv.*