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A LAY OF THE OLDER TIME.

One morning of the first sad fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall,
Sat on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fish-gold suit
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing 'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's grapes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forest garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them famed,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore?"

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruits and flowers
As fair as Eden had."

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift—
Your loss a gain through toil."

"Go! cheerful as you humming-bees,
To labor as to play;
While glimmering over Eden's trees,
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the earth,
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn tree cast its evil fruit
And withered with plum and pear,
And scented grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Eden's storied gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads through toll to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves. —Whittier.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 1869.

To the Editor of the Independent:

All who travel in the southern states since the war, can learn lessons, if they will, unknown to them before. Many have reported their impressions to you already; but all is not yet told. I am afraid the worst is yet unknown. Indeed, I think the north knows less of the actual south-to-day than of almost any other portion of the globe. Republicanism bears rule there, and reports itself to please itself. Counter authorities, especially from democratic sources, are cast aside as unworthy of confidence, as no doubt they often are. But it is time one thing was told, and believed, too, everywhere; and that is that reconstruction, so far, is a failure. It is a bad failure. From the sole of its foot to its head, if it have any head, there is no soundness in it, none whatever. It began where it should have left off, with political organizations, with suffrage and sovereignty, when the first lessons in civilization had not been learned, had not been, and have not yet been taught. But party supremacy required the measure, and it was adopted, against all the dictates of genuine statesmanship, as well as the demands of justice and humanity. And hence its failure, as could not but have been expected.

THE LAWYERS AND THE CATS.

Two Arkansas lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the room allotted to the two heroes was also occupied by six or eight others. Shake down beds, enough to accommodate the guests, were disposed about the room, against the four walls, leaving an open space in the centre of the apartment.

Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south, on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles, respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here, in picturesque confusion, lay the boots, hats, coats and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the contumacious of wild pigs, were now the very incarnations of meekness, for when the hungry swarm of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the one cheek, they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

A distinguished writer, in one of his books, thus describes the Christian gentleman:

He is above a mean thing.
He does not stoop to do a mean fraud.
He evades no secret in the keeping of another; he betrays no secret confided to his own keeping.
He never struts in borrowed plumage.
He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes.
He uses no ignoble weapons in controversies.
He never stabs in the dark.
He is ashamed of innuendoes.
He treats all persons alike, and always as equals.
He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back.
If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion.
He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax.
Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him.
He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps.
Bolts and bars, locks and keys, pickets and hedges, bonds and securities are not for him.
He may be trusted out of sight, near the thinnest partition, anywhere.
He buys no offices, he sells none, intrigues for none.
He would rather fail of heights than win them by dishonor.
He will not extort honest bread.
He insults no man.
He loves his home, and delights to make all around him happy.
He will not treat any living thing with cruelty.
If he have rebuke for another, he is straight forward, open, manly.
In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

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HUMOROUS.

Why are blushes like little girls? because they become women.

Should your old acquaintances be forgotten?—Not if they have money.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter.

An ill-natured editor says ladies all use paint, and he sets his face against it.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch said that he raised money with a lever.

Mr. Quilp encourages lotteries on grounds of fine arts—they learn people to draw.

A "gentleman about town" is one who pays cash for everything except his debts.

An Irishman, writing from the West to a friend, remarked: "Pork is so plenty here that every third man you meet is a hog."

Love in the Indian language, is, "Schilendawowitewagwin." It must be quite an undertaking to tell a squaw that you love her.

"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" asked a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you, I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed and referred him to papa.

At a parish examination a clergyman asks a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir," is the reply, "not as I know of; but I've been vaccinated."

Everything was lately in readiness for the marriage of a Cairo lady, but the groom came not. After hours of waiting, a dispatch was received which read: "Have to wait till next week; my wife has overhauled me."

It is a singular fact, and one not generally known, that Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the last week in the last month of the year, and in the last year of the century. He died on Saturday night, 12 o'clock, December 31st, 1799.

At a recent funeral in New York the band which attended the corpse to the grave, played the lively tune of "Up in a balloon," and on returning from the cemetery played "When Johnny comes Marching Home Again."

A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked into the water-wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, Ma'am, is—ah!—steam is steam." "I know that chap couldn't tell you," said a rough looking fellow, standing by; but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

"My dear, what shall we name Bub?" "Why, husband, I have settled on the name of Peter."

"Oh, don't," he replied, "I never liked Peter, for he denied his master."

"Well, then," replied the wife, "what name do you like?"

"I should like the name of Joseph."

"Oh, no that," replied she, "I can't bear Joseph, for he denied his mistress."

A little girl got to school in Danbury, Connecticut, the other morning just as it commenced, and her teacher said, "You are just in time, Susse." Then, turning to the other scholars, she asked, "In time for what children?" A hand signified he had solved the problem. "Well, Thomas, just in time for what?" "Lanigan's ball!" shouted the promising youth.

A Good old Massachusetts doctor met a sexton in the street one day. After the usual salutations, the doctor began to cough.

"Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold. How long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge of interment?"

"One dollar," was the reply.

"Well, continued the doctor, "just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you around, so anxious about my health."

The sexton was even with him, however, turning round to the doctor, he replied:

"Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practice."

"Bridget, what did the mistress say she would have for dinner?"

"Broll the lobster."

"Broll the lobster! Are you sure, Bridget?"

"Entirely; get the gridiron."

Mary got the gridiron and placed it on the fire. She then placed the live lobster on the gridiron. Intermission of five minutes, after which the dialogue was resumed as follows:

"Did you broil that lobster, Mary?"

"Devil the broil! The more I poked the fire the more he walked off. The baste's haunted; I'll try no more. No good will come from cooking a straddlebug like that."

"And where is the lobster?"

"Devil a bit I know! The last I saw of him he was going out the back door with his tail at half mast, like a wild maniac that he was."

Bridget started in pursuit of the wild maniac and was still after him when our informant left.

Miscellaneous.

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