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Choice Poetry.

LONG AGO.

"It is not as it hath been of yore."

Oh, the days of long ago!
The Summer days of long ago!
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
Of intense blue sky; and sweet roses blush,
And woodlands are green, with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
But o'ercrossing it all a shadow lies—
Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadow rested there, long ago!

Oh, the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine clusters in every hedgerow;
The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
The forget-me-nots growing beside each stream,
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow,
The daisies—no daisies now seem to my mind,
Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-hushed meadows of long ago!

Oh, the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago!
Alas, that we ever could let them go!
We have won to us other friends since then—
Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, and proved them, and found them so;
But we miss, if the truth we dare confess,
The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

Oh, the love of long ago!
The fond, young love of long ago!
It was not *all* foolishness, now we know;
It made for us then a pure paradise
Of opening flowers and innocent eyes,
Till the thorns and thistles had time to grow.
With longer and fuller love now we thrill,
Yet an angel guardeth the memory still,
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

Oh, the hopes of long ago!
The brave, vain hopes of long ago!
We vowed to diminish the want and woe
That darken this earth God made so bright;
We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should the better grow.
We felt strong as young giants in our might;
But who of us all has fought out the fight,
And kept to the faith of long ago?

Oh, the sunny long ago!
The careless, happy long ago!
Borne forward on Time's never-ceasing flow,
We backward glance through the gathering haze
Of dreary nights, and still drearier days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
And we utter a cry of longing vain,
For the life we can never live again,
That died in our Spring-time, long ago!

Yearning for so long ago,
Wailing for so long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
Of a land where we shall renew our youth,
And wear the white robes of unwavering truth,
And walk the fields where the am'ranths grow,
And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
And look on a Sun whom no shadows pursue,
And never more wish for time long ago!

Select Story.

THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL.

A LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF AYR.

I had rambled through England, and on my return from continent, determined, ere again crossing the blue waves of the Atlantic, to conclude my wandering by a tour through Scotland. I had lingered in Rome until the days of golden October had nearly fled, then turned my unwilling feet from classic Italy. I wandered northward, and reached and tarried another month in gay, voluptuous Paris. Then I crossed the channel to the great London Babel, so that when I crossed the borders of Scotland, it wanted but one week to Christmas.

A strange time it was for a tourist to visit the land of a Scott and a Burns, a Wallace and a Bruce; but I wanted to see the Highlanders robed in their white mantles, and the lakes bound up in armor of glittering ice. My eye had become sated with the sight of verdure, and I longed to gaze upon the snow and ice, like that of my native New England.

The day before Christmas, at noon, I reached the town of Ayr. I had not travelled in a hurry, as I wished to see and hear everything of interest on my route. As it had every appearance of a storm, I desired to go no farther on that day, but wait until the storm was over, as I did not wish to be overtaken and blockaded in a small hamlet by a large snow storm. Besides, I wished to pay a visit to the old castle of Ayr, which stood but a short distance from the hotel.

I spoke of my wishes to the host.

"So you think that I can gain permisssion to visit the castle?"

"Without doubt. The family are absent at London, but the old butler and housekeeper have orders to admit travellers who may wish to examine the castle."

An hour later, just as the large flakes of snow were beginning to thicken in the air, I bent my steps castleward, and passing by the porter's lodge, sent him with my errand to the butler. A generous reply came back to me, and ere many moments had passed, I was seated, with the butler, and his co-partner in dignity, the housekeeper, in a little airy apartment adjoining the servants' hall.

After due respect had been paid to a mug of frothing ale, which the housekeeper assured me was of her own brewing, the butler, who was perhaps sixty years of age, and whose head was fast whitening beneath the iron hand of time, arose, and taking a large bunch of keys from a wooden hook by the chimney wall, signified his readiness to show me over the castle.

"Show the gentleman all but the portrait gallery, Dermot. You will want another mug of ale by that time, and I want to help you tell about the pictures," said the portly housekeeper, as we were leaving the room.

"Just so, Mrs. McGregory; I can show him all the rest, but will do nothing there without your help," replied the butler, as he closed the door behind us.

The dungeons, the keeping room, the armorial halls were visited, and in the latter, as he pointed out each suit of rusty armor, the butler would tell who had once worn it in battle, and the great deeds the wearer had performed.

Nothing now remained to be seen but what to me was the most interesting of all—the old family portraits; and after another mug of ale had been drank, I followed in the wake of the housekeeper, the butler bringing up the rear, to the portrait gallery.

Here, as the hours went on, I gazed on the semblance of the long line of Ayrs, their ladies, and their fair daughters and brave sons, who were now sleeping in dust in the gray old chapel. Their vices and virtues were freely commented upon by the garrulous old housekeeper, perhaps colored by herself somewhat, and by others who had handed the story of their lives down to her.

Time went on, and still I was gazing on the portraits, and the housekeeper's tongue kept pace with my eyes and footsteps; but at last, just as the dusky shadows of twilight began to steal in through the lofty, arched windows, I stopped, spell-bound, before the portrait of the fairest woman I ever gazed upon. The picture was old, and plainly showed the hand of time on its surface and framing; but the beauty of the face was unimparied, as if even old Time himself could not have the heart to deface one lineament of those matchless features. The arched neck, the high forehead, and the lustrous eyes were the same as they were long years ago. There could not have been a more beautiful countenance—it was impossible for the fair lily to have been more beautiful than its semblance here.

Long I gazed upon that inanimate canvas, that portrait on the wall, till the dusky shadows blotted out each fair lineament; then, for the first time, I discovered that I was alone. In my abstraction, the butler and housekeeper had both left the gallery.

I followed them to their apartment, and there I found the tea-table in readiness, and it was in vain for me to resist their pressing invitation. I accepted, on condition that the housekeeper should tell me the history of the portrait that had attracted my attention, which, when the repast was over, and we were seated around the broad fire-place, on which sparkled a pleasant fire, she proceeded to do, whilst the storm roared without, and threw its snowy mantle against the windows. I give the story as nearly as possible in her own words.

"The portrait of the fair lady," began the housekeeper, "I've heard my grandmother say many times, when I was a little girl, as beautiful as it seems, was not a fair semblance of the Lady Ann, the fairest maiden by odds that was known in all Scotland. A proud race were those of Ayr, and Lady Anna had inherited from her proud old father a large portion of his pride and iron will. Right proud was the old Lord of Ayr of his beautiful daughter, and if there was anything on earth toward which he bore affection, it was his motherless child; for his fair young wife had given up her sweet life at the birth of Anna, and for twenty years had been sleeping in ancestral vaults.

The Lord of Ayr was ambitious to wed his daughter to some high dignitary at Court; and many that the old lord would have been glad to have seen the husband of his child, had come to the castle, attracted there by the reports of her marvelous beauty; but somehow the lady turned a deaf ear to all their wooings, and thus time went on, and the old lord was without a son-in-law.

But one day a messenger came to the castle, and the message he bore, set the old lord into a fever of excitement. The purport of it was, that that day week, the lord of Douglas, one of the most powerful and wealthy of all the northern noblemen, would pay him a visit, and if he and the Lady Anna were mutually pleased with each other, he hinted that mayhap an alliance might be effected between the houses of Ayr and Douglas.

The old lord sought his daughter, and told her of the expected arrival.

"I must be wooed before I am won; and methinks, by the tenor of his message, that I shall not fancy this new suitor," laughed the maiden.

"Perhaps he will not be so gallant a cavalier as a younger man, but then his station is the highest of any Earl in Scotland, and you must think more of the position than of the man, if you would keep up the dignity of our house, Anna."

"Ten to one, if he is over thirty, I shall refuse him. I want no old man for my liege lord."

"Lord Douglas is five-and-twenty years your senior, Anna, but let that make no difference in your aspect towards him. If he sues for your hand, I shall expect you to give him a favorable answer."

"Then he need not come to Ayr, thinking to win a bride: unless, perchance, he should propose to my old nurse, who, perhaps, might accept him, out of regard to his feelings, should he be refused, and to the position he might raise her, by becoming his wife;" and with a saucy laugh, the maiden ran from the apartment, leaving her sire half in anger, and half in pleasure, at her words.

Here the old housekeeper went on to tell of the arrival of Lord Douglas, his proposal to the maiden, and her scornful rejection, the anger of the old Lord of Ayr, and his commands for the wedding preparations to be immediately commenced, despite the tears and entreaties of Lady Anna, who vowed, when she found that her prayers availed naught, that she would cast herself from the cliffs into the sea, rather than be the bride of the grim old Lord of Douglas. An idle threat, those stern old lords regarded it, and the preparations for the bridal went on unceasingly. At last, the eve previous to the appointed day arrived; and here again we will let the old housekeeper tell her story in her way, as we should have done all the way through, had the time but been ours.

* * * * * *

"It was the eve before Christmas, on which the forced nuptials were to take place, and a terrible storm was raging along the coast. It came sweeping down from the Highlands with the wild voice of fiends, and the wild winds shook the old castle from turret to foundation stone. The sea lashed the shore in wild fury, and its thunders echoed and re-echoed far inland. It was a terrible night, sir, of which this is but a slight comparison."

"It must have been dreadful, indeed," I remarked, as the old lady paused in her narative, and I heard the storm raging without, and bellowing down the huge fire-place with redoubled fury; and immediately we drew closer to the fire, and the old lady went on:

"That evening, Lady Anna sought her stern old sire, and on her knees begged that she might be spared the terrible fate he was determined to force upon her; but the old lord replied quickly to her passionate entreaty, and bade her prepare to become Lady Douglas on the morrow."

With face pale as marble, Lady Anna arose, and pressing a kiss on the brow of her sire, turned from the room.

"Ah! me, the child takes it hardly, but ere long she will be reconciled to her position, the proudest of any in Scotland," murmured the old Serf, as he sought his couch that night.

The morn came that was to usher in the bridal; but the storm had nowise abated. Just as the dusky light of early dawn was lighting up the chamber of the old Serf, a menial, pale as death, burst into the apartment.

"For the love of heaven, my lord, come quickly with me; Lady Anna has gone to the high cliffs, back of the castle, and we fear she intends throwing herself into the sea."

Half naked, the old man rushed from his apartment, and Lord Douglas from his, at the same moment. With flying steps, they passed from the boundary of the castle, followed by all its inmates. In the gray twilight, they saw Lady Anna for a moment, high on the cliffs; and the next, the howling blast brought back to them a wild prayer to the Savior for forgiveness, and then the waves hid her from their sight.

They reached the cliff, and only once they caught sight of her beautiful face and floating hair, and then she was gone forever.

Such was the legend of the "Portrait on the Wall;" and the housekeeper merely said, in conclusion, that the old Lord Ayr never had his right mind from that dreadful hour; and to his death, Lord Douglas, in his own heart, accused himself of her murder, and methinks it was a truthful conclusion.

At the conclusion of the story, the storm had not abated one whit; so I slept, that night, in the old castle, where, tradition told, the tale I had listened to that night had long years before been enacted. At the midnight hour I awoke in fright, for I dreamed that above the roar of the sea and tempest, I heard the shriek of Lady Anna, and saw her pale face, down in the roaring, merciless waters.

"Stick to the Fence."

For fifteen years daily, at Stamford, Conn., a man has sat on a fence and watched every railroad train as it passed—*Ex.*

He is probably trying to make up his mind if it would be safe to ride in the cars. Old fellow, you stick to the fence! If the top rail is sharp, turn it over or put a cushion on it. Fit up a smoking apartment to the next pannel if you like, and rig a luxurious couch on the next one to that. Bring out your baggage, take a check for it, and hang it on a post. Buy a ticket and punch it yourself. Ask yourself the distance to the next station, and get insulted. Secure, as your means will permit it, all the luxuries of railroad travel, but don't get off that fence to enjoy them. So shall you die a natural death, and the good wife shall not expend the farm fighting the life insurace companies over a cold corpse. You're in the right o' this thing, old rooster.—*Ex.*

It is something new for jurors to make funny and critical remarks while the eloquent barristers are addressing them. One of them did this the other day in Boston. Whenever the lawyer for the defendane made a point, this free and easy juror would cry out, "I don't see it," or often some other casually facetious comment. The orator declined to go on, if he was to be subjected to this sort of badinage. It was pretty evident that such a juror as that could not be of much value to the pannel; and so by agreement of council, the court, instead of committing the funny man for contempt, excused him from further attendance, which perhaps was what he was aiming at; and the case went on with the remaining, and better bred, eleven.

Violins of Cremona (Stradnarins) commanded enormous prices at a recent sale in London. They belonged to the collection of the late Mr. Gillott, the steel pen manufacturer. One of the instruments was sold for $800, another for $970, and still another for $1,450. Several violoncellos were also disposed of at high prices. The whole collection, comprising one hundred and fifty-two specimens, realized $21,000.

"Cornelius O'Dowd" (Charles Lever) says in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that "a lord has lost considerable of his power as an exciting and tonic agent" in America.

Miscellany.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY WILLIAM H. LYTLE.*

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—*Shakspeare.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, oh! Queen, enfold me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Seek her—say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of Kings!

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendor of thy smile!
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches;
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine!

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foemen's cry!
They are coming! Quick! my falchion!
Let me front them, ere I die!
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra—Rome—Farewell!

* The late Brigadier-General William H. Lytle, of Ohio, the Chevalier Bayard of the Western armies, who was killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

GENERAL GRANT.

It is but a few months, hardly years enough to be counted, since General Grant stepped forth from the most entire seclusion to enter upon his high career. The ordinary affairs of peace, even the occurrences of a preceding war, had furnished him no opportunity.

We are told that he was but an indifferent business man. I can easily imagine that the details of a small Western farm or of a tan-yard might be somewhat unfitted to develop his peculiar powers. But those who knew him best, knew that his faculties were adapted to service which would appal ordinary men. And so they pressed him forward as he entered upon the work of the war, he himself asking only a subordinate place, and expecting nothing more. As great events arose, he rose equal to them. Amidst the disasters of the first day at Shiloh, when Sherman earned his first laurels, it was Grant who was not taken by surprise. After the exhausting weeks at Vicksburg, his only reply to a request for negotiation was, "My terms are unconditional surrender." Upon his appointment as Lieutenant General and commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, being asked by President Lincoln, "What is next to be done?" he quietly replied, "Destroy Lee's army and take Richmond." And when the trials of that long and weary and bloody campaign through the Wilderness pressed upon him, he sturdily remarked, "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." "All men are created equal," said Jefferson. "The Union must and shall be preserved," said Jackson. "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," said Grant; and "on that line" the equality of all men was established and the Union was preserved.

Let it never again be said of him that "he has made no utterance worth remembering, as was done by Jefferson and Jackson," when he has given force and value to their words as well as to his own.

The statesmanship of Gen. Grant is the statesmanship of common sense and common honesty. In his last message, with what confidence in the untiring industry of the American people he bases his views of finance upon the development of our resources! It is an honest man endeavoring to pay his debts. With what sincerity he calls upon the reluctant States to return to the Union, with citizenship in one hand and the ballot-box in the other! How honorably he reminds Great Britain that in adjusting our war claims she must regard our honor as well as our pockets!

We were told by Judge Hoar, in his New England speech in New York, in 1869, that Gen. Grant's last words to him, but a few days previous, were, "I hope to see the time when everywhere in this country every man may follow his lawful business where he pleases, and may express his opinion on all subjects, and give his vote as he likes, and have it counted without being molested or insulted for it. Then, if we can all unite in maintaining public faith and credit, our political differences will not be of much account." And remembering the genius of the Pilgrim Commonwealth, the great inspiration of our country, well did Judge Hoar add, "President Grant is not in the exact sense of the word a New England man, but he belongs to the glorified New England which is spreading over the continent."—*G. B. Loring, in Old and New.*

Dolly Varden.

The Chicago *Post* has the following take-off on the habit of Dolly Vardening everything. The editor is evidently disgusted:

"There was once a little girl named Dolly Varden. Her mamma was a good mamma, but her papa had a Dolly Varden nose, produced by drinking to many Dolly Varden cocktails at the Dolly Varden saloon, round the corner, and he used to neglect his family. One time when her ma asked him for a dollar (averring that she had not had a farthing from him for three weeks) to buy a Dolly Varden for their little daughter, the brutal man refused, and put a Dolly Varden around her ma's left eye. Well, one day, Dolly Varden dressed herself in her very best, had her hair done up in Dolly Varden style, put on her Dolly Varden hat, and her Dolly Varden boots, and her lovely new Dolly Varden, and went out for a walk. She went into a confectioner's to buy some Dolly Varden caramels. While there she saw in the Indianapolis *Evening Journal* a column of "Dolly Varden Notes," and stopped to read the paper. This apparently trivial circumstance cost her her life. As she passed down the street, she came to a dry goods house where a painter was lettering a sign over the third story window, "Dolly Vardens of all kinds." He turned round on the scaffold to look at a Dolly Varden circus horse which was passing in John Robinson's great show, lost his balance, falling to the ground. No, not to the ground, but upon Miss Dolly Varden, who was passing beneath. Her sweet Dolly Varden parasol was no protection against his falling body, and she was dashed to the earth, her lovely Dolly Varden bespattered with his brains. She was at once conveyed home, and the sad news was telegraphed to her pa, who was at Cincinnati, a delegate to the Dolley Varden convention."

An interesting literary relic is announced for sale in London. It is Oliver Goldsmith's "Political View of the Present War with America upon Great Britain, France, Prussia, Germany, and Holland," an original autograph manuscript, forty pages folio, believed to be unpublised, which came from the library of Isaac Reed, to whom it was presented by George Stevens, who had it from Hamilton the printer. Mr. Hawes' account of Goldsmith's use of James' powders in his last illness, which was printed in 1774, accompanies the manuscript.

It is estimated that during the last five centuries, more than $50,000,000 worth of real estate has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachments of the sea. A number of villages and towns which used to be set down on the old maps have entirely disappeared.

Balzac says: Love is to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.

[*From the Toledo Blade.*]

THE NASBY LETTERS.

Mr. Nasby Dreams a Dream, in which the Future of a "Great and Good" Man is Foreshadowed.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY.)
May, 24, 1872.

I am gittin old, and am feelin my years. Time wuz when ten or a dozen drinks more than yoosual didn't make any difference with me, but it's quite different now. It tells on my old body, and I hev to be gardid.

We hed a ratificashen meetin last nite, at wich I did indulge more tiian I shood, and I fell asleep in a cheer at Bascom's, and dreamed a dream.

In my dream I saw a high, elevated plain, bounded on three sides by a steep, precipitus bluff. On the top uv that plain, (wich a plea-ant and breezy place it wuz,) and back somewat from the edge of the precipiss, stood the bildin wich is the Mecca to wich all Dimocrats hev bin turnin ther eyes for the past 12 years, the White House. On the very edge uv the precipiss wuz a groop uv individooals wich I hed no difficulty in identifyin. Ther wuz Grant and Colfax, and around em stood Morton, Butler, Sherman, Shellabarger, and a thousand others uv sich, while just over ther heds ther wuz a floatin in the air the sperits uv Washinton, Adams, Jefferson, Linkin, and all uv them deceest individooals wich wood hev sympathized with the Republikin party, ef the hed continyood in the flesh.

Down at the foot uv this precipiss, ther wuz a low, swampy, marshy deestrik, the most uncomfortable seckshun uv kentry I ever see. The ground wuz full uv cess-pools, uv quagmires and quick-sands. Ther wuz bones uv niggers scattered all over it—ther wuz rooins uv old skool-houses; ther wuz groseries and s'loons scattered about it in wild profooshen; ther wuz broken printin presses; and the cheerful gallows-tree on wich John Brown hed bin hung, wuz distinctly visible. Attempts hed bin apparently made to kiver up the burnt skool-houses and broken printin presses and the gallows with resolooshens, but the kiverin wuz too thin, and they showed throo very plainly. This spot wuz tenanted by Boss Tweed and Hofman, surrounded with Connolly, Oakey Hall, and all uv them fellers, and over ther heads wuz the gosts uv Wigfall, Yancey, and Benedict Arnold. I thot I saw His Majesty, Satan the I., sailin about with the gost uv Yancey, but it mite hev bin some one else. Ther wuz one quicksand marked wher Seward went down—in a very bad smellin pool Chase wuz floatin about on a board marked "Supreem Bench," makin feeble attempts to land somewher. Ther wuz a few solid spots uv ground, Noo York, Kentucky and Maryland, and on them the live men wuz standin. From this unpromisin locality ther wuz a path up to the hites above; but it wuz narrer, broken, crooked and steep; and besides that, the passage from the lower to the higher region wuz desprately opposed by the array uv men who okkepied it.

I noticed that the party on the bluff all wore a sad expreshun. The gost uv Linkin let fall a sperit tear, and Grant and Morton lookt ez sad ez tho they wuz losin ther fathers. Colfax, in pertikeler, seemed inconsolable, and wuz a tarin his hair with greef. Curious to know wat it wuz that wuz causin all this commoshun, I shifted my posishen, so ez to git a view uv the entire arrangment, and I saw it to wunst. Tweed and Hofman hed histed up a long ladder to the top uv the rock, wich wuz really a curiossity. The sides wuz made out uv hickory campane poles, wich hed done servis from the time uv Poke down to Seemore; and the rounds wuz spokes from the wheels uv Confedrit cannon. The ladder wuz labelled "Cincinnati," and the rounds "sivil servis reform," "one-term," and so on. Hofman and Connolly wuz a holdin the feet uv the ladder steddy, and Boss Tweed stood by em, holdin out a scroll labelled "Presidency." On the top uv the bluff stood Horris Greeley, clothed in glory, and perfectly radiant in his attire. His old hed wuz crowned with laurels—in fact, he wuz a walkin arbor uv em. He hed one foot on the first round uv the ladder.

"Come back!" shoutid Colfax.

"Come to us!" shoutid the crowd below.

"Come back to yoor frends, yoo idiot!" sed Morton.

"Come to us, and yoo shell hev this!" sed Tweed, flantin the scroll.

That settled him. His face changed from the innocence uv the lam to the hungry eagernis uv the wolf, and down he went. He made a misstep and parshelly fell, nockin off all his laurels, His appearance changed. The ladder hed bin ruffly made, and wuz full uv splinters. His ekal rites cloak caught on one uv em, and wuz tore off. A nail hed on the next round stripped off his proteckshen coat; another on the next nockt his anfi-corrupshen vest into smithereens; his sivil rites pants wuz taken off by the next; and by the time he got to the fourth, he wuz divested uv everything under hevens wich made him sizable, and stood ther shivern in the wind, a mizable, deformed, weak, shaky, diminutive, shrunken man, with nothin under Heven remarkable about him but his white hat, and the fact that he hed one boot and one shoe on.

Tweed and his frends saw this shrinkin process goin on, ez he approached em, and they become alarmed.

"Good Lord!" sed Okey Hall, "ef he ain't any bigger and more muskeler than he looks now, we cant make any yoose uv him. He'll never be strong enuff to pull us out uv this!"

Them on the bluff wich hed regardid his departure with sich looks uv sadness, bust out into peels uv lafture.

"Ther ain't a hundredth part ez much uv him ez we sposed," shoutid they. "We've nothin to fear from him!" and they laffed vociferously at the ridikulous figger he wuz a makin uv hisself.

All this time Horris wuz a standin on the One Term round uv the ladder, wich wuz the thinnest uv all uv em.

"Come down to us!" shoutid Tweed.

"I can't go any further down than this" replied Horris, shudderin ez he saw the plite he wuz in.

Wherupon Tweed and Hall and the others run up the ladder to support him. They wuz drippin with the nastiness from the slum below, wich fairly kivered the poor old man ez they rubbed agin him. Then they throwd upon him a Tammany banner and a Confedrit flag. To keep him stiddy, both uv em run up the ladder and got on the same round. Sam. Sinclair, John Cochran, and sum others come down close behind him to assist, and the yoonited wate wuz too much. The ladder broke in two, and Tweed, Hofman, Greeley, Sinclair, *Triboon* and all, plunged into the quagmire. Ther wuz a splash, a gurgle or two, and the entire bilin uv em sunk out uv site.

The splash awoke me, and I meditated a haff hour over the singler dream, afore takin another drink and goin home. "Kin it be," thot I, "that all ther is in Horris is his Republikinism?" It hez trooly bin so with all our venchers. Chase comes to us, but when he stepped over the line, he left all his strength behind. Seward, insted uv bein a help to us, proved to be a load to carry. Hev we taken Horris to our buzzums, only to find him a helpless ded wate, to be carried, insted uv a Giant, strong enuff to carry us? Is this dream profetic? Is the Cincinnati ladder too weak to hold Greeley and us uns, and will it brake down with our yoonited wate? I fear me.

And pensively I dreaned my glass, and carelessly goin throo the regler form uv tellin Bascom to mark it down, went sadly home. I fear me the day uv our deliverance isn't yit at hand.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.)

Old Ships.

There is a ship now sailing from Holland built in 1568, when the Prince of Orange was fighting Philip II. of Spain, then at the zenith of his power. She was sailing to the Indies when the Hollanders organized themselves into the "Beggars of the Sea," and as privateersmen earned a reputation which astonished the world. This Dutch ship is called the "Commissaries des Koning von der Heine." She passed the Cape of Good Hope October, 1864, from Batavia for Holland, then 294 years old. A few numbers back in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* is a notice that the whale-ship Rousseau, (another of Stephen Girard's ships, built at Philadelphia in 1801,) was then undergoing repairs at New Bedford. Her planking is being removed, the first time for seventy years. The live-oak timbers underneath are reported to be as sound as they were the day they were first put together.

There is never a man so bad, says a celebrated writer, but some woman loves him, and has faith in him.

LOOKING BACK.

This is the old farm-house,
With its deep, rose-tangled porch,
Where hover and rise white butterflies,
And honey-bees hold debauch.
Oh, many a time and oft,
In the dear, familiar croft,
With a lifted eye to the Summer sky,
I have followed the lark aloft!
And my heart, my heart flies back
On the dead years' shadowy track;
And now in the lane, on a loaded wain,
I'm a happy and hot little boy again!

Just such a windless noon
As this, in a buried June,
When the scented hay in the meadow lay,
And the thrushes were all in tune,
On the staggering load I exultant rode,
And the red-faced wagoner "wey'd" and "woa'd,"
Long ago, in a buried June!

Days when to breathe was bliss,
Perfect, and pure, and strong;
No pulse of the heart amiss,
No beat of the brain-work wrong;
When care was a word, and love an absurd
Fabrication of story and song.

Is it so long ago,
This life of color and light?
Will it not show some after-glow,
Ere the day dips into the night?
O, youth, have ye left me quite?
O, years, have ye dimmed my sight?
Lo! the light is shade, and the colors fade,
And the day dips into the night.

GREELEY IN CLICHY.

An Amusing Account of Horace's Arrest in Paris and Lodgment in Clichy.

One sunny summer's afternoon, nearly twenty years since, in beautiful Paris, we were dressing for a dinner party. We had progressed leisurely so far as the immaculate linen, the buff-colored pantaloons with the broad gold braid running the length of each leg, and the patent leather boots, when further adornment was arrested by a row upon the pavement in front of the Legation. Looking through the window we saw our valued friend, Horace Greeley, struggling in the hands of six ruffians, while a gathering crowd looked on with the quiet indifference so peculiar to the French.

We labor under the delusion that the French are not excitable people. On the contrary, in all matters not referring directly to the spectators, they are the calmest lot ever known. When, for example, a short time subsequent to this, Pianori shot at the Emperor upon the Champs Elysees, and escaped narrowly terminating the empire then and there, the citizens of Paris, who happened to witness the proposed revolution, shrugged their shoulders, and saying, "*Vraiment*," passed on. Americans, under these exciting circumstances, would have uttered great yells, and hastened to define by deeds their political positions. We, being American, became in one instant exceedingly excited, and declared ourselves then as now decidedly in favor of Greeley. Under the impulse of this excitement we did a foolish thing. We ran down without waiting to put on our diplomatic coat. Our deplomatic coat was an imposing affair. It had gold lace on the collar, gold lace on the cuffs, grapevines worked up the back, and bombshells on the swallow-tails in the same costly material. It was starred over with gold buttons. If we had now all the precious metal spread over that wonderful coat, reduced to coin or changed to currency, we would go to Welcker's and invest in one of John's supurb dinners. We regret the extravagance of those diplomatic days. It made us a career, and has been the cause of unfriendly comment ever since. Our officials of to-day are so economical and honest that the wild, boyish expenditure then of two thousand a year is a grave blemish upon us. We shall never recover from that.

But this takes us from our reminiscence of the next President.

It was not wise to rush into that conflict without our diplomatic coat. Could we have added the cocked hat with national tail feathers of the American rooster, it would have been well. The French mind respects the diplomatic position, being a civilized, a polite nation, and finds in the clothes thereunto belonging conclusive evidence of mysterious powers. Now our diplomacy did not get beyond the legs. From the feet to the waist we were in the eyes of Paris a diplomatic power. From the waist up we were only a private citizen. We might have kicked a French official, but he in return, while respecting our diplomatic legs, could have punched our unofficial head.

We have never ceased to regret this false move on our part. Oh! if we had only put on that coat, what different results would now go to make up the Recollections of a Busy Life and the history of the world. As it was, our arrival upon the scene did not have the effect it ought to have had. The French myrmidons did not fall back in respectful awe before us. Not much. They only went on more vigorously with their infamous work. This consisted in an attempt to get Mr. Greeley into a very common and disreputable *voiture*. Two stout Frenchmen were swung each to the great journalist's arms, and he held back in the most bashful and diffident manner. The six Parisians were all talking at once in the purest French. Mr. Greeley was responding in the purest English—that is, interspersed with some profane language, on which he was, and is, a consummate master. We recollect he called these officials "damned hogs," showing at the moment his agricultural turn. We did not suggest at the time that he had better translate that into "*mandit cochon*," and so touch the souls of the *miserables*, as the hour for discussion had passed, and that of action arrived. We shook off one of the assailants, and interposed our diplomatic person between our journalistic friend and his other enemy, and while doing so we cried:

"Run into the bureau, Mr. Greeley—run!"

We knew that if he once took sanctuary in that way, he would stand as it were upon the sacred soil of free America, and could bid the minions of an effete despotism defiance. But he would not, this infatuated quill driver, take the hint.

"What must I run for?" he demanded in his querulous, shrill voice. "I have done nothing to run from; only asked these damned scoundrels what they want."

We did not believe our guileless friend; we must say that we did not put a particle of confidence in his assertions of innocence. We believed he had committed murder. From reading Mr. Greeley's editorials we had been impressed with the belief that he was capable of great violence. We thought then that he had got into controversy with some poor Frenchman on the tariff, and had assassinated him because of the difficulty of making himself understood. Mr. Greeley is troubled with this, and gets very violent when the fit is on him.

We continued our friendly efforts in his behalf. Not wishing to accompany our dear friend to prison when we were expected to a charming dinner, we did not murder the six assailants; we did not even knock them down, but we did make it very lively for them, and gave Mr. Greeley several excellent chances to escape. He declined accepting them, and knowing that we would be too late for dinner, we desisted at last, and through our tears saw the old white hat and venerable coat chucked by the ruffians into that vulgar *voiture*, where two sat by him and one on him. The dirty vehicle was driven away with such violence that the horse actually took fright, and for the first time in the history of Paris a horse of this sort ran away. It was not much of a run, but so amazed the driver that he lost his head and let the crazy animal collide with one of the trees in the Champs Elysees, when the *Tribune* and the officers were all spilled out.

The Police of Paris are world-famous for their efficiency, and on this occasion they arrested the *voiture* and driver and marched them off, leaving the officers and prisoner to find another vehicle to carry them to the debtors' prison, known as Clichy.

All this occurred on Saturday afternoon, and I learned that night the meaning of it. It seemed that at the World's Exposition, held in New York a few years before this event, the directors, wishing to encourage the concern, pledged themselves to not only return safely the articles not sold, but pay for transportation of the same. This encouraged a French artist to send a life-size statue of Venus de Medicis, but whether in marble or plaster we fail to remember. All French artists indulge in Venuses, and this one came to grief. The Exposition proved a failure, the transportation was not paid, and worse, yet, the Venus de Medicis had her nose knocked. Now the Venus in Paris with a damaged nose is common, but not attractive, and the indignant artist wanted pay for the same. He did not get pay to any great extent, and, learning that Mr. Greeley, one of the directors, was in Paris, the artistic stone-cutter had him arrested late on Saturday afternoon, so as to incarcerate him in prison until Monday at least, believing that the free-born American would pay the amount rather than submit to the outrage. He mistook his man.

We left that little dinner party at an early hour. We saw Judge Mason and secured his efforts in behalf of the imprisoned journalist, although it was graced with certain hard language embraced in one sentence, to the effect that said, "Greeley was a black abolition son of a female dog," or words to that effect. We had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I must say for my chief, that he stated the case with much earnest force, so much indeed, that Mr. Greeley's release was promptly ordered, and, on Monday, the able journalist came out a free man.—*Washington Capital.*

A SAILOR'S YARN.

The Arabain Nights Again—Scheherezade Returns to Life in the Person of an Old Sea Captain.

MELBOURNE, Australia, March 1.—One day last week there arrived at this city the ship Althea, which, during the past three years, had been cruising about in many waters in the Atlantic, Southern and Indian occeans. Her original crew had been forty-five men, but she came to this port with only twenty-eight. Of the original number seventeen had died. She is owned in Australia by the house of Messrs. Allen & Brothers, by whom she was sent out on an experimental voyage to traffic with natives in various places, and for other business purposes. The captain of the Althea is a man of fifty years of age or thereabouts, and a fine specimen of the skipper, and with full round face, lined with a read beard, and with the eyes of a lion. At present he is the very picture of health, and certainly, to see his manly bearing and honest ways, no one would dream that he would wilfully spin a sailor's yarn for the sake of getting people to believe a lie; and, so far as outward appearance goes, it would take a great practitioner of psychological medicine to detect any marks of insanity about him. Yet Capt. Arlington (for such is his name) tells a strange story, and one worth hearing. I therefore send you an account of it, thinking that it may interest your readers.

The only part of this narrative which is of immediate interest to the public is the account of what took place during the last nine months, during part of which the Althea was in the Indian and Southern oceans, and to this alone attention is called. In November last the vessel was near Madagascar, and, in doubling Cape St. Mary, the southernmost point of the island, the watch suddenly noticed what seemed a dense black cloud hovering in the air and apparently making directly for the ship. In anticipation of a gale, such as is common in the Indian Ocean, the sails were instantly furled and all things made ready for the storm. But the cloud came on, steadily preceded by a deafening din, and in about twenty minutes it dissolved into a perfect rain of swarming flies which settled down upon the ship, where they were packed as densely upon each other as were the pigeons in South America, which Audubon describes. They bit and stung and buzzed till the men were almost crazed, but all hands were instantly piped to clean the decks and shovel the plague into the sea.

They worked for about three hours, slashing and mashing and hammering the flies; but so great was the weight added to the ship that she was still in danger of foundering, when, luckily for them, a mighty wind swept down from the Red mountains and blew all the pests away. The sailors, who did not know what to make of the affair, and were growing superstitions about it, wished insantly to leave the track they were pursuing, and which was towards the mouth of Sofala river in Mozambique; but the captain refused to accede to their request. For days they proceeded on their path across Mozambique channel, seeing no more of the flies until they were within about four days' sail of Sofala, when for a whole day their keel ran through miles of the rotting carcases of these insects, which filled the air with a horrible and loathsome stench. Eight of the men were taken sick and five of them died, their corpses being covered with pustules somewhat resembling those of small pox, but looking more malignant, while a yellowish green ichor distilled from them, even in death. The men were on the verge of mutiny, but there was nothing for them to do but to sail on, for now they had come to clear water, and evidently it would not do to sail over the course again. At last they reached Sofala, the inhabitants of which they found suffering from a loathsome and most malignant type of small pox, which had long raged in the interior, and which physicians held had been propagated by enormous swarms of flies which had been bred and propagated in the unburied and rotting carcases of victims which lay broiling in the sun in that vast and almost unknown interior. They held, too, that not only did the flies themselves reek with the virus, but when they settled on a victim their pulvili, which are beset with numerous hairs, and act as suckers, sucked up the virus, and then whoever they afterwards settled upon was inoculated. The Althea sailed away, all of its crew being reduced to the extremity of fear, although none of them at the time were taken down with the disease; for on the sickness of the eight men, five of whom had already died, and the other three of whom soon followed, the surgeon had vaccinated them all. Thus far Captain Arlington's story had seemed horrible enough, yet it might be true; but for that which followed I was wholly unprepared, and think that the captain must have gone mad. The Althea sailed away northward towards the Comoro Islands, every day or two running through layers of the rotting flies; the crew again became sick and half crazy, and were reduced almost to skeletons; half of them only were made to do duty for ten hours at a time, while the rest were confined in the disinfected hold, where the surgeon, by means of some chemicals, made them breathe air surcharged with oxygen, under the influence of which they came to eat well and sleep well, but their nervous system deteriorated, and they became more and more insane. For some reason or other the Comoro Islands seem to be free from this pestilence, and here the crew remained for three weeks, during which time they were greatly recuperated. Then they determined at last to get away from the horror as soon as possible, and set about to return homewards. But they went back to Madagascar, stopping midway between Cape Ambro and St. Andrew. Here the trees and shrubbery for great areas were covered and absolutely weighed down with enormous black flies, some of which were as large as bumble bees, and occasionally vast clouds of them would whiz through the air, and going down to the shore, would settle on the ship. What they lived on was the mystery, for already they had stripped the trees of leaves. Sometimes a limb loaded with them would fall and crush myriads of them to to death, and the ground was covered with dense black masses of their decaying bodies, which festered there and filled the air with the most loathsome stench. One realized what the plague of flies which once afflicted Egypt must have been. They intended to set sail, but the wind came up blowing with almost hurrican violence from the West, and they found it utterly impossible to leave the place; but the wind relieved them of the urgent necessity of doing so, for as they were on the West side of the island, the wind blowing away towards the East, blew the stench and the flies off towards the mountains. Here six men were taken ill, but with no small pox symptoms, their malady being of an intensely enervating nature, and making them nervous and excitable to a degree. Four of them became insane and jumped overboard. After the gale had continued for about a week, its violence abated, and as the pure air had done much to recuperate the men, their despair gave away to hope. They set sail toward the north, and were driven by a gale toward the Seychette Islands, where they finally got rid of the plague, and after much stress of weather finally reached Melbourne, five more of the men having died on the passage. The captain himself was ill, but soon recovered, and this is the tale he tells. What seems to me the most dreadful suggestion in it is that small pox and other diseases of a contagious nature may be propagated by flies, against which insect there seems to be no protection. They devour all manner of filth and diseased bodies, the particles of which stick within their hooked feet, by which they may be inserted in the human flesh. The enormous quantities of them which are spoken of need not be incredible to him who believes the biblical account of the plague of flies in Egypt in the days of Moses.—*Correspondence New York World.*

"THE BOYS."

"The boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural hostess said,
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances,
Full of vague, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country boys?

Waking one with loud hallooing,
Early every Summer day;
Shooting, robbing, teasing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away.

Stumbling over trailing flounces;
Thumbing volumes gold and blue;
Clamoring for sugar dainties;
Tracking earth the passage through.

These, and other kindred trials,
Fancied we, with woful sigh;
"Those boys, those horrid boys, to-morrow!"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I wrote these lines one happy Summer;
To-day I smile to read them o'er,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came—"the boys!"—six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men;
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's word again.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may to you and I.

To her no line comes, sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went;
Nor when the eye-glance, upward turning,
Levelled at last their downward bent.

Now by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.

Always she speaks, in gentle fashion,
About "my boys"—she always will;
Though one is gray, and one is vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

A National Convention of delegates representing one of the great political parties of a republic like ours, called to nominate a candidate for President, is always interesting. No other country presents such a spectacle. The best ability is assembled. The sages and statesmen and the young men of the party take part in the deliberations, which are frequently interrupted by high excitement, and made historical by electrical displays of oratory. The vindication by Judge Holt, of Kentucky, of the character of Richard M. Johnson, in the National Convention at Baltimore, thirty-six years ago, was a magnificent burst of eloquence. I read it in Greeley's *New Yorker* of that day, which spoke of it as a gem of finished rhetoric. The white-haired statesman who rides along Pennsylvania avenue every morning, on his way to the office of the Judge Advocate-General, is the same Joseph Holt whose youthful appearance and splendid argument thrilled the people in 1836. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, was another of the bright lights of the Democratic National Convention, and was a captivating speaker, and, like most of the school of extreme Southerners, exceedingly courteous and refined. Never shall I forget the debate between Benjamin F. Butler, Mr. Van Buren's Ex-Attorney-General, and Robert J. Walker, senator in Congress from Mississippi, in the Convention of 1844, on the two thirds rule. Van Buren, defeated in 1840 by Harrison, was again a candidate for the nomination, but he had faltered on the annexation of Texas, and though he had a clear majority of the delegates, the adoption of the two-thirds rule ruined his prospects. Butler was no match for the keen little Senatorial Saladin, and when he rose to reply the House had already been conquered by the logic of his adversary. That convention was James Buchanan's first appearance as an aspirant for President, and had he remained in the field he would assuredly have been the candidate against Mr. Clay. Polk was an accidental selection, and was never dreamed of till the conflict made a compromise necessary. In 1848 Van Buren's men took ample revenge by running him as a volunteer candidate for President, and so defeating Cass and electing Taylor. Buchanan's adherents were on the ground, but he had contrived to lose the friendship of many of the leading men of Pennsylvania, and was coldly jostled off the track. In that convention Preston King was the Van Buren leader, backed by David Wilmot, and when New York seceded the doom of the party was sounded. Daniel S. Dickinson headed the New York Hunkers, and took strong ground against the Little Magician, as Van Buren was called. King was cool, calm, and resolved, Dickinson witty and sarcastic, Wilmot aggressive and defiant. In 1852 Mr. Buchanan was again presented and defeated, Frank Pierce, another Accident, winning the prize. That year sounded the death-knell of the old Whig party. Rufus Choate was present in the Whig National Convention as the champion of Daniel Webster, and made a speech of marvelous force and beauty in his support, but in vain. The politicians wanted an Availability, and got him in Gen. Scott, who was overthrown in November by the Democrats. On the fourth trial, in 1856, Mr. Buchanan was successful at Cincinnati, because of his supposed identity with the sentiment in favor of making Kansas a free State. That event lost Judge Douglas his chance. He was taken to Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and there defrauded in advance of his more deliberate slaughter at the adjourned convention in Baltimore. Young Breckinridge was the candidate of the extremists in that year, a curious sequel in a life which opened in 1851, in Congress, in avowed sympathy with the anti-slavery idea.

Henry A. Wise, in his late work on John Tyler, reveals a picture of the disappointed ambition of Henry Clay, when in 1840 he failed of the Whig nomination, and when he could easily have defeated Van Buren. Alas! his fate had been the fate of many. Crawford, Calhoun, Cass, Douglas, all felt the same sharp sting before they were called away, and even some of those who won the golden bauble lived to find it a barren sceptre. A candidate for President soon realizes the value of political fealty, and I have often thought that in the nervous struggle for that high honor even the best men looses faith in others, and forgets his own obligations in his distrust of his supporters. The vast patronage of the office, and the vexations and heart burnings of those who seek places, open a wide avenue to intrigue and deception. And yet, as a general thing, the conventions of the past have not been disgraced by corruption. Douglas was undoubtedly juggled in 1860, but there was no direct use of money. He was simply overborne by the South. Lincoln was fairly chosen by the Republicans that year, but not until Mr. Seward had come to grief by having been compelled to drink of the bitter cup drained before by Cass, Webster and Clay.

As population increases and the Government grows more and more imperial, these quadrennial National Conventions become intensely important. It is no longer a question that they are the best method for choosing Presidential candidates, and the fierce struggle for the control of the Government is itself one of the strong points in our system. That which adjourned in Cincinnati on Friday was more like a great town meeting than a National Convention, but its work will be felt far and near. Among the characters most talked about in that body is Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania. He is in the prime of life, about forty-three, of herculean frame, at least six feet two, winning address, and great powers of endurance. His career has been full of incident. Beginning life poor, as a country printer, he afterwards studied law, and soon became a Whig leader. He is a consummate newspaper writer and a fine speaker. Bold, dashing, resolute, and full of resources, he is a valuable friend and a dangerous foe. Among all the diversified elements of the Cincinnati gathering there was no one man, not even Carl Schurz, who had a better knowledge of public men and manners than McClure. I say this the more freely because I think he has committed an irreparable mistake in opposing President Grant's re-election; but, as he owns himself, I presume he best knows what he is about.

The Duke of Willington was not far out of the way, when he said high interest was another name for poor security.

Whipple says that the minister's brain is often the "poor-box" of the church.