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[From the Independent.]

THE OLD PARSON.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

In antique-fashioned coat and wig
Along the road the aged preacher
Goes slowly jogging in his gig,
A homespun saint in garb and feature.
He has a smile or kindly speech
Alike for rich and poor and each
Wild youth no sermon yet could reach.
"For all are better than their deeds,
And Heaven is kinder than our creeds,"
Thinks the old parson.

Not now the schoolboys, hat in hand,
And pinafored and pretty lasses,
In rows upon the roadside stand
And make their manners when he passes,
As the good custom used to be
In days when he was young; but he
Likes better, simple soul, to see
The smile that lights each roguish eye
And rosy face as he rides by,
The dear old parson.

Though many a stop he makes, you'll find
His welcome presence longest lingers
In yonder cottage-room behind
The honeysuckles and syringas,
Where all the lovely summer lies
The crippled girl, with yearning eyes
Turned outward to the flowers and skies.
Few come to soothe her loneliness,
And so good cause has she to bless
The kind old parson.

When friends fall out, before the gate
The gig turns up, he hitches sorrel—
Love enters in the house of Hate.
He takes the hands of them that quarrel,
And says: "Forgive! forgive! and then,
If need there be, forgive again,
And still forgive and love! For men
Are always better than their deeds."
Such seeds he sows. Heaven bless the seeds
Sown by the parson!

His mission is to help and bless,
And the hard doctrines that he preaches
In words of joy and gentleness
Are hidden, like the stones in peaches.
His hearers' hearts are warmed and stirred.
"And yet he does not preach the Word!
His works are vain!" as late I heard,
With finger-shake and sapient air,
Two pert young ministers declare,
And blame the parson.

One said, "He likes a hand at whist."
And one, "He takes a glass at dinner,
And loves to counsel and assist
Better than to convert the sinner."
"Grave faults!" said both. But this I know:
The parson's life, as parsons go,
Is such that those who judge him so
Are hardly worthy to unloose
The buckles of his dusty shoes—
A rare old parson!

"He likes a joke too well by half."
And so he sets some hearts a-quaking,
As if, because his deacons laugh,
The pillars of the church were shaking!
"I never yet could learn," he says,
"Why rooted faith should flourish less
In broad, sunshiny cheerfulness
Than in the shadow of the tomb:
'Tis fear, not faith, that hugs the gloom."
Argues the parson.

He squares his thought by right good sense,
And does not dread the light of science.
His finest flowers of eloquence
Are just the common dandelions
And buttercups of daily speech;
And yet they say who hear him preach
That none so well as he can teach
The hope that lives, the love that burns,
Till even the careless skeptic turns
To heed the parson.

But, though he be not deeply versed
In modern oratoric graces,
The studied pause, the fervent burst,
The flower-embroidered commonplaces,
He treads no changeless narrow rounds
Of old belief, but far from bounds
His new Jerusalem he founds;
"For newer life brings larger needs
And truth outgrows our threadbare creeds,"
Says the wise parson.

Love's labors are his rest, and still
His friends will look, in pleasant weather,
To see him jogging by, until
His gig and he break down together.
Our friend is growing very old,
And rich in all the hoarded gold
Which hearts alone can have and hold:
"The riches that men leave behind
Are not the riches to my mind,"
Quoth the old parson.

He still will have the good he gave
When, all his earthly errands ended,
He who has stood by many a grave
Shall be by us in turn attended
To the last resting-place of clay;
Then, as we lay his form away,
We'll strew the sod with flowers, and say:
"The man was better than his deeds,
His heart was larger than our creeds,
Peace to the parson!"

PROMETHEUS.

BY CHIPS.

In one of the early numbers of the Homer [illegible]d, published by my friend Blackburn, who was then quite a young man, was announced the marriage of Titan Iapetus and Clymene Oceanus, parents of the gentle[men] named above. History repeats itself. The case of Prometheus history repeats [itsel]f in different ways, and therefore, to [spea]k classically, lies. Let us hasten to do justice before it is too late.

Prometheus never sat for a bust, or stood [for a] picture. He never had an ambrotype [take]n, nor took anything himself that did [not] belong to him; therefore his chiseled [im]age is not likely to obstruct any of our [pu]blic squares. I weep for this, because if [I] had Prometheus in marble, and had no [p]lace to put him, I would give him to the [c]ity, and have him unveiled and talked about, just as if he had been one of our own citizens, of whom we could be proud.

As was proper, Prometheus was the first born of his mother, and his name signifies forethought. This was a singular forethought of Clymene. The brother of Prometheus, who must have been younger, in view of the first born theory, was named Epimetheus, a name, singularly enough, denoting afterthought, as was Epi. to Clymene. Afterthought invented the class of people who weep for their sins, and are always wishing they had done something else.

These boys had their little troubles about marbles and kites. Prometheus was always doing some new thing to-morrow, while Epimetheus was satisfied to do the same old things yesterday. Forethought and Afterthought both, however, were united in abusing their brother Atlas. He was a common school Atlas, and none of the boys liked him. Atlas did not agree with Stanley. In fact he stooped so low the whole world got down on him, and in that position he may be seen to-day, working as a trade-mark for an insurance company.

"By Jupiter," said Professor Felton, "Prometheus was enabled to do many wonderful things." Jupiter was a god. There were many gods, and many kinds of gods in those days. Jupiter was not a good god. Prometheus was his butcher early in life and deceived him once in the division of a bull—putting the stomach and skin in one pile and the bones and fat in another. The slaughterhouse company took the fat and left the god on short rations. For this trick Jupiter planned revenge by withholding fire from mortals. Prometheus was cool enough to save some flame in a hollow tube. To him we are indebted for the warm blessing of heat. Think of a cheerless world without fire. No Metis burning at sea, no Chicago ruins, no Phoenix rising at Boston, no hot whisky punches, no firemen returning from fires set on Saturday nights cheering us with their sweet music, no nothing to make us think of a hereafter.

Prometheus had never been a burnt child, and did not dread the fire; but Jupiter soon made it too warm for him. The god tied him up where an eagle came and plucked out his liver. Now, the liver of Prometheus was of vital importance to him, and he made a liver complaint to Hercules, one of Jupiter's boys, who killed the eagle, and restored the liver to Prometheus, and to a healthy tone, without the aid of McLane's remedies. The liver restored touched Prometheus' heart. Jupiter was well pleased, also, as it made his son famous; but he resolved to punish mortals in a different way, and took from them the knowledge of the future, and proposed to wipe out all mankind and create an entirely new race, that should be everything in general and nothing in particular—a sort of unification race (like the party proposed in New Orleans as a new thing), warranted to live in harmony with all future mankind, provided the new comers had no sense of justice or right, no desires, wishes or ambitions of their own.

Prometheus came again to the front, and saved our race. He compromised, by letting Jupiter get away with a certain knowledge of the future, and invented blessed hope. In all the dark days that have come to us, since then, hope has worked well. It has held us to duty and labor that something better might come. It helped to make us suffer the ills we have, and gave shape to an indefinable future reward. That hope might go with reason, Prometheus taught his neighbors architecture, astronomy, mathematics, writing, Rarey's system of horsemanship, navigation, medicine, metal working, boxing and swimming without a master, roller skating, and such other fine arts as their gentle natures could grasp.

Like many another man who has worked for the good of future men, Prometheus called down upon his head the vengeance of the unjust god. Jupiter was a business god of the old style and wanted no improvements. He went for Prometheus again, and ordered his blacksmith, Mr. Vulcan Hephaestus, to chain him to a rock in Scythia. This was religiously done, in the presence of two clergymen, named Cratos and Bia. Bia did not drink and had the confidence of Jupiter.

On this rock, away from his friends, Prometheus suffered untold anguish. His life was spared, but he lost his liver again. This time the bird of freedom made free to drop it into Tartarus, a place indefinitely located and described as being as far below Hades as Heaven is above earth, where, by Jupiter, it was decreed to remain until some one volunteered to go for it. The condition of Prometheus was almost hopeless, but the man who invented hope could not despair, and his wonderful luck did not desert him. That man would have ruined Charley Howard, or any lottery company in existence, if he had had the policy to play.

As it was, Chiron, who was a star, and had been with Saturn, and the rings around that headlight, until disgusted, determined to go below, and at the same time to help Prometheus out of his trouble. Chiron was the most sensible suicidian on record. The average man who destroys himself destroys property, also, and benefits none save the coroner. Chiron was a hero. He went to Tartarus for a friend.

Prometheus, repaired again, became an altered man. He no longer sought to improve the race then existing. He went into business with Minerva, and designed a new kind of man to be made from mud. Minerva supplied the mud and Prometheus furnished the breath of life. Why Panopeus' mud was chosen as man material is not as clear as that article. Hesiodic legends say because it was dirt cheap; but pecuniary considerations seem beneath a man able to create, and a more probable reason is that Prometheus wished to construct a man without a liver.

At this point, regarding the life of Prometheus, history becomes obscure. The mud men shed no additional lustre upon his name. Many of them have descended to us, but they are not a success. Prometheus, in his day, was the light and life of the world. He has suffered more, and done more, and got less for it, than any man known. We owe him much. Let us drop a tear for his memory, wherever it is. Speaking of mud, "*Pulvis et umbra sumus*," and of Prometheus, "*quando ullum invenie-mus parem?*"—when shall we look upon his like again! Prometheus is dead.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

EFFECT OF SMALL THINGS.

BY BEVERLY.

God has created a most striking analogy between nature and man, and, as if to teach him the value of small things through their mighty results, every formation of earth is made up of minute particles. We look upon the vast mountain with its rock crowned head towering far up into the clouds, with its great, rugged, rock girt sides speaking, as it were, of everlasting strength, and are awed into silence by the grandeur of majestic proportions, yet think not to cull the one great lesson; i. e., that all is made up of insignificant particles. The ocean, vast type of eternity in its seeming boundlessness and unfathomableness, with all its mighty power for good and evil, is formed of globules so minute that they must be magnified to be seen. The clouds in their rolling majesty and soft, tender depths are formed of the same tiny globules. We look upon these and feel an infinite delight, but are not instructed, so prone is man to lose sight of small things in the presence of great ones. Nor is the power of small things in the mighty events of human life less evident than in nature; yet here, too, does man refuse to acknowledge the fact in his daily life with his fellow creatures, and goes on with little neglects, slight wrongs and petty vexations, never pausing to consider their weight in the aggregate, or the quivering heart strings they press upon; alike ignoring the fact that life's happiness and righteousness to God are made up of truth, justice, gentleness and kindness in all the little things of life. Man's inflated pride is so averse to small things that he neglects a thousand opportunities for making his life truly great, even when he would do well, and goes through almost a nonentity waiting for an opportunity of some grand deed or great work—that will not cost him too much—and far too often sinks into the earth which he has long cumbered, unhonored and unwept, save by a few whose lives have been so closely allied to his that they miss him even as we miss an evil that has been associated with our joys and sorrows.

A great joy comes to us, our ecstacy is delightful, we forget the duties of the day or feel uninclined for such little things while reveling in joy, and as our delight wanes, as all intense feeling must, we find duties accumulated, while others are past retrieve, with those dependent upon us out of humor with us, and vexed with ourselves we turn to duty with a heavy feeling of over taxation. But let regularity and order in small things, and kind gentleness, and sympathy, and tender affection regulate our relations with each other in all the little daily things of life, and annoyances are removed, petty trials vanish and sweet contentment crowns our lives with happiness, while health and freshness linger long.

A woeful affliction sweeps over us, and we are engulfed in sorrow and writhe in agony. Man's vitality can not bear this long, and nature instinctively arouses herself to cast off the crushing weight. A thousand and one petty annoyances crowd into our daily lives: no terrible symptoms place nature on the alert, and almost imperceptibly she yields to the slow, constant friction upon the main springs of life, and sickness and premature infirmity overtake us, if not an early death.

Nowhere are small things so potent for good or evil as in all the relations of home—that world within a world, that nursery for the outer life, where men and women are prepared for broader walks and weightier responsibilities; nay, is it claiming too much to add, where they are reared for heaven or hell? Yet parents think little of passionate chastisement, every stroke of which is to the child but an angry revenge; think little of polite or convenient lies, every utterance of which is lightly and easily leading the child out into the vast arena of falsehood where his own purposes will be the only limit to his deception; think little of angry disputes before the children, who should find a unit in those appointed by God to the mutual work of training souls for time and eternity. Fathers who return to your homes to vent all the accumulated irritability of the day, think of the effect upon the hearts of your children; they are as quick to see injustice in you as in others, but far more apt to imitate it in you than in others, and oh, it is no light thing, no slight sin to add so wearing, so constant a friction to the overtaxed nerves of the woman you have sworn before God to love, protect and shield; and, oh! what woman does not know the weary aching of the heart when it receives reproof and angry retort, where it should have received commendation or sympathy! Perhaps not one in a hundred. Ye wives who harrass your husbands with wants beyond their means to gratify, think well of the power of daily worriment to estrange the heart and turn paradise into pandemonium. Remember what home should be to your children, and hush all undue wants into silence.

In city life, perhaps, the most responsible person outside of the home circle for home comforts is the landlord who builds houses apt to be rented by the genteel poor. It is remarkable in our city what little thought is given to the human creatures who may inhabit them; the only idea seems to be how little can a house be built for that will rent for so much; and perhaps no landlord who runs up a shell of a house, minus closets, pantries, sliding windows and closely fitting doors ever dreams that he is responsible only in a second degree for many of the derelictions of the wives and mothers who may dwell in them. No one but a woman can fully estimate how impossible it is to keep a well ordered house without proper places for everything, and in a disorderly house few women can be so self-controlled as to be at all times fit to govern her children and study her husband's wishes. Think of this, landlords, when building houses likely to be rented by the genteel poor; recognize a moral responsibility in building them, and spare not a few hundred at so weighty a cost to others—nay, to yourself, too.

Literary Incomes.

The *Graphic* says that the authors of this country who have made any money worth speaking of, are distinguished by their paucity. Those who are most eminent, unquestionably the best, have earned the least.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, universally acknowledged to be the most original, if not the profoundest, thinker in America or on the globe—one of the intellectual kings of the century—has not made, directly, by his books (and he has been studying and toiling ceaselessly for seventy years) at the most liberal estimate, over $30,000. If he had worked one fifth as hard and zealously at almost anything else, he would be in far better circumstances to-day.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the finest artists and rarest geniuses of his time, admired and loved wherever our language is read—and where is it not?—was poor all his life; would have come to positive want had nothing but his peerless books stood between him and his daily needs. He deemed himself fortunate when such a creation as the "House of the Seven Gables," or the "Scarlet Letter," or the "Marble Faun," yielded him $2000 to $5000. He gave the thought, the suffering, the experience, the culture of many years to each of his works, and behold his monetary reward! A single commercial transaction would have carried more dollars to his purse.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is independent in circumstances, for his poems are extremely popular on both sides of the sea. But he owes more to careful management of his affairs than to his muse, who has never brought to his exchequer much beyond $50,000.

James Russell Lowell, a master of the English tongue, a strong and lofty singer, second to none as a brilliant essayist, is indebted to other sources than his genius for the comfortable income he enjoys. He is aware literature keeps devotees on crusts, therefore he has long spaces in his wooing, and munches *pate de foie gras* instead.

William Cullen Bryant is often placed at the head of American bards, but his inspiration costs him unwearied pains, and fortune has been too kind to demand sacrifice of time and peace to the tuneful nine. His wealth comes from a prosaic source, the *Evening Post*, of which he is one of the principal owners. There are no hexameters in the *Post*, no Homeric smiles, no idyllic pictures; but its dividends are understood to be always regular and eminently satisfactory.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is a clever poet, a delicate humorist, a charming philosopher; and the poetry and humor and philosophy of his literary career lie in the fact that he need not look for bread in his inkstand. Poverty may be the nurse of genius; but she is a dry nurse at best.

Dr. Holland, neither above nor below the average appreciation, and, therefore, popular, is very comfortable in worldly goods. But he has not filled his coffers by "Bitter Sweets," or "Kathrinas," or "Bay Paths." He first clinked the coin while he was part owner of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*. He has a large interest in *Scribner's Monthly*, and $10,000 salary as superintendent of public schools. Consequently his ducats come from business, and his deniers from his bucolics.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a contemporaneous classic, is so fastidious and conscientious that he spends two months on a magazine article, and seldom earns by writing over $2500 a year.

James Parton, prince of biographers and a capital magazinist, can not count, from all sources, more than $5000 per annum.

George H. Boker has a private fortune.

Charles G. Leland depends on "Hans Breitman" and other vapidities only for his lager and pretzels.

Bret Harte refers to the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and the "Luck of Roaring Camp" for his guarantees of the future.

Edmund Clarence Stedman looks to Wall street for the meeting of both ends; Richard Henry Stoddard to the department of docks; Herman Melville to the customhouse; Mark Twain to his reputation as a theologian.

In truth, all literary men who have a bias in favor of living must live by other means than pure literature. To earn $5000 a year is the maximum for the best of us, and this requires a wear of nerves and strain of brain that may not be long endured.

There is a professor roaming about in the western part of the State teaching the art [of] money making. He makes as high as [tw]enty-five cents a night in some places, [sho]wing clearly that he is an adept in the [art].

IMPRISONED.

Lightly she lifts the large, pure, luminous shell,
Poises it in her strong and shapely hand,
"Listen," she says, "it has a tale to tell
Spoken in language you may understand."

Smiling, she holds it at my dreaming ear!
The old, delicious murmur of the sea
Steals like enchantment through me, and I hear
Voices like echoes of eternity.

She stirs it softly. Lo, another speech!
In one of its dim chambers, shut from sight,
Is sealed the water that has kissed the beach
Where the far Indian Ocean leaps in light.

Those laughing ripples, hidden evermore
In utter darkness plaintively repeat
Their lapsing on the glowing tropic shore
In melancholy whispers low and sweet.

O prisoned wave that may not see the sun!
O voice that never may be comforted!
You cannot break the web that fate has spun;
Out of your world are light and gladness fled.

The red dawn nevermore shall tremble far
Across the league of radiant brine to you;
You shall not sing to greet the evening star,
Nor dance exulting under heaven's clear blue.

Inexorably woven is the weft
That shrouds from you all joy but memory;
Only this tender, low lament is left
Of all the sumptuous splendor of the sea.
—Celia Thaxter, in July Atlantic.

GUELDEN'S LAST DRINK.

"I have traveled this road every day of my life, ever since it was laid, in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest and best engine on the line. It was a southwestern road, running as we will say from A to Z. At A my mother lived, and at Z I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby, the very image of its pa. I had always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of man. To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes, and heart, and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure, spinning yarns and listening to railway jokes in the round house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her 'Joe.'

"I never belonged to any of the railway clubs or other organizations, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failing of we men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters, if only permitted to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A. to Z. He had a good opinion of me and, as far as I know, we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"'You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Guelden.'

"'Never heard of it,' said I.

"'We meet once a fortnight,' he replied, 'and have a jolly good time. We want practical, thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you if you like.'

"I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have many nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe, I said:

"'I will ask her. If she likes it, yes.'

"'Ask whom?' he said.

"'Joe,' said I.

"'If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, "Can't spare you, my dear," and we should have had no club at all,' said Granby.

"But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"'I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it they must be superior men.'

"So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

"I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me, but coming to drink more of it than I had ever before at a club table, I found it to put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk, and after so many more I did.

"I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories, and even came to puns. I heard somebody say, 'Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

"I was sure of it when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me, with her baby on her breast.

"'You've been deceiving me,' said Joe; 'I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar-room.'

"'Which means that I do,' said I.

"'And look like one,' said Joe, as she locked herself and baby in the spare bedroom.

"One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"'Ned,' said she 'I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean; you know.

"'It's only club night,' said I.

"'It will grow,' said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"'Ned,' said she 'do you think a thing so much like a boxed and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away. Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.'

"My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"'Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again.'

"And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

"I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst. My hand trembled. I looked at my watch. I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

"Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught up my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"The San Francisco glistened in the sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-by. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"'Good-by, Kitty good-by, Lou,' I heard him say; 'don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together.'

"I said: 'We'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough.' I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We are off.

"Five hours from L. to D.: five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never guessed what it was until we had passed the train at the wrong place. Two minutes more, and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say, respectfully:

"'Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about!'

"Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question—

"How many miles an hour are we making?' I didn't know

"Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do—was it this or that—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

"Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung some where. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my work.

"The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead and dying and wounded were strewn around—men and women and children, old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead, and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering 'Murder!'

"The news had gone to A. and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two tiny children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish—they looked like—oh, heaven! they were my mother, my wife, my children—all cold and dead.

"How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair, I gazed on the good face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely cold face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name: there was no answer. There never could be—there never would be.

"A whistle! Great God! Onward up the track thundered another train! Its red eyes glared upon me; I threw myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

* * * * *

"'His head is extremely hot,' said somebody.

"I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"'How do you feel?' said she; 'a little better?'

"I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"'I must be crushed to pieces,' said I, for the train went over me; but I feel no pain."

"'There he goes about that train again,' said my wife.

"Why, I tried to move; there was nothing the matter with me. I was in my own room; opposite to me a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"'Joe,' I cried, 'tell me what has happened.'

"'It's nine o'clock,' said Joe. 'You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A. I suppose, and you have been frightening me half to death with your dreadful talk.'

"And Joe began to cry.

"It was only a dream: only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"'Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?' said I.

"'Are we heathens?' asked Joe.

"'Give it to me this moment, Joe.'

"She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took the oath (too solemn to be repeated here), that what had happened never should occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as it has often been, 'The engineer was drunk.'"

The Danbury Man on the Mississippi.

At Quincy I got my first view of the Mississippi river. I believe there is not an American but has some sort of an idea what the Mississippi river looks like, and has a vague impression that some time or other before he dies he will be permitted to see it. The Mississippi—what a word it is to chew ink—is an institution by itself. It is full of associations, both tragical and comic, and it is also full of mud. It has no banks to speak of. It is full of bars, and has a narrow and uncertain channel. These are matters we all hear at school, and see repeated in the papers, but we don't realize them until we get on the river itself.

The steamboats are flat-bottomed, and many of them carry the wheel at the stern. I think it is the stern. It is that part of the boat where, if it were a house, the slops would be thrown. The wheel is a cumbersome looking article, and to a casual observer the boat appears to have just climbed over it. I would give you a picture of the two were I not engaged in painting a view of the Rocky mountains at sunrise.

The river is much broader at this point than I expected to see it, but we can not always have things our own way in this world. The channel is about three feet deep opposite this place; I don't know the exact width of the river, but there is no doubt that the water is as thick as it is broad. The traveler should turn it over with his foot and so look at both sides of it. All was bustle at the dock when I got there. The boat was taking on its freight, and about thirty lively negroes and one very excited and awfully profane white man were doing the business. That white man was a study. He was the mate of the vessel and what he didn't know about rhetoric could be held upon the point of a knife blade by a nervous man. The thirty negroes had all they could well attend to to keep up with his new oaths, and roll on the casks. Without any cessation they bobbed from the boat to the shore, and from the shore back to the boat, and all the while that Mississippi elocutionist danced around and swore. When I got on board the boat I sat down on my baggage and watched that man.

Being a resident of New England, I thought I knew something of wickedness, but I was mistaken. The negroes were uniformly dressed in pants, shirt and hat. Some of the hats were ornamented with different colored ribbons; others again contained but a simple brass plate—the trade-mark of a retired fruit can. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most. They were driven like sheep, first to the shore then back to the boat. The least hesitation, the slightest misstep, was noted by the orator and promptly incorporated into his discourse. He could not have been more familiar were they his own fathers, which it is not likely they were.

After getting through at the dock the boat moved up to the coal-yard. The coal was brought on board in boxes with handles at each end. Each box contained two and a half bushels, and was carried by two men. Six hundred bushels were thus taken on. The same amount of bustle and vehemence occurred in this transaction. The men sweat like April and appeared to be ready to drop at every trip, but the mate hurled tonics at them and kept them up. When his throat got tired he used his boot, and used it in that whole-soled way peculiar to the Mississippi boatmen.

The negroes receive $1 a day and their victuals. I should think they would go to some city and get into a store.

Through the courtesy of the clerk I helped to occupy the pilothouse, and in this lofty perch got a splendid view of the river and the cinders. The shores are flat and covered with forests. When I grew tired of looking at them I looked at the pilot. There was a boat ahead of us which the captain was bound to overtake. The pilot didn't believe it could be done, because the boilers on our boat were old and weak, and could not possibly stand the pressure. This made me sick at the stomach, and so I climbed down out of the pilot-house, and immediately placed between me and those boilers all the territory I could get together.

Shortly we came to a cleared place on the west shore, in the middle of which stood a single house, the last survivor of Marion city. It was the groundwork for a city, and never did a city look fairer on paper. People came there and built places, and soon after the water in the river overflowed that point, and the inhabitants got up and dusted. No, not dusted, exactly; but they got by. They said they weren't naturally advocates of irrigation.

Only this house I speak of now stands to mark the ruins of the city. Where the former inhabitants now are I can not tell. I have not sworn to keep their whereabouts a secret, but it is understood, of course, that I am not to speak of it, and with a gentleman this is sufficient. But not with a lady.

There was no dock at Hannibal. There are very few docks along the Mississippi. The boats are so constructed as to run close up to the shore, and even upon the shore, and over a fence, if necessary. This hardly seems probable, and perhaps it isn't.

One of the wealthiest corporations on the face of the earth is the New River Company, which supplies a large part of London with water. One quarter of a share was sold the other day for £46,000, while the face value of a share is £1 only! Yet the projector of this corporation, scores of years ago, lost his fortune in the concern, and died in the workhouse; and several companies which took up the business successively failed.

THE VILLAGE DO-NOTHING.

Every New England village, if you only think of it, must have its do-nothing as regularly as it has its school house or meeting house. Nature is always wide awake in the matter of compensation. Work, thrift and industry are such an incessant steam power in Yankee life that society would burn itself out with intense friction were there not interposed here and there the lubricating power of a decided do-nothing—a man who won't be hurried, and won't work, and will take his ease in spite of the whole protest of his neighborhood to the contrary. And there is on the face of the whole earth no do-nothing whose softness, idleness, general inaptitude to labor and everlasting, universal shiftlessness can compare with that of this worthy as found in a brisk Yankee village.

Sam Lawson filled his post with ample honor in Oldtown. He was a fellow dear to the souls of all of "us boys" in the village, because, from the special nature of his position, he never had anything more pressing to do than croon and gossip with us. He was ready to spend hours in tinkering a boy's jack knife, or mending his skates; or start at the smallest notice to watch at a woodchuck's hole; or give incessant service in tending a dog's sprained paw. He was always on hand to go fishing with us on Saturday afternoons, and I have known him to sit hour after hour on the bank, surrounded by a troop of boys, baiting our hooks and taking off our fish. He was a soft-hearted old body, and the wriggling and contortions of our prey used to disturb his repose, so that it was a regular part of his work to kill the fish by breaking their necks when he took them from the hook.

"Why, lordy massy, boys," he would say, "I can't bear to see no kind of critter in torment. These 'ere pouts ain't to blame for bein' fish, and ye ought to put 'em out of their misery. Fish has their rights as well as any on us."

Sam was of respectable family, and not destitute of all education. He was an expert in at least five or six different kinds of handicraft, in all of which he had been pronounced by the knowing ones to be a capable workman, "if only he would stick to it." He had a blacksmith's shop; when the fit was on him, he would shoe a horse better than any man in the country. No one could supply a missing screw, or apply a timely brace, with more adroitness. He could mend cracked china so as to be almost as good as new; he could use carpenter's tools as well as a born carpenter, and would doctor a rheumatic door or a shaky window better than half the professional artisans in wood. No man could put a refractory clock to rights with more ingenuity than Sam—that is, if you would give him his time to be about it.

I shall never forget the wrath and dismay which he aroused in my Aunt Lois' mind by the leisurely way in which, after having taken our own venerable kitchen clock to pieces, and strewn the fragments all over the kitchen, he would roost over it in endless incubation, telling stories, entering into long-winded theological discussions, smoking pipes, and giving histories of all the other clocks, in Oldtown, with occasional memoirs of those in Needmore, the North Parish and Pordunk, as placidly indifferent to all her volleys of sarcasm and contempt, her stinging expostulations and philippics, as the sailing old moon is to the frisky barking of some puppy dog of earth.

"Why, ye see, Miss Lois," he would say, "clocks can't be druv; that's just what they can't. Some things can be druv, and then again, some things can't; and clocks is that kind. They're just got to be humored. Now this 'ere's a'mazin' good clock: give me my time on it, and I'll have it so it will keep straight on to the millennium."

"Millennium!" says Aunt Lois, with a sort of infinite contempt.

"Yes, the millennium," says Sam, letting fall his work in a contemplative manner. "That ere's an interesting topic, now. Parson Lothrop he don't think the millennium will last a thousand years. What's your 'pinion on that pint, Miss Lois?"

"My opinion is," said Aunt Lois, in her most nipping tones, "that if folks don't mind their own business, and do with their might what their hands find to do, the millennium won't come at all."

"Wal, you see, Miss Lois, it's just here—one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

"I should think you thought a day was a thousand years, the way you work," said Aunt Lois.

"Wal," says Sam, sitting down with his back to his desperate litter of wheels, weights and pendulums, and meditatively caressing his knee as he watched the sailing clouds in abstract meditation, "ye see ef a thing's ordained, why, it's got to be, ef you lift a finger. That ere's so, now, ain't it?"

"Sam Lawson, you are about the most aggravating creature I ever had to do with. Here you've got our clock all to pieces, and have been keeping up a perfect hurrah's nest in our kitchen for three days, and there you sit maundering and talking, with your back to your work, fussin' about the millennium, which is none of your business or mine, as I know of. Do either put that clock together or let it alone."

"Don't you be a grain uneasy, Miss Lois. Why, I'll have your clock all right in the end, but I can't be druv. Wal, I guess I'll take another spell on't to-morrow or Friday."

Poor Aunt Lois, horror-stricken, but seeing herself entirely in the hands of the imperturbable enemy, now essayed the task of conciliation. "Now, do, Lawson, just finish up this job, and I'll pay you down, right on the spot; and you need the money."

"I'd like to oblige ye, Miss Lois; but ye see money ain't everything in this world. Ef I work too long on one thing, my mind kind o' gives out, ye see; and beside I've got 'sponsibilities to tend to. There's Mrs. Captain Brown, she made me promise to come to-day and look at that nose o' that ere silver teapot o' hern; it's kind o' sprung a leak. And then I 'greed to split a little oven wood for the Widdah Pedee, that lives upon the Shelburn road. Must visit the widdahs in their affliction, Scriptur says. And there's Hepsey, she's allers a castin' it up at me that I don't do nothing for her and the chil'en, but then, lordy massy, Hepsy haint no sort o' patience. Why, jest this mornin' I was tellin' her to count up her marcies, and I 'clare for it, if I didn't think she'd a throwed the tongs at me. That 'ere woman's temper raily makes me consarned. Wal, good day, Miss Lois. I'll be along again to-morrow, or Friday, or the first o' next week." And away he went, with long, loose strides, down the village street, while the leisurely wail of an old fuguing tune floated back after him:

"Thy years are an
Eternal day,
Thy years are an
Eternal day."

"An eternal torment," said Aunt Lois with a snap. "I'm sure, if there's a mortal creature on this earth that I pity, it's Hepsy Lawson. Folks talk about her scolding—that Sam Lawson is enough to make the saints in Heaven fall from grace. And you can't do anything with him. It's like charging bayonet into a woolsack."—*Mrs. Stowe in Oldtown Folks.*

What's Your Name?

In illustration of the importance of good manners, a London paper recalls an instance which occurred at a Scotch telegraphic office some years ago. Lord Russell was the minister in attendance upon her majesty at Balmoral, and one evening there came a messenger to Aboyne—a little old man buried in a great coat—with a telegram from his lordship to one of his ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who, seeing that it did not bear a signature—it was in the days of the old companies, when a signature was necessary—threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command: "Put your name to it. It is a pity your master don't know how to send a telegram."

The name was added, and the message handed back.

"Why, you can't write either!" exclaimed the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavoring to make out the signature. "Here let me do it. What's your name?"

"My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell."

It was the veritable John himself, and the unhappy clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

Each of the little boys of the Mount Emory (Tennessee) Sabbath School plants twelve hills of corn, and each of the little girls sets one hen, and with the proceeds the school is supported in luxury.

LIVE OAK.

The Macon (Georgia) *Telegraph* says there are fields on the seaboard of that State which have been cleared over 100 years, and which still contain the numerous upright trunks of girdled live oaks, from which the sap wood long since has fallen. Bleached by the gales of old ocean, they remain as sentries on the coast, their giant arms standing rigidly forth, and oftentimes surmounted by the bald eagle's eyrie or the huge nests of fish hawks.

These live oak trees are so hard as almost to turn the edge of the keenest ax. To drive a nail into one of them is well nigh impossible. And even when prostrated by the hurricane and deeply imbedded in the yielding soil of the coast, they seem impervious to time and the attrition of the elements. They remain bleaching upon the earth just as they fell generations ago.

For shipbuilding, no material can compare with this description of timber. The knees and other portions of the frame of a man-of-war are fashioned by nature, the wood cutter having a drawing of each piece, and seeking its counterpart among the huge and wide spreading boughs of the monarch of the forest. The trunk of the live oak is of immense diameter, but seldom exceeds fifteen feet in height. At about that distance from the earth it shoots out gigantic branches many feet in circumference, and extending horizontally to a great distance. These limbs assume tortuous and various shapes, so that almost every angle is described by them. Hence the ability to procure the crooked knees so essential in the construction of a ship. The gnarled pieces of timber possess amazing strength and durability, and can stand any amount of straining and the heaviest sea.

A single live oak will sometimes cover one-fourth of an acre. With their deep green, delicate leaves, and the long festoons of gray moss draping their venerable forms, no more striking object in nature can be found. They produce an immense number of slender acorns about three-fourths of an inch in length, and quite palatable as an article of food. The live oak cutters of the government penetrate the densest thickets, and with their short club axes cut down these vast trees close to the ground with wonderful celerity. They then construct improvised corduroy roads of poles, and with the aid of oxen drag their dismembered prizes to the nearest water course, where they are hoisted on board the vessel or barge, as the case may be, and conveyed to deep water. So great is the specific gravity of this wood that it will sink to the bottom like a stone, and therefore can not be rafted as other timber.

The timber sells by the cubic foot, and commands high prices. On the coast of Georgia the general government owns one island called Blackbeard, which, in the early youth of the writer, was rented to several fishermen upon the condition that they sowed a small area of land with acorns of the live oak, and cultivated a plantation of young trees. This spot was the place, tradition declares, where the pirate, Captain Kidd, secreted his ill gotten treasure, and the whole island is thickly indented with the holes dug by credulous explorers.

Color and Civil Rights.

Times have changed since twelve years ago, when General Beauregard was besieging Fort Sumter. The rebel commander, who wanted to show no quarter to abolitionists, is now found presiding over a meeting at New Orleans which proposes to unify Louisiana by giving colored people equal rights in hotels and public conveyances. The days of the serfdom, the stone which Andrew Johnson wished to pass off on the freedmen in lieu of the bread of citizenship, has had an illegal existence in many a plantation, but is now passing away. Ku-Kluxism has ceased to exist as a widespread conspiracy. If the old ferocious spirit makes itself painfully apparent in certain districts and under certain circumstances, there is evidence enough that the wants of society and self-interest are overcoming the undying hate and cast prejudices of the ex-Confederates. We see no signs of a political and social millennium either in the immediate or more distant future. We do not think the whites of the South are more philanthropic than they were a decade ago. They are awakening, however, to the necessities of the situation. They dislike the changed condition of things, but being unable to remedy it, they are becoming sensible enough to accept their position and make the best of it.

The meeting, of which General Beauregard was president, may have been another foolish attempt to cure flagrant evils by smooth words, but it seems from the telegraphic work to have been something more and better. The State with its double and conflicting governments; the depressed condition of trade; the discouragement of the planting interest, all unite to hasten the completion of some form of reconciliation and settlement. The laws already provide for equal rights to whites and blacks, and where the latter have appealed to the courts they have usually been sustained in their claims. The class fight is then a contest with law and with the interests of society. The antipathy which the Southern white has cherished toward his dark skinned fellow-citizen is not so much one of race as of relation. He is galled at finding his late servant the sharer of his rights and privileges, and that, too, at his expense, for freedom to the slave involved the destruction of a large amount of his master's capital. Yet the pocket has generally proved mightier than prejudice, and there are abundant indications of its triumph at the South.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

How to Write.

William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor, gave to a young man, who sent to him an article, the following advice, which we commend to all who learn to write:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching I found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well known instrument of manual industry; let a home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so to the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning, and in the estimation of men who are competent to judge you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine even in this false world is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time we find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak and speak as you would think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one was ever a gainer by singularity of words or of pronunciation. The truly wise man will speak so that no one will observe how he does speak. A man may show greater knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gasses to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sydney Smith once remarked:

"After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it will be."

General William O. Butler, of Mexican war celebrity, who has lived in Carrollton, Kentucky, for seventy-six years, has two brothers, one eighty-four and the other eighty, and also a cousin who is ninety years of age, all residing in the same town. In 1848, and while in Mexico, the General was nominated as Vice President on the ticket with General Cass. He has since been remaining quietly at his home in Carrollton, and, although in his eighty-third year, never walks less than six miles a day for exercise.

Gail Hamilton talks about "unmothered children," and blames the ladies. This is wrong. The number of children who never were born is indeed appalling, but the bachelors are quite as responsible as the women.