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THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

["Pendre la cremaillere," to hang the crane, is the French expression for a house-warming, or the first party given in a new house.]

I.

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and jests
To celebrate the hanging of the crane
In the new house—into the night are gone
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day!
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song;
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

III.

The picture fades; as at a village fair
A showman's views dissolve into the air,
To reappear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this; and now once more
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the self-same scene.

Seated I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? These
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Restless, fathomless and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in the forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not for boughs that intervene,
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed
So I beheld the scene.

There are two guests at table now;
The king, deposed, and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne—
The crown is on his sister's brow;
A princess from the fairy tales,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft silken sails
From far off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper blue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge,
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft shining through the summer's night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V.

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,
Again the drifting vapors intervene,
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests;
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues
Through cities and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

VI.

The meadow brook, that seemed to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill;
And so the stream of time, that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,
The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay;
And one is in the boisterous camp,
'Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.

I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great, heroic deed
On battlefields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread,
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun shines out again
And touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care;
The wind, the rain, have passed away;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light—
It is the Golden Wedding day.
The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one monarch of the moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.
O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say,
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Serenely smiling on the scene,
Behold well pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light,

Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night,
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

Divorces and Democracy.

A Memphis paper says: "We all know that a great mass of negroes are ignorant and credulous, and are ready to believe anything told them by the white Republicans," and tells its white readers this story: "We understand that the white Radicals of this city have instigated several negro women to petition for a divorce because their husbands voted the Democratic ticket at the August election. There is a hard working Conservative negro in this city who always has a few hundred dollars in bank. He was living in perfect harmony with his wife, but a few nights since he went home and found his doors barricaded. His wife sternly refused him admission, on the ground that he had voted the Democratic ticket, and thereby showed a desire to place her and her children back into slavery. He next visited the bank, and found that his wife had checked out $50, which amount she had paid to a lawyer to procure a divorce from her husband for the crime of voting the Democratic ticket."

[For the Sunday Republican.]

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

Sketch No. 2.

The next author after Coadmon was Bede, who was styled the "Venerable." This writer is justly entitled to stand at the head of the list of Anglo-Saxon biographers and translators. He was born about the year 650 and led an exemplary life, devoting himself to his labors with little or no cessation. His works consisted of twenty-four volumes. He was so desirous of completing a book he had begun that upon the very day of death he dictated to his secretary the latter part of the work. Only a few hours elapsed after his work was performed when he closed his eyes upon the world. This event occurred during the year 735. His was a good and pious example, and his name is never uttered save with respect. Bede was accustomed to occupy a certain chair, placed in almost the same spot, while engaged upon his duties. I have seen drawings of this chair, and we little folks would laugh heartily if such an ungainly, straight-back, uncushioned piece of furniture were introduced into our houses. We would beg mamma to put it away in the loft, just as I have known some fashionable people of the present day put aside an old family portrait because it was too ridiculous to be looked upon by their exquisite friends. Perhaps those same individuals who were so anxious to rid themselves of the picture might at that very moment be indebted to the original of that cast off portrait for the luxuries they enjoyed, just as we are indebted to the authors of olden times for information received. But I am digressing, and I hasten on, as a distinguished individual awaits my attention—in fact, royalty itself, in the person of King Alfred, who was born in 848. In this enlightened and brave monarch, who was surnamed the "Great," we find a highly cultivated taste, combined with bravery and justice. His well balanced mind enabled him to perform his duties with skill and precision, never permitting his pleasure to interfere with anything calculated to promote the welfare of his subjects. As an author he confined himself to translation of different writers into the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Among his works we find a full translation of the "Psalms of David," and to him is also credited a translation of "Æsop's Tables." His object was to introduce among the people generally a taste for literature of more civilized nations. Not only was Alfred intellectually superior to his feeble companions, but as a warrior and statesman, he had few equals. During his reign the Danes invaded England, and he drove them back in every battle, to the number of eight. It was also by him that England was divided into counties, and the first trial by jury instituted. Before this, all criminals were tried by a process called the "ordeal." The means employed for ascertaining the guilt or innocence of the prisoner was either cold or hot water or heated iron. The prisoner was required to put his hands into a vessel containing boiling water and draw from the bottom a stone, or to carry a piece of heated iron a certain distance. Having undergone the required test, his hands were wrapped up, and if after three days had elapsed and no trace of the burn remained, he was pronounced innocent and allowed freedom. The cold water test was performed in a somewhat different manner. The culprit being bound hand and foot, was thrown into a pool. If he floated he was taken out and punished; if, on the other hand, he sank and was drowned, he was pronounced innocent. Alas for human justice in those days! Too much praise can not be given the monarch who freed his people from such superstitious and barbarous practices, and gave to posterity the trial by jury, which mode has been generally adopted by civilized countries. King Alfred founded the famous Oxford University, which institution ranks among the first in the world. Like our Washington, he was called the "father of his country," and in him we find the rare combination of intellect, bravery, piety and justice—qualities which constitute true royalty. He died in the year 901.

The next name of any importance is that of "Alfric," Archbishop of Canterbury. This learned divine was ambitious of imparting knowledge to the poorer classes, and endeavored to introduce among them a style of reading so simple that the most ignorant might comprehend. To effect this end he wrote some tales and translated the first seven books of the Bible into Anglo Saxon for their benefit, leaving out all big words and making others easier for them. He was the author of a Latin grammar, and was styled the "Grammarian." As I shall soon take leave of the Saxon writers in order to introduce their successors, I can not refrain from giving you an extract from the famous "Saxon Chronicle," which work was the production of various authors of that period (1154). I have searched in vain for an amusing subject, so I have come to the conclusion that the taste of that period was much more inclined to the serious than the comic. For my part I like funny pieces, but you must be satisfied with the following extract, and amuse yourself by spelling it out, and parsing it too if you like, thereby displaying a knowledge for ancient lore:

"On this yoer uoed the King Stephen, ded and bedyried there his uif & dune uaeron bedyried aaet Taurisfield. That ministre his makiden: Tha the King was ded, tha was the earl beionde sie & na druste man don other but gude for the micel eie of him Tha he to England came tha uas he underfragen mid uoreipe & the meng bletched in Lundine in the sursnen dace befoe mid winter daice." The literal translation of the foregoing is this wise: "In this year was King Stephen dead and buried where his wife and son were buried at Tourernisfield. That minister they made. When the King was dead then was the earl beyond the sea and not drust no man do other than good for great fear of him. When he to England came then was he received with great worship and the King consecrated in London on the Sunday before midwinter, which is Christmas day."

Now we draw to a close with the old Saxon writers, as only a few unimportant ones appeared after this time up to the conquest of England by the Normans, when the language again underwent changes. We may well be proud of our Saxon forefathers when we reflect upon the condition of Western Europe during the middle ages, and much useful knowledge might be obtained if we would acquaint ourselves with its history. In my next will begin with the Normans.

EINNIM.

How far cremation should affect the doctrine of the final resurrection of the body was beautifully, yet simply, told by the Bishop of Manchester, when he said it was enough for him to know that his personal identity, throughout eternal ages, rested with his Maker.

BOHEMIAN DAYS.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

When I was a poor Bohemian (of course, you understand that I am *not* a poor Bohemian now) and lived on a third floor front in Perkins row ("Chambers" was what we named it then), there were strange goings-on in the apartments downstairs, which I now recall with tender reminiscent pleasure.

I suppose there never lived a man whose whole soul went out in love to his wife as did Barney McGinniss'. It was a life passion burning with a fitful but unquenchable flame and shedding an unsteady and ruddy glow upon the homely and lowly lives of the McGinnisses. If Bridget, his wife, coming home after a day's scrubbing, was led (poor, overworked thing), to the use of stimulants—as the best of us are sometimes compelled to do when the exhaustion of fibre is too great—and, in one of those momentary fits of despondency to which her sex is liable, broke the furniture and threw the baby out of the window upon the dirty canvas awning that was always flapping there, Barney, with his great heart going out to her in love and pity, would pull her in off the window-sill by her legs, and with his brawney protecting hand round her throat, would choke her firmly and surely back to reason and duty.

Many's the time I have heard his strong, vibrating tones break in upon the stillness of the night, coming as they did in gusts of emotion up that back chimney.

It was the urgent, almost passionate protest of a staunch, incorruptible nature that took shape in these words:

"Brigit McGinniss, if yu chuck the babby out agin I'll hit ye over the nob with the table-leg, by all the howly saints. Mind that!"

How often in those old Bohemian nights I lay listening after this speech for the soft thud of the falling bundle that was sure to strike the awning a moment later! How well I recall the confused sounds that followed; the rattle of the old sashes and the shake of the floor, as if Mr. and Mrs. McGinniss were dancing a gallopade; the crack of the table-leg, and then the sudden silence, undisturbed save by the paternal efforts to fish the offspring into the window and the almost maternal efforts to pacify it afterward.

Barney McGinnis never in his normal moments doubted the affection of his wife. That love was deep and strong and unassailable. It was one of those placid passions, flowing on like a great stream, which no pebble of wifely humor could more than ripple, certainly could not dam or divert. But Barney had his abnormal moments. He often came home with a red gleam in the corner of his eye, and a half humorous, half desperate look round his mouth, as if tempted to try the luxury of throwing "the kid" out of the window himself. Besides, Mrs. McGinniss was a good deal of a coquette. I think she liked to flirt too well to preserve the placidity of her household with anything like regularity. This much I know, Dennis O'Reilly was often sitting on the stairs with her, passing the empty blandishments and flattery of society, when Barney was away carrying the peaceful hod in unsuspecting docility. I could see that for a matron she was too much given to those little vanities of dress which catch the eye of designing men. She had a voluptuous trick of trailing her red hair down her back when she went out for a pennyworth of mild or a dhrap of whisky for the child; and her habit of wearing only one stocking, and sometimes only one shoe, it struck me then, in my callow, Bohemian days, betrayed the artfulness of a woman whose sense of wifely duty had not obliterated all the ingenuity of the virgin.

Perhaps Barney knew all this. Or perhaps his occasionally stumbling over Dennis O'Reilly, snoring loudly and odorously in his hallway with some suspicious souvenir of Mrs. McGinniss' (generally a cold potato) in his hand, may have aroused him to the exercise of his husband's prerogative. On such occasions, if doubts entered his breast, he had a quiet, frank way of seizing the table leg.

I could hear his voice very plainly, lying there in my lonely Bohemian bed.

"Mrs. McGinniss, do you love me?"

"Indade, you know I do, Barney!"

Whack!

Do you? Begorry, I'm not sure of it meself."

Whack!

In my silly Bohemian soul I used to think harshly of Barney. On one occasion, I remember, I got up and put on a wrapper and shouted down the chimney a neighborly remonstrance, adding something in my idiotic style about the man that lays his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness.

Whereupon Mrs. McGinniss intimated that I was a "scutmullion" and had best be minding my own business.

I have often thought of these jolly old times with their fresh, wholesome intimations of duty, and their revelations of human nature. Jolly days indeed, when the awful mysteries of life were like a pageant, and when the relations of the sexes could be equalized with a table leg. But how little I profited by them! Like everybody else, I have drifted away from the plain essential truths that the Barney McGinnesses and all the rest of them taught me. I darp say if I had a wife now, and she had a Dennis O'Reilly, I'd rush in some day and have a talk with her about incompatibility and incongruity of tastes, and then go and blow my brains out, or do some other equally conventional and cowardly thing. I don't believe a table leg would ever occur to me.

And yet how beautiful in its simplicity is the primitive philosophy of Barney! It gave an immutability to love that nothing else can. He could always restore the connubial stream, so to speak, to its original purity and vehemence by a few flourishes. To him a table-leg became a sheet anchor of affection. It seems to me now that the old sounds that came up the black chimney were patriarchal and holy.

I did think once during that golden Bohemian epoch of writing a French play with Barney in it. It seemed to me that the idea of a man winning a woman's affection by clubbing her and exciting her soul's adoration by choking her was a good one. It occurred to me that it would be an entirely original thing to have a husband keep his wife's affection up to the melting point by a system of evenly graduated thrashings.

You know how a woman worships a man who is her master! I believe if the truth were known the strongest of them yearn at times in the bottom of their souls for a table leg or a stuffed club. It is the glory of womanhood to suffer. And have we deprived them of every opportunity—set them, indeed, to inventing opportunities of their own—and forced them, for want of the chance to suffer themselves, to study how they can make everybody else suffer!

Perhaps these dainty and vernal thoughts, clustering as they do about the McGinnisses and my Bohemian bed room, have been set buzzing like honeyed bees in my brain by that beautiful play of "The Sphinx." And it is beautiful, isn't it?

I suppose it was that scene in which De Savigny seizes the wretched woman Blanche by the arms and threatens to throw her in the lake to prevent her from doing any more mischief that reminded me of the McGinnisses.

I seemed to be back in my old Bohemian quarters as I looked at the desperate man pulling the poor creature about. When he caught her by the hair, and vowed by heaven to fling her into the water, tears started to her eyes; they were tears of joy supernal, for then she knew he loved her. It seemed to me, I say, that all this was coming up the old back chimney along with the smell of cabbage and whisky, and that I could hear the elfin tinkle of the hand-organ round the corner at the butcher's, and that all the air was heavy with the odor of the ailanthus.

So strong was the illusion upon me that I actually thought De Savigny had a table-leg under his coat, and that if he would only kick Blanche her happiness would mount into ecstasy.

Strange, subtle necromancy of the mind, thus to weave the present into the past, and out of the French crystal to raise me these phantoms of a once joyous reality.

You know how it is—a little whiff of heliotrope in a murky room, and away you go back to the day you leaned on the garden gate and talked to the dear girl in a blue dress, but who wore the summer days in her glad face.

Just so Morris has wafted me with her French fan, as lightly as a thistle-down, over the years, and landed me in the flowery meads of asphodel in Perkins row.

Those were blithe days, believe me. Did I not worship with a heart full of idolatry the French milliner who lived on the first floor, and who was always wont to rush out into the hall-way to see where the wind came from, or if her dear little Feedo had run away, whenever she heard me coming in, and who blushed very red and hung her eyelids (they were long drooping lids, with fringes like the cilia of a stag beetle) when she saw me? Shall I ever forget the look of radiant joy with which she once bounced out when I was stealthily (so I thought) bringing in my crackers and cheese and bottle of Bass' ale, tied up so as to look like a roll of manuscript? How she struggled to conceal her disappointment when she found it was not a sometink for her, eh, and how my heart bled for her after that, the poor little dear, with nobody to bring her sometink! and how I commenced modestly with ten cent nosegays, and, gaining strength with her smiles, mounted to twenty-five cent soap, and then, taking a bolder flight, rose to Lubin's extracts, and finally soared recklessly into the illimitable space of French confectionery and cheap jewelry!

I suppose it was a purely Bohemian illusion, but I coddled it in those days; lying there in my smoking jacket, listening to the young McGinniss on the awning, and picturing my French milliner stepping out of her coach with proud and dainty air, the crowd falling back and the little boys holding their breath and the shrewd people saying in whispers, "Mrs. Crinkle, the peerless peri of the period," or giving expression to some other natural and alliterative form of admiration.

Then what pangs of suspicion when I saw her, as I looked over the balusters, rush out and drop her fringed lids and blush when Dick Wing came! What arrowy agony shot through me when I found out that Tom Darling, who had the fourth floor back, was buying ten-cent nosegays regularly, and that Charley Alcott (poor fellow, he's dead and gone now) had actually reached the stage of scented soap!

By what mesmerism I know not, the dear creature managed to convey to me through her drooping lids a sly intimation that confectionery was liable to become monotonous. I think she said it was "played out." Cream caramels I had to acknowledge in the recesses of my heart, no longer called the blood to her cheek. I think I tried boxes of sardines for nearly a week with only a slight improvement. Sardines did not touch her deeply—and they were fifty cents a box. To stir the emotional nature of this angel, I said, requires the ingenuity of a manager and the exchequer of a Rothschild.

Then I experimented with geraniums in pots, with beautiful little bisque Cupids, with bananas, with oysters in sweet little paper boxes. Alas! what a stream of delicacies, of Neufchatel cheese and tortoise-shell combs and monogram paper poured at her feet. And all the while I was building her a marble palace in the air. It was some satisfaction to know that Dick Wing and the rest of them were torturing their brains in the same way. It was with devilish joy that I learned that Tom Darling had tried a papier-mache clock and had not found peace, and that Charley Alcott had endeavored to purchase a smile with pomatum and had failed. Tom, however, who had a brilliant imagination, opened a new vein. He it was that discovered that the road to her heart lay through silk dresses and champagne suppers.

What a triumph was his in that hallway when he gave her the first bundle, and she, tearing off the paper wrapper, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! I am yours, take me!" and then leaned, gasping with emotion, against the greasy wall paper, and Tom had to lead her in to her old mother and fan her, and give her brandy and water.

Why, I ask you, should "The Sphinx" recall all these old memories—remind me how the strong, impulsive nature of that dear girl led her to expect presents every time Tom came to see her; how she once told him that she had a devil in her, and if he would not rouse it he must not fail to bring her something every time he came; and then how she got up one morning and ran away with the end man of a nigger show, and Tom and I pulled down our castles and wore downcast looks for a week; and how one day we went to the Morgue, and saw a pinched face, blue and bruised, lying there under the drip, and the man said it was a case of Paris green, and Tom said it was a Frama?

Why should the "Sphinx," with its blaze of light and its soft purfumes and its brilliant costumes, whirl me thus inevitably back to the morgue, and the livid, wasted form of the poor wretch lying there cold and friendless in the starlight of death?

Nobody can answer these questions. In the dense perfume of the French boudoir there is a taint of the gutter. The road that leads to certain kinds of heroism leads also to the kennel.

I met Tom at the theatre the other night. He's a nabob now and lives on the avenue, and has four girls prettier than any French milliner that ever yearned for presents.

"It's beautiful, isn't it!" I said. A bit of heaven's truth fished out of the puddle."

"Yes," said he, "some people go about looking for the reflection of heaven in puddles, when if they would only hold their heads up they'd see the real thing beaming beatifully forever in the calmness and majesty of the universe.—*New York World.*

An Old Maid Badly Fooled.

A phenixville maid, quite old, becoming anxious about her matrimonial chances, recently concocted a plan to deceive a young fellow as to her age. This is the way she tried it: The old family Bible contained a faithful record of all births, marriages and deaths. This volume the maiden took to her chamber, and selecting the birth page, she managed, by dint of scratching and writing, to change the date of her birth to a period eleven years later than it had been legitimately recorded. Then the Bible was placed on the sitting room table in a conspicuous manner. That evening came along the lover. He soon began to finger with the Bible pages, and finally reached the birth record, where and when he discovered, to his surprise, that his Angelina was just one year younger than he. He thought it strange, as she appeared older. He kept his mouth shut and continued to fumble over the pages. Next he began reading the death list, and made the very astonishing discovery that the radiant maiden, according to the Bible, had actually been born ten years after the decease of her father. The young man quietly arose and bid Angelina goodby, and now swears that "eternal vigilance is indeed the price of liberty."—*Pottsville Miners' Journal.*

A Murderer Killed.

In our issue of January 2, 1874, we chronicled the assassination of Mr. John R. Thomas, a quiet, inoffensive citizen of this parish, by some unknown person, on the evening of December 25, 1873. Until recently no clue has been had to the perpetrator of the murder, nor its object. A few days ago information was received by the authorities that a boy, about sixteen years of age, named "Bud" Cook, had confessed the commission of the murder, being forced to commit the deed by his mother and one Richard L. Hollman. Immediately warrants for the arrest of these parties were issued and placed in the hands of Sheriff Lee. Mr. Lee arrested the boy, Cook, and brought him to town, while Deputy Sheriff H. M. Lee, procedeed, with a posse, to arrest Hollman, who was known to be a desperate man. About ten o'clock on Monday night last, the posse surrounded Hollman's house, and he, being called out by one party, was informed that they had a warrant for his arrest. He professed to surrender, but on the appearance of another of the posse, armed with a shotgun tried to make his escape by running, but stopped on being told that he would be shot. He then attempted to wrest the gun from the hands of the man holding it, and in the souffle was shot in the body, from which wound he died in a few minutes. Mrs. Cook was arrested, and placed under guard, being too feeble from recent illness to be removed.

No blame for the death of Hollman is attached to Deputy Sheriff Lee and his posse. Hollmann was a notorious desperate man, and Mr. Lee was informed by all who knew him, that he would have trouble in making the arrest. The fatal shot was fired by Mr. George D. Thomas.—*Union Record.*

The most serious consequence attending the death of an author is that every penny-a-liner is ready to finish his books. M. Guizot's "History of France" will be completed by stranger hands, commencing where he finished the reign of Louis IV.

BANDIT AND PRIEST.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The vesper bells clanged suddenly out,
Over the dull Campagna's reach,
Just as the sun dropped out of sight,
Adown the horizon's level beach.

The fire-flies lighted their golden lamps,
And marched forthwith to storm the night;
Till all the gray and somber plain
Gleamed with the fairy and fitful light.

The cricket sat in the long dry grass,
Winding his merry horn with skill,
And the white malaria rose around
With swift and subtle power to kill.

There was not a sound in the stirless air,
Till suddenly the cry of a child
Pierced the stillness with rapier point
A thrust of sound two-edged and wild.

Lost or deserted, a three-years babe
Lay sobbing alone with a failing breath,
While coldly and calmly the stars bent down
Never made sad by the sight of a death.

And a priest just then came hurrying by,
Urged to speed by the chime of the bells,
A friar he of the orders gray,
Well used to penance in silent cells,

Who knew the rosary bead by bead,
And said more prayers than a thousand men,
Who sat in the hurry and bustle of life
Do penance with sword and ax and pen.

And now he was hastening home with speed,
And saying his aves under his breath,
When he spied the wee child, down at his feet,
Very near to the grim, gaunt arms of death.

"What is this?" cried he, as he crossed himself,
And bent for a moment over the child;
But the bells clanged louder than ever then,
And the servile priest looked startled and wild.

"Late, I am late by the holy saints!
And if I don't hasten my steps along,
A pretty penance I soon must do,
I, who am neither hearty nor strong.

"And as for this wretched little thing,
It will surely die ere I reach the town,
And a lively storm of question and taunt
Will surely bring on my old pate down."

So he hurried on, still mumbling prayers,
Till he reached the shelter of sacred walls,
Where I trust his devotions were not disturbed
By thoughts of a suffering child's shrill calls.

But now comes a rider over the plain,
Belted and spurred like an old time knight,
Bandit, they say at the Vatican,
Outlaw, enemy, child of the night.

But his horse stops short at the child's low cry,
And he folds the small young thing to his heart,
Till warmed at the breast, it nestles there,
And sweetly sleeps ere they fairly start.

And I wonder much what God will say
In the final hour to the priest and knight;
Whether the deed or the prayer will stand
In the broad glare of the great white light.
—Woman's Journal.

THE ROSE OF CAROLINA.

A colored print of this celebrated beauty was struck off about twenty years ago, and you may find a fly-blown copy of it in every log hut or unpainted pine board farm house in the mountains of North Carolina. Her eyes, blue as delft, and her stiff flaxen curls beam down on you from among the bunches of dried herbs, the strings of red pepper, the rolls of white wool ready for spinning, on the wall, surrounded by half sheets of brown paper, or of the Buncombe County *Gazette*, pasted like herself where they can hide the larger cracks. She is flanked by a cut of General P. G. T. Beauregard, Confederate States army, and a photograph of your host's oldest son, also in the uniform of the Confederate States army—this last in a frame, with a bit of evergreen above it. If you are curious enough to look in the big Bible on the chest of drawers in the mother's room, you shall find in faded ink the record of the boys' birth, and below fresh and black, the fatal word "Chattanooga" or "Chickamauga," and afterward, carefully written and misspelled, "In the hope of a blessed immortality." They are a devout people, above all things, these mountaineers; God-fearing, affectionate and dirty. This besmirched Rose was the one hint of beauty or refinement known to the boy who lies dead somewhere beyond the balsam heights. The square coarse print was his gallery of art, his opera, his one glimpse of the gay, lovely world, commonplace to city lads. If he had lived, he would have found the living Rose, courted her at camp meeting, and have established her by this time in a log hut, to be to her faithful as was Isaac to Rebecca, while she to the end of her days should cook his fried chicken and hot biscuit, spin and weave his coat and trousers, and help him and his hired men to hoe the corn and plow the potato field.

But the real Rose, when you find her, is not at all like her portrait. She is black-haired and eyed, her features sharply cut, without, however, any hint of shrewdness in their meagre, compact outlines; the skin pale and thick, and reddening with difficulty. She has the one voice, the sweet thin falsetto, which is common to all Virginia and Carolina women. They pipe and plead in talking, on precisely the same key note. Our Rose has a small, undulating body; a firm, alert step, a controlled eye; she keeps both body and mind, in fact, well in hand, and manages them with a self-possession that gives them, little as they both are, more apparent weight and force than is their due. If she belong to the middle or upper class she will by some magic art discover in season the style of dress preferred by the best people in the Northern cities and, with a little exaggeration in tone, wear it. You may meet her coming out of the hot wooden village church, where she has been broiling through the Sunday afternoon service in a lilac or lavender silk, puffed and looped *de rigueur*, a dramatic little lace hat set on the coils of her jetty hair. Her father, the Colonel or General, gray whiskered and erect, waits on her chivalrously. The gentle-men, as she calls them, are an object of as much thought and desire to her little soul as to any flirting New York belle, and you may be the first of the eligible unmarried she has seen for a twelvemonth, but she receives you with a grave, modest simplicity and innocent dignity which her Northern sister might envy. You enter the big, old-fashioned carriage, go home to dinner; in thirty-six hours, when your intimacy with the beauty of Madison Square would have advanced only to the leaving of a card, you shall have waited beside the Rose, as, fluted and frilled in a muslin wrapper, and with a basket of keys dangling at her belt, she washes the breakfast cups, crosses the tobacco field to visit her mare in the stables, or rattles over the keys of her Knabe "Grand." She will sing anything for you, from "Casta Diva" to "*Ah non giunge;*" did she not win the half wreath of immortelles in the music class when she graduated at the Catholic convent a year ago? But her favorite songs are "No one to love" and "Ever of thee," which her bosom friend has lately sent her as lovely new things. You can not satisfy yourself as to the other branches of knowledge in which she probably obtained the half-wreath. Most of the familiar fields of conversation over which the "superior girls" of the North scamper at will like unbridled colts, are to her utterly undiscovered land. She never heard of Huxley or Darwin or Ruskin; has no opinion to give on moral insanity *in re* Jessee Pommeroy; or the moral injustice of legal marriage apropos to the last indecent divorce case. She never saw any pictures better than the old family portraits in the dinning room, or the "Santa Cecilia" presented by some pious strolling artist to the Ladies of the Visitation, for their chapel; nor heard finer music than sisters Francesca and Eusodia made in their famous duet upon piano and harp. She inadvertently betrays a belief that all Bostonians are atheists and free lovers, headed by Tom Paine and Parson Brownlow; and soon after lets slip a query whether there "are any wild beasts in Ireland, bears and wolves, and that kind of thing; she knows there are no snakes."

Yet when you leave her you are ready to assert that she has rare powers in conversation. There is common sense and a fine sweet temper in all that the little lady says: she is quite sure of her footing both socially and in her opinions; stands at ease even on her little ignorances without conceit or anxiety.

By this time, too, you are at home with the rest of the household; the Rose's brother has made up a hunting party for you to the Black mountains: her mother has given you her receipt for peach brandy; all the children (there are eleven) are friends with you; the Colonel, who lost an arm at Appomattox Courthouse, has gone over the war, its causes and results, the civil service bill, and the position of the white and negro toward each other, in the fullest, frankest fashion. You tell yourself as you turn into bed that there is a weight of practical sense in what he says, and presently (kept awake by fleas and the howling of the dogs below), wish that the other side of the story had such clear and moderate expounders before the war. You are sure of one thing—that you have never fallen before among such people as the Rose and her kinsfolk, men or women, who took life with such easy, lazy good humor, who carried their opinions, their joys and woes so out of doors, or who in their every day habit recognized the people who on earth do dwell as one great family party, whose privilege it was to be helpful and friendly together. Trying to reconcile this with your ancient doctrines concerning slave owners and Legrees, you fall asleep, the Rose forming a bewildering, alluring centre to the kindly little drama.

With the new day these trivial perplexities renew themselves. You closely observe the colored boy who waits upon the Colonel at breakfast, or the saucy-looking mulatto maid behind the Rose's chair, for any sign of arrogance or chagrin on the part of white or black, at their change of position, but find none. Whatever may be the condition of affairs in South Carolina or Georgia, here both parties have accepted the situation with the passive good humor peculiar to them. The Rose, it is true, rates her maid, but now, in her piping compassionate tone, assures you that the "pooh cre etures" are utterly unable to care for themselves: that Papa assures her the race must become extinct out of slavery: Papa says there is no real civilization for any of the colored races; the Indian will always be a wild animal, the negro a domestic animal. "It's terribly sad, is it not?" pinning a bud of pink laurel coquettishly in her bosom.

But if you chance to talk to one of these domestic animals you find their shrewd intelligence far in advance of the same class of servants in the North, white or black. You can not make any animal the object of a bitter struggle for years without educating him at least in regard to his importance and chances. The boy behind the Colonel's chair confides to you his plan of "buyin' a small place in de fall, a few acres of mountain pastur', and makin' somethin' uv hisse'f." Rose's maid thinks "ef she was Nawth, and eahnin' twelve dollahs a months instid uv five, she could make sumethin' uv herself." That something can be made of themselves is the point wherein they differ from the Colonel and his daughter.

Another puzzling observation you make, which is, that the Rose, unlike her Northern sister, is totally unconcerned to "keep up appearances." The Colonel, in old times, was wont at this season to visit the White Sulphur Springs in state, with a superb display of equipages and servants. The Rose's mother blazed in diamonds and Parisian dresses. She herself, then a child of five summers, dainty in costly embroidery and lace, her hair flying free, and her white feet bare, looked as if born to command. She does not pretend to command now; there is no effort to hide the lack of jewels by cheap finery, or to conceal the patched furniture, table linen, or cracked mirrors that fill the scrambling, unpainted, unthrifty house. She tells you—the Colonel tells you a dozen times a day with high composure and complacency, that "this part of Nawth Cabolina is much impohvehished by the waw—as you see," and there is an end of it. When they will cease to enjoy their tattered garments as badges of honorable warfare, and try to earn whole ones, is difficult to decide. The Rose's cousin in Virginia, a more delicate, cleverer girl, is teaching in Richmond. Rose has no thought of any such self-sacrifice; her father refuses loftily to sell the black walnut timber on his mountain land to a dealer from Chicago at a large profit. "The pine he may have for nothing, but I can not see the cream of our Southern produce carried any longer to the Nawth Let the black walnuts stand. My grandchildren may be able to use them."

But you shall not hear from him, nor any man or woman of his class in this region, a bitter or unkindly mention of the war. There is not a hand which is not ready to give you a cheerful, sincere welcome. Rose's sister (who was the Rose in 1862 and 1863) used to keep watch from her chamber window upon the house of a poor farmer, whose sons were Union men hiding in the mountains for three years. It was she who saw these boys stealing home to see their old mother one night, and who sent word to the home guard. When she heard the shots an hour after, and the terrified negroes rushed in to tell her that the men, her neighbors all her life, lay dead outside the very door, she coolly bade them go help to bury them, as though it had been dogs or mountain boomers she spoke of.

She is a fair, plump, tender-voiced woman now, with half a dozen soft-eyed, well bred children crowding about her. She stops at the farm house for a bit of kindly gossip with the mother of the dead boys whenever she passes it, and when the old woman is sick makes her nice little dishes, for she stays with her at night, leaving her baby to the nurse. When you tell her of any call of suffering in the North, Chicago fire or Pittsburg flood, the quick tears rush to her eyes, and her portemonnaie (very thin and limp) is out.

Then you bethink yourself of a certain gentle cousin of yours in Boston or Philadelphia, who would not see a mouse harmed without pity, but whose patriotic zeal against the rebels ten years ago was bitter and murderous beyond that of men; and you close the matter with the usual masculine reflection on woman as an insolvable problem. Meanwhile, you find a broken cannon in the Blue Ridge passes, green, inch deep with moss, while the gray squirrel hides its winter store of nuts in it, and pass a chubby-cheeked boy whistling as he pastures his cows on the plain of Manassas, and think reverently of the great Healer at work for us all, beneath time and nature.

You wish when you turn northward, and leave the mountains rising behind you, range on range, that you could bring the Rose and these ready-witted, warm hearted cousins of yours closer together, and fancy that the effect would be wholesome, both upon themselves and the generations to come after them.

You do not find when you have gone back to the North that you forget the Rose as you have forgotten so many brilliant women, from Boston or New York, women, too, who wore the *cordon bleu* in the ranks of intellect or fashion. When you fall to speculating (as a young fellow will over his cigar now and then) about marriage, and a home, you find yourself going back to this girl with her sweet voice and decisive little nod presiding over the coffee urn and cups at breakfast. The inevitable biscuit, honey, and fried chicken, at which you used to swear inwardly, make part now of the home like picture, and it is well if Rose, whom none of her neighbors would call more than "pleasant girl," does not rise before you as an alluring mountain nymph, hedged in and veiled by her own glittering streams and pink laurel.

If you would chose to go back and win her, however, you will find it is no nymph whom you have taken to wife, but one of the most real and practical of American women. Her table will be noted for its choice dishes, if her house be not tidy; she will be always posted in the fashions, if not in the politics of the day. You may be sure that she will receive your friends with the gracious courtesy of a thoroughbred lady, but that she will elope with none of them, and that, while she may not instruct her daughters in either science or art, she will teach them to love God and honor their husbands.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Not to be Done.

The *Court Journal* tells the following: Previous to the late Duke of Buccleuch quitting his princely mansion he had occasion to visit a certain burgh lying some ten or twelve miles to the northwest. On this occasion he preferred riding on horseback and unattended. He came to the toll-gate. "The toll, sir, gin ye please." His grace immediately pulled up, and, while searching for the needful to satisfy so just a demand, he was thus accosted by the gatekeeper: "Heard ye ony word o' the Duke comin' this way, the day, sir?" "Yes," was the reply, "he will be this way to-day." "Will he be in a coach an' four, or only in a coach and two' think ye?" "In all probability on horseback," was the brief rejoinder. "In that case do you think he wad be offended if I offered him back the change should he gae me a saxpence or a shilling to pay wi' as he passed?" The Duke stretched forth his hand to receive his balance, and, with an arch and knowing look, replied: "Try him, friend, try him," and pocketed the coppers muttering to himself, "Not to be done in that way."

NASBY.

The Democracy of the Corners Meet in Convention and Resolve—How They Lived Up to Their Resolutions.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State of Kentucky),
September 19, 1874.

The Dimocrisy uv the Corners hev felt and do feel, that whatever they may hold ez their private opinyuns ez to men and things, they hev no rite to jepardize the prospex uv the party in the Northern States, wich, after all, is to be the battlefield in the contest wich is comin on, wich will decide the fate uv the party.

The Corners is liberal, like other Democratic localities, in the matter of resolooshens. We kin resoloot with a looseness that hev never yet been ekalled, and do it with sich sincerity ez wood carry convickshen to any sole—wich never seed us.

Feelin that the people uv the North ought to be disabused uv the idea that the Dimocrisy uv the Corners wuz not friendly to the colored people whose lot is cast amongst us, and feelin that the fact that we cherish a abidin affeckshun for em ought to be understood, I called a convenshun uv the white Dimocrisy, that our troo sentimence on this question might be given to the world. We gathered in force. I took the cheer, and the followin resolooshens wuz yoonanimously adop ed:

The Dimocrisy of the Confedrit Cross Roads in convenshun assembled, beleevin that the troo feelin uv the Dimocrisy uv the South toward the colored people is misunderstood, and feelin anxshus that the sed misapprehenshun shood be removed, and that the Corners espeshelly shood be set rite afore the world, do hereby set forth the follerin ez their platfurm uv principles:

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy uv Confedrit X Roads accept the result uv the late onpleasantness in good faith, and pledges theirselves to stand by the same forever and ever.

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy uv Confedrit X Roads hev alluz accepted the abolishun uv slavery as final, and hev neither desire nor disposishun to agin see their colored brethren in bondage uv any kind whatever.

Resolved, That the Cross Roads challenge any lokality in the North uv ekal populashun to show more people wich kin accede to the sentimence uv these resoloshens with more heartiness.

Resolved, That we hearily concede the entire ekality uv the colored men uv the Corners with the Caucasian Dimocrisy, and guarantee to em all the rites, privileges and immunities that we possess, and pledge ourselves to see em perfected in em.

Resolved, That the rite uv the colored men uv the Corners to exercise the sacred privilege uv the ballot, we not only concede but we pledge ourselves to protect em in it at all hazards.

Resolved, That we are not the enemies, but the friends, of our colored brethren, and we put the seel of our everlastin condemnashen on all attempts to bring about anythin that hez the slitest appearance uv a war uv races.

Resolved, That we condemn vehemently and unreservedly all acts uv violence toward our colored brethren; and we pledge the Corners that, lovin our colored brethren as we do, nothin uv the kind shel ever occur here, but that the colored men uv this visinity shel live under their own vines and fig trees (ef they have em to live under), with none to molest or make em afeered.

These resoloohens wuz passed yoonanimously.

Bascom insisted that there shood be no discushen, for discushens, he remarkt, took time, and to him time wuz money.

While the Corners wuz in the meeting house discussin, the Corners wazn't at the bar a drinkin, and he despised discushen. The resolooshens wuz all rite, enyhow. And so they wuz adopted, and the meetin adjourned.

I went away from that meetin house tollably well pleased. I hed got the Corners committed to a line uv polisy which wood satisfy the people uv the North. Them Republikins wich wuz soured with Republikinism, but wich dassent trust us to take keer uv the nigger, coodent find no fault with these resolooshens, and mite safely trust themselves with us, on a platform so broad and comprehensive. To me the prospex uv the Democrisy wuz never so brite.

But my pleasure wuz uv short durashen. While we wuz at Bascom's takin a soshel drink, Issaker Gavitt saw passin a nigger wagon maker who lives at the lower end uv the village.

"That villin," sed Issaker, grittin his teeth, "dunned me for $10 for repairs onto my wagon yesterday, and my father yoozed to own that nigger!"

"Infamous!" shout they all in korus.

"And only nite afore last I had a ham stolen from my smoke house, which, I am satisfied, that nigger must have stolen."

I wuz glad to have that ham fastened onto a nigger, for I hed paid Bascom a ham on akkount the morning Issaker missed it. It takes good financeerin for me to live here.

By this time the nigger hed got home, but Issaker's rage wuz a bilin feendishly.

"I'm goin to hev pay for that ham out uv that nigger!" yelled Issaker, drawing his revolver.

"But the nigger is home and safe by this time," I sed, hopin to stem the tide uv his wrath and save ourselves. "Let it rest."

"Never!" sed Issaker; "never! I owe a dooty to society. That nigger may be home and out uv reach, but there are enuff other layin around loose. Shel niggers steal our hams and go unpunished?"

And Issaker sallied out, followed by the entire Corners. They didn't find the individule nigger that Issaker beleeved stole his ham, but they found a brother-in-law uv hizzen, wich Issaker shot at site, but didn't quite kill him. The wretch had no more sense than to stagger to his feet and seeze a stun and heeve it at Issaker. The crowd, uv coorse, coodent stand any sich signs of insubordinashen on the part uv this inferior race, and they clubbed him till his inferior skull left its earthly tenement and winged its way to wherever the souls of niggers go.

The blood uv the Corners bein up, there wuz no yoose attemptin to stop it. The wrongs inflicted on Issaker Gavitt demanded prompt reparashen, and it was had. The nigger he had accoosed wasn't found, but some six others wuz, and they suffered in his stead. Wot remorse will haunt that nigger's mind when he contemplates the fact that his keepin out uv the way uv being killed cost six others their lives! It is jest like em.

The trouble ran on late into the nite. The niggers hev a trick of keepin out uv the way when the blood uv the Corners biles, but they can't take their schoolhouses with em, nor all their portable property. The schoolhouse at the edge uv the village wuz burned, and quite a number uv wagons and wheelbarrers and sich belongin to em, wich we gathered, wuz consoomed to make a decent bonfire. Ez this fire occurred at about 5 in the mornin, and ez the mail closed at 7, I didn't stay to see it out. I got back to Bascom's and made a fair copy of my resolooshens, that they might go up North for publication in good shape. I espeshelly desire to reashoor our friends in the North.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich was Postmaster.)

A Modern Pygmalion.

The Paris *Droit* relates that a man has just died in the Bicetre Asylum whose lunacy had a very singular origin. His name was Justin, and he exhibited wax-work figures at Montrouge, his gallery consisting of cotemporary celebrities and great criminals. On a pedestal in the centre was the figure of a young girl, remarkable for her graceful figure and perfect features, her hair falling in long curls over her naked shoulders. Justin had named her Eliza and was so struck by her beauty that he passed hours in contemplating her. She seemed to him to speak, and her blue eyes, with their long eyelashes seemed to respond to his passion. Under the influence of this illusion he neglected his business, and for want of a showman to pull in people no longer visited the gallery. Poverty succeeded easy circumstances, but the modern Pygmalion could not separate himself from Eliza. His wife was obliged to sleep on a bare mattress, and when she remonstrated he ill-treated her. Irritated at the unjust harshness, she one day destroyed the wax figure. Justin was furious on seeing the fragments, and seizing a broomstick he struck his wife and would have killed her had not her cries drawn the neighbors to her assistance. Justin, who had lost his reason, had to be secured, and was an inmate of Bicetre for five years, living up to the last under the charm of Eliza, whose image seemed always before him.