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MORITURI SALUTAMUS.*

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tempora labuntur, Tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
—Ovid, Fastorum, Lib. iv.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once was mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die
Salute you, earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said!
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.
The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"O never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great nature's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating
high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!
As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"
Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and, most of all, note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and
moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and
sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I cannot go; I pause—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene—
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates,
friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore!
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee.
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In medieval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set;
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were
stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.
Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests up-
sprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.
The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore
years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—[Harpers' Monthly.

*Poem for the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825 in Bowdoin College.

BY THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A bitter December midnight, and the up express panting through its ten minutes' rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving and passengers just departing, what with the friends who came to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones, the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously, perhaps), move aside for the guard when they see him walking up or down close to the carriage doors. This difficulty was increased, too, by the maneuvres of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me to give himself a better opportunity of examining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his, and, while he appeared to be only an idle, lounging acquaintance of my own, I knew that under his unsuspected scrutiny it was next to impossible for the thieves he was seeking to escape—even in hampers. I didn't trouble myself to help him, for I knew it wasn't necessary; yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practiced thieves whom the police had been hunting for the last two days, should be caught as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group which my companion could not take in at a glance, and then he always found himself unusually cold, and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was the signal for an attack of that persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to polite questioners who deserved answering, and impolite ones who insisted on it, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself watching a girl who stood alone at some distance. A girl very pretty and pleasant to look upon, I thought, though her face and her dress and her attitude were all sad. She stood just at the door of the booking-office; a tall, slight girl, in deep mourning, with a quantity of bright, fair hair plaited high upon her shoulders, with a childishly innocent face and pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the lines of carriages at which she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me; a stout, grandly-dressed old lady, panting painfully and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-opened eyes, that looked out through the gold rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her, laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect, that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasures with a face of concentrated anxiety and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it, ga'ad?" she asked, peering sharply into my face with her half-closed eyes, as she found it difficult to distinguish me even through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed how deaf until, after yelling my answer so loud that the engine driver must have heard it eighteen carriages off, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train!" she asked in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail!" I shouted, putting my face as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"Ale!" shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer! Ale, indeed! I believe railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterward, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to another passenger of her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxieties of the obsequious porters. I fancy that though the purse she fumbled in was large the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of their replies or of the loud asides in which they indulged to each other. I had reached the other end of the train and was just about making my way back to my own van when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me toward the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for Easton?" she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.

"All right, Miss," I said, taking the door from her, and standing while she got in. "Any luggage?" For from that very moment I took her in a sort of way into my charge, because she was so thoroughly alone, you see, not having any friends there even to see her off.

"No luggage, thank you," she answered, putting her little leather satchel down beside her on the seat, and setting herself in the corner furthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I looked at her as to say, "You're all right, because I'm the guard," and shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eye had of course caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard, was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into that far corner of that one first-class compartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; the young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified a good deal at the failure of my scheme for her comfort, I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered crossly, "and yet it seemed to me so likely they'd take this train."

"I don't see how it should seem likely" I answered, for I hadn't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood so cleverly two nights ago, should leave the station any night by the very train which the police watch with double suspicion."

"Doesn't it!" he echoed, with a most satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you haven't yet got it quite clear in your mind how they will leave the town; for it's sure enough that they haven't left it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry to leave it is sure enough too, for this isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide in longer than necessary. Well, what's the hardest place for us to track them in!—London. And what's the easiest place for them to get to sea from!—London. Then naturally enough to London they'll want to go. Isn't this a fast train, and shouldn't you choose a fast train if you were running away from the police!"

I didn't tell him what sort of a train I should choose, because I hadn't quite made up my mind, and he was looking cross enough for anything in that last glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with the description of them, and every official in the line was up in it. There was no doubt about their being three very dexterous knaves, but then our detective force was very dexterous, too, though they were not knaves (and I do believe, the greater dexterity is generally on the knavish side), and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capon, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thickset, active man of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes and an aquiline nose. Mary Capon, his wife, a tall woman of forty, with a handsome, fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capon, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen" (though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his age), "with closely cut, black hair, gray eyes and delicate features."

We all know this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had all been in vain; and as the train rushed on I felt how disappointed the police at Euston would be when we arrived again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad-looking, yellow-haired girl, who had so evidently wished to travel alone, and been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until, as we were dashing almost like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell of my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage furthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and, hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped, and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?" she asked timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising; and pushed his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not been given from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary; and I went it along the footboard to other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamplit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that second class carriage near my own van, (which I had hastened past before), where the fidgety, deaf old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. Her head was quite out of the window; and though she had her back to the light and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you have been coming," she said, "Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have questioned the telegraph post which I could dimly see beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out her long purse with great fusiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man, and make haste?"

Shall I never forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering gold-rimmed spectacles! What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly not being, as any one might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse in her lap. "I'm hungry as I can be."

I suppose that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting, she saw my utter bewilderment. I didn't try now to make her hear, for I knew it to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage.

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.' I want a small luncheon basket, so I pulled down the cord. Make haste and it me, or I'll report you to the manager.'"

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite her two paper were posted in a line; one the advertisement of "Small luncheon baskets," supplied at Rugby, the other the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had said:

"Small Luncheon Baskets. Pull Down the Cord."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the directors, who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady; no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it, and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it, that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of five pounds, but he couldn't, though he bawled it at her until the poor thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let her shillings and sixpences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we started on again, but I suppose it was only a six or seven minutes' delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but, as I said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages where the cause of our stoppage got whispered about. As for me, when I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was taken into custody as soon as it stopped here.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew pretty well by now, having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It's no use," I said before we started, "the train was searched, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such scientific preparation for us here?"

"A telegram received ten minutes ago," he answered. "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in the train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction. Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No," I said quite in a hurry. "No young lady and gentleman belonging together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are, though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers!"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis, with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair and a cut on her upper lip."

"But the young lady!" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well, what should you say, now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely cut, dark hair that we are after?"

I remembered the pretty plaits and the loose, falling hair. I remembered the bewilderment in the eyes which entirely hid their natural expression, and I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had as good a chance of catching the old fellow as I have of catching the woman and boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locked luggage van. "I know they're here, and that I shall recognize them under any guise; but we've no clue to the other rascal. Its most aggravating that, by some means, we've lost sight of the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come along, feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach that carriage at the other end where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing out in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; aye, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily. Davis stood aside watching, while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then, seeing her helplessness and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined, and though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopefully from each. He was so sure they were there and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis, while my fingers were actually shaking as I put my finger in the door of the centre one. "Empty and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hallo! What's come to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was to come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted: yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty, too!

"Why was this!" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp was lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had traveled here. "They couldn't have left the train *here*, at any rate," he said; and I knew that as well as he did.

But you have guessed the end. During those few minutes that we stopped on the line, the two thieves—darkening the lamp even after I had left them, and using their own key—had left the carriage under cover of the darkness; managing their escape in their black dresses out into the blackness of the night as cleverly as they had managed their theft and subsequent concealment. But how could they have depended on this unusual delay—this exquisite opportunity given them in the utter darkness, close to the city, yet at no station? When I officially made my deposition, and explained the cause of our stoppage, something of the truth seemed to break upon us all; but it was not for a good while that it settled into a certainty. Then it got clear to every body that the older scoundrel had duped us more ingeniously than the younger ones. As the incapable old lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that she had to peer through her glittering glasses, with eyes always half closed, and so hungry that she had to stop the train for a luncheon basket) he had played upon us the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron gray hair and whiskers by which we were to have identified him? But by the time the police saw the whole thing clearly it was too late to follow up any clew to him.

The cab which had taken the eccentric old lady and her parcels and flowers from Easton was lost in the city, and could not be tracked. A high reward was offered for information, but no one ever won it. My firm belief is that it was no legitimately licensed cab at all, but one belonging to the gang, and part of the finished fraud. I verily believe, too, that sometimes now—though perhaps on the other side of the channel—those three practiced knaves enjoy a hearty laugh over that December journey by night express.

Davis still assures me, with the most cheerful confidence, that he shall yet have the pleasure some day of trapping three of the most expert and skillful thieves in Britain. I wish I felt as sure of it.—*The Argosy*.

Daniel S. Dickinson.

Burleigh, writing from New York city to the Boston *Journal*, relates the following: A party of gentlemen were together last week, and were telling old-time stories. One referred to Senator Dickinson. He was not overlearned, but was very shrewd. He knew absolutely nothing of the classics, and was greatly annoyed when one quoted Latin. Van Buren had swung off into free soil, and the burden of the party was on Dickinson's shoulders. A friend of Van Buren was eulogizing the ex-president in a speech. He spoke of Curtius, and compared Van Buren to that noble Roman. Dickinson went over to a seat occupied by a senator who was at home in all that relates to the Romans. "Who is this Curtis the senator was talking about?" "Oh, he is not talking about Curtis at all. He is talking of a noble Roman patriot. His name was Curtius, not Curtis." "Well, what did he do?" "Why, in the time of a great public calamity he threw himself in the breach and saved his country." "Oh, that's it, is it!" "What did you say his name was?" "Curtius." "Won't you spell it!" "C-u-r-t-i-u-s." "All right. Thank you," said Dickinson as he went to his seat. As soon as the defender of Van Buren took his seat, Dickinson arose, fresh, confident, exuberant. He closed like a man fresh from the classics. "And who is this Curtius, to whom the honorable senator compares Martin Van Buren? He *was* a noble Roman. He *was* a patriot. But how unlike Mr. Van Buren. Curtius threw himself into the breach to save his country. But Martin Van Buren threw his country into the breach to save himself."

The Duke of Edinburg is a fiddler, and plays excellently well pieces of his own composition.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often—
We shall again.
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand,
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always—
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O, my darling,
My love—I can not see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die, with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

—From Saxe Holm's Stories.

Daughters of Eve.

It was after the evening service. Mrs. Coonton and the three Misses Coonton had arrived home. They sat listlessly around the room with their things on. Mr. Coonton was lying on the lounge asleep. It had been undoubtedly an impressive sermon, as the ladies were silent, busy with their thoughts.

"Emmeline," said Mrs. Coonton, suddenly addressing her eldest, "did you see Mrs. Parker when she came in?"

"Yes, ma," replied Emmeline.

"She didn't have that hat on last Sunday, did she?"

"No, Emmeline. It is her new hat. I noticed it the moment she went down the aisle and says to Sarah, 'What on earth possesses Mrs. Parker to wear such a hat as that?' says I."

"Such a great prancing feather on such a little hat looked awful ridiculous. I thought I should laugh right out when I saw it," observed Sarah.

"I don't think it looked any worse than Mary Schuyler's with the flaring red bow at the back," said Amelia.

"I don't see what Mrs. Schuyler can be thinking of to dress Mary out like that," said Mrs. Coonton with a sigh. "Mary must be older than Sarah, and yet she dresses as if she were a mere child."

"She's nearly a year older than I am," asserted Sarah.

"Did you see how the widow Marshall was trucked out?" inquired Emmeline. "She was as gay as a peacock. Mercy, what airs that woman puts on! I would liked to have asked her when she's going to bring back that pan of flour." And Emmeline tittered maliciously.

"She's shining around old McMasters, they say," mentioned Amelia.

"Old McMasters!" ejaculated Mrs. Coonton. "Why, he is old enough to be her father."

"What difference do you suppose that makes to her!" suggested Emmeline. "She'd marry Methuselah. But I pity him if he gets her. She is a perfect wildcat."

"Say, Em, who was that gentlemen with Ellen Byxby?" inquired Amelia.

"That's so," chimed in Sarah, with spirit: "who was he?"

"What gentleman?" asked Mrs. Coonton.

"Why, I don't know who it was," explained Emmeline.

"They came in during the prayer. He was a tall fellow, with light hair, and chin whiskers.

"It couldn't have been her cousin John, from Brooklyn," suggested Mrs. Coonton.

"Bother, no;" said Sarah, pettishly. "He is short and has brown hair. This gentle man is a stranger here. I wonder where she picked him up?"

"She seems to keep mighty close to him," said Amelia; "but she needn't be scared. No one will take him unless they are pretty hard pushed. He looks as soft as a squash. Did you see him tumble up his hair with his fingers? I wonder what that big ring cost—two cents!" and the speaker tittered.

"Well, I'm glad if she's got company," said Mrs. Coonton, kindly.

"She's made efforts enough to get some one, goodness knows."

"I should say she had, coincided Emmeline. She's got one of them Victoria hats, I see. If I had a drunken father I'd keep in doors, I think, and not be parading myself in public."

Just then there was a movement on the lounge, and the ladies began to take off their things.

"Hello, folks," said Mr. Coonton, rising up, and rubbing his eyes. "Is church out!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Coonton with a yawn, which communicated itself to her daughter.

"Did you have a good sermon?"

"Pret-ty good," accompanied by another yawn all around.

"See many good clothes?" was the next query.

"I suppose you think, Mr. Coonton, that that is all your wife and daughters go to church for, to look at people's clothes," said Mrs. Coonton, tartly.

"That's just like pa," said Emeline with a toss of her head. "He is always slurring church people."

Pa sloped to bed.—*Danbury News*.

Southern "Independence."

"Hallo, stranger, you seem to be going to market?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"What are you carrying that plow along for?"

"Going to send it to Pittsburg."

"To Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania?"

"You're mighty right; I am."

"What are you going to send it there for?"

"To get sharpened."

"All the way to Pittsburg to get sharpened?"

"You bet! We've starved our blacksmith out; he pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas."

"Well, that's a rather novel idea, my friend—sending a plow so far to get sharpened."

"Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our milling in St. Louis."

"Is that so?"

"You're right it is. We used to have a mill at Punkinville Creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to getting our grinding done at St. Louis."

"You don't mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?"

"I didn't say nothing about gris—we hain't got no gris to send. But we get our flour and meal from St. Louis."

"I see you have a hide on your wagon"

"Yes; our old cow died last week. March winds blowed the life out'n her. Sendin' her hide to Boston to get it tanned."

"All the way to Boston? Is not that rather expensive, my friend? The freights will eat the hide up."

"That's a fact—cleaner than the buzzards did the old critter's carcass. But what's the use bein' taxed to build railroads 'thout you get the good of 'em? Used to have a tanyard over at Lickskillet, and a shoemaker, too. But they're kerflummuxed."

"Kerflummuxed—what's that?"

"It means, gone up a spout—and twixt you and me, that's mighty nigh the case with our State."

"When do you expect to get your leather?"

"Don't expect to get no leather at all—expect to get shoes, some day, made at Boston or thereabouts."

"Rather a misfortune to loose a milk cow, my friend."

"Not so much a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shuckin' and nubinin' a cow, and milkin' her night and mornin' and gettin' only about three quarts a day."

"What are you going to do for milk?"

"Send North for it."

"Send North for milk?"

"Yes; concentrated milk and Goshen butter."

"Oh! I see the point."

"Mighty handy things these railroads—make them Yankee fellers do all our jobs for us now—do our smithin' and grindin', and tannin', and milkin,' and churnin'."

"I see you have a bale of cotton."

"Yes, we go our bottom nickel on cotton. Sendin' it up to Massachusetts to get it carded, spun and wove. Time'll come when we'll send it there to be ginned, then we'll be happy. Monstrous sight of trouble running these gins."

"That would be rather expensive, sending cotton in seed."

"No more so than them Western fellers pays when they send corn East and get $1 a bushel and pay six bits freight. Besides, as I said, what is the use of paying for railroads 'thout we use the roads?"

"You seem to appreciate the advantages of railroads."

"I think we ought—we pay enough for 'em."

"I reckon you fatten your own pork?"

"Well, you reckon wrong, stranger. I get them Illinoy fellers to do that for me. It's mighty convenient, too—monstrous sight of trouble toting a big basketful of corn three times a day to hogs in a pen—especially when you hain't got none to tote it to."

"I should think so."

"There's one thing lacking though to make the business complete."

"What's that?"

"They ought to send them hogs ready cooked. Cookin', and preparin' wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ort by rights to be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman the other day, if we Mississippi folks got our cookin' and washin' done up North and sent by express, we'd be as happy as office holders."

"Your horse in the lead there seems to be lame."

"Yes, needs shoein'. If he wasn't the only horse I've got, and I can't spare him, I send him up where they make the horse shoes and nails and get him shod. Can't get such a thing done in our parts. Perhaps I can at the depot."

"How do you manage to live in your parts, my old friend?"

"Why, we raise cotton. My road turns off here, stranger. Gee Ball, back Brandy. I'm glad I seed you, stranger."—*Natchez Democrat*.

Republican Record.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Paper*, one of the most ultra of the Democratic journals in the country, speaks of the Republican record in this wise:

"The Republican record during these fourteen years it is useless for us to discuss. It has certainly been a brilliant one. The party has carried on its shoulders a weight of responsibility never before assumed by a political party in a free republic. It has been followed by a majority of the people of the North with almost religious ardor, and the negroes of the South bless it as their almost divine emancipator.

"It is impossible for an American, be he Northern or Southern, to contemplate the history of this great political organization without a feeling of admiration, however much he may oppose the principles, and however bitterly he may suffer in consequence of its success."

This is noble testimony, and given unsolicited by a political opponent is all the more trustworthy and emphatic. The record is of the Republican party, the party whose ascendancy has been jeopardized by the apathy and neglect of Republicans. Such a record illustrates the admirable fitness of the party to deal with the questions which bear so deeply on the country's welfare. When the Democratic party was put aside as untrustworthy and disloyal, the country was about to enter a conflict designed to rend asunder the Union of the fathers, and introduce the legality of slavery under a new constitution. The world had grown indignant at the bare idea of human bondage, and all christendom joined in the cry for its suppression. In the great republic of the West, the people of the free States had caught the spirit of freedom, and were prepared to check the progress of slavery by limiting its area. It was actually moribund—on the eve of expiring by reason of its wasteful expensiveness, confined as it was. For slave labor could never be skilled, and the loss of fertility in the soil, the direct result of slave culture, could not be renewed for lack of means. The discovery of the costliness of unpaid labor because unskilled, urged the slave owners to seek new territory to exhaust, and to build up the social system of slavery in localities devoted to liberty. The Republican party opposed the scheme of the slave owners; and the slave owners having appealed to arms, lost their cause, while the slave obtained his freedom under Republican principles.

How slavery, while it existed, affected the social and intellectual condition of the South, is to be seen in its history. It demanded the prevalence of a common sentiment in its favor, at any hazard. Fears of servile insurrection were never absent. The pulpit was forced to uphold the doctrine of human bondage, and say that the right to enslave black men was of Divine sanction. A clergyman might have the zeal of an apostle, the faith of a Wesley, and the eloquence of a Whitfield; but unless he made slavery as prominent as the salvation of the soul, he lost caste. The Bench and the bar were subjected to the same ordeal, and the fame of the judge and the advocate depended upon the devotion he showed to the beauties of human bondage. Collegiate institutions were founded in the interest of slavery. The most learned professors were those who could most deeply impress the students with the absolute commission of the white to enslave the black by the Power which rules on high, In consequence, young men left those abodes of learning, if ignorant of all else, thoroughly enamored of slavery. Literary men had to demonstrate their subservience to the institution. If an author possessed the talent of a Dickens, or Longfellow, or Sidney Herbert, he had to make pleasant allusions to the fettered negro, or invent some new argument in the same direction, when his repute was established. Editors of newspapers had to bow to the reigning sentiment: and the most audacious attacks on freedom were received with the greatest favor. Art did not flourish in such a community, unless it represented the happy darkey dancing a breakdown by the light of the moon. Science of course sought another clime. In planters' mansions, and the homes of the well to do, in hotels and stores, the blessings of slavery was the sole topic on which all agreed. A stranger entering a city or town attracted attention until his opinions were known; and if they were opposed to the general views he was soon made to understand the situation, and depart with a whole skin. In a word, slavery hung like a pall over the South, shutting out the light of day; dwarfing the popular mind; and barring out the spirit of progress and enterprise; and it did so as long as it lasted. And what is the consequence? The South has no great authors, or artists, or statesmen, except those who became resplendent by claiming that human bondage is of Divine permission.

The wisest men in the South now see the mistake. But they came too slowly into line to partake of the advantages of freedom. The Republican party after preserving the Union set itself diligently to work to rehabitate and restore. The Democratic party can not do this. It is too deeply implicated in the worst phases of the past. Moreover, it is obsolete, when tested with the needs of the hour. Wherever it has secured a majority, there the community has retrograded, and it may be said that its principles not being applicable to current affairs, are the embodiment of retrogression. The principles of the Republican party are suited to the condition of the country. They are to be regarded as the national expression in all that relates to popular aspiration and achievement in statesmanship. The Republican party, which has created a nation by the union of the States, desires to complete a unity of its work. The Democratic party has intervened and complicated what might otherwise have been easier of accomplishment. The Democratic party is in the way and must be put aside until the work of the Republican party is done. That work, guided by the wisdom of experience, consists in restoring the South to its true position in the Union; in keeping open the way for the education of all its citizens; in upholding the rights of all and their free exercise; in assisting in the creation of a sound public opinion, which shall be tolerant of difference and protect the weak from the tyranny of the strong; and in laboring for the return of a free, happy and contented people to share in the common prosperity and glory of the republic.—*The Republic*.

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