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The Weekly Clarion.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE

E. Barksdale, J. L. Power, Harris Barksdale.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A ship far out on a smiling sea,
 With its snowy sails outspread;
Cleaving the waters merrily,
 And a bright sun overhead.

It kisses the cheek of the sailor lad,
 As he climbs to the mast-head high;
He sings at his work, for his heart is glad,
 As he thinks of his home so nigh.

A cottage home where the roses twine,
 And a mother in silent prayer;
And the self-same sun which on him doth shine,
 Is gilding her silvery hair.

The lightnings flash and the thunders roar,
 The waves they are mountains high.
No help on the ocean, no help from shore,
 No light in the midnight sky!

A brave ship struggling with might and main,
 And its white sails rent and torn;
It lurches and groans like a thing in pain,
 And its mast is well-nigh gone.

A sailor clings to a broken spar,
 And his face is wild and sad—
A mother prays in her home afar
 To-night for her sailor lad.

The child is saved for that prayer of thine,
 And the tempests wild they cease—
Over a cottage where roses twine
 Hovers the angel of Peace!

A Lady's Plea For Reform.

[CONCLUDED.]

EDS. CLARION:—Let us look at our standing, how is it? As noble a race of people as all creation can boast, with traces and features of former greatness becoming paler and more indistinct; and how noted for love of pleasure and fine dress, blinded to all our best interests we drift along unconscious of our approaching ruin. "Having eyes we see not." Strangers come among us, see our weakness and dwarfishness, hear our laments, and return to ridicule us; they find what capital there is in this dilapidated country all locked up in iron vaults; confidence between men destroyed, and they are afraid to invest in enterprise because of so many failures among us; in fact there is nothing visible to recommend us as a great people. Let us contemplate the great results of a different state of affairs, which looks to regaining our standing politically and socially. We needed none to tell us our duty when our sons and husbands were camping on the battle-fields all over our South, but were all equal to the emergency, and displacing our elegance and style, we all become workers, thus by the introduction of the wheel and loom, with a firm will did we clothe our families as well as soldiers.

The same mothers and wives to-day possess those energies, and need only to realize that there is need for their influence and example to regain, not our lost wealth and fortune—that can never be—but to discourage the rivalry and show and dress, make all expenditures more commensurate with our means until we regain our position. Then, ladies of reform, may we not creditably at least share our honors with our peerless champions who are advocating our rights, presenting and urging our claims to a place, at least equal with the other old States. In our homes, in our immediate circles do we see the baneful effects of this increasing evil, having a ruinous effect on our youth, which reflects some discredit on us as educators, which seems to drop moral worth and industry in the scales, giving preference and precedence to riches. For example this single instance will represent a thousand, and not be overdrawn either. A man with plenty of assurance and brass, with only passable address, if he is known to have money to keep him from work and support him in pleasure pursuits, can find his way into any fashionable society of the present day; it matters not how his morals stand, indeed they are not questioned. But is he rich? is the question of the day. Then he will do, and is taken into consideration, receiving flattery and attention, finally he captivates and wins a most worthy lady, one whose culture and graces show her his deficiences, almost amounting to deformities, yet she flatters herself to change him, perhaps from drunkenness or some other vice. They marry, yet are not made one, her native refinement added to culture makes her revolt at his depravity. She labors in vain to reform him, for he has nothing within to build on; too late she finds herself sold to wealth, no union, no congeniality of heart or feeling, love flees the domain, letting in reckless passion to take possession, for she knows not the consolations of true religion. I will not follow further the picture, suffice it to say here are entailed and realized all the misery and unhappiness arising from misdirected education. Wealth does not make happiness; though it sparkle and glitter with gilt, happiness may remain a stranger to it. A bare floor, and an unadorned room, except by the inner graces of the heart, often is the abode of that happiness sought by kings. I will instance another picture more lovely. This one occurred in my own day of observation, and I fear this will be called the exception. A poor, modest, refined young man in selecting a wife, looked out for a lady equal to himself in all those qualities which he flattered himself were his own; he chanced to be an editor, and found her in fashionable society. They were married and made one, which is to see alike, feel alike, and think alike, save only he was not a christian. She knowing the power and captivating influence, going forth from a daily christian example, soon saw her husband interested in those things which permeate and make the renewed man, and soon they were one in regenerating power. In a comparison of talents he ascribes to her superior merit in original writing, which she modestly accepts, and writes for his editorial columns, while he did something else, as she wished to be his help-meet in its literal sense, often excusing herself from former society, and in that way it was known. That man was villified and abused, called lazy, too lazy to write his own pieces, but they are fortified, and heed it not; love sits as umpire at the shrine of those hearts, watching and guarding all their best interests, keeping out all unhallowed influences which dare intrude into the sanctity of that holy life. I need not add that a power for good went forth from them whose influences are being felt to-day.

There is still another which contemplates glorious results in the future. I say there is "a remnant left who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Thousands scattered over our land who regard not fashions, who have accepted their situations, and are living in quiet contentment with the lots to them cast. God bless those toiling noble ones, struggling with the adverse winds of fortune, yet ever ready for every good work. They are teaching sons to till the soil and hold the plow, the daughters to be usefully and constantly employed, scattering sunshine all around the pathway of life, giving their children just such educations as their skeleton of free schools will afford, who have among them the shepherd boy, as well as the minder of kine and swine. I say from these shall come forth one day, the men and women who shall rule the destiny of this land, lifting it from its debris, fortified with the developments of energy and strength against failure and defeat, thus laying the foundations for permanent success when we old fossils have passed away.

I am supposed to be a bachelor with nothing to do but dress and find fault, but wishing to remove all that distinguishes and makes rank by clothing everyone in homespun, I am one of those creatures called woman, and giving aid to all these things that work detriment to our interests, and doing no better than others, yet I would awaken all, and rally to a better state of things, by uniting and combining all our strength and uprooting the baneful "upas" among us, which so stultifies and dwarfs us. I would only substitute and make it respectable to dress plainer, which would become our means, and practice more common sense in fixing merit, elevate and lift the standard of morality, virtue and industry by fostering and giving preference for those who live for a purpose noble, and who labor to attain it; educate our children at home instead of finding our schools elsewhere, engendering vices and bad habits, by want of those hallowed, sweet influences which should be over all the family, where everyone has to be taught self-denial and consideration for others; thus the heart and head are educated at the same time. I would give motion to the ball which would set a shoe shop on every street corner instead of a grog, and patronize them instead of Boston and Philadelphia. Encourage every art and industry until all shall be supplied with work, thus saving our money at home; making bread plentiful; give dignity and reputation to honest toil, and give women the places made warm and comfortable at public expense, where they are qualified to fill them, and educate more for accountants and let us then try to return the thousands who are filling petty places back to the soil, for God commanded man to till the soil, and it will ever be his to do; we can't change that. Yet how is it trembling, weak, delicate women may go find a place to scrub ere these good places will be offered her. I should not wonder if a hundred applicants, all men, would be heard from in a day should there be a chance even of Mrs. Morancy's declining to be Librarian. Shame on such an age, and yet its called the age of progress, and so we do progress in evil. If the source of all our troubles was discussed more fully and all would take interest with determination, the end could be accomplished.

FERREE.

POLITICAL.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Able Speech of Senator Matthews in Favor of Making Silver a Legal Tender.

A True Statement of the Contract Between the Government and the Bondholders.

WASHINGTON, December 10.—The resolution of Senator Matthews declaring the sense of the Senate on the subject of the contract is the payment of interest on bonds in gold and silver being up, Mr. Matthews said: The General Assembly of the State of Ohio, at its session last winter, adopted a resolution favoring the restoration of the silver dollar. This resolution was passed with great unanimity, there being but 3 negative votes in the House of Representatives, and one in the Senate. He had no doubt that it expressed the considerate and deliberate opinion of the people of that State on that subject with the same unanimity, and it was evidenced by the Representatives in the passage of the resolution. He had been moved in part by that resolution to submit the one now before the Senate, though his resolution did not cover the whole ground. That of the Ohio General Assembly expressed the opinion that such a restoration of the silver dollar was demanded by financial wisdom, and declared it would be in pursuance of proper public policy to do so. It was not

HIS PURPOSE

now to discuss the latter proposition as to what would be expected and politic for the Government and the people to do, but what it would be right to do. In his opinion it would be right for the Government to do so, and he used the word "right" in its legal, equitable and moral sense. It was his purpose to-day to only show that by the letter and spirit of the law the Government had a right to restore the silver dollar, and would be justified in doing so; and, further, to show that outside of the law, taking in view all the circumstances of the case, every incident of financial legislation that the restoration of the dollar would not be in violation of the declaration of public honor, public justice or public equity.

He then quoted from the Act to strengthen Public Credit approved March, 1869, and argued that the word "coin" as used in this act must not be interpreted to refer to gold coin alone. If it must be so interpreted then it would be just as dishonorable and just as illegal to pay United States Treasury notes now in circulation as money in anything else but gold coin as it would be to pay bonds with anything but such coin. There were Senators here who were familiar with the circumstances attending the passage of this law and the history of the legislation antecedent to its passage. The question that it was designed to solve was not a doubtful one. The greenbacks had been made legal tender for all debts and demands, public and private, except interest on the public debt and for customs duties. The question had therefore been agitated as to whether the principal of the debt might not lawfully be paid in greenbacks, and to meet

THIS QUESTION,

to answer it in the negative the public credit act of 1879 was passed. In his opinion the original indebtedness of the country could never have been liquidated with any other currency than coin dollars; it would not have been settled with mere promises to pay in lieu of coin dollars. That act was intended to settle any question as to paying the principal of these bonds, and it did seem to him that if it had been contemplated that these bonds should be paid only with gold money it would have been so stated, so that in undertaking to settle a doubt this statute will not have raised a new one. The act of 1869 declared the government would pay coin dollars, and what did coin mean? At that day nothing was coin in this country except that which by law might be coined as money, and there were no statute books at that time or any other law which prescribed how many grains of gold there should be in gold coin, and how many grains of silver in silver coin, and from the beginning of the government down to that time the silver dollar was known to the people of the country as one of our coins. He next quoted from the act of 1862, the 5th section, which provided that all duties on imports should be payable in coin, and coin so received should be set apart as a special fund for certain purposes, etc., and argued that up to the act of 1873, which dropped the silver dollar from the coin of the United States, the silver dollar was receivable for customs duties, and was pledged for the payment of the interest on the public debt.

ACT OF 1870.

He next quoted from act of July 14, 1870; it referred to the standard coin then in existence, and no matter how much such coin might be depreciated or debased, appreciated or increased in value by exercise of sovereign power of the government, still that should not affect the right of the holder of these bonds. When they matured the government would deliver to them so many pieces of gold or so many pieces of silver as were known to the law when the bonds were issued. He argued that all the bonds, by their terms, by the plain and proper meaning of the words on them, were redeemable in the coins known to the statutes of the United States at the time such bonds were authorized.

He then referred to the specie resumption act of 1875, and stated that prior to the passage of that act, but subsequent to the act of 1870, to-wit, by the act of 1873, a new coinage was established which dropped from the list of authorized coins of the United States, what had always been known to our law as the silver dollar. Now, in law or in morals, what difference did that make. The United States, as one of the parties to a contract, could not of its own motion change the contract, therefore that act did not affect the holders of the bonds. The recitals contained in his preamble and resolution logically and legally justified the conclusion that it was necessary for the government to retrace its steps and restore the law as it was prior to 1873. Put back the silver dollar as it stood, a legal tender for the payment of all bonds, and to do so would not be in violation of the public faith nor in derogation of the rights of public creditors. The Government, in order to keep itself in a position to perform the contract according to the letter and spirit, should restore the silver dollar and keep it just as it was, a full and complete legal tender. Senators were not acting for themselves; they were not dealing for their private or individual interests; they were here as representatives of a great public interest; they were honest trustees of the nation—trustees of its honor as well as of its pecuniary interest, but bound to act as trustees according to the universally acknowledged principles of right and law. What right had Senators to give away one particle of that great public domain of power which constituted the public right? They were conservators of it.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

could only speak for the people in the limited channels marked out for him by the Constitution. When he (Matthews) heard the talk that it was the expectation of the purchaser of the bonds that because he paid gold for them he must receive gold for them, he asked who had given out such expectation. Where had the people so spoken? Through what channel—through what agency? Let the record be produced. There were considerations of another nature which invited discussion, and into which, perhaps, the Senate ought to go—into which, perhaps, some who would take part in the discussion would necessarily go—but he would only briefly refer to them.

It has been said silver had depreciated in value. How was the measure, by gold? Why not say gold had appreciated in value.

Mr. Eaton—Has not silver depreciated in the purchase of every product?

Mr. Mathews—I answer silver can to-day buy more of any kind of known product of labor than it could in July, 1870. I herein assert that nowhere in the world has silver depreciated the breath of a hair; on the contrary, it has maintained its position; it can buy to-day more land, more houses, more calico, more anything than it could in 1870.

Mr. Eaton said he agreed with the Senator, that it could in America; but would not abroad.

Mr. Matthews—What have we to do with abroad? What have we to do with inquiry whether lands and houses abroad have appreciated in value or not? Who is there who does not know from actual personal observation that everything has gone down and that gold alone has gone up? Nothing could prevent persons from saying that but the blindness of those who had joined the conspiracy to exalt gold as the king of money.

Mr. Edmonds said that taking the remarks of the Senator to be true about silver and gold, why did not his philosophy apply as well as to copper and gold.

Mr. Matthews—We did not agree to pay in copper.

Mr. Edmonds then asked if the Senator from Ohio was quite sure gold had appreciated, and if the price of silks in France in gold was so high as five years ago?

Mr. Matthews, resuming his argument, said he had testimony of his own personal experience, the testimony of the list of bankruptcies throughout the country, the testimony of the list of Sheriffs' sales, to the effect that everything but gold has depreciated in value. What else meant all this cry of discontent? What else meant all this murmur of dissatisfaction? The distress of the country now was beyond all historical comparison in our country, and to-day it would take but a few more turns of the wheel to throw the great mass of our people into bankruptcy.

In conclusion Mr. Matthews argued that if this appreciation of gold should continue the best investment possible would be to lock it up and wait its appreciation.

Appointments of the M. E. Conference of North Mississippi.

Holly Springs District—J. D. Cameron, Presiding Elder; Holly Springs Station, J. W. Lowrance; Holly Springs Circuit, J. E. Douglass, Carl M. Van Buren; Early Grove, Eugene Johnson, J. K. Morris, Superintendent; Byhalia, J. L. Futrell, P. J. Eckles, Superintendent; Marshall, T. Cameron; New Salem, J. E. Eggleston; Emory, J. W. Luter; Ashland, Jas. A. Bowen; Snow Creek, John H. Mitchell; Hickory Flat, H. C. Morehead; Pleasant Grove, to be supplied.

Sardis District—Ames Kendall, Presiding Elder; Sardis and Davis' Chapel, W. T. J. Sullivan; Como and Fredonia, J. R. Roberston; Senatobia and Longtown, J. W. Knott; Hernando and Coldwater, S. C. Stone; Horne Lake Circuit, C. N. Terry; Pleasant Hill to be supplied by R. M. Gwyn; Cockrum, R. M. Davis; Chulahoma, S. A. Ellis; Mount Vernon, W. J. C. Bryant; Senatobia, M. M. Dunn; Longtown Circuit, B. B. Brown.

Grenada District—J. H. Brooks, Presiding Elder; Grenada Station, T. W. Dye; Grenada Circuit, J. W. Gooch; Coffeeville Circuit, J. P. Dancer; Water Valley Circuit, J. P. Dancer; Woodstreet, J. M. Boon; Wesley Chapel, B. F. Phillips; Springdale Mission, to be supplied by J. E. Hodges; Oxford Station, W. B. Murrah; Oxford Circuit, J. J. Brooks, A. A. Houston, Superintendent; Eureka Circuit, G. W. Boyl.

Iuka District.—John Johnson, Presiding Elder Iuka, John F. Markham; Iuka Circuit, R. A. Neblett; Jacinto Mis. to be supplied; Corinth, J. W. Honnoll; J. C. Lowe, Superintendent; Corinth Circuit, D. M. Cogdell; Boonsville, to be supplied; Kossuth, J. W. Perry; Blackland, D. W. Babb; Jonesboro Circuit, S. B. Carson; Ripley and Falkner, E. B. Ramsey, Ripley Circuit, T. J. Taylor; Hatchie Mis. to be supplied; Boonsville and Rienzi, John Barcroft; Baldwyn, H. D. Howell; New Albany, John McElhannon; Bay Springs, John B. Adair; Marietta, to be supplied. Transferred to Mississippi Conference, H. R. Caldwell. Transferred to North Georgia Conference, W. W. Wadsworth. Transferred to North Carolina Conference, T. C. Campbell.

Tribute to the Late Miss Diana Katharine Holland, of Marshall County, By Heber Craft, Esq., in the McComb City Intelligencer.

We hold in vivid remembrance the subject of this notice. A few years ago we saw her in the bloom of beautiful womanhood. Her beauty was not simply an outward one of features and form, but was made up of modesty and grace, of gentleness and refinement and delicacy, reflecting the light of a pure soul and a cultivated mind and heart. In all the relations of life, as a daughter, sister and friend, the power and charm of her influence was potent and pervading, and in the high social circle in which she moved was the life and ornament. The silver cord is loosed, and a gentle, loving, joyous spirit has joined the celestial band "in realms so bright and fair."

How Longstreet Would Have Relieved Vicksburg.

Gen. Longstreet in the Philadelphia Weekly Times.]

I proposed that the army then concentrated at Jackson, Mississippi, be moved swiftly to Tullahoma, where Gen. Bragg was then located with a fine army, confronting an army of about equal strength under Gen. Rosecrans, and that at the same time the two divisions of my corps be hurried forward to the same point. The simultaneous arrival of these reinforcements would give us a grand army at Tullahoma. With this army Gen. Johnston might speedily crush Rosecrans, and that he should turn his force toward the North and with his splendid army march through Tennessee and Kentucky and threaten the invasion of Ohio. My idea was that in the march through those States the army would meet no organized obstruction, would be supplied with provisions and even reinforcements by those friendly to our cause, and would inevitably result in drawing Grant's army from Vicksburg to look after and protect his own territory.

THE other day, a Bohemian, a stranger, stopped at the Boone county (Ia.) poor farm to get his dinner. A Bohemian servant girl at work there was called to talk with him. They talked half an hour, when the girl gave up her place and said she was going to get married. The two people went to the court house, got a license, and were married in less than an hour from the time when they first saw each other.

A REMARKABLE DIVORCE suit was on trial on the 6th inst., in Superior Court at Brideport, Conn. The petition is brought by Daniel Dayton, aged 31 years, for a divorce from Caroline Dayton, on the ground of desertion. The wife, who is 65 years old, opposes the suit, and has filed a cross bill in which she asks for a divorce on the ground of neglect and general misconduct on the part of her husband.

A University for Our Daughters.

To the Editor of the Courier Journal:

I desire to call your attention to a subject in which I am sure many, very many, of your readers have already a lively interest.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF OUR WOMEN.

The intelligent reader must have been forcibly impressed by the clear, definite and patriotic language of President Hayes in his inaugural address. Says the President:

But at the basis of all prosperity for the South as well as for any other part of the country, lies the improvement of the intelligent and moral condition of the people.

Universal Suffrage should rest upon Universal Education.

To this end a liberal and permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by State government, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from the national authority.

The "national authority" has now but one resource left—her public lands. Of these I suggest that a large portion be set aside, upon some judicious basis, guarded by a general act of Congress, somewhat like the act of July 2, 1862, donating public lands to the several States and Territories for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Not, however, as in that case upon the basis of representation of each State in Congress, nor upon the basis of "illiteracy," as has been suggested, but upon the basis of territorial area.

But why ask a portion instead of all?

First—Because to succeed in Congress with such a measure, you must have the support of many who would vote against it altogether if all were asked.

Second—There is still much to be done for internal improvements, colleges and universities are necessary, the education of the people is imperative, yet we must have the great *pioneers* of civilization and education, too, to go ahead. The railroads and other internal improvements must encompass and occupy, prepare and make ready the way for this higher civilization.

Third—To ask all and obtain it would create "rings," and "jobs," and less, possibly, would be realized than in the case of the agricultural land grant.

Fourth—The distribution upon the basis of territorial area would give to the new States—the least populous, I admit, a larger proportion—and this is correct. They are more in need of this advantage, this greater inducement to settlers.

The older States are well provided for, and if not altogether so, can with their large means easily supply the slight deficiency.

For the same reason, I would not have it distributed upon the basis if illiteracy, but upon the basis mentioned, or upon any other meeting more exactly the wants and conditions of the several States and Territories.

Of this distribution there should be given to each State and Territory an amount sufficient to employ a competent corps of professors and officers, who should be able to give equally thorough instructions as is given in our best universities, upon the condition that each State and Territory accepting such grant shall provide in a given time the necessary grounds, buildings, apparatus and libraries out of the object of the donation.

These institutions ought to be under the control of each State through its Legislature, and each State to be responsible for the preservation of the fund, and perpetual maintenance of the buildings, apparatus, libraries, etc., for one or more institutions of the highest grade, each to be styled and known as the

STATE UNIVERSITY FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

I do not mean by this movement any disparagement of what has already been done for the higher education of women, nor to intimate that I am in opposition particularly to the efforts making at co-education, but simply to state that these fall very far short of the mark, are entirely too limited, too circumscribed. I honor Matthew Vasser for his great conception and successful completion of an institution of high grade for the young women of New York.

I believe if the General Government will but take the initiatory steps, secure the endowment, perpetual and adequate, that the States will find coming to their aid many, Vassers, many Cornells, many Vanderbilts and many John Hopkinses.

I congratulate these latter philanthropists and benefactors upon their large-hearted munificence, their princely gifts; but am amazed that they could see no need of higher institutions of learning for our noble women, who from the cradle to the grave are our earliest and best teachers, as well as always our safest advisers.

I have not the space, in a short letter, to argue—not even to state why the present appliances are too meager—why co education is not what we need, although it offers partial opportunities to a few young ladies who can, by applying in due form, be *permitted* to attend lectures prepared especially for the instruction of young men. But I do here state that the time has come when our daughters, who are to be the constructors of our house hold affairs, to train our future rulers, our law-givers and our statesmen, should have an equal chance with ourselves. I do not say an identical—not an equal education, but I do plead that it should be *equivalent*, suited to their sphere of life, as is their brothers' suitable and sufficient for theirs.

It is an invidious distinction, an unrighteous distinction, that every State and Territory in this Union, in addition to their numerous denominational and other private colleges and universities, have made ample provision for the higher education of young men, and these with few exceptions are open to all, *free* of tuition, free of college fees; while as States nothing has been done for the higher education of young women, and what little has been done by private or denominational effort is so costly as to totally close the doors of these institutions against a large majority of the female population. This duty to our daughters has been overlooked or passed unheeded by all nations.

It has been left to America to inaugurate this new era, and let it be commenced in this the first year of the second century of our great republic.

I therefore propose the following resolutions to the National Educational Association, which are to be embodied in a memorial to Congress.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this association that the general government should, at an early period, look to the feasibility of donating a portion of the public domain for the endowment and maintenance of at least one institution in each State and Territory for the higher education of women.

Resolved, That this association appoint at this meeting a committee whose duty it shall be to draft a suitable memorial to Congress, and to urge this distribution of the public lands for the purposes mentioned.

ALEXANDER HOGG,
A. and M. College, Texas.

THE EMPTY PLACE.

Bright faces come and go, fair shapes
 Dance up and down the wall;
A presence in the crowded room
 Takes precedence of all.
We see it night and day, however,
 By shine or shadow cast—
A little vacant spot wherefrom
 One little face is lost.

The sound of music swells and falls,
 And laughter fills our ears—
A silence, hallowed out of life,
 Is all our spirit hears.
That silence, like a hush of prayer,
 Can drown the loudest speech,
And piercing sharp through laugh and song
 Our inmost sense can reach.

No thunder of the outer world,
 No burning rage of pain,
No passion—storms of love or grief
 That beat on heart or brain.
Beat down with such constraining strength
 The vital forces there,
As that dull, soundless ache of loss
 Which lonely mourners bear.

O little garments in the drawer,
 With such precision spread!
O little chair against the wall!
 O little cradle bed,
Uncurtained, in the silent room,
 And pillowless and cold!
O mother's arms and tender hands,
 That have no babe to hold!

We know full well the worth and wealth
 Of which we are bereft;
But where are words wherewith to tell
 The emptiness that's left?
Wherewith to span that shoreless void,
 Sound its unfathomed deeps,
And picture to the common sense,
 The sacred thing it keeps.
—Sunday Magazine.

WOOING AND WINNING.

The June sunshine lay asleep in little patches of gold all over the white kitchen floor in Deacon Elwood's cottage on this summer afternoon, but not one ray illuminated the face of Miss Kitty, the deacon's pet niece, as she stood leaning against the door-post, swinging her sunbonnet back and forth, now and then darting angry glances at an open letter in the old man's hand. She made a very pretty picture standing there with the sunlight sifting in through the vine-leaves around the old stoop, falling upon her tangled curls and the pink muslin dress that waved so gracefully about her in the soft June breeze.

"Well, Kitty, what do you think of it? asked Deacon Elwood, folding the letter and laying it upon his knee, and looking over to Kitty, whose short upper lip had an extra curl in it.

"What do I think of it? I think it's just as mean as it can be to come now, just when I was going to visit Lottie Grey. Now I'll have to stay at home, I suppose, and entertain him; but I'll treat him so he won't stay three days, you see if I don't."

"That will be very lady like, to say the least of it, Kitty, to one whom you have never seen, and a cousin, besides."

"I don't care what he thinks of me. I am sure he must be a natural born idiot to go inviting himself down here for two whole months."

How the brown eyes sparkled then!

"How do you know what I did not invite him, Kitty? The only son of my only sister, and she dead; it's a shame that I have not invited him here before. I wrote for him, my dear, and I expect you to do as a lady should. It is altogether probable that you will feel differently upon the subject after he has been here a short time. Young ladies are not indifferent to handsome young gentlemen, particularly those having so many attractions as Augustus Lathrop, and a rising young lawyer into the bargain."

Uncle Elwood gave the slyest little wink at his wife, who had sat rocking and knitting during this time. This was a very unfortunate wink, for Kitty Elwood saw it by chance, and it threw considerable light upon the affair, and she straightway winked to herself that she knew all about it, and if they victimized her, they would do better than she thought they could.

That night, away down to the foot of the greenest of meadows, where a little brook flowed along, fringed by alder bushes that almost met on its opposite banks, Kitty Elwood held a very confidential meeting with one Frank Forester, a gay young fellow, and Deacon Elwood's special aversion.

For years the families of Elwood and Forester had been at enmity about a piece of land that had lain unused since the first quarrel, and where now the scions of the respective houses "met by chance, the usual way."

The first stars were in the sky when Kitty Elwood tripped back under the orchard trees to the house, and sat down on the stoop as innocent as though she had not been looking into a pair of black eyes and making all kinds of rash promises during the last hour.

"Well Kitty," said Mrs. Elwood, the next morning, after prayers, "since your cousin is coming, we must make some preparations for him. Perhaps you had better ask Lottie Grey to come here, since you have been disappointed in your visit there, and she help entertain Augustus, which will relieve you somewhat."

"No, I thank you," replied she, with her most impudent look; "I feel quite equal to entertaining him alone; and then he might be foolish enough to fall in love with Lottie, and, considering she's engaged, it would be rather unpleasant."

"Well, just as you please, Kitty, only you must be a civil to him, or your uncle will be offended."

"Oh, certainly."

Then Kitty Elwood went sorting over and arranging the roses that she had gathered before breakfast, with a look of such cool provokingness that her aunt felt serious misgivings, but said nothing.

Two weeks went rapidly by, and everything had been made ready. The little cottage was as neat as hands could make it; folds of soft white muslin draped the parlor windows, looped back with ribbons that Kitty's hands had knotted, the green covered sofa was wheeled into an angle with the wall, and every article of furniture had been newly arranged, to give it the most stylish look. Vases of flowers stood on the old fashioned mantel, some of Kitty's best drawings were brought out and framed, and hung up in a little low parlor, making it quite grand.

It was the last night; on the morrow he was to be there; so when the last rays of the setting sun were tinting the topmost trees of the woods that skirted the green meadow, Kitty Elwood parted the boughs of the alder bushes on the banks of the little brook where she had been so many times before.

"You are late to-night, Kitty"—and Frank Forester clasped the little hands in his. "I have waited an age, and this the last night, too, for so many weeks, and perhaps forever."

There was a shade of reproach in his tones as he said this.

"Perhaps forever," mocked Kitty. "Now you go and get jealous, and that will spoil the whole. Can you trust me, Frank Forester, or not? Tell me truly."

Kitty Elwood's brown eyes looked so trustingly at him at that moment that he said,—

"Yes, darling, forever."

Two hours afterward, in the soft light of the young moon, Frank and Kitty walked slowly along under the shadows of the old apple trees in the orchard, talking very confidentially together. At last the parting came; for a moment Frank's arms were folded around Kitty, and there was a blending of short, clustering hair with the dark curls of Kitty's forehead, a whispered something, and Kitty went swiftly along the garden path alone. Frank Forester, standing in the shadows, watched the little airy figure flitting away, and when at last she stood under the rose-covered stoop, and turned back as if bidding him good-night once more, he murmured, in his heart's inmost depths, "God bless you, sweet Kitty?"

The morning dawned, fresh with dew, vocal with bird songs, and heavy with fragrance. At four o'clock that afternoon, Augustus Lathrop, the city cousin, was expected. The household was accordingly astir early, and before noon the last touch was given, and there were five long hours yet before he was to come.

"Really, Kitty, you are quite presentable—quite radiant," was Uncle Elwood's salutation, as Kitty made her appearance upon the east stoop, where her uncle and aunt had been sitting the whole afternoon watching for the first glimpse of the stage that was to bring their guests.

"Quite a fairy, am I not?" laughed Kitty, sitting down on the steps, notwithstanding her white muslin dress.

"I've been thinking, my dear," put in Mrs. Elwood, eying Kitty's long curls, "that you are quite old enough to do your hair up in a comb; it looks so childish, hanging down over you neck, and it must be uncomfortable."

"Oh, very well aunty, just as you like. Please lend me a comb; I haven't any, you know." And Kitty gathered all those long tresses together, twisting them up into a fantastic knot at the back of her head, from which little curls would dangle down, do what she would. "That looks like it, I suppose, aunty. Can you suggest any other improvement?" asked Kitty, after twisting at the refractory hair for stome twenty minutes.

"No, that will do; only it will fall down the first time you move. And there comes the stage, as I live!"

Up the long, dusty hill panted the tired horses on that warm afternoon, drawing a heavy vehicle loaded with passengers, among whom, in the last gasp of dustiness, sat Augustus Lathrop, attorney-at-law.

"Two trunks and a satchel, as true as the world; he intends to stay the term of his natural life, I suppose," muttered Kitty to herself, as she peeped through the blinds of the little sitting room, where she run, losing her comb at the third bound, and upon which Uncle Elwood planted his huge foot as he came up the steps. "Tall, good looking, hair like mid-night, eyes like a sloe; I'll write to Lottie Grey this very night."

"Your Cousin Kitty—Augustus; you have never met before, I believe."

Mr. Lathrop extended his hand to Cousin Kitty, who very daintily touched it with her fingers; before she could withdraw her hand, however, it lay half crushed in his broad palm.

"I'll pay you for that!" thought Kitty, as he passed on up to his room to make himself presentable at tea.

He came down soon, arrayed in white linen, as cool and fresh possible, with his hair brushed back from the whitest forehead ever seen. He sat down at the table, and ate such a number of biscuits and dishes of strawberries as to quite astonish Kitty. That duty performed, the party adjourned to the cool piazza, and Augustus Lathrop shone the star of the evening.

"He is a sensible young man," said Uncle Elwood, when at their guest had retired, immediately after prayers.

"Yes, very; so well bred, so genteel," assented Mrs. Elwood, doing up her knitting-work very scientifically.

"An exquisite coxcomb, a thorough-going, self-satisfied humbug," thought little Kitty, as she lighted her candle, and with the least perceptible toss of her head retired from the room.

The next day Cousin Augustus made a tour of the farm; inspected Aunt Elwood's small dairy; "did" the kitchen garden, and at last went down on his knees at the strawberry bed, and helped Kitty fill her pan, and then sat in the shade by the kitchen door and helped his aunt hull them, while Kitty made cream biscuits within.

Two days after was Sunday, when the old-fashioned carriage was brought out, and the Elwoods rode to church. The distance was very short, and on ordinary occasions they never thought of riding, but Cousin Augustus must not walk. There were many pairs of bright eyes looking into Deacon Elwood's pew that Sunday morning, and Mr. Lathrop's reverent manner was the admiration of all beholders.

Kitty Elwood was very demure, and only once or twice did her eyes wander in the direction of the Foresters' pew, and when they did they encountered such a piercing look from a pair of black eyes, that set her heart beating like a trip-hammer for half an hour after. Frank Forester heard but little of that sermon, and went home very miserable, notwithstanding a beaming look which Kitty bestowed upon him on her way to the carriage after church.

The next week invitations poured upon Kitty and her couisin, and Mr. Lathrop was the lion of the place. Picnics followed parties, horseback excursions followed picnic, and everywhere the young lawyer was sure to be Kitty's cavalier. No one attempted to contest the prize with Kitty; she had always been conqueror in the field, and now she had a decided advantage.

Frank Forester declined all invitations, and suddenly left home, just as the gayety was at its zenith, unable to endure the sight of Kitty's happiness, so report said, when it was so well known that he had expected to win her himself. When this was told to Kitty, she tossed her head, and went off leaning on Couisin Augustus' arm in a manner quite plainly to be seen that Frank Forester was nothing to her.

The days and weeks went gayly on. Such long beautiful rides, such delightful moonlight rambles, such quiet restings, after the day's pleasures, on the old vine-covered piazza, with nothing but the stars looking down upon them! Uncle Elwood winked himself into a fever at the success of his scheme, and only waited for an opportunity to jog Miss Kitty's memory concerning his prediction.

"Don't speak of it to her, Henry; she will fly off the moment you do," argued Mrs. Elwood. "It will be time enough after it's all settled; and I would not have her go back to thinking anything of old Forester's Frank again for the whole world. Somebody was telling me the other day that he had gone West. I'm glad of that; he is safe away, and it is a consolation."

With this happy thought uppermost in her mind, Mrs. Elwood slept, while Kitty's voice, accompanied by the low tinkling of her guitar, came in at the open window, now and then joined by a strain deeper and richer, and upon this melody she floated out into the world of dreams.

That night Augustus Lathrop wrote to a friend in town:

"I have tamed the little termagant; she is as come-at-able as I would wish. A beauty, a genius, a wit, and has got the dimes; what more can I ask? Keep up your courage, Ned; there's a good time coming. Tell Bailey I'll take the span of grays, and you may keep them in their paces till I come. I'll be there about the first of September, and my little bride with me, if all goes right.

P. S. Frank Forester, the 'old love,' has gone West, it a fit of the sulks."

At the same time Kitty Elwood wrote to her friend Lottie:

"He's splendid, Lottie; quite a corsair in looks, and such a soft musical voice, and it can whisper such sweet nothings that it gives me the palpitation of the heart for an hour afterward. You need not be surprised to hear any day that I am engaged."

After filling three sheets of note paper and crossing it after the manner of young ladies' epistles of the present day, Kitty laid her head upon her pillow and dreamed not of Frank Forrester in his new Western home, but of Cousin Augustus, attorney-at-law.

Three weeks more of uninterrupted pleasure flew by, bringing a soft, dreamy light into Kitty's eyes, and a look of radiant happiness to Mr. Lathrop. The day had been intensely warm, so much so that going out was impossible, so Kitty sat in the shady parlor that long summer afternoon, her cousin reading aloud one of those bewitching romances all about love and moonshine. The evening came at length, cool and breezy, and Kitty walked slowly up and down the garden, leaning on Mr. Lathrop's arm.

"You are tired, Kitty; let us rest here." So Augustus brushed the dust from the seat in an old arbor with his perfumed handkerchief, and Kitty sat down. "You seem sad to-night, sweet cousin!" and Kitty's hand received a timid pressure, then another, and finally was carried to Mr. Lathrop's lip in an ecstacy of rapture.

Kitty sat very quiet during all these demonstrations, and when at last he sank at her her feet, utterly regardless of his white pantaloons, and poured out his love in a perfect cataract of sweet sounds, Kitty was melted even to tears.

"Give me but one token, dearest, that I may know you love me in return."

But vows were not needed to express her great love, so Kitty sank into the outstretched arms of Cousin Augustus and spoke no word.

The next morning, when Mr. Lathrop had seized the first opportunity of a private conversation with his uncle, and told him all, the old man said:

"With all my heart, dear nephew, and may she make you a good wife! I hoped for this when I asked you to visit us, for, as I hinted, things were getting desperate in another quarter, and all remonstrances were in vain; for, to tell the truth, Kitty's an arrant piece of willfulness as you will meet with in many a day. She was bound to hate you, and is caught at last." And Deacon Elwood went off in a fit of laughter that was dangerous.

From that time there was such a rustling of silks in Kitty Elwood's chamber, such a fluttering of white muslin, such numberless packages and boxes arriving by express at the cottage, that any one possessed of common sense must have seen what was to follow. Mr. Lathrop absented himself for a short time, going to town to make arrangements for his bride. Kitty, fluttering in and out among all that bridal paraphernalia was as restless as a bird on the wing.

"No wonder she is uneasy," gossiped the seamstresses as they turned over one beautiful thing after another. "I know if I had treated a young man as shamefully as she has Frank Forrester, I should never expect another happy hour."

"She's anything but miserable, though; just hear her singing now; that sounds as though she was very wretched, doesn't it?"

"Laughter and song may cover many an aching heart. It is my opinion that Kitty Elwood is a victim."

She looked like it, certainly, with the laughter breaking through every dimple in that sunny face, and the love-light overflowing the glad sparkle in her eyes, as she stands reading a tiny letter, crossed and re-crossed. It says:

"My darling Kitty, only two more weeks, then I shall be with you, shall call you mine. The time seems long, but it will pass quickly, and then no partings."

And Kitty folds the precious document and lays it in her bosom. Yes, Kitty is a victim, but she goes gayly to the sacrifice.

It is the night before the wedding. The September moonlight floods the old piazza and makes the shadows, where sit Kitty Elwood and Mr. Lathrop, only the denser by its brightness.

"And you have never loved but once, you say, dear Kitty?"

"Never, Augustus," and the fair affianced looked away into the moonlight beyond. "I have had little preferences, perhaps, in my lifetime, but never but one love and that shall go with me down to my grave, God helping me."

The arm tightened around her at this assurance, and soon after Kitty went up to her little chamber, where she was to sleep for the last time for many months, and perhaps forever. Her trunks were already packed and nothing was visible but her traveling attire.

The morning dawned—Kitty Elwood's wedding day—glorious with autumn sunshine and gorgeous with its richness. Over the varied landscape, past little villages just awakening to another day, through dark woods that the morning sun's rays have failed to penetrate, over bridges, rushing and flying like the wind, goes the bride of an hour, with a smile of perfect happiness upon her sunny face turned so radiantly toward this fresh, wildwood beauty.

"You must be deaf, dumb and blind, Frank Forester, to sit there so still, with this beautiful panorama of sunshine and shadow before you, and speak never a word."

"It is quite enough to see it reflected in your sun-shiny face, little Kitty; I enjoy that more than the first view"—and the young husband bent over the little waif at his side, and said something that sent the laughter and bright blushes dimpling all over her face, even down to the tips of the white fingers, toying so daintily with the tiny glove.

On, on they went, those two, who had vowed that morning to go together all life's journey side by side, loving and trusting, come what might, even as they go now, at its beginning.

At Deacon Elwood's cottage there is a decided sensation. Augustus Lathrop gnashes his white teeth in a paroxysm of rage, while his uncle raves up and down the room perfectly speechless with a combination of feelings, now and then turning aside to grind under his heel for the twentieth time some very innocent little scraps of pasteboard, whereon are engraved the names of Kitty Elwood and Frank Forester. But that performance does not seem to calm his excited feelings in the least, so he snatches up a little note and reads once more:—

"My dear uncle, forgive me, but you tried to play me a trick, and I would not let you. If you had given me my own way and my own time to decide my destiny, I might not have done this, but as you were for dispatching the business, I have helped you all I could. Give my love to Cousin Augustus—tell him the good time has come, the dimes are going into another pocket. I should like to ride after the span of grays, but object to the driver; and, as a final warning, tell him never to throw waste paper out of a window, or to believe a young lady means yes, when she only throws herself into his arms and makes believe cry. I am obliged for all your kindness, my best uncle, and feel in my inmost heart that you will forgive your little orphaned Kitty, or else I should be very miserable; but as it is, I can't."

"Forgive her—never! To dare to thwart me thus—and Frank Forester of all persons in this wide world! never."

"What does she mean about span of grays, etc?" asked Mrs. Elwood in a feeble voice, from the depths of the lounge pillow, where she had fainted away and come to at her leisure—the gentleman being too much occupied to attend to her.

"Heaven only knows what she means; I believe she has gone stark mad; I have a great mind to follow my lady, and take her to an insane asylum; then I guess she would pay for this business."

"It's too late, Henry, too late now," sobbed Mrs. Elwood; "let them go; I shall never recover this disgrace. A runaway match! Oh, dear! rather than that, I would have given my consent; and Frank is good enough, for all I know."

"Never mention his name again," thundered Deacon Elwood, striding toward the kitchen door. "Bridget, bring in the breakfast; we won't starve ourselves because that gypsy has gone. Augustus sit here. I feel sorry for you in this matter, but nothing can be done, as I see," he said sympathisingly.

"Nothing," sighed the disappointed bridegroom elect, sipping his coffee with a resigned air. "It is deuced unpleasant, though, going back to town."

But the first stage carried him nevertheless, and some of the passengers were from the village, and were behind the scenes, and made it manifest by sly hints, which he bore like a martyr to all appearance; but many were the muttered curses bestowed upon the bright head of Kitty Elwood in that lonely homeward journey; and to this hour he remains unmarried, an inveterate hater of womankind, and brown-eyed, demure-looking Kitties in particular.

* * * * * *

Four years later, Kitty Forester wrote:

"I am glad you can forgive me at last; you have held out a long time, and done bravely. I like my home here; it is beautiful to watch the sun go down over these great rolling prairies; still my heart turns lovingly toward home, and all its old memories, and since you wish it we will come."

And so, at last, Frank Forester brought his young wife home; and to-day there is a path worn hard through the green meadow where they all go, but Kitty and her little Frank oftenest of all, over the alder-fringed brook, that a rustic bridge spans, to the Foresters' homestead beyond.

THE CARPET-BAGGERS IN THE SENATE.

Philadelphia Times.]

TEN LITTLE CARPET-BAGGERS sitting up in line,
One stole himself away, and then there were nine;
Nine little carpet-baggers walking very straight,
One went crooked, and then there were eight;
Eight little carpet-baggers not on the way to heaven,
Another State went Democratic, then there were seven;
Seven little carpet-baggers cutting up their tricks,
One disappeared at night, then there were six;
Six little carpet-baggers stealing—sakes alive!
One got caught, and then there were five;
Five little carpet-baggers at the Senate door,
One was admitted then there were four;
Four little carpet-baggers now is all you see—
A habeas corpus captured one, then there were three;
Three little carpet-baggers looking rather blue,
One joined the Democrats, then there were two;
Two little carpet-baggers having lots o' fun,
The Vice President's casting vote left only one;
One little carpet-bagger sending up a wail
'Cause the Sheriff came along and took him off to jail.

Some Other Rights of Woman.

From Bob Ingersoll's new lecture: "I believe woman is the equal of man and has all the rights of man, and one more, that of protection. I believe the institution of marriage to be the holiest and most sacred institution among men. Yet it took thousands of years to advance from slavery up to the marriage institution. I hate a man who thinks he is the head of the family. I do. I despise him. I hate one of those dignified galoots. I never saw a dignified man who was not a dunce. Solemnity is a breast-work which mediocrity throws up to defend itself from the eyes of the world. I hate a man who is an aristocrat in his family, and whose wife is obliged to be a beggar. She says "I want a dollar," and asks for it as if she were standing on a bomb-shell, and he replies, 'What did you do with the fifty cents I gave you'? How many women are obliged to be continual beggars. How can you raise children in such an atmosphere? It's a terrible thing; it's wretched and infamous. I believe in the democracy of the family? Every home should be a little Republic in itself. Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. to both borrower and lender. Love is the only thing where the least possible extravagance is the height of economy. What right has man to be the head of the family? A man should be pleasant and cheerful on coming into a house. When you enslave anybody, you make him dishonest. A hut with love is a palace fit for a king. A little while ago I stood at the tomb of the dead Napolean, and, when I thought of his past life, I thought I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, living in a hut with a little wife I loved, with children upon my knee, and their arms about my neck, and died unnoticed and unknown, loved by those who knew me, than to have been that king. It is not necessary to be great or powerful to be happy."

JACOB M. JACOBS, of Oswego, rounded off his century last Wednesday, and walked about the house, read his newspaper and smoked his pipe like any Irish collegian of twenty. He entered the navy in 1810, fought under the heroic Lawrence, and saw service on Lake Ontario in 1814, and for many, many years he has smoked a very, very old pipe. Very hale and hearty is this old man, whom neither gunpowder nor lobsters [illegible] had power to kill. On his birthday he shook hands with three hundred friends without feeling fatigued. Nay, more, he sat and listened to [illegible] granddaughters, and was quite [illegible] next morning.—Tribune.