

### Forsaken.

The sky is cheerless with clouds of gloom;  
The bonths are bare and the leaves are  
shed;  
The rustle away to the surging tone  
Of a stream whose music is dull and dead;  
And never a gleam of sun o'erhead,  
And never a blade of grass left green;  
And crystal jewels all strewn and spread  
Where a thousand fushes of bloom have  
been.

The birds are singing no songs of joy;  
The ivy leaves are dropping from the vine;  
Will chill of the winter's breaths destroy  
The light of summer within my breast?  
For comes the touch of a doubt unblest,  
And it breaks the calm of a tender dream,  
And the crystal of its hand has prest  
My hope on a hope that "might have  
been."

O swaying rushes and shivering birds,  
O stream that has never a song to sing,  
O fickle swallow who heard his words,  
Half whispered here in the silver spring,  
My sighs with you to the south may bring;  
The old, old story of trust betrayed;  
For here I weep, while on wayward wind  
You fit and flutter through sun and shade.

I see you fly where my love has flown;  
I see you follow the shimmering track  
Of sun-light on a sea-strewn  
With rays that never may lead him back;  
For few and feeble are your wings that lack  
The truth that lives in the far, far north;  
O love, O love, that you might come back,  
If only to tell me what love is worth!

Is it worth a Summer of bliss divine,  
Or a thousand kisses in haze of night,  
Or a thousand vows that proclaimed you  
mine,  
Or a wrong that never can be set right?  
Is it worth the shuddering tears that blight  
Those eyes whose luster you loved so well?  
Is it worth the loss of life's delight,  
To love too little—or love too well?

Sorrowful eyes all dark and dim,  
That look at me from an amber cloud—  
A cloud that was once a lover's smile,  
Who touched it once with a touch so  
proud!  
O face that has gathered the winter's chill  
On lips and brow that were once  
I would you could follow him where he will,  
Or sink to rest in the summer's shroud!

### LOSS OR GAIN?

An old gentleman, leaning forward  
with his hands clasped over a gold-  
headed cane, was seated in a summer-house  
situated upon the grounds of a hotel at a  
fashionable watering-place. He was in a  
corner hidden by drooping vines, and his  
face expressed deep and apparently pain-  
ful thought. The refrain of his sad mus-  
ing was, "Only one person in the whole  
world to love me, and I shall lose even  
that love now!"

On the other side of the summer-house,  
divided from the side of the old gentleman  
occupied by a rustic partition, two ladies,  
young and fair, rustled in, and taking out  
some fancy work, settled down for a chat.  
One was tall and dressed in a pretty  
costume that was at once youthful and  
matronly; the other was petite, blonde,  
and not more than eighteen. Mrs. Court-  
land spoke first.

"Embroidery, Alice?" she said. "A  
handkerchief corner. For your trousseau?"  
"Yes," and the sweet voice faltered,  
while a burning blush crimsoned the fair  
cheek. "Is it not pretty?"  
"Very. I want to talk about your  
prospects, child. Your Aunt Mary tells  
me you are making a splendid match."  
"Did she? I think so, but I am sure  
Malcolm is so noble and good!"

But your aunt tells me he is the fa-  
vorite nephew of the great merchant,  
Hubert Bates, whose wealth is something  
enormous. You have only to help him  
play his cards well and he will probably  
be heir to a magnificent fortune. But  
what else you? You look as if I was  
telling you a piece of news."  
"I think Aunt Mary has been misin-  
formed; that is all."  
"Then he is not Mr. Bates' nephew?"  
"I never heard him speak of a rich  
uncle, and I am quite sure he has no  
hope of inheriting money. He has a  
good salary, and a little fortune will  
furnish a small house, so we can make  
a comfortable and, I hope, a happy  
home."

"Did he never speak to you of his  
uncle?"  
"Not of a rich uncle. He has told me  
of a lame uncle, his mother's brother,  
who has been very kind to him, given  
him his education and a start in the  
world. He always talks of him with the  
deepest love and pity."  
"Pity?"  
"He suffers tortures from the effects of  
a fall that has lamed him for life and  
often causes him weeks of agonizing pain.  
Malcolm tells me with tears in his eyes  
of his love for his friend."  
"I wonder if it is the same!" mur-  
mured Mrs. Courtland.  
"Tell me, Blanche, some of the best  
places to go for our furniture and carpets.  
It will be new work for me to buy house-  
hold goods, and Aunt Sophy is not well  
enough to help me much."  
"Oh, I will go with you. But I de-  
clare, if I were you, I would wait and  
see if your Aunt Mary is right. Your  
fortune will never be so large as you  
suppose a future millionaire should live  
in."  
"My fortune," said Alice Hunter, with  
a ring in her clear voice, "will furnish a  
house suitable for a bank clerk with five  
hundred a year salary, which is what my  
husband will have. If Malcolm's choice and  
rich uncle he is not the man to live in  
expectation of money to come over a  
grave. If his uncle Hubert is, as you  
say, very rich, Malcolm would hate  
money won by the death of the nearest  
relative and dearest friend he has. But I  
don't believe in the money, for he never  
spoke of it to me."  
Then the talk drifted into discussion  
of bridal finery of furniture and stories of  
the young wife's content in her own mar-  
ried life.

roof upon one side had given away and  
the side and roof had fallen in. Mrs.  
Courtland and Miss Hunter were buried  
under the fallen timbers, the doorway  
being completely blocked, but were  
uninjured. Not so the old gentleman,  
who had been left unsuspected listener.  
He was taken out pallid and senseless.  
No body knew him. He had come by  
the morning train, had taken breakfast,  
but no room, and asked the hour for the  
return train. A surgeon, summoned as  
speedily as possible, announced a broken  
arm and injury to the head, making a  
likelihood of a long, tedious illness.  
There was some animated discussion,  
some suggestions of hospital, a search  
through the pockets of the unconscious  
victim, resulting in the discovery of a  
small sum of money, but no letters, papers  
or cards; and finally a desolation of  
one another, each going his or her way,  
with the consoling reflection, "It's none  
of my business."

But when they had all deserted the in-  
jured man, the surgeon, still busy bind-  
ing up his arm as he lay upon a bench,  
brought from the ruined summer house,  
felt a light touch on his hand and looked  
up.  
"Can I help you?" Alice Hunter asked.  
"No child, not now."  
"What will they do with him?"  
"I suppose he must go to a hospital!"  
"But the ride—the journey?"  
"Will cause great additional suffering,  
perhaps result in death."  
"Doctor, will they keep him here if he  
is paid for?"  
"Certainly; but there is not money  
enough about him to pay his board a  
week."  
"I will pay it."  
"You?"  
"Yes; I will not let him die for want  
of money I have. He—" and her lips  
quivered—"he looks like my dear father  
who is dead."

"Hem, yes. Here comes the fellows  
to carry him to the station. I think I  
will have him taken to the house where I  
board. It will cost less, and be more  
quiet."  
"Yes, I will not let him die for want  
of money I have. He—" and her lips  
quivered—"he looks like my dear father  
who is dead."

Mrs. Courtland declared Alice was out-  
raging the proprieties most dreadfully  
when the young girl went to the house  
and offered her services as nurse to the  
doctor; but Aunt Sophy silenced all com-  
ment by saying her belongings from the  
hotel to the quiet boarding-house, and  
the doctor found he had a valuable assist-  
ant.

Alice explained, in her quiet, low voice,  
that her father was ill for nine long  
months before he died and she was his  
nurse. This accounted for the noiseless  
woolen dresses, the velvet-shod feet, the  
quick eye and ready hand, and when the  
sufferer recovered the consciousness the gentle  
voice and tact that quieted him in  
paroxysms of pain and fever. Aunt Sophy  
was too much of an invalid herself to  
help; but she sat beside the bed while  
Alice moved to and fro, and performed  
all nursing duties.

The invalid had one long talk with the  
doctor, and then submitted to the gentle  
ministrations of the two women, only in-  
sisting upon a man to attend to the  
being with him at night and within call.  
The season was over, and only these  
three remained of the summer boarders  
at the house, when, one cool October day,  
the sick man now fast recovering, called  
Alice to him.

"I shall soon be well again," he said,  
repeatedly.  
"Yes," she answered, cheerily, "very  
soon."  
"I shall miss my nurse."  
"And I my patient; but I am glad you  
are recovering. We were afraid at one  
time there would be a more painful part-  
ing."  
"You mean I was in danger of dying,  
why should that be painful? I am old."  
She made no answer, looking sorrow-  
fully into his uplifted eyes.

"And a burden upon you, the doctor  
tells me. Why did you make yourself  
responsible for a stranger?"  
The fair face flushed, the soft eyes  
were dewy, with feeling, as Alice said  
softly: "Because you are old and seem  
poor and friendless, and I was glad it  
was in my power to aid you. Do not  
think it was at any great cost," she added  
with a generous desire to lighten the  
burden of obligation. "I have some mon-  
ey lying idle."  
"For the wedding-day, perhaps. Well,  
child, you might have poorer jewels than  
I have, but I have a heart full of  
gratitude and love. I am getting well  
and shall soon leave you. Will you give  
me a keepsake?"

The girl loosened a little lock of hair  
from a chain round her throat, cut off one  
of her golden curls and put it in the place  
of some hairs he took out, and laid the  
trinket in the old man's hand.  
"With my love," she sighed, "an old  
man's hair is worth a little love."  
"Yes," she said earnestly, "you must  
believe that I have nursed you since you  
were conscious with affection. My own  
father is gone, but if ever you want a  
daughter's care or affection, believe me,  
I will gladly come to you if possible."  
"Three days later the house was desert-  
ed. Aunt Sophy and Alice returned to  
their home, and Alice cheerfully paid out  
of her small patrimony for the board and  
expenses of her venerable patient.

She little guessed how deep an impres-  
sion her care and tenderness had made  
upon the heart so long closed against  
human affection, so distrustful of any ad-  
vances from his fellow creatures. It was  
a revelation to him, this active charity to  
and Aunt Mary's love. He had gone to the  
hotel merely to left all clue to his identity  
behind him. He had intended meeting  
Alice, if possible, unknown, and watch-  
ing her unobserved; but accident had  
brought them together in a way he little  
anticipated. The first use he had made  
of his recovery was to write to his  
nephew, and Malcolm met him at the  
station when he returned home.

Knowing nothing of the recent acci-  
dent, the young man was shocked at the  
change in his uncle's face.  
"You have been ill?" he cried.  
"Very ill."  
"Why did you not send for me?"  
"I had better nursing than yours,  
Malcolm. Don't ask me any questions  
now, but tell me about your marriage  
preparations."  
"Alice has gone home and will remain  
until November. Then she comes to  
Mrs. Haydon's, and will buy her furni-  
ture."  
"In November?"  
"Yes."

Late in November she came, her  
trunks full of Aunt Sophy's presents,  
and Aunt Mary gave her cordial greeting.  
A grand wedding was the display upon  
which the lady had set her heart, and  
Alice shrunk a little at the comments ap-  
plied to her uncle and her own good for-  
tune in the "first-rate match."  
But just before the wedding day a  
little note was brought to Alice by a  
gorgeous footman, who was driven to her  
sunt's behind a private carriage. The

note was from Malcolm, and begged her  
to come to him in the carriage.  
Wondering but obedient, Alice was  
speedily ready, and was driven to a hand-  
some house, where the door was opened  
to usher her into a stylish drawing room,  
where a gentleman awaited her, and  
Malcolm advancing said: "My Uncle Hu-  
bert, Alice!"

Kindly blue eyes looked into her own,  
withered hands were extended and a voice  
she knew well said: "We are old friends,  
Malcolm. Are we not, Alice?"  
Then, before she could answer, the old  
man continued: "I have thought, Alice,  
that it was unkind to have my nephew  
wait for my death before sharing in my  
wealth. I have borne a curse of distrust  
in my heart for many years, thinking my  
money won me all the affection, save  
Malcolm's, that was offered me; but,  
though you were well content to wed the  
young clerk and put your own patrimony  
into his hands, you must not refuse my  
love, which has accepted from me an in-  
come that makes him independent, and  
this home."

"My love for Malcolm can bear riches  
or poverty," was the answer; "but, sir,  
our home needs you. You will come,  
will you not, to the children, who will  
try to make you happy by loving care?  
Long before I knew you, Malcolm told  
me he hoped, when he had a home, to  
win you to live in it. Will you let me,  
too, be glad of you to come to us?"  
"Gladly, child! gladly!" the old man  
said.  
"I understand now," Alice said to  
Malcolm, why you wanted to wait until  
after the wedding to take our house. You  
wanted to surprise me."  
"I assure you I am as surprised as you  
are, though it was Uncle Hubert who  
persuaded me to wait."  
So where the rich lonely man had feared  
to lose the one love of his life, he  
gained another tenderer, sweeter love,  
brighter his declining years by a daugh-  
ter's devotion and affection.

### The Landmarks.

Through the streets of Marblehead  
Fast the red-winged terror sped:  
Easting, withering, on it came  
With its hundred tongues of flame,  
Where St. Michael's on its way  
Stood like chained Arctoneda,  
Waiting on the rock, like her,  
Swift doom or deliverer!

Church that, after sea-moss grew  
Over walls no longer new,  
Counted generations five,  
Four entombed and one alive;  
Heard the martial thousand tread  
Battleward from Marblehead;  
Saw within the rock-walled bay  
Trevill's lilted pennons play,  
And the fisher's dory met  
By the barge of Lafayette.  
Telling good news in advance  
Of the coming fleet of France!

Church to reverend memories dear,  
Quaint in deak and chandelier;  
Bell, whose century-rusted tongue  
Burdials tolled and brides rung;  
Loft, whose tiny organ kept  
Keys that Smetzer's hand had swept;  
Altar, o'er whose tablet old  
Sins' law its thunders rolled!  
Suddenly the sharp cry came:  
"Look! St. Michael's is a flame!"

Round the low tower wall the fire  
Snake like waded its coil of ire.  
Sacred in it wray respect  
From the jealousies of sect,  
"Save it," seemed the thought of all,  
"Save it, through our roof-trees' fall!"

Up the tower the young men sprang;  
One, the bravest, outward swung  
By the rope, whose kindling strands  
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,  
Smiling down with strokes of power  
Burning fragments from the tower.

Then the gazing crowd beneath  
Broke the painful pause of breath;  
Brave men cheered from street to street,  
With home's sashes at their feet;  
Houseless women kerchiefs waved:  
"Thank the Lord! St. Michael's saved!"

In the heart of Boston town  
Stands the church of old renown,  
From whose walls the impulse went  
Which set free a continent;  
From whose pulpit's oracle  
Prophecies of freedom fell;  
And whose steeple-rocketing din  
Rang the nation's birthday in?

Standing at this very hour  
Periled like St. Michael's tower,  
Held not in the clasp of flame,  
But by manna's grasping claim.  
Shall it be of Boston said  
She is shamed by Marblehead?  
City of our pride as there,  
Hast thou none to do and dare?  
Life was risked for Michael's shrine;  
Shall not wealth be staked for thine?  
Woe to thee, when men shall search  
Vainly for the Old South Church;  
When from Neck to Boston Stone,  
All thy pride of place is gone;  
When from Bay and railroad car,  
Stretched before them wide and far,  
Men shall only see a great  
Wilderness of brick and slaty,  
Every holy spot enlaid  
Free the commonplace of trade!  
City of our love to thee  
Duty is but destiny.  
True to all thy records saith,  
Keep with thy traditions faith;  
Ere occasion's overpast,  
Hold its flowing forelock fast.  
Honor still the precedents  
Of a grand antiquity;  
In thy old historic way  
Give, as thou didst yesterday,  
As the South-lind's call, or on  
Need's demand from fire-st. John.

### The Late Sam Patch.

Some one inquired of the editor of the  
*Bostonian* what he knew of "Sam Patch"  
and what was his real name. The editor  
interviewed an old citizen of Genesee  
County, and answered: "Sam Patch's"  
real name was Samuel Patch, but by con-  
sent the wet was torn off in his boyhood,  
and was never afterward put on. Sam  
was first discovered in or about Patterson,

N. J. He didn't develop well as a boy  
or a man. He was as good-natured as  
the day was long, and as shiftless and  
dissipated as he was good-natured. His  
surname was placarded all over his  
clothes by a careful mother, and all over  
his face by the effects of the "water he  
took in hizen." He had, occasionally,  
lucid intervals. In one of these he de-  
termined to be a blotch on the face of the  
creation no longer and so hurried to the  
Passaic river, with suicidal intent, and  
with a mighty leap went over its beauti-  
ful falls into its seething waters be-  
low. But as the lamented Greely had it,  
"though he tried to give up the ghost,  
the ghost refused to be given up," and  
Sam came out alive and well. An idea  
struck him. He had a new way for a  
lazy man to make a living. He'd jump;  
the crowds would pay. He utilized his  
idea—jumped falls here and there all  
over the country; went to Niagara Falls  
and leaped safely down that tremendous  
cataract; went to Rochester, N. Y., leap-  
ed there once in safety, and it again,  
he was drunk at that time and did not main-  
tain his perpendicularity in descent, and  
striking the waters a little angling, was  
probably killed by the collision. His  
body was never found. This, his last  
jump, he made about forty-five years ago.

**Bathing Among the Sharks.**  
It was a dead calm—no breath of  
air—the sails flapped idly against the  
mast, the helmsman had no power, and  
the ship turned her head bow and where  
she liked. The heat was intense, so much  
so that the chief mate had told the boat-  
swain to keep the watch out of the sun;  
but the watch below found it too warm  
to sleep, and were tormented with thirst,  
which they could not gratify till the wa-  
ter was served out. They had drunk all  
the previous day, and now they were  
that their scuttle-bow was dry, there was  
nothing left for them but endurance.  
Some of the seamen had congregated on  
the topgallant forecastle, where they  
gazed on the clear blue water with long-  
ing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a  
tall, powerful young seaman. "I don't  
think there are many sharks about. What  
do you say for a bath, lads?"  
"That for the sharks!" burst almost  
simultaneously from the parched lips of  
the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath  
when the second mate goes in to dinner."  
In about half an hour the dinner-bell  
rang. The boatswain took charge of the  
deck. Some twenty sailors were now  
stripped, except a pair of light quick  
trousers. Among the rest was a tall, pow-  
erful coast-of-Africa negro, of the name  
of Leigh. They used to joke and call  
him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he,  
addressing me. "Feared of shark, heh?  
Shark neber bite me. Suppose I meet  
shark in water, I swim after him—him  
run like debbel!"  
"I was tempted, and, like the rest, was  
soon ready. In quick succession we  
jumped off the spirtail-yard, the black  
leading. We had scarcely been in the  
water five minutes, when some voice in-  
bored cried out, "A shark! a shark!"  
In an instant every one of the swimmers  
came tumbling up the ship side, half  
mad with fright, the gallant black among  
the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt  
angry with ourselves for being frightened,  
angry with those who had frightened us,  
and furious with those who had laughed  
at us.

In another moment we were all  
again in the water, the black and myself  
swimming some distance from the rest.  
For two successive voyages there had  
been a sort of rivalry between us; each  
fancied that he was the best swimmer,  
and we were now testing our speed.  
"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the  
sailors from the forecastle. "Go it, Sam-  
bo! cried others. "Still he swam a  
straining our utmost, excited by the  
cheers of our respective partisans. Sud-  
denly the voice of the boatswain was  
heard shouting:

"A shark! a shark! Come back for  
God's sake!"  
"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down,"  
then came faintly on our ear.  
The race instantly ceased. As yet, we  
only half believed what we heard, our  
great fright being still fresh in our  
memories.

"Swim, for God's sake!" cried the cap-  
tain, who was now on deck; "he has not  
seen you. The boat, if possible, will be  
between you and him. Strike out, lads,  
for God's sake!"  
I stood still; I felt weaker than  
a child as I gazed with horror at the  
dorsal fin of a large shark on the star-  
board quarter. Though in the water, the  
perspiration dropped from me like rain;  
the black was striking out like mad for  
the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several  
voices; "they never take black when they  
can get white."  
I did swim, and that desperately; the  
water foamed past me. I soon breasted  
the black, but could not head him. We  
both strained every nerve to be first, for  
we both fancied the last man would be  
taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move;  
the ship appeared as far as ever from us.  
We were both powerful swimmers, and  
both of us were in the French way, called  
*la brassé*, or hand over hand in English.  
There was something the matter with the  
boat's falls, and they could not lower  
her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he  
is after you!"  
O, the agony of that moment! I thought  
of every thing at the same instant, at  
least so it seemed to me then. Scarcely  
long forgotten rushed through my brain  
with the rapidity of lightning, yet in  
this I was striking out madly for the  
ship. Each moment I fancied I could  
feel the pilot fish touching me, and I  
almost screamed with agony. We were  
now not ten yards from the ship; fifty  
ropes were thrown to us, but as if by  
mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurrah! they are saved! they are  
alongside!" was shouted by the eager  
crew. We both grasped the rope at the  
same time; a slight struggle ensued; I  
had the highest hold. Regardless of  
everything, but my own safety, I placed my  
feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled  
up the side, and fell exhausted on the  
deck. The negro followed roaring with  
pain, for the shark had taken away a part  
of his heel. Since then, I have never  
bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo  
been ever heard again to assert that he  
would swim after a shark if he met one  
in the water.

Dr. Albert R. Leeds, of the Stevens In-  
stitute of Technology, notes the remark-  
able fact that in the economy of nature  
an agent like ozone, which operates as a  
purifier and disinfectant and energetically  
destroys decomposing and putrescent  
organic substances, has but little action  
on the delicate coloring matter of flowers.

Lace mits, lace long gloves, and pale-  
blue kids with numerous buttons are all  
now fashionable.

### Life in Loving.

*Cautil Seges Oculacionis.*  
Ah, let life be very life, my Lesbia—life in  
loving!  
They may babble as they will, the grim and  
gray;  
For their myriad censures of our light love  
and roving  
Just one farthing sterling is the price to  
pay.

Ah! earth's suns may set, in surety of return-  
ing,  
But for us, life's little light once being set,  
Falls the night, whereof there never gleam  
of morning,  
Comes the sleep hath known nor pause nor  
waking yet.

Therefore give me kisses; first a thousand  
then a hundred,  
Then another thousand, and a hundred  
more;  
Then again—again—again. It were well our  
reckoning blundered,  
None must tell the tale of kisses that Love's  
prodigals can pour.

### A Great Bird Gone.

From the New York Sun.  
Capt. Caleb Cronkman, an old and  
highly respected resident of the Twenty-  
second Ward, owned, until lately, a gi-  
gantic ostrich, that was familiarly known  
in the region as himself. The great bird  
disappeared about three weeks ago, and  
yesterday a *Sun* reporter asked the Cap-  
tain where it was. The Captain said that  
he received on Friday the following dis-  
patch from his trainer in Hoboken:

"Ostrich is dead."  
"Ostrich is dead," June," the Captain  
continued, "I was aroused by a peculiar  
crackling sound at my door, and I dis-  
covered in the hall a gigantic ostrich  
which had just bitten off my door knob  
and was at that moment devouring it.  
With the aid of some of the gentlemen in  
the house I secured the bird and turned  
it into the back yard. The next morning  
an advertisement appeared offering a re-  
ward for the ostrich, which had escaped from  
a menagerie. I was so charmed  
with the bird's unique endeavor to satisfy  
its appetite that I bought it, and got it  
cheap by turning over the reward in part  
payment.

"I occupied the rear-room on the sec-  
ond floor with a window opening on the  
roof of the extension. I put up a fence  
around the roof, and thus made a nice pen  
for the ostrich, and for some days I gave  
a glazier constant employment in restor-  
ing the window glass that the ostrich  
had eaten out. Finally I settled this both  
er by planking up the windows and there-  
after the ostrich was put up a fence  
me when he took advantage of the care-  
lessness of some gentlemen who had let  
the bath-room window open. On such  
occasions the ostrich would slip down  
into the room and eat a few plates  
and tumblers; but, as a rule, he got  
enough from the fragments of broken  
crockery and glassware which the house  
afforded with knives and forks,  
spoons, castors and all, and finished up  
by swallowing the tablecloth. Notwith-  
standing the great quantity and the  
nourishing quality of the food taken, he  
seemed to pine away from that meal for-  
ward, and about two weeks ago I had  
him taken over to my Hoboken farm,  
thinking that a change of air and scene  
might be beneficial. Still he grew worse,  
and finally about a week ago, I bought  
out a hardware store on Union Hill and  
turned the bird into it, hoping that the  
sight of all the hardware on the shelves,  
with the privilege of eating whatever  
pleased his fancy, might bring him up.  
But, in spite of all these efforts, he faded  
and died as set forth in the brief tele-  
gram which I had to write.

"We ran him through a stone crusher,  
and found in him about two barrels of  
iron, stone and glass, and last of all, that  
table-cloth which was the real cause of  
his death. The wonderful machinery  
which could crush a stone jug like an  
egg-shell was overcome by that paltry  
table-cloth, which had got so twisted and  
wedged among the coggs and bearings  
that the apparatus could no longer  
and doubtless life was a burden until he  
died."

### The Canterbury Pilgrims.

Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" was  
shown in all the great towns of England,  
and also in Edinburgh and Dublin, for a  
shilling and soon became a universal  
favorite. The admirable engraving by  
Schloventz was brought out by subscrip-  
tion at the rate of six guineas for proofs  
and three for ordinary impressions, and  
had altogether the largest sale of any  
work of the kind had ever met with in  
England. The original painting, for  
which Cromek had paid the artist 60  
guineas, (40 more that had been promised  
after the subscription for engraving had  
been got in, were never forthcoming), was  
sold by the wily dealer for £200. It is  
now in the possession of Sir William  
Miles, Bart., of Leigh Court, Stothard,  
however, painted three replicas of this  
famous picture, one of a smaller size for  
his friend Samuel Rogers, the poet;  
another for Mr. J. Benson, of Doncaster,  
and another, it is not stated for whom.  
This possibly may have been the one  
which appeared at the "Old Masters" in  
1872, let by Lady Marian Alford. At a  
much later date, when Stothard was quite  
an old man, he made a sort of companion  
design to his "Pilgrimage," but far  
weaker both in composition and drawing.  
He never painted this subject, but simply  
drew it in sepia for engraving. Stothard's  
life resolves itself, it will be seen,  
very much into a simple record of the  
work accomplished in it. It had, indeed,  
scarcely any incidents to break its placid  
monotony, and calve the biographer's  
page and there seems to have been  
little of aspiration and little of disap-  
pointment in it. He took whatever  
came to him in the way of commis-  
sions cheerfully, never stopping to con-  
sider whether they were worthy of his  
genius, but making them worthy of his  
manner in which he executed them; never  
doing careless work, never sparing any  
pains in performing the tasks set before  
him to the best of his ability. The next  
important thing upon which he was en-  
gaged after the "Canterbury Pilgrims" was  
the design for the Wellington Shield,  
a shield in silver presented by the mer-  
chants and bankers of London to the  
great Duke in memory of his victories.  
The commission for this magnificent  
trophy was thrown open to competition,  
and such was the general opinion of  
Stothard's powers that he was applied to  
by every goldsmith who went in for the  
undertaking to furnish a design. The  
one prepared by him in the short space  
of three weeks for Messrs. Ward & Green,  
of Ludgate Hill, whom he selected to  
favor, was so infinitely superior to all  
others that it was chosen at once without

one dissentient voice, and excited univer-  
sal admiration. After his work in Edin-  
burgh, which took him from the 4th of  
June to the 1st of August, 1822, as we  
learn from his journal, he next, in 1825,  
when he was already 70 years of age,  
journeyed into Derbyshire, in order to  
visit the scenes which Isaac Walton has  
celebrated in his "Angler." He was still  
at this time working hard for the book-  
seller, and with all his faculties unimpaired,  
though with a perceptible increase of  
feebleness in execution. His designs for  
Rogers' poems, for instance, which he  
illustrated conjointly with Turner about  
this date, are exquisitely graceful and  
happily conceived little sketches, but  
slighter and weaker than his earlier  
works of the same kind. The same may  
be said of his illustrations to Snakes-  
peare, and those to Walton's "Angler,"  
though these latter, with their refined  
perception of landscape beauty, have a  
distinct charm. He seems to have great-  
ly enjoyed his excursion along the banks  
of Dove, and has left as a fuller record  
of it in his journal than his work:—  
*Temple Bar.*

**Epitaph.**  
Here rests in dust, far from a life's flame,  
Seller garments and a perished name.  
Press hard, lean hand, time, cast down  
The greenest garland, brightest crown!  
A rose-tipped, beckoning fin-leader  
The man himself o'er new-world meads,  
Where, ardent-souled, he lies alone,  
With fresher robes and loftier song:  
Creep toward him, Time; perchance shall  
This fine dress also to thy thrall.  
Press on at speed—nought canst thou sack  
Save cast-off cloaks and lamps burned black.  
—*The University Magazine.*

**How Some Boys Get Through College.**  
Correspondence of the Times Republican.  
Let us relate briefly some of the various  
ways in which students—our examples  
are taken from Madison—pay a part of  
their yearly expenses through college:  
One young man, since he has been in  
school, has bought a small printing press  
and prints cards, sentences, lectures, labels  
&c. Another does a good business selling  
neckwear for gentlemen. Yet another  
sells stationery and books. Buying  
second-hand text books, he finds a ready  
market for them among the students.  
Many do what in college language is  
called tutoring. They are paid for  
a class, being behind in one or more  
studies. Young men of upper classes are  
ready to receive such persons and coach  
them until they shall have caught up  
with their classes. For such work they  
receive from 20 to 40 cents an hour.  
Others drill their fellow students in  
oratory. One young man has a class this  
year of over 20, and receives for an  
hour's drill each day. From this work  
he realizes a very handsome profit. An-  
other gives writing lessons. He is well  
patronized, and thus helps himself not  
a little. Megerditch Attarian, a Turk,  
lectures upon his people and their dress  
and habits. His every Saturday is used  
in the preparation and delivery of such  
lectures. Many in the college are pre-  
paring for the ministry—preach every  
Sabbath in some of the surrounding cities  
and villages. Much time is necessary  
for the preparation of their sermons dur-  
ing the week, and this demands harder  
labor on their part. Every eating club  
must have a steward; sometimes two are  
necessary. They do all the marketing,  
collect and pay all bills, and are respon-  
sible for all money in return for which  
they receive their board. Some students  
do chores for the Professors for so much  
an hour. Others find work in prose  
seasons, paper-hanging and painting, and  
still others are carpenters by trade. One,  
who has been a medical student, pre-  
scribes for those of his fellows who are  
ill. One is a printer, and finds work  
in the offices down town every Saturday  
or holiday. This probable that students  
do more of such work this year than any  
before, for the hard times are very per-  
ceptibly felt among them. But, as a rule,  
they are a brave set of men. Some go  
for two months and do not have a dime,  
but they work hard, and do not think  
their financial condition, praying for  
better times.

**Size of the Human Head.**  
The Paris *Tribune Medical* gives some  
curious facts relative to the size of the  
human head. It is still a disputed  
question whether there is a rela-  
tion between the volume of the cranium  
and the development of the intellect, al-  
though these facts seem to point to that  
conclusion. Cuvier, Byron and the first  
Napoleon required larger heads than the  
average man, and the latter covered  
says a contemporary, would probably  
come down from the nose of an inmate of  
the Earlwood Asylum. Bismarck and  
Moltke measure more round the crown  
than the Emperor William. Interior  
races have heads smaller than the Euro-  
pean—the heads of negroes, rd Indians  
and the Celtic-Chinese being particularly  
small, although by way of comparison,  
they are particularly hard. Women have  
small heads, but as has been hinted,  
a deal of mischief is sometimes packed in  
them. Men in the South have smaller  
heads than those in the North, moun-  
tainers than those of denizens of the  
plains, artisans than artists. The heads  
of peasant grow, says the author of the  
article, which the more come to reside  
in towns. The head increases in volume  
with the ordinary mortal until the age of  
forty-five; with ecclesiastics it comes to a  
standstill at five and twenty.

**A German Philopena.**  
The German method of managin; the  
pleasant play of philopena is as follows:  
When a couple meets after eating a  
philopena together, no advantage is taken  
of the other until one of them pronounces  
the word "philopena." This word is the  
warning—now the sport is to begin. Let  
us suppose that