TWO NEW POEMS BY TENNYSON.

"TO PRINCESS ALICE" AND "THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW."

The following beautiful "dedicatory poem to the Princess Alice," by Mr, Tennyson, opens the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*:

"Dead Princess, living Power, if that which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life—if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own State and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
Thy soldier-brother's bridal orange bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
Dying so English thou would't have her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?"

After this comes a much longer poem on "The Defense of Lucknow," by the Laureate. We present our readers with the following extracts:

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britian, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

* * * * * * *

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Wate-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And even upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

* * * * * * *

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
One has leaped up on the breach, crying out: "Follow me! follow me!,'
Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged, and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them and smote them and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

* * * * * * *

Hark, cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison uttered a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hiding our women and children come out.
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlanders wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved!—we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock. saved by the blessing of heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

IN AN OPERA-GLASS.

The Bank Director's Magic Mirror.

Boston Courier.

"Would you like to use the glass, sir?" asked the whimsical-looking man who sat in the row of orchestra-chairs in front of me, at the *Lady of Lyons*.

I had been watching him closely, on account of his odd physiognomy. He had a big face, carefully shaven, except behind the jaws, and a throat beard, leaving his chin clear. His mouth looked as if it had been pressed flat by a determined hand, and had never since been able to reassert itself. His eyes, big, too, were heavily indignant in expression, suggesting that he had never quite gotten over the affront which nature had put upon him by fixing his lips permanently in that shape.

I took his lorgnette with thanks, and gazed through it at the "Pauline" of the evening; but as I leaned over to hand it back, "Wait a moment," he said, looking full at me in rather a singular way, "you haven't seen the best of it. Hold it up, small end down, at half-arm's length, and see what the effect will be."

Doing as he suggested, I met with no unusual result. He saw, from my face, that I was puzzled, and, bending near so as not to attract attention from those around us, he asked: "Don't you see a woman's face looking up out of the lens?"

"No," said I, rather curtly, thinking that he joked too familiarly for the brevity of our acquaintance, and that he had perhaps been drinking too much. I mutely insisted on his taking the opera-glass again and drew back into my own chair, leaving him rather disconcerted. He soon got over this and continued to follow the acting; though without lively interest and with an air of reverie. I noticed, also, that he did not use his glass on the stage, nor on the audience, either; but he several times lifted it in the way he had pointed out to me, and—after adjusting it to suit himself—contemplated the large end with rapt absorption.

I began to consider. I had noticed on the convex glass surface broken reflections from different parts of the theater—the central cluster of lights, or dim fragments of the gold ornamentation on the gallery, and a Liliputian host of spectators, among whom were some of the ladies in charming costumes behind us or at the side. These had flitted over it as I changed the angle; but the images were so minute that I hadn't thought of them in connection with lorgnette-owner's eccentric inquiry. It now struck me that he might have more imagination or better eyes than I.

So at the end of the play, while he was putting on his overcoat, I touched him on the shoulder and told him I had a word to say to him when we could get into the lobby. Having reached it, I asked him if he could direct me, a stranger in the city, to a good place near by where I could get supper before going back to my hotel. He told me of one and I instantly asked him to come with me. 'I'm curious to know something more," I added, "about that opera-glass of yours; I'm afraid I didn't understand it."

He appeared pleased, and after a moment accepted my proposal to sup together.

"Speaking in confidence," said he, as he went along the street, "I'm not sure my wife will like it, my staying out any later. She's already jealous of me going to the theater, when I do go alone. Though she don't say so, yet she fancies there's some woman in the case, you understand." Then, after a pause, "If she only knew! There *is* a woman in the"—here he shook the leather receptacle in which he was carrying the glass—"literally, a woman in the *case*. Ha, ha!"

The revival of this fantasy, and his odd frankness, quickened curiosity. At our restaurant there were fortunately little boxes partitioned off at one side, with curtains in front; and, taking refuge in one of these, I ordered a supper of roast oysters and a beverage which we were weak enough to call punch, and which was strong enough to bear the opprobrium of that name.

"Now for enlightenment," said I, when the glasses were refilled.

My companion had taken of his hat, in deference to the oysters. His flat-pressed mouth, his indignant eyes, his crimson forehead and gray hair jutting up oddly behind his head, all contrasted strangely with the singular tale he proceeded to relate.

"You see," he began. "I'm a plain man without any show of romance. I'm levelheaded in my affairs, and well known in business circles. I don't go in for amusements or pleasures, and you couldn't hire me to read a novel. But there's one thing in my business acquaintances if they knew it. I tell you because you're a stranger, and I've taken a fancy to you, and I think it may do you good, as a young man, to learn how to look below the surface."

Here the narrator gave a sly chuckle, glancing toward the lorgnette (which stood on the table) in a way that suggested a double meaning.

"I married late," he went on; "and some years ago, before my wedding, I was at the theater one night, when a young lady of decided beauty and fashion attracted my notice. She did more than that, she made me feel what I hadn't felt since I was a boy. When I went home to my bachelor quarters that night I had to admit that I was in love. I wasn't a society man, so my chances of seeing her again were few; but I found out after a time who she was, and met her once or twice in the streets. Then there came very soon a memorable evening when I met her at the theater again. They were playing *The Lady of Lyons*. Between the acts, as I sat thinking of nothing, I was startled by an exclamation like a faint scream, in the balcony, just above my chair, for I was at the back of the orchestra stalls. I looked up at once, and saw this opera-glass falling through the air directly toward my head. It was so near that I didn't dare to move my head, for fear that if I took my eyes from the falling object I might dodge just where it would strike me all the more dangerously. I just put my gloved hands up, kept perfectly cool, and caught the glass as neat as you please. There was a murmur of approbation from the people around me, and some impertinent applause; but the main thing was that, while I still sat looking up to see who had let the glass fall, my beautiful young lady's face peered over the cushioned edge of the balcony, and her eyes looded down into mine. The opera-glass was hers! So instead of breaking my head it broke my heart.

"The lady drew back at once, and another person peered over—a highly finished young man with coral studs and a white neck-tie--a fop, sir. [The old gentleman at once showed great anger and intolerance.] Why wasn't I made, I wonder, with a face shaped like an almond, and not much color in it; and why wasn't I taught to wear a mustache with a curl on the tip end of it like the loose end of a banjo-string? As I hadn't these charms, and the young man in the balcony had, I knew, of course, that there was no chance for me. But one thing I immediately resolved upon. When stated to go out of the door after the play I naturally found the young jackanapes waiting for me. But instead of the opera-glass, I handed him my card, saying, 'You'll learn my standing frow that, sir; but I can't consent to part from this article. I will replace it with a new one. When a man has saved himself from hurt, as I have, without troubling any one, he ought to have a reward; and I claim this as mine." I put in that touch of humor; but the young man didn't take it humorously at all. He threatened to call a policeman and arrest me if I didn't give up the trifle.

"Do" said I, 'and have a ridiculous item in the papers to-morrow with Miss N——'s name mentioned.' Some of the dispersing audiene began to notice us and my hint quieted him. He merely said, 'This is unjustifiable. You will hear further from me,' and went off. When you think of it it was extraordinary; but I stuck to my point and always kept the souvenir, though there was talk of a suit and even of a duel with the young fellow, Hefflebower."

"Hefflebower!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! yes. I oughtn't to have told you the name. But never mind. 'Gad! my blood was up. That was my time for romance, then or never, and I didn't even wink at the thought of fighting."

"But what became of the young lady?"

The whimsical gentleman suddenly got up from the table (having eaten all his oysters and emptied his second glass of punch). "I must go home," he said, gloomily. "Miss N——, of course, married Hefflebower."

"But I thought you spoke of being married, too?" I reminded him

"Look once more in the glass the way I told you," he proposed, ignoring my remark.

I took it up impulsively and did so. Was my new acquaintance a magician? Or was I deceived by some subtle influence in the punch or over-excited by his story? Certainly on peering into the opera-glass I discerned somewhere between the large and the small end what looked like the interior of the place of entertainment we had left, and among the reflected faces that of a beautiful young woman especially prominent. Behind her, at one side, I was sure I could make out my friend Hefflebower.

"You see, I have it all here," exclaimed the owner of the glass with triumph. "No one can take away these memories or associations, and they have the unusual advantate of being visible." I glanced a second time into the lenses, but the figures I had seen were now gone! Before I could demand an explanation, my singular companion had said good-night and disappeared, taking his visionary tubes with him.

I made no further attempt to clear up this mystery, and will make none now. But I spent some time in the restaurant-box, ruminating on the queer abiding-places of the romantic. The old man's case seemed to show how the poetic part of some lives stands in about the same relation to the prosaic as if seen through the wrong end of the opera-glass.

I afterwards learned that this excentric gentlemen was Sheale, the Bank Director, who, after his disappointment, married his housekeeper, and was never seen at the theatre except when the *Lady of Lyons* was playing.

THE COMICAL CROW.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Caw! caw!" sang a crow on the edge of a wood;
"The corn that you gave us is wonderful good;
But why don't you lay it there all in a heap?
You scatter it round and you plant it so deep
Good farmer it's tiresome to find it, you know,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have stretched, in a zig-zaggy way,
A string round your acres. I see it to-day.
'They'll think it a snare,' said you, chuckling outright.
Your cord is no use, sir, as I'm not a kite,
Sweet farmer, I'd have you continue to sow,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have set little boys on the fence.
They shout and amuse us—our joy is intense.
You give youself plenty of trouble for us.
We're only plain folks. Prithee. don't make a fuss!
Kind farmer, we're not used to much of a show,"
Said this comical crow.

Caw! caw! You have put an old coat on some sticks
You want to delight us with all sorts of tricks.
Unmerited kindness we tenderly feel;
But why don't you leave till we finish our meal?
Dear farmer, you're not in a hurry to go,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have brought out a neat little gun.
You're going to shoot at the sparrows, for fun.
Oh, de! we shan't wait till you've loaded it up,
But hie us away to the next field and sup.
Bad farmer, sad farmer, your end will be woe,"
Said this comical crow.

—*Independent.*

A HOT BATH.

An Artillery Offiercr's Adventure Under Fire in the See--Swimming to the Target.

In the year 187—I was going through what is technically known as the "long course," a curriculum of instructions in gunnery, theoretical and practical; the former at Woolwich, and the latter at Shoeburyness—each part lasting six months. We had been enjoying ourselves at our seaside residence for three out of these six months exceedingly for we had been fortunate enough to have gone there in the summer months, and between boating and bathing and playing lawn-tennis, in a modified form known as "sticky," in courts constructed out of the boards of old targets past work, the time had passed very pleasantly. It was now August, and a very hot one; the sun burned in the heavens like a red coal, and scorched up the scanty water that the sand-beds contained, till we had to send miles away to fetch what was required for the use of the barracks. Work of any kind was an effort. One felt inclined to spend the day swimming lazily about, or sitting on a warm rock after the fashion of Tennyson's merman. It was one of these aquatic excursions which got me into the greatest scrape I have ever been in, or that I shall ever be in, I hope, as the sensation was anything but pleasant.

I must premise that I was a very fair swimmer, having learned that art, amongst many other useful things, at the academy, and progressed favorablo in it during a course of seaside fort residences. My great ambition had always been to swim round the 2,000 target some day when the tide was in, and at length I determined to make the attempt, The feat seems easy enougn, no doubt, but I was not Captin Webb; and amongst my fellow-officers there were few who would have attempted it, so I felt rather, inclined to be able to say that I had been there. Confiding my intention to no one, I started one day from the gun-pier just before slack water, counting on getting back before the tide turned again.

It was a hot day, as I have before said, and I swam very slowly; however, I arrived at my destination without much difficulty. The frame-work on which the target floated offered a pleasant resting-place, and I lay down on it lazily, intending to take some five minutes' breathing time, and then strike out for home. But alas for the feebleness of human resolutions! Between the warm sun and the long swim and the recumbent posture. I had not been there two minutes before I was fast asleep. I had a curious dream. I had been reading a rather wild book of speculative astronomy that morning, and had been somewhat struck by the writer's theory that the end of the world would come through the fiery vapors and lava of the interior of the earth breaking through the thin crust thereof. I dreamed now that such a catastrophe was imminent and that I was calmly inspecting a pressure-gauge to ascertain how long the globe would yet endure. Higher and higher ran the warning hand upon the dial, and at length, with a mighty crash, the world exploded, and I was hurled, not into chaos, but into the water of the estuary of the Thames!

Thoroughly awakened, as the reader may suppose, I rose to the surface, gulping down a mouthful of water swallowed in the surprise. As I clutched the frame-work beside me, I was conscious of a dazzling red flash like sheet-lightning, followed by a tremendous report and a rattling all about me. as though a shower of hail were falling. I had seen too much of artillery not to know what this astonishing meteor was—a shrapnel shell.

Perhaps there may be some of my readers ignorant of what such a missile is: for, indeed, it is of somewhat late invention. Let them imagine, then, a cylindrical shell of iron, ogival-headed, and containing as many bullets as it will conveniently hold, comfortably set in a bed of resin. At the bottom thereof is a small charge of powder, ignited by a time-fuze bored to burn any required time. On this delightful machine exploding out fly the bullets, and, by the inexcrable laws of dynamics, partaking of the original motion of the shell, cover the ground before them for hundreds of yards with a *feu d'enfer*, as of a whole regiment firing volleys.

Such an implement of distruction is very well to talk about; but when its violence is directed against one's self, there is less pleasure in the contemplation. Clearly I had slept so long that the ordinary afternoon practice had begun, and from two guns evidently, or the one shot could not have followed the other so rapidly. Only a few seconds had I for these thoughts ere I saw a red flash leap out from the flag-crowned battery on shore. Instantly I dived deep as I could, and heard, deadened by the water above me, the sharp report of the shell. As I rose to the surface again, I saw white splinters on the woodwork of the target that showed how true the aim had been. Scarcely had I time to take breath when the red flash leaped again, and again I dived. They were good gun detachments—none better anywhere; and the guns were light ones—sixteen pounders. Often had I competed myself in a race with time, running the gun up again almost before the recoil had ceased, and ramming home shot and cartridge ere it had reached its former position again. Now no doubt my comrades were hard at word, wondering, perhaps, what had become of me.

Eight separate times had I dived, and my strength was failing fast. Even now there was a ringing noise in my head which almost stupefied me, and was growing more painful every instant. If I stood up on the framework and tried to signal to the shore, I must stand at least one shot, and that was almost certain death.

Even in that desperate moment an absurd idea come into my head, as such things will come sometimes. I had read some of an ingenious recipe for finding a safe place on shipboard in action by putting one's head out at a hole where a shot had come in, relying on the improbability of another entering at the same orifice.

There was one corner of the framework splintered by several bullets; to it I crept and held on despairingly.

Another flash from the battery. This time I could see the shell coming like a black speck in the sky. Anxiously I watched for the burst to come; but this time it came not, and the shell plunged into the sea fifty yards short, throwing up a mighty pillar of water, and ricocheting away far over my head. Was the fuse blind? I asked myself. No; there was another flash and another rush through the air, anda sullen plunge in the sea beyond the target. The shrapnel practice was over, and they were firing plugged shell.

Now or never was my time. I climbed on to the woodwork, sprang to my feet and waved my hands. From the shore I must have looked very like a picture of Andromeda chained to her rock. I was too late, however, to escape a shot.

Once more the red flash spouted forth, and I heard the ominous rush coming nearer and nearer till with a roar as of an express train it rushed past my head, carrying away with it the left-hand top corner of the target, and hurling it far into the sea beyond. The concussion seemed to tear my feet from under me, and I fell, striking my head against the framework. I had just sense enough left to prevent myself rolling into the sea. My last glance at the shore showed the flag hoisted half-mast high; and then I must have fainted away, for I remember no more till I found myself lying in my bed, with the surgeon-major applying strong amonia to my nostrils with marvelous effect. I have little more to tell. Watching the effect of the shot from the battery, they had seen me standing there, just too late to stop the gun being fired, had ceased the practice, and got a boat out without delay, though with a very faint hope of finding me alive. Of course the story was made a standing joke against me for ever after, and I must own that I deserved it. Nevertheless, I have at least the satisfaction of considering that when we go forth again to fight the Russians or the Germans, or whatever other nation may elect to try us with a game of war on a large scale, I am never likely to be much nearer.

The straight and dreadful pass of death than I was that day on the sands of Shoeburyness.—*London Society.*

A Prompt Man.

People never tire, says "Causeur" in the *Transcript*, of hearing stories of the late Colonel Isaac O. Barnes, of this city, while United States Marshal of this district. He was a large man, fond of chatting with friends, and possessed withal a thin, piping, squeaky voice that was all his own. He disliked restraint of any kind, and was specially averse to religious services, chiefly because he had to keep silent while they lasted. He had an old friend—Mr. Kidder Marshall—to whom he was warmly attached, and when Mr. Marshall died, felt it his duty to attend the funeral, which took place in Fitchburg. It was a hot sticky day in summer, and the ride from Boston in the cars was anything but pleasant. Arrived at the house of the deceased friend, he found a large gathering in the parlor, which was warm and close. The Colonel wedged himself into an arm-chair several sizes too small for his ample person, settled himself as best he could, and "figetted." It so chanced that two clergymen conducted the services, which were so protracted that two hours had passed before the last "amen" had been said. In the midst of the solemn pause that followed it, Colonel Barnes, who could "hold in" no longer, turned to the gentleman next him, and, in a voice pitched in a high key, said, "Did you know Kid?" "I did," said his fellow-mourner, in a deep hushed voice. "He was a nice fellow, wasn't he?" piped Barnes. "He was," answered his neighbor, still in the same mournful tone. "Yes, and he was a mighty smart fellow, too," continued the Colonel, now giving his shrill voice free play, and wiping the beads from his forehead; "if he'd had the running of this funeral, he'd been under ground an hour and a half ago."

A lady was entertaining the Bishop of the State at her house, as he was an old and valued friend of the family, and was always their guest on the occasions of his visitations to the Parish.

On Sunday morning after his arrival the lady's little son sidled up to him just after breakfast.

"Bishop," said he, "would you like to look at my piggie book?"

"Why, yes," replied the church dignitary, anxious to please the little fellow.

"Well," whispered the child, "I'll show it to you, but you'll have to look at it on the sly, 'cause it's Sunday."

"What occupation did the duke of Wellington follow before he joined the army?" writes a Lee county correspondent. He was a teacher of mathematics in a grammar school. Don't you remember his famous order to his class: "Up boys, and add 'em."—*Burdette.*

WHAT I SAW THIS SPRING.

I saw a blue bird
Free from care
Floating along
Singing a song
In the morning air;
Circling down,
He lit on the crown
Of a king-cup brown,
And filled its cell
With the tremendous swell
Of a thrilling note
From his throbbing throat.

I saw a crocus
Lifting up
Its dainty cup
To catch a pearl
From a cloudlet's curl,
Ere, floating light.
Like a cygnet white,
It settled to rest
In the amber west

I saw a spirit.
A spirit of Love
Downward come
From a golden dome,
Leading along
A rosy throng
Of daisies pied
And four o'clocks,
Of violets,
And spatterdocks;
Feeding them dew
From cloudlets blue,
Adding to this
Her royal kiss,
For she was Queen—
Queen of the spring.

—*New York Sun.*

A Patient Father.

After we left Vincennes this afternoon, writes Bob Burdette in the Burlington *Hawkeye*, a man got on with his wife and two children. One of the little ones, a boy three years or over, was fretful and weepful, and the father did his best, and in the tenderest, patientest manner, to quiet the child and put him to sleep. How the little fellow did cry and kick, and throw things around. He had been crying that way, the man said, all day long, and he couldn't imagine what ailed him. He "allowed he might have the earache." The passengers were full of sympathy, for which, as they strove to express it in various ways, the father appeared unspeakably grateful for, and the boy repelled. One man gave him an orange; the boy hurled it spitefully into the face of his baby sister, sleeping in the mother's lap, and the terrified young lady added her wail of fright and pain to the general chorus. A lady gave him her handsome smelling-bottle; he dashed it on the floor, and howled more fiercely than ever. I handed the poor little innocent my pocket knife; away it went out of the window, and the urchin wailed more indignantly than ever. All the time the father never got cross or grew impatient, but "allowed he could hush him off to sleep after a bit."

And by-and-by, sure enough, the pain and impatience yielded to the father's patient soothing, the little head dropped over on the father's shoulder, the broken sobs became less and less frequent, and finally died away, and the poor little fellow just began to forget his troubles in sleep as the train slowed up to a station, when suddenly the father, walking up and down the aisle with him, darted a glance out of the window, stooped down and looked again, and shouted:

"What's the matter with that man?"

"Hello!" he shouted. "Here, Emily, take him—watch him—here! I can't wait! Don't let him roll off! Watch him!"

With a hasty motion he tossed the baby into the seat behind his wife, getting him just about half way on. He gave a hurried jab at the boy with his extended fingers to push him further on the seat, but missed him and darted off to the door of the car, shot out of it, and was down on the platform in a flash. The mother quickly put down the baby and turned to attend to the boy, two or three passengers at the same time sprang forward with the same purpose; all too late; before the father was well out of the door, the boy toppled off the seat, came to the floor with a thump and a howl of real pain and fright, and when the father, looking sheepish and cheap, came back into the car, the poor little fellow, wide awake to all his old miseries and the one crowning, insulting new one, was screaming away at a rate that fairly made the windows rattle, and kept it up until we got to Terre Haute, and I don't know how long after that. And all this time nobody else had been able to see anything to excite the father to such a remarkable degree, and he saw our wonder in our countenances.

"The man was a coal-miner," he explained, as he took the screaming boy, "and I reckon he'd been loadin' a car of coal and got his face smutty."

Our amazment looked out of our eyes greater than ever.

"An' I thought," continued the father, nervously patting the boy's back, and seeing that some further explanation was necessary and expected, "I thought his eye was blackened, an' I 'lowed maybe there'd been a fight."

Tripping up a Tenor.

While on a tour in Ireland, the tenor fell ill and was replaced by a youthful aspirant to operatic honors of exceedingly diminutive stature and of mean capacity, whose birthplace was Dublin, and whose friends had engaged the manager. But the little man could neither sing nor act, and his conceit was, strange to say, as great as his ignorance. Mme. Rudersdorff soon lost patience with him, and determined to rid the company of this incumbus. The opportunity soon occurred, and in Dublin. It doesn't much signify what opera was being performed, but Mme. Rudersdorff wore a very long dress. The unhappy youth could in no way avoid this very long dress; in whatever position he placed himself, somehow or other he always found himself standing upon Mme. Rudersdorff's train. He would no sooner disentangle himself and seize the opportunity to strike a picturesque attitude, when lo, he beheld the pale pink shimmer of Mme. Rudersdorff's robe beneath his feet.

Madame was exasperated beyond all endurance; her finest effects were spoiled by the persistant awkwardness of the youthful aspirant. "If you step on my dress again I give you my word, I will trip you up!" The light tenor fled in horror to another part of the stage. Again he was compelled to approach in order to sing in a trio—a few bars—and behold he was firmly, but unconsciously, planted on the dress once more. Mme. Rudersdorff seized her train with both her hands and stepped swiftly on one side. The youthful aspirant's legs were drawn from under him, and he measured his length on the boards. Only those who have played before an Irish audience can form an idea of the effect this produced in the house. In vain he gesticulated wildly, in vain he endeavored to sing; he actually attempted a protest--the result was only shriek after shriek of laughter. It is not necessary to add that the very light tenor never appeared again in Dublin. —*The Theatre.*

Eearly Associations of Lincoln---Annie Rutlege.

John McNamer was buried last Sunday near Petersburg, Menard county. A long while ago he was Assessor and Treasurer of the county for several successive terms. Mr. McNamer was an early settler in that section, and before the town of Petersburg was laid out he was in business at Old Salem, a village that existed many years ago two miles south of the present site of Petersburg. Abe Lincoln was then postmaster of the place and sold whisky to the inhabitants. There are old timers yet living in Menard who bought many a jug of corn juice from Old Abe when he lived at Salem. It was here that Annie Rutlege dwelt, and in whose grave Lincoln wrote that his heart was buried. As the story runs, the fair and gentle Annie was originally John McNamer's sweetheart, but Abe took a "shine" to the young lady, and succeeded in heading off McNamer, and won her affections. But Annie Rutlege died and Lincoln went to Springfield, where he sometime afterward married.

It is related that during the war a lady, belonging to a prominent Kentucky family, visited Washington to beg for her son's pardon, who was then in prison under sentence of death for belonging to a band of guerrillas who had committed many murders and outrages. With the mother was her daughser, a beautiful young lady, who was an accomplished musician. Mr. Lincoln received the visitors in his usual kind manner, and the mother made known the object of her visit, accompanying her plea with tears and sobs and all the customary dramatic incidents. There were probably extenuating circumstances in favor of the young rebel prisoner, and while the President seemed to be deeply pondering the young lady moved to a piano near by and taking a seat, commenced to sing "Gentle Annie," a very sweet and touching ballad, which, before the war, was a familiar song in almost every household in the Union, and is not yet entirely forgotten, for that matter. It is to be presumed the young lady sang the song with more plaintive effect than Old Abe had ever heard it in Springfield.

During its rendition he arose from his seat, crossed the room to a window in the westward, through which he gazed for several minutes with that "sad, far-away" look which has so often been noted as one of his peculiarities. His memory, no doubt, went back to the days of his humble life on the banks of the Sangamen, and with visions of Old Salem and its rustic people who once gathered in his primitive store came a picture of the "Gentle Annie" of his youth, whose ashes had rested for many long years under wild flowers and brambles of the old rural burying-ground, but whose spirit then, perhaps, guided him to the side of mercy. Be that as it may, Mr. Lincoln drew a large red silk handkerchief from his coat pocket, with which he blew his nose vigorously. Then he turned, advanced quickly to his desk, wrote a brief note, which he handed to the lady, and informed her that it was the pardon she sought.

The scene was no doubt tauching in a great degree, and proves that a nice song well sung has often a powerful enfluence in recalling tender recollections. It proves, also, that Abraham Lincoln was a man of fine feelings, and that if the occurrence was a put up job on the lady's part, it accomplished its purpose all the same. There are but few of the Old Salem friends and companions of Mr. Lincoln still living, and we are told, they are widely scattered. Wm. G. Greene, of Tallula, now a wealthy banker and farmer, was an intimate friend of Lincoln while the latter lived at Salem, and, it is said, loaned him the small capital upon which he entered into business at that place. Mr. McNamer, whose death we chronicle above, was always an admirer of Mr. Lincoln, and kept in his possession many letters writen to him by that gentleman, which he valued very highly

Mme. Bonaparte's Jewels.

The jewels of Mme. Bonaparte were appraised to-day at the request of her executor, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, by Joseph H. Gale, a jeweler. Mr. Gale expressed the opinion that while the jewels cost when they were purchased about $70,000, they would not now sell for that sum. The most expensive article of the collection is a necklace and pendant composed of at least 500 diamonds. The gems are old India stones, superior to any now in the market, and Mr. Gale says they are handsomer than any he has ever seen. The necklace was the gift of a distinguished nobleman to Mme. Bonaparte while in Europe. Mr. Gale appraised it at $18,000, though he is of the opinion that but for the antiquity and the associations connected with it the necklace would not now sell for more than $5,000. Some of the diamonds in this superb ornament weigh two and a half carats each, and the others are smaller. The collection consists of necklaces, finger-rings, antiques, vinaigrettes, bonbon-boxes, earrings, and other articles. They were presents from her her relatives and friends, from her husband during her brief married life, and from persons she met during her extended visit to Europe. One fine cameo ring is valued at $150. One pair of diamond earrings, leaf shaped, are exceedingly beautiful They consist of two large solitaires at the top, with smaller diamonds forming the leaves below. They are worth $1,000. A crown of amethysts and pearls was very costly, but now worth only $500. There are four pearl necklaces, the lowest in value being appraised at $50 and the highest $500. Two antiques in the collection are superb specimens, and would bring large sums if sold. One of the greatest curiosities in the lot is a bracelet made of gold wire, about twenty-two carat fine, made from gold found on an arm of a skeleton discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. There is a black enameled bracelet, made in Paris and set with American quarter eagle gold pieces, worth $100. Another bracelet is made of six five dollar gold pieces and a French coin linked together with gold. There are three gold watches, unique and beautiful, but not of much intrinsic value. Two of them have plain hunting cases, blue enameled open faces; and the third is a double-case watch, ornamented with pearls One of these watches was a present to Mme Bonaparte while she was Miss Elizabeth Patterson from her grandfather; and Mr Gale is of the opinion, from its style, that it was mads 300 years ago. The appraisement was a matter of form according to the rules of the Orphans' Court, and was made at the office of Mr. Bonaparte, executor of the estate of his grandmother. There is no intention of offering the articles for sale, and they will be preserved in the family.

Beans at this season do best planted in an earthen receptacle, with a mulching of swine, and set in an iron or brick hothouse.

"Sweeter is the daisy
That hides in misty dells,
Or tiny fairy bells
In woodlands hazy,
Than e'er the grandest flower
Within the walls that bloom,
Of palace fair, in sheltered bower,
In winter's icy gloom."

IS HE A SON OF JEFFERSON?

A Mulatto at Indianapolis Claiming to be the Son of a President.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

A few days ago a reporter of the *Journal* ascertained that a colored man in the employ of Dr. W. C. Thompson was possessed of a history at once strange and interesting, and with a view of ascertaining the facts connected with this person, sought the Doctor out. "Yes," said he, in response to the reporter's question, "I have in my employ an aged colored man, who I have no doubt is the son of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. He has frequently told of his reason for believing himself such, and I make no doubt of the truth of his statements. I have known him for a number of years, and would believe the word of Robert Jefferson as readily as I would the oath of any man. He lives at No. 185 Minerva street, and will be pleased to see you. Give him a call and hear what he has to say."

Shortly after the hour of noon yesterday the reporter found himself on the corner of North and Minerva streets, and, turning to the left southward, looked for the number to which he had been directed. The second house south of North street proved to be the one for which he sought. Large evergreen trees cast their shadows on the front of the house, a two-story frame, simple in architecture and neat in appearance. He knocked at the door, and after a moment's pause the summons was answered by a colored man, rather below the medium height, apparently 60 years of age, a dark mulatto in color, and with hair straight and black.

"Does Mr. Jefferson reside here?" "He does." "And is this he?" "It is. Won't you come in?" and the reporter entered.

The door opened into a parlor, on the floor of which was a carpet of modest design, and which was well furnished. Everything presented a scrupulously neat and clean appearance, from the different articles of furniture to the central object of attraction, their quaint looking proprietor, Mr. Jefferson himself. The reporter made known his errand as he seated himself on the sofa and watched the effect of the announcement on the gentleman. He at first appeared surprised, and answered, after some hesitation. "Yes, I believe I am the son of Thomas Jefferson. I have every reason to believe him to be my father, and no reason to think to the contrary." After some persuasion on the part of the interviewer, the old gentleman continued:

"It is a short story and easily told. My mother was a slave girl, a tall and handsome woman, belonging to Mr. Christian of Charlestown, Va. Thomas Jefferson and my mother's master were warm personal friends and frequently exchanged visits, Mr. Jefferson passing a good deal of his time in Charlestown and at Mr. Christian's house. My mother was one of the housemaids, and had the care of Mr. Jefferson's apartments during the time he passed at her master's house. Her name was Millie Reddiford, and she was said to be a very pretty woman in her young days, although a dark mulatto in color. I was born in the month of March, 1803, at Charlestown, and am consequently 76 years old at the present time. I can remember my master's house and grounds very well, and have myself seen Thomas Jefferson. My mother and all of her people always told me that he was my father, and I have no reason to doubt them. My mother was then unmarried, and Mr. Christian himself said my name was Jefferson, and he gave me the name I now bear, that of Robert Jefferson. Those are the reasons for believing myself his son, I suppose I am really his offspring."

Here the old gentleman ceased talking, and only continued at the reporter's request to narrate the vicissitude of his life and fortune.

When but a child I was sold with my mother to a man named Stoval, and shortly afterward resold to Asa Dearing. I don't know how much he gave for my mother, but I have heard it said that the price laid down for me was $450. Mr Dearing died a few years later, and left me to his son John P. Dearing. They were a family of great wealth and owned plantations at different places in the Southern States. One of these plantations furnished employment for 700 slaves, and was left to the brother of my master. I was allowed a great deal of liberty, and my master was always very kind to me. While at Athens, Ga., I learned the carpenter's trade, and was allowed many opportunities to make a little money working at my trade. His eldest son and myself grew up together, and I was in his company as a body-servant a great deal of the time. I met and became acquainted with Senator Toombs of Georgia and Alexander H. Stephens while in his company. Toombs was in Franklin College when I met him. My master used to say, and has often told me, that I should never serve another after his death, and that he would give me my freedom before he died. But one afternoon he was taken suddenly ill, and before nine o'clock that night was a corpse. I went to the oldest son, the one with whom I had associated as a boy, but he refused to give me my freedom. I had set my heart on becoming a free man, and I was not willing to give up the hope of becoming such. I had married then, and the thought of leaving my wife was out of the question, so I began to make terms with my new master for my freedom. We finally agreed upon the price to be paid, and I set to work at my trade to make the money. I had already laid up something that I had earned during my spare moments, and my master agreed to give me my time for one year to allow me to raise the money. At the end of that time I had earned enough to make the required sum when placed with my little store, and I paid it over. I gave $2,764 for myself and $1,500 for my wife.

"This was in 1852, and I received my free papers. Then I began thinking of coming North to live, and finally set out for Canada, and was in that country for a short time. Before leaving Canton, Miss., my master's home, I received these papers." Here the old man drew from his pocket two letters, yellow with age and well-worn, as if by frequent usage, one signed by about 150 of the citizens of that city, the other by O. R. Singleton, ex-member of Congress. The latter bears the date of July 29, 1852, and both speak in high terms of "Robert Jefferson, a freeman of unquestioned integrity, and worthy of confidence."

Continuing his story, he added: "I came to Madison, Ind., in 1856, and removed here the year following. I built this house, then the only one anywhere near here, except an old farm-house. I saved what money I could and educated my two daughters. One of them married a St. Louis man, the proprietor of 'Robinson's Tonsorial Parlor,' in that city. He died a short time ago, and she sold his shop for $11,000, going to live with her sister, Mrs. Smith, who lives with her husband, in Pana, Ill. My wife died five years ago, and since that time I have lived alone."

"You seem to keep everything neat and in good order," remarked the reporter.

"Yes," continued Mr. Jefferson, "I have always been accustomed to have everything about me in good order, and I cannot bear to see things so dirty and uncared for. It is just as easy to keep things clean as it is to allow them to go unclean."

"You appear to be a man of some education" again put in the interviewer.

The old man smiled as he replied:

"I can neither read nor write. I was raised among educated people, though, and was always taught to speak properly."

"I am told that you are a man of some property?" persisted the reporter.

"Well, I suppose I have enough to keep me from want," was the answer. I have some property; I don't know what it is worth. Perhaps from $20,000 to $25,000. My son-in-law Mr. Smith, owns considerable property here also. This lot adjoining mine is his."

"How does it happen that you have been here so long, and yet no one knew of your history, Mr. Jefferson?"

"Well I never felt called upon to tell it. I don't know that everything consirered, I have anything to pride myself for. Besides, I don't know as it makes very much difference to others who I may be."

During the interview the newspaper man was able to obtain a good view of the subject of his interview. He is a dark mulatto, of low broad build, and of rather striking mien, with hair perfectly straight and still black. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of dark cloth, and wore nicely polished boots. He is decidely impressive in manner and clear and concise in expression His language is well chosen, and his demeanor unassuming. Those who know him best, place the most implicit confidence in the word of Robert Jefferson, and his reputation is of the best.

Having elicted the story related above, the reporter took his leave.