

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

## LOST.

BY RUTH, THE GLEANER

I have lost a sigh this morning,  
And I guess the winds have caught it!  
How I wonder if they're conscious  
Of the melodies I've taught it?  
Can they lie close down and whisper  
The vibrations it had measured,  
Ere it ventured to the surface  
To fly off, with thoughts so treasured!

Ah! my pretty one, I fear me,  
In the cloudland, where you're creeping,  
You will miss the silent fancies  
Of my spirit near you sweeping;  
And your voice will be o'er-burdened,  
As the summer sun's departing,  
May remind you of the shelter  
In my breast you've lost by starting!

True, the winds will bear you upward,  
Till you reach the sky above you,  
And they'll whisper in their chantings,  
How devotedly they'll love you—  
But the quiet of your journey  
Will be broken by unresting,  
For you'll need the heart deserted,  
And the love buds in it nestling!

From the Louisville Commercial.  
**AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FLORIDA.**  
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., December 26.

Well, here I am in St. Augustine, the oldest and quaintest town in the country, and I really stood surprised at the appearance of the place. It reminds me of the sketches which I have frequently seen at theatres on scenery, and which I always supposed represented Japanese architecture.

There is not a street in the place more than ten feet wide, they have no pavements, and there is not a brick building in all St. Augustine. The buildings are built entirely of wood, and some of them are profusely decorated with cemented shells. The architecture is certainly ancient as you can see from the cut of our hotel at the top of my paper, which, however, you needn't reproduce in yours.

The houses are nearly all elaborately ornamented with verandahs, and the verandahs of houses on opposite sides of the streets in some places nearly touch each other. This is certainly sometimes convenient for pedestrians—some of our fourth-street loafers would like it down here in rainy weather.

The streets run so awfully zig-zag that when you meet a fellow you are surprised, and don't get time to prepare for a polite bow. This would be a pleasant place for children to play "I spy," and consequently I would advise all parents who can afford it to bring their children here at once.

St. Augustine, as you know, is principally populated by the descendants of Spaniards, and they make good-looking descendants, too, especially the girls. The waiting girls, however, don't dress as I was led to expect from ancient history, in white night-caps, blue yarn stockings, and short dresses. I at least hoped to see some of the girls in bloomer costume.

I like it much better at this place than at Jacksonville—the weather is so much warmer, and reminds me the more that I am down in the tropical regions.

The thermometer to-day, at 2 o'clock P. M., stands 90° above zero. It might be nearly as warm at Jacksonville if it wasn't for the constant breeze from St. John River. To get to this place we had to sail up that river to the neat little town of Tocoi, and came the balance of the way by cars. Well, I wasn't going to describe our trip up St. John River, and may not now, because I hardly think I can. Pardon me if I don't, for true I am not much of a hand at describing the beauties of nature; yet the beauties of St. John river I think are almost indescribable. One can only appreciate the natural scenes and that beautiful and wide river by actually sailing on it, and to appreciate it the more, leave a cold climate and sail on it in December. It is more like a lake than a flowing stream; no island obstructs the river's course; the rays of the sun fairly danced before us as we moved up the river.

Either bank was covered, as far as the eye could reach, with the greenest verdure. Trees, shrubbery and vines grew so densely that it seemed it were impossible to penetrate them. Occasionally the ding-dong of a cow bell would break the monotonous quietude, and the farmer could be seen at the head of his herd. All about us looked odd, and like anything but American; and really though

we had just left a southern State, yet it seemed so hot that an imaginative mind might have believed, if he could stretch his brain that far, that we were going down the Victoria Nyanza or some such name, under the guidance of a Stanley or a Livingstone. We soon passed the ancient little town of Hibernia, and at 5 o'clock we reached the noted Green Grove spring. Far to the right a mountain could be seen, and all around it and its summit seemed lined with orange groves.

Both of the river's hilly banks were green and the shrubs were all in bloom. Pine-apples hung in abundance, Date trees and from fifteen to twenty other kinds of fruit trees grew all around us, as tall as the old heaven trees at home, and their foliage formed a perfect canopy over the acres of ground which they cover. This grand scene of nature was presented to us under the most favorable circumstances, for the sun was about to set, and the western horizon seemed a mutilated sheet of gold, and the edges of the surrounding leaves were tinged with a glittering hue. All was quiet. The boat seemed motionless on the silvery stream. The machinery was hushed, and the wheels almost ceased to move. A hundred forms stood spell-bound, gazing upon magnificence. A scene seldom beheld was spread before us. The Captain said it was the grandest scene he ever saw. It was certainly far grander than any on our northern rivers. At about 7 o'clock Tocoi, beautifully lit, stood before us, and shortly after we landed at its wharf.

How's that for a description? I had to strain myself to do it, but by Jupiter, I told you about that river after all.

But to get back to St. Augustine. Well, this to a stranger is certainly a novel old place. It is only a very short distance from the sea-coast—a small island intervening—and the air here is perfectly delightful. As I write, the guests of our hotel are seated all around me on the piazza enjoying the splendid weather—reminding one of Long Branch in the summer time. Well, it must seem strange to you to think that people are now nearly all day long bathing in the river before us. When I think of you with your overcoats and furs, and bundled up to your eyes in clothing, although you are no further up than Kentucky, it reminds me of Dr. Kane and polar bears, and makes me feel happy that I ain't there. I think the weather here to-day is almost as warm as yours in July. The St. Augustines are wearing linen clothing and straw hats.

Yesterday some friends and myself obtained a carriage drawn by two Florida horses (they were really ponies, though hardly any of their horses are over ten hands high) and we drove through and around this entire place.

A great many of the wealthy New Yorkers have winter residences here, and the grounds surrounding them are perfectly elegant. The nabobs swell around in costly landaus, and the coquettish misses sit playfully in their phaetons, and drive the dignified African all about the town. We visited the place of a Mr. Anderson, who has four orange groves. There are from eight hundred to a thousand trees in each grove, and every tree bears from twelve to thirteen hundred bright, ripe, and luscious oranges. On this same place there are lemon trees, with five hundred to nine hundred lemons on them, and tremendous big ones at that.

Mr. Editor, I don't know whether you have ever been here or not, but if you have not, you would be delighted to see how oleanders and geraniums grow in this State. The oleanders are taller than the trees surrounding our houses at home, and the geraniums have a diameter—well, the stems are almost as thick as a man's arm. All kinds of wild flowers grow here, and roses of every imaginable color.

I forgot to say that on our return from yesterday's drive we passed through what were formerly the gates of the city. A great many old reminiscences of a similar kind still remain. There is a church here built by the Spaniards one hundred and seventy years ago, and is still used as a place of worship. I also saw the site on which the first church ever erected in the United States was built. It is a good thing John W. Forney hasn't seen this site, or he'd want to move it to Philadelphia for the Centennial, and poor Tom Shearman would weep because he couldn't.

This morning I enjoyed a sail on Methen-

sis river, in company with quite a large party. After sailing down the river about a mile we dropped anchor, and in less than two hours, each one in the party had caught about fifty fish. We had two hooks attached to each line. The fish caught were such as salmon, black rock bass, and white fish.

St. Augustine may very justly be called the Saratoga of the south. This is not only a resort for invalids; it is certainly a fashionable place, and strangers seeking recreation and pleasure are now rapidly coming in from all parts of the United States.

I have had a fine time since coming here, and hope the weather will continue favorable. It's nice traveling at somebody else's expense. Wouldn't it be delightful if a fellow could come down here every winter, and say go up to Cape May and around up yonder in the summer time? But I won't. I guess I'll save my money. L. W.

## LITERARY CURIOSITIES, PUNS AND BLUNDERS.

In a notice of Dr. Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious," the Hartford *Courant* quotes the following:

We find the whole alphabet in this one sentence of forty-eight letters:

"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

Then there's the set of five univocalic verses where in each in succession only one vowel is employed. The "i" verse on the approach of evening is:

"Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,  
Whilst birds in wild swift vigils, circling skim,  
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,  
Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light."

Charles Matthews, the comedian, was served by a green grocer named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Matthews laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said:—"Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry; but you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

And there is the story of Colman, who was asked if he knew Theodore Hook, and answered at once:—"Oh, yes; Hook and Eye are old associates." There are abundant other good, bad and indifferent jokes of this sort. A long list of literary blunders is given, including those of the French translators who rendered Cibber's "Love's Last Shift" into "The Last Chemise of Love," and Congreve's "Mourning Bride" into the "Spouse of the Morning," and classed Miss Edgeworth's essay on "Irish Bull's" among important works on natural history, and to Shakspeare's line, "So dull, so dead, in look so woe-begone," put the conclusion, "So grief, be off with you." Even Voltaire made one of Shakspeare's heroes, who was going to "carve for himself a fortune with his sword," say, "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat." Victor Hugo called the Frith of Forth the "fifth of the quarter." The Tichborne claimant, who "understood Latin," translated for the court, "Laus deo semper" as "The laws of God forever," and a French pretender to Latin knowledge gave "Numero dens imparigaudet" to mean "The number two takes pleasure in being odd."

It was a sharp bit of echo verse that the Sunday Times of London threw off in 1831, when tickets to hear the great violinist were very high:

What are they who pay three guineas  
To hear a tune of Paganini's?  
Echo.—Paek o' ninnies.

## AN EQUINE FUNERAL.

A gray horse, which in a lifetime of twenty-eight years had traveled with a circus, been mortgaged four times, served in the rebellion, and had been less gloriously useful in his old age at farm-work, died recently at Oconto, Wis. His name was Robinson Crusoe, and he was called Bob, for short, by familiar acquaintances. His owner had a coffin made of black walnut, handsomely finished, and bearing a plate inscribed with the name and age. A funeral was attended by 200 villagers. After a speech laudatory of the dead horse, a procession was formed like this:

Band of Music.  
Coffin on a Truck drawn by Six Horses.  
Bob's Mate heavily draped with Cape.  
Mourners about.

The route to the grave was through the

main street of the village. A halt was made to allow a photographer to make a picture of the pageant. At the grave there was a discussion as to whether the coffin, which was shaped to hold the animal, should be buried on the side or standing up edgewise. Some argued that the horse should lie on his back, just like a human corpse; others that he should be left in a standing attitude, as in life; and a third party held that he ought to repose on his side. The owner, who had intended no burlesque, decided to bury his favorite in the latter way; and so this strange funeral ended decorously.

## GOLDEN SHEAVES.

—See that each hour's feelings and thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be sure.

—Marriage is the one thing in which a mistake is fatal. In other affairs experience may profit one, but in marriage wisdom lies in forethought.

—The seeds of love never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

—The happiness of the human race, in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

—It is better to keep one's own secret than to confide it to the care of any one else.

—Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance in language, no confidence in friendship, no security in oaths and promises.

—To men of a poetical nature, life is apt to become a desert, in whose undulating air, as in that of other deserts, objects appeared both wavering and gigantic.

—To be in company with those we love satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things; to be nearer them is all.

—Making false representations is like trying to hide in a fog; if you move about, you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth.

—No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the heavy hands of toil.

—Learn thoroughly what you do learn, be it ever so little, and you may speak it with confidence. A few clearly defined facts and ideas are worth a whole library of uncertain knowledge.

—To learn how to speak, you must sometimes practice silence. Loudness and garrulity are infallible signs of impotence.

—Indolent men die. But, says the reader, all men die. Certainly, they do, some time. That is not what we mean. Indolent men die prematurely; die from their indolence.

—No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest; but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking true mental pleasure, and thus make himself independent of outward fortune.

—The last, best fruit, which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest souls, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unfortunate, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

—There is no greater work on the earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great work who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater work who builds a character.

—Error is the negative of truth, as darkness is to light, or as death is to life. These are all essentially irreconcilable and antagonistic. Truth will make us happy, can conduct us to God, to immortality, to heaven.

—Comparatively few are destroyed by outrageous and flaming vices, such as blasphemy, theft, drunkenness, or uncleanness, but crowds are perishing by that deadly smoke of indifference which casts the shifting clouds of carelessness around them.