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Empty.

Your cosy crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it, just as day is dead.
You cannot press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of that and this,
A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,
Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—
Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast,
To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part;
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

A Matin Lay.

Hark! All the woodland rings
Joyous with song;
Roses the morning flings
Pearl-clouds along.
When shuts thy lattice, dear,
My sun is set,
And until thou appear
Day is not yet.

With thee all good things wake;
Harm from thee flies,
As reptiles haunt the brake
Till the day dies.
Thou, to my heart alone
Bringest delight;
O'er it when thou art gone
Paleth the night.

Flashing the reaper's scythe
Glints in the sun;
Flocks o'er the meadows blithe
Gambol and run;
Bright buds to tempt thine eyes
Smiling expand;
Fruits clad in summer dyes
Wait but thy hand.

Sweet though the lute may be,
Touched not, 'tis mute;
Waiting thy minstrelsy,
My heart's the lute.
Thoughts that, bereft of words,
There silent throng,
Do thou but wake the chords,
Burst into song.

ONE ABSENT.

Last Christmas Eve the family of Reginald Pomfret, Esq., J. P., of Harton Hall, Norfolk, were gathered together. The eldest daughter, married since last year, had arrived that morning with her husband; a bachelor uncle, holding a high position at the Bar, coming down by the same train. The younger members had either never left home, or had returned a fortnight previously for the holidays.

A glorious fire blazed upon the hearth; the crimson damask curtains were closely drawn; dinner was just over, and dessert and wine was placed upon the table; decorations of holly and mistletoe added to the air of English social festivity. Warmth, light and cheerfulness seemed to pervade the room; and yet a certain depression weighed upon those assembled in it. Mr. Pomfret talked gravely to his brother about school boards, the state of political parties, strikes and similar subjects, taking a somewhat pessimist view of all he touched upon. His wife, at the other end of the table, wore an anxious look upon her face, and though she constantly smiled, it was only from the teeth outwards.

No aneroid is so sensitive to the variations of the atmosphere as the human mind is to exhilarating or depressing influences, and the younger members of the family were quiet, or forced conversation for the sake of keeping up appearances, like the heads. Even the schoolboys seemed to forget that there were no lessons to immediate prospect, and that they were going to have as good a dinner to-morrow as they had had to-day, and were silent, or whispered together without the accustomed giggling. Yet they had been in rare high spirits all the afternoon; the ice was in first rate condition for skating, snow had been seen in Peaty Bottom; the Christmas was what Tom Pomfret called an "Illu-trated Christmas," all snow, and hard roads, and icicles, and robins; not one of your mild, muddy, drizzling seasons which provoking old fogies, who are subject to rheumatism, are wont to delight in. The young man who had married into the family formed a mental resolution that next year he would spend the season at his own home, snugly *tête-a-tête* with his wife and come to no more gloomy gatherings. Henry Pomfret, the bachelor uncle, was the only one, however, whose manner resented this state of things. He was evidently impatient, and after making several useless efforts to animate the conversation, took to playing with his knife and fork, twiddling his glass, and answering his brother in monosyllable.

There was one guest present who had no connection whatever with the Pomfret family—Mary Williams a beauty of nineteen, governess to the younger girls, and bosom friend of Rose, the second girl, (the eldest being the married one,) who was only a year younger. But the cloud which hung over the party seemed to gather most thickly around her. Her large eyes wore an anxious expression, and the lines of care had thus early begun to mark her regular features. Quiet was such a relief to her, and even gloom was preferable to noisy gaiety.

When the servants had finally left the room, and the door was closed upon them, Mr. Henry Pomfret filled his glass and stood up.

"I can stand this no longer," he said; "there is one face and form in all our hearts, one name on our lips at this moment and we suppress it. No, Reginald, forgive me," (for his brother frowned, and motioned him to silence,) "whatever may have been the poor boy's errors this is pushing the matter too far. At this season eighteen hundred and seventy years ago, angels' voices proclaimed 'peace on earth and good will unto men,' and shall we not have peace and good will amongst the members of one family? God has been very good to us; we have met together happily year after year, and this is the first time there has been any gap; how many families can say as much? Last Christmas, Tom was here with his handsome face and cherry laugh; and the year before, and the year before that, till my memory goes back to the time when he was brought in first in his nurse's arms and I for one am not going to banish him from my memory. Here is Tom's health may God watch over him and keep him from harm wherever he may be, and bring him safely back to us before next Christmas."

Mr. Reginald Pomfret placed his elbow on the table and buried his face in his hand while his brother was speaking; when he was done, he murmured the name of his absent child, sipped his glass and resumed his former attitude. Mrs Pomfret sobbed aloud, and most of the others were in tears.

Mary Williams became as pale as death, and clutched her hand to her breast where a locket lay concealed; but her emotion was only noticed by Rose, who sat beside her, and quietly taking the hand which lay in her lap, she pressed and held it—a little sign of sympathy which saved her friend from a paroxysm, and enabled her to resume her composure.

And yet anybody who called the old bachelor a kill joy would have been very much mistaken; the cloud was dispersed in rain indeed, but still it was dispersed; the absent member of the family was now freely spoken of; the weight of suppression was removed, and cheerfulness regained the day. Only Mr. Pomfret retained his reserve; he slipped away early and went to his study, where his brother soon followed him.

"I hope that I have not offended you, Reginald?" he said, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire.

"No," replied Mr. Pomfret; "but any one else would have done so. I have expressed a wish that the boy's name should never be mentioned in my presence."

"Come, come, Reginald, be reasonable; after all, poor Tom has done nothing dishonorable. He has been wild, thoughtless, foolish, it is true; undutiful even. But his last action has been dictated by remorse and shame, and that shows how much good remains in him. Besides, I own that I admire his enthusiasm; educated as he was so long in France, and having French friends, it was natural that he should embrace their cause when theirs appeared to be the losing side."

"I grant that, and if he had been a commissioned officer; I should not have minded so much, though I can never approve of any man engaging in war except at the call of his own country. But that a son of mine should serve in the ranks! It is only a fit conclusion for a career which ought to have been impossible for a gentleman. Why, when he was in Australia, he kept a shop, Henry, think of that—*kept a shop!*"

"Well, having brought himself to want by thoughtless extravagance—which I do not seek to excuse—surely he was right to earn his bread by lawful means, rather than lout and beg, or worse."

"Not another word, I beg of you. That which may be lawful, or even commendable in the lower orders, should be impossible for a Pomfret."

"Come, come, Reginald, I appeal to your own good sense, whether your pride does not go beyond what is lawful for man. Think of this season, and what it means. Realize to your mind who it was that accepted the position of a carpenter's son, and worked in a carpenter's shop. Let all your prejudices about your pedigree be granted, what is the son of a Pomfret to the Son of God? But I beg your pardon; you know all this as well as I do, and I have no right to preach, I am a lawyer, not a clergyman."

After a few minutes' silence, Mr. Pomfret said, "I believe you are right, Henry. Pride has always been the besetting sin of our race, and I have inherited it. Perhaps poor Tom's conduct is a punishment, if one knew all."

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Turn from this home-fireside scene to a foreign one, in the open air. See! they are celebrating Christmas Eve by a display of fireworks. A bitter cold night for such an entertainment, though certainly the spectacle is a grand one. What enormous rockets! how high they soar, some of them! What a mass of flames and eccentric sparks they vomit forth when they explode! But surely they burst very low!

The most striking part of this pyrotechnic display, however, is its extent. The whole length of the Crystal Palace is considered a considerable area for such *fêtes*, but here the air is filled with rushing and exploding globes of fire from right to left, as far as the eye can reach, while here and there huge bonfires, stain the sky crimson; fantastic bonfires, which take the shape of houses; you feel certain that you can trace walls and windows through the lambent flames. Ah! surely that must be the bouquet; the earth appeared to open as that broad, towering jet of flame belched upwards and outwards. Bravo—bravo! a grand finale! See the strangely shaped objects carried up in the mass of fire; listen for the explosion. It is not an explosion, but a dull lingering roar. What! the ordinary display is continued still? Then that was not the bouquet, only a set piece. One of the fire works had fallen and exploded somewhat near us. Was not that a shriek? Surely there cannot have been an accident! Accident, indeed! Do not deprive the man who laid the gun of his meed of praise. You may regret, if you like, that there are so few similar "accidents," for the waste of powder and shell—that is, the comparatively small amount of death and torture inflicted per ton—is a matter of general regret on both sides, and you will be in the fashion. We are witnessing a bombardment.

They who crucified the Saviour fought with catapults and battering rams; we who call him Lord and Master, and profess to guide our actions by his precepts, fight with shells and mitrailleuses. Well, the leaven of Christianity is in the words, "Thy kingdom come," we do not do much to further the rising

Some distance in advance of the beleaguered city, but within the toils drawn round it by the besieging forces, stood a village. It was out of the immediate line of fire, and could only be distinguished when some distant conflagration flared up to an unusual extent. Then for an instant you might trace the single long street, the cabaret, the two or three villas on the outskirts, and all was swallowed up in blackness again. But though left quiet now, many a jagged iron shower had passed over the place; the roofs of the houses were nominal; the walls, torn and tottering, threatening in many places to collapse into heaps of rubbish; and here and there a wide gap showed where the flames had fed their fill. For the place had been attacked and defended, taken and retaken, over and over again. Not that it was an important position, but that it happened to be a square upon the chessboard to which pawns were moved and withdrawn pretty frequently. If the whole detachment were annihilated it was simply the loss of a pawn. "A mere affair of outposts," was the only remark drawn forth by contests which might have supplied Homer with an epic poem.

All was still and silent now, and you might have deemed the place deserted; but had you advanced within fifty paces of it on any side, a low fierce challenge would have warned you of your mistake. The ruins were full of men, sleeping, or trying to sleep, till their turn of duty came.

Two soldiers who had just been relieved from sentry, flung themselves down under the shelter of a broken wall which surrounded the villa garden. Wrapped in their overcoats, but with their rifles handy to their grasp at a moment's notice, they strove to snatch a short slumber from fatigue; but it was in vain.

What a bitter night!" exclaimed one, in an undertone, as he sat up, crouching his limbs together as much as possible for warmth.

"Bitter enough," replied the other, in the same low voice. "I have a drop of brandy left in my flask; will you share it?"

"Thanks, Anatole; it is the last bite or sup we shall ever share together."

"What do you mean?"

"That we shall be attacked to-night, and I shall fall."

"Bah! my friend. You are hungry—you are cold—you want sleep—you are fighting without a chance of winning—our cause is lost. Reasons enough for low spirits, these."

"Tell me, have you no belief in presentiments?"

"None. I believe in the liver, in the stomach, even in the spleen, though science has not yet discovered the use of it. I believe in the nervous system also, and the hallucinations of the brain."

"Ah! I need not have asked you; I know what a materialist you are, and am not clever enough to argue with you. Yes, say what you will, I am convinced that my time has come. I do not care; I am an outcast, and my life is of no value; let it go. Yet I should like my people to know that I thought of them; will you take my message, Anatole? We have been fast friends for years."

"Of course I will, even if I have to brave the fogs of your England. But as for your life being of no value, I'll wager that there is some little blue-eyed *mess* over the Channel, who holds a different opinion. What! Pardon my friend; I see that I have touched lightly on some painful memory. How should I know? I have never seen you in this mood before."

"Nor am I much subject to low spirits," replied the Englishman; "but to-night is Christmas Eve, and it has always been the custom of my family to meet together to-day. This is the first year that one has missed, and I am that one: what is worse, I should not be welcome if I were there."

"Rak! Is your mother living?"

"Yes."

"Then she would welcome you, my word for it."

"But my father would not, he is a hard man. Look here, Anatole, I have been a fool. I might be in a good position; rich, comfortable, with the choice of my own career. I was loved by the dearest girl—only of that my parents knew nothing; they would not have approved, for she was poor—a governess. Still, that might have been got over. Well, I threw all away, and for nothing; out of sheer stupidity and heedlessness, thinking only of the fun of the moment. And to-night I think and feel as I never did before. What am I doing here? I love your cause—your nation, Anatole, but the quarrel is none of mine. If you fall, you die in the path of duty; you are a hero; but I am a meddling intruder, and deserve my fate. You have often called me rattlepated, but my head is quite clear to-night; that is what makes me sure I am going to die. You will laugh at me, for you Frenchmen believe in nothing, reverence nothing; but I tell you that I have been praying; aye, repeating the prayers learned years ago at my mother's knee. But enough of egotism; if I do fail, and you have time, there is a packet addressed in my knapsack; and inside my shirt I wear a locket——"

A shot interrupted the speaker—a second—a volley—a volley. All were at their post in a moment. The Englishman had no time for further speech or thought. Memories, regrets, hopes, were all swallowed up in the one absorbing interest of the present moment; the instinct of self-preservation; the intoxication of strife. It was prosaic fighting, with none of the battle-gilding about it:—no plumes, no flash of steel, no prancing steeds, no blare of trumpets, no emulation no glory—a fight in the dark, where the craven could not be distinguised from the hero; where a Bayard had no more chance of winning laurels than a Falstaff. Yet men fought stoutly on both sides; widely, vaguely indeed at first, without much execution, though with fierce ardor to inflict it. But accuracy of aim was impossible; they fired principally at the flash of their enemies' rifles, and the struggle threatened to be long and undecisive. This did not suit the officer in command of the attaching party. The ruins were wanted by the engineers suddenly, for some operation connected with their purpose, and had been told to see if they were held, and it so to clear them. This was not to be done by skirmishing vaguely till the main body of the enemies' outpost came up, so he soon cried, "Cease firing, fix bayonets, and push them out of that."

Hand-to-hand contests are very rare in modern warfare; but in cases of surprise, or night attacks by small bodies of men, they will occur. The attacking party advanced slowly, keeping as much as possible together, for if they were once scattered it would have been difficult to distinguish friend from foe, and slowly but surely they drove the defenders before them. These were posted behind broken masses of wall; in doorways, or wherever cover was attainable. When the serried rank came upon them, there was a shot or two, a thrusting, shouting, cursing; and the wave rolled onwards.

The Englishman and his friend were still unwounded; they had retreated, fighting desperately, from post to post, and were now driven with the last defenders, to the further end of the street. There was nothing for it but to retire into the darkness; they had done their duty, and were outnumbered. Suddenly the voice of Apatole cried, "A moi!" The English lad turned round again, and running to the spot, found his friend down, and clinging to the legs of a man who sought to brain him with the butt end of his rifle. A shot from the hip at two paces' distance blew the German over and allowed Anatole to rise, but at the same moment his deliverer received a pistol bullet through the thigh and a heavy blow on the shoulder. It was impossible for either to retreat now. Anatole was seized and made prisoner. The Englishman, more powerfully built, turned at bay. For full a minute he stood alone, exchanging thrust for thrust with his foes. Then down he went, a heavy foot was placed on his breast, his brain reeled, he lost for a second the consciousness of where he was; he saw a well-known room, brilliant room, brilliant with light and happy faces; he saw his father, his mother, his brothers and sisters, and one pale face so dear—oh, so dear! Then there came a pang so horrible, so excruciating, that the pen cannot describe it, or the imagination conceive it. And all was dark.

Dead? No. The tie which binds soul and body together is so strong, and yet so weak! A fish-bone in the throat; a spoonful of poison; a fall backwards from a bar—the slightest thing serves to sever it in one case; while, in another the frame may be crushed, burned, mangled out of recognition, yet the life will not leave it.

Tom Promfret was pierced through from breast to back, yet he survived; and the surgeon who had pulled him through would have liked to have had him kept for exhibition in the Anatomical Museum at Berlin, as the most curious case of recovery from internal laceration that he had ever met with.

Of course, however, the case lingered for many weeks on the borders of the shadow land; and when at length he was discharged from the hospital, it was a weak, emaciated figure that was tenderly brought home to Norfolk.

It is needless to say that he found no coldness there; his father mourned him as dead, and was glad to have him back on any terms; indeed, he was proud of him. "Only the Pomfret constitution could digest a Prussian bayonet," said he; and took credit for the performance.

As Tom picked up strength, his restless mind began to form plans for the future. His intention is to take a farm in Guatemala, and Mary Williams has no objection to a Southern Home; so I expect they will get married, and sail in the course of next summer or autumn.

When the family meet on Chrismas Eve this year, however, there will probably be None Absent.

INSANITY.—The question of what is insanity is one which probably will await solution until the end of the world. In the meantime, however, some interesting information on the point was given the other day at a murder trial at Memphis, when an attempt to establish insanity was made on the part of the defence. Dr. I. K. Allen, being called as an expert, gave the following testimony:—"I have," said Dr. Allen, "been a practising physician for nearly thirty years. I have had some experience in cases of insanity, having been for ten years medical superintendent of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and during that time had over 2,000 crazy people under my charge. I have heard the hypothetical case read by Mr. Phelan. I am here as an expert, and before answering the question would like to say that the more I studied the question of insanity the less I understood it; and if you ask me where it begins and where it ends, neither I nor any physician in the world could tell you; in fact, on occasions like this lawyers make fools of themselves in trying to make asses of doctors."

How Shot are Made.

Passing a few days since through that dingy, smoky, and not altogether cleanly northern portion of the city of St. Louis which lies near the river, I encountered a lofty stack of brick and mortar, which, on inquiry, I ascertained to be the tower of the St. Louis Shot Works. I had often had occasion to use shot of various denominations, in the prosecution of small game, but knew nothing of the process of manufacture, beyond a vague idea that the molten lead was dropped from a height, and in obedience to the law of cohesive attraction, assumed a spherical form in the descent. It occurred to me that this was probably the best opportunity I would ever have to acquire a knowledge of the shot business, and accordingly presented myself at the office and asked for permission to look through the establishment. The Superintendent, a muscular looking gentleman, with iron gray side whiskers and a Butlerian eye, took my card, and courteously accorded permission, provided I would keep out of the way of the workmen. "You had better go to the top first," said he. So I started for the top climbing a dark spiral staircase and hesitating at each turn for fear of pitching off into space, or walking into the jaws of machinery. There was a rush and a roar like that of Niagara, the noise being produced, as I afterwards discovered so soon as my eyes accommodated themselves to the dim light, by the descent of two streams of shot into a great tank of water at the bottom of the tower. The ascent was tiresome, the distance being 186 feet, but the top was finally reached, and the first stage of shot making was an open hook. There was a furnace, three kettles of molten lead, and two grimy workmen ladling it out of the kettles, and pouring it into tin cups set in frying pans, a portion of the metal being allowed to run over from the cups into the pans. As each vessel was filled the metal was seen to sink away, so that by the time the workmen got another ladle full ready to pour in, the cup and pan were nearly empty, the bottom of the cups and and pans being perforated like sieves. The globules formed in passing through the sieve are uniform in size. In the two streams which are seen descending are pellets of all sizes, and the assorting is done after the shot is taken out of the tank. After falling in the tank the shot are taken up by a contrivance similar to those in grain elevators, and are passed into a circular revolving tube, or hopper, heated by steam for the purpose of drying. After being dried they are placed in a revolving iron barrel, a little emery being put in with each barrel full, for the purpose of imparting a polish. The next business on hand is the assorting of sizes. The shot are conveyed to a series of machines, looking something like a job printer's cabinet of cases, each rack containing a series of sieves representing the different sizes of the shot. These racks are shoved violently forward and back by the steam, thus forcing the smaller shot through the various sieves. The larger are stopped by the first sieve, while the fine bird shot, used by sportsmen in quail and snipe shooting, pass on to the last. After a sufficient amount of shaking the workmen in charge stops the machine, takes out the draws, two at a time, and empties their contents into the bins prepared for them. The next operation is that of weighing and bagging the shot. The scale is set at twenty-five pounds, and the workman, expert by reason of long practice, scoops out what he thinks will be enough and pours into the scale. Scrupulous honesty seems to be the rule in bagging. There must be just twenty-five pounds—not the weight of a hair more or less. The workman who scoops the shot usually guesses within a few pellets of the weight, and these are added and subtracted until the beam is on even poise. After a sufficient number of bags are filled, along comes another workman with a sailmaker's needle, who sews up the loose ends with astonishing dexterity, and the shot are ready for market.

U. S. Treasury Statistics.

The Register of the Treasury has published his report. The total amount of all classes of bonds issued during the fiscal year was $326,829,680, numbering 176,715; the number cancelled was 324,323. About $50,000,000 of common bonds have been received, registered, cancelled and turned over to the Burning Committee. From the Bureau of Printing and Engraving 44,766 sheets of registered bonds have been received, amounting to $801,225,000, and 209,500 sheets of coupon bonds of the loan of 1881, amounting to $142,360,000, of which $80,062,500 are still on hand and $21,436,050 are signed and sealed ready for delivery.

The tonnage employed in foreign trade has decreased 14,465 tons, and the tonnage employed in the home trade has increased 168,634 tons. The total increase in the number of vessels is 1,463. The amount of tonnage built during the year ended June 30, 1872, was 64,174 tons less than during the preceding year. The number of vessels built was smaller by 112. The number of iron vessels built during the year is the same as during the preceding year, but the tonnage is less.

The Register recommends that, in view of the approaching centennial, a classified statement be made of the receipts and expenditures of the government, showing the amount expended in each year, under each head of appropriation, arranged in tabular form, from the inception of the government, embracing a period of a hundred years, in order to relieve the great drafts made upon the Treasury for books and reports required by the other departments. He also recommends the formation of a division of clerks whose especial duty it shall be to compile this proposed document and to furnish statistical information for the estimates of appropriations, and the compilation of statements required by the departments and Congress.

A CAT'S DREAM.—Animals, especially the dog, cat and parrot, often indulge in the luxury of dreams. A correspondent of *Land and Water* tells the following anecdote of a cat;—"She was very still, and appeared to be fast asleep when suddenly she sprang into the middle of the room, where she fixed her feet on a limited spot on the floor, to which also her nose was applied as if closely grasping something she held in her claws. This continued for a short time, when the nose was gently raised, and the visible attention was directed to the feet, which still continued their grasp, but after a time one of them was gradually removed, and then the other, on which puss appeared greatly at a loss to imagine whither the imaginary object could have gone so as to escape her grasp. She looked in various directions along the floor with a foolish face of confusion; and then again her attention was directed to the spot on which the feet were first closely pressed, as if to examine closely whether the presumed escape had been by sinking through the floor, and when this seemed unsatisfactory, the disappointed animal, now widely awake, retired slowly from the spot, but she returned more than once to re-examine the spot; as if she found it impossible to comprehend how an object she had so plainly seen and grasped should have sunk into nothing. Many minutes elapsed before this cat appeared to be reconciled to the conviction that what had been a dream was not in truth a reality.

Paymaster Dodge Pardoned.

The expected pardon of Paymaster John L. Hodge from the unexecuted part of his sentence was granted by President Grant and the order for his release sent to the Warden of the Albany Penitentiary by telegraph, says a Washington dispatch. The original sentence condemned him to be cashiered, to suffer ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, and to be kept in prison until he refunded the sum embezzled—nearly four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but the President remitted the latter provision. He has served out about thirteen months of his term of confinement. Under the rulings of the law officers Major Hodge is, by his sentence, forever ineligible to appointment to any place of honor or trust under the United States.

President Grant satisfied himself that the Department of Justice could not take preliminary measures for the pardon of Major Hodge, as this was a matter exclusively pertaining to the War Department, Hodge having been convicted of the embezzlement of $450,000 by a general court martial, and sentenced to ten years confinement in the Penitentiary. The President accordingly had a conference with Secretary Belknap and other gentlemen upon the subject. The President was, it is understood, moved to this act of clemency by the belief that Major Hodge was drawn into the defalcation by the intrigues of others rather than by any premeditated intention of his own to defraud the government. His frank acknowledgement of the crime and his voluntarily making all reparation in his power by surrendering his private property, and in which his wife insisted upon joining him with her own individual property, excited for him and his family the sympathy not only of officers of the army, but of many others in prominent public and social positions, who were acquainted with all the facts of the case. His conduct at the trial in declining to take any technical advantage, and also his deportment since his confinement, have somewhat contributed to his liberation. His wife, who is in very delicate health, and their children made very earnest appeals to the President, which were not among the least of the efforts in his behalf and which strengthened the President in his disposition to extend the pardoning power. Besides it was considered that Hodge, who, previous to the embezzlement, had borne a high character for honesty among his brother officers, and was respected among them for his social qualities, had already been severely punished by the stigma attached to him by the sentence as much as if he had served out the entire term of ten years's imprisonment.

The following order has been issued:

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL—ORDER NO. 33.
WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1872.

The President of the United States directs that the remainder of the sentence to confinement in the case of John Lodyard Hodge, late paymaster, United States Army, published in General Court Martial Order No. 21, of October 9, 1871, be and is hereby remitted. He will be released from confinement accordingly.

By order of the Secretary of War.
E. D. TOWNSEND, Adj't Gen.

It is understood that the pardon of John Lodyard Hodge, late major and paymaster in the army, is for the purpose of securing his testimony on the prosecution of Polhemus and Jackson, through whom the $450,000 charged against him was expended.

Ingenious Cheating.

During the old days of heavy postage in England, no one had the slightest scruple in cheating the revenue. Persons leaving home, whether for inland or foreign travel, were importuned by friends to carry letters for them to other friends. An idea prevailed that if the letters were carried "open"—that is unsealed—there was no infraction of the law, and that consequently no penalty could be exacted. This was a popular error. The law, moreover, was evaded in another way. A newspaper was sent by post in an envelope: inside the letter a long epistle was often written, in invisible ink, generally milk. When this was dry the writing could not be seen. By holding the paper to the fire the writing came out in a sepia color, and the law was broken. The post-office authorities discovered this pretty trick, and parties were threatened with prosecution; but as the receivers invariably protested that they did not know who the senders were, it was almost impossible to obtain a conviction. The poorer class of people, upon whom the postal tax pressed most heavily, soon discovered an ingenous way to evade it. For instance a son or daughter in town despatched a letter to parents in the country who were too poor to pay the postage. The parents declined to take such letter which they had a legal right to do. Returned to the General Post-office, the letter on being opened was found to be a blank sheet of paper. The fact is that parents and children had agreed to send these blank sheets as indications that all was well with the sender; the receiver got that much of news and had nothing to pay for it. The letter was never taken unless a peculiar mark was on the cover, which intimated that something of importance was to be read within.

WOULDN'T KNEEL TO THE POPE.—Mrs. Flora White, well known in the fashionable world forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair, of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida. Highly educated, full of genius and with the manners and bearing of a queen her society was courted by the most elevated circles in Washington, New Orleans, New York and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere, warm-hearted and gentle woman of the most generous impulses. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope. "Kneel, my daughter," said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns." "I am a princess in my own right, your Holiness," she replied. "How can that be when you are an American born?" "In my country the people are sovereigns, and I am the daughter of the people." The Pope smiled a gracious assent rejoining. "Then receive an old man's blessing."

FLOWERS.—The delicate odor of pinks and other flowers may be obtained by the following process: Take a glass funnel, with the narrow end drawn to a point. In the funnel place lumps of ice with salt, by which a very low temperature is produced. The funnel is supported by an ordinary retort stand, and placed near the flowering plants, when water and the ethereal odor of the blossom is deposited on the exterior of the glass funnel and trickles down to the point, from which it drops at intervals into a glass vessel below. The scent thus obtained is very perfect and interesting, but is apt to become sour in a few days unless some pure alcohol is added. By this process many odors may be procured for comparison and study. To obtain the odor in perfection the blossom must be in its prime.

The Last Sad Rites.

The funeral of the late Horace Greeley in New York was a most solemn affair. Rev. Mr. Chapin's Church was wrapped and shrouded in black, in the vestibule the walls were hung with heavy folds of serge, which fell down and framed in black two of Mr. Greeley's portraits. Within, against the pure white of the walls, tracing the word "dead" upon all, hung the dark emblems by which men are wont to tell of their bereavements. From the vaulted roof were festooned broad bands of serge stretching to the pillars on each side and wrapping them, from the capitals down to the galleries, in deep spiral folds. Sheets of black were outspread along the gallery front and caught up at every pillar with a wreath of myrtle or a cluster of white flowers; in black, too, where shrouded the choir-desk and rail, and a deep border of crape, with a cross and knots of pale flowers above, circled the clock, whose hands were stopped—set at the hour when Horace Greeley was done with time forever. The Gothic carved work in the chancel, the desk and altar-rail, were hung and bound in the same deep folds of mourning, against which stood out in beautiful relief a lavish mass of floral emblems. A delicate vine of wild ivy climbed and twisted its arabesques gracefully to the very roof. From pillar to pillar of the pulpit, directly over the desk—a span of fifteen feet stretched an arch lettered—with red flowers on white with that sentence syllabled by the lips of the dying journalist, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. Greeley's pew, next the north wall of the church and near the door, was also framed in myrtle and white flowers and heavily draped with black. A black fluting surrounded the plate bearing his name, and a lyre with broken strings, shaped of white flowers and overhung with a drooping vine, was set against the wall directly opposite the pew. The church was crowded and the pressure for tickets had been so very great, there being thousands of applicants when one ticket alone could be given out.

Beside the state and city officials, many senators, and members of congress, President Grant and Vice-Presidents Colfax and Wilson were mournful spectators of the scene. President Grant entered the church arm-in-arm with Gov. Hoffman.

As the last mortal remains of Mr. Greeley were brought into the church the organ began the low notes of Chapin's funeral march, when the whole congregation rose in silent salutation as the coffin was borne, uplifted on the shoulders of eight men, in at the door and up the central isle. The Church Committee met it half way, accompanying it to the low bier prepared for its reception. The lid was already covered with flowers and vines and crosses, but this was not enough, and baskets were brought and emptied their further tribute, and the bearers went to their seats in front. The pall bearers were twenty in number, including Chief-Justice Chase, Senator Trumbull, Erastus Brooks, Robert Bonner, R. N. Hoe and others. The funeral march ceasing, another silence followed, but only for a moment, and the sad, "De Profundis" filled the air. As the last strain ceased, Dr. Chapin arose, and his voice broke the stillness with those words mournful and tender which have been read over so many coffins and brought comfort to so many hearts; the words of holy and wise men of old; the weakness and frailty of man, and his victory over death and the grave through the Lord Jesus Christ. The simple melody, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," most touching of itself, but doubly so in the associations its words aroused at such a time, was sung by Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, beginning in a quiet tone of confidence and trust, and ending with a burst of rapturous assurance at the words, "In my flesh shall I see God." The stir, which in so great a throng necessarily followed each change in the exercises, fell again into a perfect quiet as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher arose to deliver the opening address. Soon as the last words fell from the preacher's lips the quartet choir from St. Francis Xavier's sang beautifully the hymn, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Chapin, read the funeral address. This was followed by

PRAYER OF DR. CHAPIN.

Almighty and ever-living God. Thou art our strength and our defense, our very present help in time of trouble! We would know thee in our happiest hours and in our days of sorrow. We would commune with thee in the sunshine of life, but, O God! since the heavens are dark and the storm is heavy, when all we trust and honor has failed, to whom shall we look and where shall we find consolation but in the living God and Father of us all. We thank thee to day for that blessed revelation of Christ which has made God known and which has lightened up the uncertainty of nature with the assurance of a living love. We thank thee, O God, that our Redeemer liveth. We pray that this truth may be a conscious and vital truth in every soul and every heart. Especially we ask that thou wilt draw very near to these orphan hearts, these bereaved souls, and assure them of thy presence and thy help. Thou art the Father of us all, and may they trust in thy love as in a mother's or a father's love. May they take hold of thee with firm trust and peace of heart, notwithstanding the waves have repeatedly gone over them and the great floods have overwhelmed them. O God! be thou to them as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Be thou to them father and mother, strength and peace, light and consolation. May they be able to say "The cup which our Father hath given us, shall we not drink of it?" It is bitter to the taste and cold to the lips, still may they feel that the hand of infinite love, even like the nail-pierced hand of Jesus, presents it to their lips. God, console them as thou alone canst, with the assurance of a life which reaches into Christ; comfort that afflicted circle of friends, and that one who languished upon a bed of sickness. Give them the consolation of thy gospel. May they be able to say "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away." "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and we beseech thee to sanctify this event which touches so many hearts, and covers such a wide circle of professional associates who battled by his side; who have witnessed his labor, honored his name, and who meet to-day in genuine grief over his cold remains. Grant, O God! that this may be a source of good to their souls; that the consolations of thy truth may be with them, and the suggestions of divine faith be sufficient for them. May it awaken them to diligence, duty in the high and responsible station to which they may be called; and help us all to feel that we must work while the day lasts, for the night cometh. Sanctify, we beseech thee, this event unto those with whom the departed has taken sweet counsel, walking with them to the house of God. Sanctify it unto those of us who worship here, and help them in the remembrance of this tender moment to cherish a still deeper trust in thee. Sanctify this event to the poor and the lowly, to the laborer and the freedman, and all who have been touched by this great influence or have felt the power of this generous life. Sanctify it, God, to this great nation, that there may be a true monument in the hearts of the people regarding a life of simple, earnest goodness; and, O God! let thy blessing rest on each and all of us gathered here. We ask thy benediction for the President of the United States and all associated with him in authority. Give unto them wisdom and grace, that they may be faithful to the high responsibilities which they are compelled to assume, and serve thee in the stations where thou hast appointed them. We pray that thy blessing will rest on all men everywhere—the sick, the lowly, the weak, the tempted, the dying; and now, O God! in the midst of troubles we remember mercy. We thank thee that the deceased has lived. We thank thee for all the blessings he enjoyed in life. We thank thee for the good he has contributed to others. We thank thee, O God! for the glorious gospel of Christ. Let thy blessing rest upon what remains of the solemn services of this occasion, and as the dust is committed to the dust we commend to thee the soul. When all is over, dwell with the sorrowing hearts that must sit down in loneliness, only to realize the greatness of their bereavement. Help us truly to live, triumphantly to die and finally take us to that world where there is no sin, no sorrow, no separation, redeemed by him who plucked the sting from death and robbed the grave of victory, and in whose name and greatness we now address and implore thee. Amen.

When the prayer was ended a soprano solo, "Angels ever bright and fair," was sung by Miss T. Werneke, of St. Francis Xavier's choir, and Dr. Chapin pronounced the benediction. Miss Sterling, of the Plymouth Church choir, then sang Zundel's beautiful piece "Beyond the smiling and the weeping.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

First came a squad of police to clear the way, then a mounted body of the same. Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso was next, followed by the Fourth Precinct police, under Captain Ullman. Then came a detachment of the Fire Brigade one hundred in number commanded by Engineer Shay. A single carriage containing the Rev. Dr. Pullman, the officiating clergyman of the grave, headed the line of vehicles, three together, containing a portion of the pall-bearers. Then the hearse drawn by two horses with a carriage on each side containing the remaining pall-bearers. Immediately in the rear of the hearse came the daughters of the deceased and other relatives. President Grant with Secretary Belknap, Vice-President Colfax, and the Vice-President elect, followed in an open carriage attended by a guard of police. Governor Hoffman and other officials followed. The *Tribune* staff, Typographical Society, members of the Common Council, delegates from the various political committees, and the clubs and societies to which the deceased belonged or was connected, followed, making a long line of vehicles, eighty two in number. The avenue itself presented an uncommon appearance. Besides the crowd on the sidewalks and the stoops the windows of every house were filled with spectators who had taken their station there long before the procession arrived. The display of signs of mourning were frequent. In some places, particularly in Union Square throngs of people were so great that the procession was stopped for some time.

THE GRAVE OF HORACE GREELEY.

At the gate of the Greenwood Cemetery great numbers of people were awaiting the procession, which at no time looked more imposing than when the long line of carriages trailed up the ascent leading to the entrance. The chapel clock of the cemetery pointed to half-past four as the head of the procession passed the gate. The sun had gone down, but had left the western sky glowing with brilliant hues, and the air was still bright with the day as the cortege wound through the many circling avenues to Laurel Hill, where the family vault of the deceased is situated. Every projection on the way was covered with people, and even at the grave, room could hardly be made for the mourners. The carriages stopped at the foot of the hill, when the body was taken from the hearse and, followed by the pall-bearers and immediate relatives, was borne up to the vault. Here, while the night was coming on space and the white flowers on the coffin contrasted strangely with the increasing darkness., the beautiful words of the Episcopal burial service arose upon the air. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth," and by five o'clock the body of Horace Greeley was returned to the earth.

Commerce and Specie Payment.

In his report the Secretary of the United States Treasury says:—The revival of our foreign commerce is one instrumentality, and perhaps the most efficient one of all. If the annual earnings of American vessels were $80,000,000, instead of $30,000,000, the difference in the amount of exchange available abroad would meet a large part of the adverse balance in ordinary years. The experience of Europe tends to show that the ability of a country to maintain specie payments is due largely to the condition of its foreign trade. Next, every measure which increases or improves the channels of transportation between the seaboard and the cotton and grain growing regions of the country, or lessens the cost of freights, adds something to our cap