WHERE THE MUSE DWELLS.

As the stanch leaves upon some secular tree
Confront keen Autumn, green as in their prime,
And, weathering each season's varied clime,
Still to their branches cling right sturdily:
So this old house has ever manfully
Withstood the winds and buffetings of Time,
Constant in loyalty, in faith sublime,
All through our country's turbulent history.

Stern Winter cometh. All the darkening wood
Stands songless, while the gleaners homeward bear
From the gaunt fields the last of yellow sheaves.
Pause we and think; will the parable hold good?
Is there no cause for sighing as we hear
The ominous rustle of the falling leaves?
—*St. John's Gazette.*

AN ALARMING VISION.

I.

It was late one winter evening. The snow was falling in thick, fast-coming flakes, making a white curtain that was perpetually being let down between the heaven and earth. The storm was carrying on wild sport round the house, shaking the windows, beating against the thick walls, and murmuring in deep, hollow tones in the chimneys. It was a night for warm, cosy, substantial comfort, and such I resolved to make it.

At the period of which I am writing I was still a young man, and was practicing successfully as a doctor in a town in the west of England—a tolerably large, busy county town which lies very near the borders of both Devonshire and Somersetshire. I was unmarried, and was living with an old housekeeper and one servant-girl, who helped her by turns, now above stairs, now below, with complacent submission, because the semi-blindness and deafness of the good lady made interviews with her true swain, the butcher's boy, in the scullery not only practicable but easy. On the evening in question I had come in what we medical men call "healthily tired" after a hard day's work in my professional duties, and I was now sitting cosily by the blazing fire in my dining-room, with a glass of good claret on the little round table at my side.

My thoughts went wandering to and fro lazily, now resting upon some of the most interesting cases among my patients, now fluttering around a pretty picture of my only sister and her first baby, which her letter, received this morning from India, had called up; now straying into the stable to visit my bay horse—a new purchase, which I flattered myself did no small honor to my judgment in horse-flesh. Gradually, however, all these subjects of pleasant reflection slipped into a mass, and got confusedly mixed together. I found myself gazing, without feeling the least surprised, at an odd vision, which showed me my sister mounted on my pet bay with the baby in her arms, who, instead of a baby's face, had the face of my neighbor and patient, old Mr. Spicer, the grocer, and soon after that I was sunk into a peaceful slumber, where no dream even came to disturb me.

II.

How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I recollect I woke with a start, roused by the clock on the chimney-piece, which had a peculiarly ringing, clear sound, striking 8 o'clock. I sat upright with a jerk and looked around with that vaguely uncomfortable feeling which often follows sudden waking. My glance happened to wander up to the mirror which was over the chimney-piece. Why was it that, as I gazed at it, I uttered a low exclamation, and then shut my eyes, thinking that sleep must still be retaining its power over me, and that I must be dreaming a strange, fantastic dream.

But no, I certainly was not dreaming, for there it was just as it had been before. Fix my eyes as steadily as I might upon the mirror, with all my wakeful faculties concentrated upon it in eager earnestness, it was still there. I looked away, and fastened my look, for a minute or more, upon my mother's picture, which hung over the sideboard. Then my eyes were allowed to return to the glass; but this maneuver was useless also—it would not go, do what I would.

What I saw was certainly no alarming vision, though its appearance, there in the mirror, over my dining-room chimney-piece, was remarkable and startling enough, to say the least of it. In the middle of the glass, which in its other parts reflected simply and naturally the commonplace objects of the room, chairs and tables and window-curtains, there appeared a small but vividly distinct picture of a house and garden. It was a very pretty house, its front covered on one side with a green creeper, which was spangled with starry white blossoms, and on the other with a fresco such as I had heard described as existing on the walls of houses in Italy, where I had never been—a fresco representing an old woman sitting with a basket of oranges at her feet. There were four windows, two upstairs, two down, exactly over each other; they were all half shaded with green blinds, and I could see that the top one, on the right-hand side, was slightly open. Up the garden there ran a broad gravel walk, with soft fresh turf, gemmed with flower-beds on either side of it. The inclosure was fenced round with a rather high wooden paling, and in one corner of it there stood a summerhouse, with a quaintly shaped roof, that had something of a pagoda about it. Over the whole there was spread a soft, silvery light, as though a bright, full moon was shining down upon it. A yellow gleam, as of a lamp burning within, stole through the open window, and mingled with the white rays without.

I had my fingers on my pulse. Was I going fast into a raging fever? My pulses were as steady as they were when I rose that morning after a night's sound sleep. I tested my brain by going through, in my mind, all the symptoms and features in a difficult and perplexing case which had been lately under my care; my mind acted as coolly and calmly and regularly as it had ever done. I repeated to myself several passages of poetry from different authors in different languages; they came as quickly and easily to my tongue as if I had been reading them from a printed book. I gazed around and fixed my eyes on various objects in the room to see whether I should be subjected to other optical illusions; but in all other points my eyes were as reasonable as they usually were; they showed nothing but the familiar chairs and table, and the well-known pattern of the paper on the wall. Then I looked back at the mirror. The house was still there.

Had I been reading lately a description of such a house, or had I lately seen anywhere a picture like it? Either of these things might possibly have left a vivid impression on my mind which might have accounted for the strange delusion. I was not, however, able to recollect, search my memory as I would, that a book or a painting had brought such a house and garden before my thoughts. I was naturally neither excitable nor imaginative; indeed, I was generally regarded by every one who knew me, and by myself into the bargain, as one of the most prosaic, rational beings in the world. My fancy had never before played me the smallest trick even as I rode home, worn out with watching by a sick-bed, on the darkest night; even in the many painful scenes full of death and gloom through which my professional life had led me. In the dissecting-room, in the severest operation, my hand had always been as steady as if I were peeling an orange. All this made the present incomprehensible vision yet more utterly inexplicable. Besides, even while I gazed at it I knew that I had never felt more calm and collected and more in an ordinary condition of body and mind throughout my very commonplace, very busy history.

III.

Would another pair of eyes see the house in the mirror? I wondered. With a hurried hand I rang the bell to test this point, and summoned my housekeeper, who generally herself waited on me. This good lady's name was Mrs. Trickey. It is a common Devonshire name, let it be at once understood by those who are not aware of the fact, and is in no way meant to hint at any unpleasant proclivities or unwarrantable whims on the worthy dame's part; she was as honest and simple-minded a woman as ever handled a bunch of keys.

"Mrs. Trickey, I have rung for you to ask you to do a very simple thing," I said hesitatingly, now that she was present, scarcely knowing how to begin; for I felt, if I spoke out plainly, my housekeeper must infallibly think that I had suddenly taken leave of my senses.

"What will 'ee please to have, sir?" replied Mrs. Trickey, in true Devonshire fashion.

"Mrs. Trickey, will you please look in the glass over the chimney-piece?" I blurted out rather abruptly, not knowing how else to find out what I wanted to discover.

"Get along with your nonsense, Master Fred," cried Mrs. Trickey, with a toss of her head, which was so energetic it almost discomposed the stiff frills of her cap.

It must be mentioned here that Mrs. Trickey had lived with my mother when I was a boy, and that, with her, I still continued Master Fred, though all the world besides knew me as Frederick Heathcote, surgeon.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Trickey, I mean no insult, nor even a joke," I replied humbly. "I fancied something was wrong in the reflection of the glass; perhaps Susan has not dusted it as she should. Will you please look into it with your experienced eyes, Mrs. Trickey?"

I was in hopes that this last implied compliment would have propitiated the housekeeper; but apparently it had no such effect, for after a short inspection of the mirror she said tartly:

"The glass be right enough so far as I do see; this be just one of your items, Master Fred."

"But, Mrs. Trickey, do please tell me what you see when you look into it," I exclaimed, seeing that I must be more explicit if I wanted to gain full certainty on the matter.

"Why, what should I see but my own face, Master Fred?" she retorted snappishly; "and it be as good-looking a face as the faces of many women who be ten years younger than I be, and I can tell 'ee that it have been thought a good-looking face by scores of men in its time."

And herewith she bridled considerably, and drew herself up.

"And do you see nothing there besides your face, then, Mrs. Trickey?"

"Bless and save us, Master Fred, you must be turning mazed, I think, or else it be that you be making a regular fool of me. I don't see why you should make up such gammots about my face, when you've knowed it these last twenty years. I calls it very disrespectful, that I do."

And with a flounce and a bounce Mrs. Trickey turned and disappeared from the room, leaving me alone with the house in the mirror, which most certainly she had not seen.

I was musing uncomfortably on this fact, with my eyes fixed on the vision, which to me was as distinct as ever, when the clock on the chimney-piece struck a 8:45. Then suddenly, as if wiped out by a spirit's wing, just when the little silver chime of the clock was ringing, house, garden, summerhouse, moonlight and yellow gleam vanished from the mirror, and I saw nothing there save the reflection of the familiar room.

It was certainly a more wonderful phenomenon than any which my medical books and medical knowledge had taught me, and I sat up late that night thinking it over and trying vainly to account for it. As, however, I could not gain the slightest light on the subject, turn the matter up and down as I might in my brain, I came to a resolution on two points, and then went to bed. One of these resolves was, that I would not reveal the strange circumstance to anyone, because I had always a most hearty dislike of gossip and ridicule at my expense, and the other was that I would not allow the inexplicable vision to trouble my mind, so as to make me incapable of the daily work and duty of life. My natural calmness of temperament and my active, busy course of existence, made me more able to make these determinations with some chance of keeping to them than most people in my place.

I slept well that night, and did not see the house in the mirror once in my dreams. Next day I was sent for in haste to attend a dangerous, difficult case, which required all my skill and energy. By the time the evening was again come the impression made by the strange circumstance of last night had in a great measure faded out of my mind.

IV.

It so happened that I was engaged to spend that evening with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woodland. Mr. Woodland was a banker, and his wife was a pretty, sparkling woman—the queen of society in our town. She and I were always close allies; she would chatter to me of all her family affairs, and in a certain way made me her confidant. On the occasion in question I was Mr. and Mrs. Woodland's only guest. The banker slumbered in his arm-chair, the lady had two or three bits of gossip to tell about the neighborhood, and two or three new books to discuss with me, and a deal to say besides about the first appearance of a tooth in Miss Baby's little rosy mouth. That young heroine was brought down in state in her nightdress, and I had to examine the prodigy with much circumstance and solemnity.

Baby had retired again to the nursery, and had ceased her somewhat loud remonstrances with regard to the inconvenience of being brought downstairs to appear in the drawing-room in such a costume and at such an hour. Mrs. Woodland was standing on the hearth-rug looking in the mirror when the town clock in the market-place hard by struck 8. I was looking at the reflection of my hostess's face in the mirror, and thinking that it was certainly a very pretty one, when suddenly at the side of the lively brown eyes appeared precisely the same house, line for line, which I had seen in my dining-room mirror yesterday at this same hour; garden, pagoda-like summer-house, silvery moonlight, yellow lamp-light gleam—all were there.

I could not help a start and a murmured expression of wonder. Mrs. Woodland turned round quickly at the sound.

"What is the matter?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, just a twinge of rheumatism in my shoulder," I answered carelessly. "I caught it riding home through the storm yesterday."

"Mr. Heathcote, what do you see so wonderful in the looking-glass to-night?" she asked a few minutes after, noticing with feminine quickness the direction in which my eyes, in spite of myself, were so frequently turned.

"I was thinking that if I was a little handsomer man than I am, I should try to get a wife made exactly on your pattern," I replied lightly.

With these and a few more jesting words I contrived to put Mrs. Woodland's curiosity to sleep again, while, from time to time, I watched the visionary house. It was just as I had expected; when the town clock chimed 8:45 it vanished exactly as it had done on the previous night.

V.

From that time forward, wherever I might be, if I was in the room with a looking-glass, I saw, every evening, from 8 to 8:45 o'clock, for the next month to come, the house in the mirror. Sometimes it met my view in the tiny looking-glass on a cottage wall, where I was tending a poor patient; sometimes in the pier-glass of a sick fine lady's apartment; sometimes in the mirror of a friend's dining-room, as I sat at dinner. There was never the faintest change in the vision; it was always marked by exactly the same features. I cannot say but that this perpetual haunting of my life by so mysterious an apparition did make a vaguely uncomfortable and painful impression on my mind. But by strength of will, and by clinging resolutely and ceaselessly to all my active daily duties, I prevented its having a morbid, unhealthy effect upon me. I revealed the circumstance to no one, but appeared to the outer world as if there was no strange page in my commonplace story.

When, however, a month or so had passed by, there came a great, sudden, real sorrow, which most effectually thrust aside all inclination to brood over gloomy, shadowy, fanciful troubles. One morning there arrived a telegram from Lecco, on the Lago Como in North Italy, saying that my sister, on her way home from India, had fallen dangerously ill there, and calling me at once to her side. I knew that Lottie's health had been delicate ever since her baby was born, and that she was about to return to England for the sake of a cooler climate and the best medical advice. I knew, too, that she meant to return through Italy, but I was hardly aware that she had, as yet, started from Bombay, and I had not the faintest notion that her disease might possibly take such a dangerous turn. No wonder, then, that the tidings were a severe blow.

Lottie was far more to me than sisters generally are to their brothers. She was several years younger than I was, and she had been first my plaything, then my pupil; and I had experienced a pang of real jealousy on that day when, sitting on a stool at my feet, with her sweet face hidden on my knees, she confessed to me that there was one who was more to her than all the world beside. This foolish feeling, of course, quickly passed away, and I rejoiced to see her a happy bride; yet Lottie was still my pet, my pride and my darling.

I will not dwell upon the hurried journey, with Fear sitting at my side, nor the long nights and days of dreary, anxious watching. It suffices to say here that my sweet girl was, at length, given back to my arms, after, through long weeks my medical care and skill had battled with death for her. During the whole of this period the house in the mirror never again appeared to me, and, indeed, in my absorbing anxiety and trouble, the remembrance of it even hardly entered my mind.

VI.

One lovely evening in early spring, when Lottie was much better, but not strong enough yet to be moved, I had been taking a long ramble into the lovely country which surrounds Lake Como, and on my return had lost my way. The sun had set, the moon had risen, and was bathing the world in a silver sea. I had reached a path by the lake and was pausing to consider in which direction Lecco lay. The scene around was all one glory of stillness and of brightness. A breeze just stirred the waters softly with a kiss, the outlines of the distant hills were soft and tender, as if drawn by an artist-angel's pencil; here and there among them there was a white glimmer which told of a hamlet or a homestead; hard by a nightingale just struck a single golden note, and then was silent again, as if he feared to break the calm spell of the moon.

All at once I started, and a low exclamation burst from my lips. My eyes were resting on the surface of the lake, and there, mirrored in its clear waters, I beheld exactly the same house and garden which had so often, before I left England, met my view in such a strange, mysterious way. Disturbed, astonished, unable to believe my own senses, I glanced round behind me, and there, on a little rising ground above the lake, I saw a house which corresponded to the reflection below, and which was in every respect the realization of my vision. Just then the clock of some distant church up among the hills struck 8.

The whole circumstance and coincidence was so singular that I could not help being impressed and startled by it. Antagonistic though my whole energetic nature was to all imaginary fears and beliefs, I approached the gate of the garden, and noted how, in every smallest particular, even to the star-like flowers of the creeper on the wall, even to the fresco of the old woman with the basket of oranges at her feet, even to the slightly opened window with the ray of light gliding through it, it was the complete likeness of the house which had so often met my view in the mirror. The very name of the villa written over the gate filled me with a strange, eerie feeling: it was "La Casa dello Specchio." It had evidently been so named from the peculiarly clear and beautiful reflection which it had produced in the waters of the lake.

The complex thoughts and feelings which the sight of the villa and its name called up caused me to linger near it for some little time, until I began to fear that my mind was going to take a morbid, sickly turn, and I resolved to leave the spot at once. Just as I had turned to go, however, a gold seal, which had belonged to my father, and which, therefore, was much valued by me, happened to fall from my watch-chain, and I spent some time in looking for it; for it had rolled down the hill into the grass.

I had at length found the seal, and was moving away, when the same distant church clock struck 8:45. Scarcely had the sound died on the breeze when a long, shrill cry came ringing out of the house into the night, apparently through the partially open window. After that I cannot describe the motives which impelled me; I only know that, led by what was more like instinct than anything else, I rushed across the garden and entered the door of the lonely house.

There, the first thing I beheld in the little entrance hall, was a girl, with a fair English face, in a state of evident great terror and agitation.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "I heard your cry. I am an Englishman, and I am here to give you any help and service I can."

"My father, who is lying ill, has just swallowed poison by mistake," she answered at once, for great grief is never surprised. "I could not help crying out when I discovered it. All our servants happen to be out, and I have no one to send to Como for a doctor."

"I am one," I said, "and with God's help, I will save your father."

It so happened that that day I had been moving Lottie into more airy lodgings, and had put my little traveling case of medicines and instruments, for better security, into the pocket of my great coat, which hung on my arm.

The rest is quickly told. I saved, by the prompt measures I took, the poisoned man's life, and that fair girl has become my home queen. The villa is her father's property, and our brightest holidays are spent in "La Casa dello Specchio"—"The house of the mirror."—*Whitehall Review.*

A CAUL FOR SALE.

New York Times: The following advertisement in one of the daily papers of this city met the eye of a *Times* reporter:

WANTED—Any person to buy an Infant's Caul. Call at—Governeur st., second floor.

The reporter, with a taste for the novel and unique in this humdrum world, bent his steps eastward to Chatham Square, thence along East Broadway, and soon discovered himself before the house in Governeur street. The locality is "poor but clean," the house an ordinary tenement. The reporter a few moments afterward found himself in a tidy, but somewhat contracted, apartment—that seemed to serve all the requirements of housekeeping in turn—and confronted by its occupant, a thinnish, middle-aged woman, who looked as though her life-lines had not always fallen in pleasant places, her sharp face wearing that drawn expression which comes with overstraining to make both ends meet.

"Won't you be seated?" said the woman, kindly enough, but the words were accompanied by a look which said plainly, "I don't know about you; you don't look like a kind of people who are expected to buy infants' cauls." Nevertheless, she proceeded, in a pleasant way, to give full and free information.

Yes, she had an infant's caul for sale. It was about a year old. It was a beautiful one, and when the child was born the doctor remarked that the caul was the finest he had ever seen. It not only covered the eyes and mouth, but the chin and neck. It was a complete hood and finer than the finest silk. The doctor was so taken with it that he wanted to buy it on the spot, but she had no thought of selling it then. But now times were hard, everything was so high, and people had said to her often, "Why don't you sell your caul?" At last she concluded she would, and accordingly had advertised it.

"Have you had many callers?" the reporter inquired.

"Yes, quite a good many," she answered, and then continued: "But people who want it seem to be poor. I am hoping to see some rich vessel captain."

"How much do you ask?" next from the reporter.

"Well, we think," with a tentative smile and considerable hesitation, "we ought to get $100. You see it is such a beautiful one."

The reporter, not posted on the market value of cauls, felt considerably taken aback by this figure, and inwardly lamented that he had not also been born with a caul, and then and there had it still in his possession. No doubt his face betrayed the astonishment he felt, for the good woman continued, with some haste: "Our friends think that is very cheap. Captains often give that much for little bits o' ones, and not long ago I know one was bought for $300, and it wasn't nearly so large as mine, and a gentleman told me the other day that he knew of a case where a captain paid $200 for half a one."

"Half a one? Are pieces of it just as good as the whole?" the reporter inquired?

"I don't know. I guess so, though, from this. At any rate the captain bought the piece."

"Have you any offers?"

"Yes, I've had several, but they were from sailor men that hadn't much money. One wanted to give $15 and another $18."

"What use would they make of it?"

"Oh, you know," with astonishment at the ignorance implied by the question, "no one ever drowns that has a caul. Lots and lots of sailors has 'em, and they say none was ever drowned that had one on his body. Oh, it's a rare charm against drowning—they say."

A stout old woman, interviewed at the hall-door, unhesitatingly advanced the opinion that cauls are more efficacious as remedies for the various ills that flesh is heir to than all the medicines in the drug shops, and declared "if any doctor had a lot of 'em to give people to hold or carry when sick there wouldn't so many die." Several marvelous cures were paraded. One cited a case of paralysis of thirty years standing, another mentioned a case of inflammatory rheumatism, still another the case of a frightful attack of lockjaw, and, finally, hydrophobia and cholera were added to the list. The reporter had heard enough to excite him with the gravest apprehensions for the future welfare of the regular medical profession, especially in view of the incentive to be born with cauls now held out to infants by the present high rates, and bade the company good day, but not before one of the dames had remarked that "she guessed the lady would sell it fast enough, for there had been a big lawyer chap in this morning, and he wouldn't likely let it go if he could help it."

DARDANELLE, ARK.—Dr. M. M. Croom says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best medicine in the world, and is effecting miraculous cures."

FALLEN.

The following beautiful poem, which originally appeared in the *Illustrated News*, published in Richmond during the war by Messrs. Ayres & Wade, has been going the rounds of the papers of the United States for months past as an anonymous production. It was written by Capt. H. T. Stanton, of the Confederate army, and is one of the most beautiful and touching poems in the English language:

The iron voice from yonder spire has hushed its hollow tone;
And midnight finds me lying here, in silence and alone;
The still moon through my window sheds its soft light on the floor
With a melancholy paleness I have never seen before,
And the summer wind comes to me, with its sad, Eolian lay,
As if burthened with the sorrows of a weary, weary day;
Yet the moonlight cannot soothe me of the sickness here within,
And the sad wind takes no portion from my bosom's weight of sin.

Yet my heart and all its pulses seem so quietly to rest,
That I scarcely feel them beating in my arms or in my breast;
And these rounded limbs are resting now so still upon the bed,
That one would think to see me here that I was lying dead.
What if 'twere so? What if I died—died as I am lying now,
With something like to virtue's calm upon this marble brow?
What if I died to-night? Ah! how this slothful heart begins to beat!
A fallen wretch like me, to pass from earth to sadly sweet.

Yet am I calm—as calm as clouds that slowly float and form,
To give their tearful strength to some unpitying Summer storm;
As calm as great Sahara, ere the simoon sweeps its waste,
Or as the wide sea, ere the white waves all its shores have laced.
Still, still I have no tears to shed; these eyelids have no store—
The fountain once within me is a fountain now no more,
The moon alone weeps for me now, the pale and thoughtful moon;
She weeps for dying Mary, through all the night's sweet noon.

What if I died to-night, within these gilded, wretched walls,
Upon whose crimson trappings no eye of virtue ever falls?
What would its soulless inmates do when they had found me here,
With cheek too white for passion's smile, too cold for passion's tear?
Oh! one would come and from these arms unclasp the bauble bands;
Another, wrench the jewels off my fairer, whiter hands!
This splendid robe another's form would grace, oh! long before
The moonlight came again to sleep upon the floor!

And when they laid me down in earth where pauper graves are made,
Beneath no bending willow's angel-haunted shade,
Who'd come and plant a flower o'er poor Mary's friendless grave,
Or trim the tangled wild grass that no summer wind could wave?
Who'd raise a stone to mark it from the ruder graves around,
That the passing stranger's footsteps might respect the spot of ground?
No stone would stand above me, no little waving tree;
No hand would plant a flower o'er a fallen wretch like me.

What if I died to-night? And when to-morrow's sun had crept
Where late the softer moon in virgin beauty slept,
They'd come and find me here! Oh! who would weep to see me dead?
Who'd bend the knee of sorrow by the pulseless wanton's bed?
There's one would come—my mother! God bless the angel band
That bore her, ere her daughter fell, to yonder quiet land.
Thank God for all the anthems that the gladden'd angels sung
When my mother went to Heaven, and I was pure and young.

And there's another, too, would come—a man upon whose brow
My shame has wrought the winter snow to rest so heavy now;
Yes, he would come, with manhood's tears all burning down his cheek—
Had reason's kingdom stronger been where virtue grew so weak.
My sisters and my brothers all, thank God! are far away;
They'll never know how died the one who mingled in their play—
They'll never know how wretchedly their darling sister died—
The one who smiled whene'er they smiled, who cried whene'er they cried.

I'm all alone to-night! How strange it is that *I* should be alone!
This splendid chamber seems to want some rose's wonted tone!
Yon soundless mirror, with its smooth and all unvarnished face,
Sees not these jeweled arms to-night in their unchaste embrace.
Oh! I have fled the fever of that heated, crowded hall,
Where I might claim the richest and gayest of them all—
Where I could smile upon them, with that easy, wanton grace,
Which subdues the blood of virtue that would struggle in my face!

But I hate them all. I scorn them, as they scorn me on the street;
I could spurn away the pressure that my lips so often meet!
I could trample on the lucre that their passion never spares,
For they've robbed me of a heritage of greater price than theirs—
They can never give me back again what I have thrown away—
The brightest jewel woman wears throughout her little day;
The brightest and the only one, that from the cloister riven,
Shuts out forever woman's heart from all its hopes of Heaven.

What if I died to-night? What if I died as I am lying here?
There's many a green leaf withers ere the Autumn comes to sear!
There's many a dew-drop shaken down ere yet the sunshine came,
And many a spark hath died before it wakened into flame!
What if I died to-night, and left these wretched bonds of clay,
To seek beyond this hollow sphere a brighter, better day?
What if my soul passed out and sought that haven of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?"

Would angels call me from above, and beckon me to come
And join them in their holy songs in that eternal home?
Would they clasp their hands in gladness when they saw my soul set free,
And point beside my mother to a place reserved for me?
Would they meet me as a sister, as one of precious worth;
Who had won a place in heaven by her holiness on earth?
Oh! God, I would not have my soul go out upon the air
With all its weight of wretchedness, to wander where? oh! where?

LINCOLN'S HOMELY PHRASES.

In his letter declining an invitation to attend the Illinois Republican Convention in 1863, Lincoln made use of two or three striking figures. Reviewing the military events of the past year, which had been favorable to the cause of the Union, he said: "The Father of Waters goes unvexed to the sea." And, referring to the fact that Southern Unionists and ex-slaves had done something to help on the good work, he said: "On the spot their part of the history is dotted down in black and white." There was something in the phrase, "Dotted down in black and white," which mightily tickled the popular fancy. At the time, however, criticism was provoked by this odd figure, employed by the President: "Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayous, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have made their tracks." Lincoln was amused by the discussion in the newspapers to which the use of the phrase, "Uncle Sam's web-feet," gave rise. He explained that the remarkable feats performed by the gunboats in making their way through sloughs and bayous, heretofore considered unnavigable, reminded him of the stealthy passage of water fowl. The pleasantry concerning light-draught steamers going "where the ground is a little damp" is familiar to everybody. It will be a long time before our people will forget Lincoln's homely simile of "elder-squirts charged with rose-water," as applied to the conservative programme for prosecuting the war. This was used in a letter addressed to Cuthbert Bullit, of New Orleans, in which letter he also said that the Conservatives were like complaining passengers on a ship—"The mutineers must go untouched, lest one of these sacred passengers should receive an accidental wound." His imagination was powerfully stimulated by any reference to the history of the republic. His address at Gettysburg, now one of the great historical speeches of the world, suggests, rather than expresses, a crowd of images. To Lincoln's mind, apparently, American history was filled with noble and pathetic figures. In some of the loftier flights of his eloquence may be found traces of a strong poetic fancy—an imagination fired by love of country, and inspired by the contemplation of the stirring events that have marked its history. No more striking example of this can be found anywhere than in the memorable words which closed his first inaugural address: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

MORMON LEADERS.

San Francisco *Bulletin:* A recent dispatch from Salt Lake City stated that John Taylor, the head of the Mormon Church, contemplated retiring from the active duties of the position on account of his advanced age and infirmities, and that George Q. Cannon, ex-Congressional Delegate, would be selected in his place. It is stated that John Taylor is an American, but that Cannon is an Englishman, and that though he served several terms in Congress he has never been naturalized. But John Taylor is not an American. He is an Englishman by birth. Before he became a Mormon he lived at Toronto, Canada, and was a Methodist minister. He moved thence to Nauvoo, and was with Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum when they were killed by the mob, which attacked the jail in which they were confined at Carthage, Ill., waiting trial of the charges that had been preferred against them. Taylor was severely wounded at the same time and has never entirely recovered from the shots he received, some balls having entered his body. George Q. Cannon is his nephew. He would doubtless be glad to advance him if within his power. Cannon is a man of considerable tact and ability, has a sort of an "Oily Gammon" way about him. He made a very clever politician and personally was quite popular in Washington, especially among his Congressional associates. It was found impossible to turn him out of his seat, until Gov. Murray, of Utah, virtually "took the bull by the horns" by refusing to give him a certificate of election on the ground that he was not an American citizen, and therefore the votes cast for him as Delegate to Congress from Utah, were void. The certificate was given to Campbell, the candidate of the non-Mormon party of Utah, though he was largely in the minority at the polls. The House of Representatives, though it would not vote Cannon out of his seat at the previous session in which he had served, could not, when he become a contestant, in the face of positive proof that he was not a naturalized citizen, vote him in. It would not admit Campbell, so it declared the seat vacant. Since his political career has ended he has devoted himself more directly to Church matters. He is very high up in the Church councils. Taylor, the president, as he is called, of the Church, has two counsellors. They are considered as next to him in authority. These two are Joseph Smith and George Q. Cannon. Smith is the senior counsellor. He is a nephew of Joe Smith, the Mormon founder. He is a vehement speaker, and is extreme in his views on the subject of his religion. He is a bitter fanatic, and on all occasions urges non-intercourse with those not belonging to his faith, in business as well as in religious matters. He is in favor of carrying out the policy of Brigham Young; to make Utah entirely a Mormon community, by driving Gentiles away, and neither dealing nor associating with them. He deems himself the rightful heir to the presidency of the Church, and will leave no means untried to secure it when the time comes that another president has to be selected. He has a large following, and being more of an aggressive leader, it is not probable that Cannon can defeat his ambitious rival. Those who are best acquainted with his people believe that Counselor Joseph Smith will be the next Mormon leader and prophet. If he does become such, his aggressiveness may bring matters to a crisis.

THE POWER OF THE HYMN.

London *Telegraph:* It is not in Anglican or Evangelical services alone that we find the power and purpose of the hymn revival. We may step into a High church and find the congregation uplifting their hearts and voices to the stirring strains of "Jerusalem the Golden," or "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide," or "Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear." We may repair to a Low church and discover just as much energy and emotion bestowed on the "Old Hundredth" or the good old "Evening Hymn" or even the unmetrical strains of Tate and Brady; but it is rather to the unorthodox churches that we must look to find the power of the hymn and the excitement of unison singing as an incentive to popular religion. Camp services in the far West and the plantation gatherings of negroes gave the key-note to the rough and practical work done by those musical missionaries, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They knew the songs that would stir the people, and they boldly adapted them for religious purposes. The Anglican and established religions have taken a long time to reach the conclusion that St. Augustine was right when he observed how "song softens the heart, and makes pious emotions rise in it," and that "words when sung, speech when kindled by music, lay hold of the mind more powerfully than oratory." The preacher at the street-corner might talk till he was hoarse if he did not secure the aid of some devoted friends to enliven the monotony of the proceedings by an occasional hymn; the converts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey would have been few and far between had not a harmonium been placed on the platform, and one of the evangelists possessed a fine resonant voice; the fervid oratory and sound practical common sense of Mr. Spurgeon himself could scarcely have stood alone in a tabernacle devoted to songless religion. It must never be forgotten that the proverbial dullness of our English Sunday has its only relief in these popular religious exercises. When the city sleeps in lethargy, when the museums and galleries are closed, when the people have to travel far to enter a garden or a park, when bands are tabooed and recreation as well as relaxation is considered sinful, it is not surprising that the maids or assistants should devote their "Sunday out" to some form of religion which would give the greatest amount of excitement in the smallest given time. The mere fact of singing collectively exerts a great power of attraction over persons of all kinds who have tunable voices and are susceptible of the graver emotions. Their human needs should be satisfied in the best and simplest way. The cathedral service, as it is called, or, indeed, any uncongregational form of worship, however beautiful, is doomed to extinction, unless the hymnal is speedily substituted for the anthem book.

CRITICISM OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The following extracts are taken from the article in the *St. James's Gazette* criticising statements in Mr. Anthony Trollope's autobiography: "Autobiography appears to be remarkably subject to error, as many recent examples have shown. Mr. Trollope's autobiography is so much a story of his own life, he wanders so seldom beyond the range of his own literary and domestic history, that it is surprising he should err at all. Nevertheless, he has not succeeded in avoiding the common fate. In one of his few excursions over the limits of personal knowledge he tells of the rise and progress of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—that is to say, of the journal which, after fifteen years existence under that title, disappeared for the space of four weeks, to reappear, by the migration to Whitefriars of the whole staff of the paper *en masse*, as the *St. James's Gazette*. It is a subject of which he knew absolutely nothing of his own knowledge, except that he wrote for the paper some admirable sketches, and some articles of a political turn so intolerably empty and wordy that the editor was compelled to put a stop to them, even at the risk of mortal offense—which ensued. About this time Mr. Trollope was greatly ambitious of a political career. He failed for the same reason that his political disquisitions were rejected. Mr. Trollope says, in naming (so far as he knew) the original contributors to the journal, that among them were 'Greenwood, the present editor,' that is, in 1876, when the autobiography appears to have been written. In another place he says that 'in the early days of the paper the proprietor (meaning Mr. Smith) acted as chief editor;' in another that the paper was set on foot by the unassisted energy and resources of Mr. George Smith, error which a glance at a couple of sheets of sheepskin in the possession of 'the present writer' would have disabused him of. The truth is that there was never any other editor than Mr. Greenwood. He it was who recommended Mr. Hutton for the post as a better man. But his suggestion was overruled, and he himself became editor from its first day of publication, on the usual terms of independence, resignation or dismissal. The understanding was that as long as he remained editor there was to be no interference with his conduct and control of the paper, and this understanding was observed with the most scrupulous fidelity. No newspaper editor that ever lived was better treated in that particular from first to last; the post was not an easy one, but it was an elysium of freedom and independence."

Bishops and Bakeries.

New York correspondence of the Boston *Gazette:* "I did not go to the consecration of Bishop Potter, but I lunched at the Vienna bakery, which is next door to Grace church, just after the service, so I got some of the benefits of the occasion. I saw all the clergy, and there were all sorts to see, from the parson of a poor country parish, with mud-bespattered trousers, to the round, fat, oily men of God, who draw the big salaries, and the dear little high-church dude curates, with their long gowns and silken side-whiskers. An awning ran from Grace church into the Vienna bakery, and so did the clergy. Bishop Potter will no doubt give great satisfaction in his new office. That he is expected to is proved by the fact that the salary of the position has been raised from $7000 to $9000 to meet his requirements. I do not think $9000 a year a penny too much money for a bishop, but I am only amused that others did not think so until the bishop was a Potter. I suppose Bishop Potter will have to give up Grace church rectory, or will that be the bishop's palace and Grace church the cathedral?"

THE TRYST.

Farewell, beloved! we will not weep; 'tis but a little while.
When the snow is gone I shall return with spring's returning smile.
Where sunlight falls with shade and rain from hurrying clouds that sweep
With naught betwixt me and the sky, there lay me down to sleep.
The place is known to you and me, nor needs it more should know,
So raise no stone at head or feet, but let the wild flowers blow.

And then some little part of me will creep up through the mold,
The brightness of my hair will gleam from kingcups' hearts of gold,
The blue that's faded from my eyes will meet your eyes again,
When little speed-wells on my grave smile softly after rain.
When the warm blood is frozen at my heart and on my lips,
Kneel down above the dust and kiss the daisy's coral tips.

And when from out the sunset a little breeze comes by,
A flush of deeper color steals across the upper sky,
When the beech leaves touch and tremble, whisper soft, and then are still,
And a bird hid in the thicket sings out sudden, sweet and shrill;
When faint voices of the evening murmur peace across the land,
And silver mists creep up and fold the woods on either hand;

Or in the early morning when the world is yet asleep,
And the dew lies white in all the shade where the grass is green and deep,
You'll find me there, love, waiting you; and you may smile and say,
"I met my darling all alone at our old tryst to-day;
I looked into her eyes so blue, I stroked her hair of gold,
We kissed each other on the lips as in the days of old.

"It was her voice, so low, so clear, that in my ears did sound,
'Beloved, there's no such thing as death; 'tis life that I have found;
The life that thrills in leaf and flower, and fills the wood with song,
That thrills in all the gleaming stars when winter nights were long—
The life that passes with the winds from utmost shore to shore,
Embracing all the mighty world, is mine for ever more.'"
—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HISTORIC COACHES.

The history of coaches has been exhaustively treated by a considerable number of writers, from the French encyclopedists down to the recent work of Mr. G. A. Thrupp; but a great deal of curious lore remains to be gleaned by antiquaries and "*curio*" hunters as to the ultimate destiny of what may be termed historic coaches. We know all about the royal state coach of England, designed by Sir William Chambers for George III, in the first year of that monarch's reign. This splendid piece of vehicular antiquity is still alive and valid, but it has not been seen in public since the death of the prince consort. The carriage in which her majesty went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales was "a" but not "the" state carriage. The lord mayor's state carriage is four years older than the royal one, and will be regarded with mingled feelings by sightseers on the approaching 9th of November. The Speaker of the House of Commons has also a quaint and not inelegant state carriage; and some very interesting specimens of carriage architecture, both single and double-bodied, are in the South Kensington Museum. The antique state carriages belonging to the imperial crown of Russia were paraded with literally dazzling effect at the Moscow coronation, for the panels of some of these semi-barbaric equipages are enriched with sham diamonds; and Mr. Thrupp relates that wonderful examples of state coaches, photographs of which are in his possession, are preserved at Lisbon. Yet there should be laid up in ordinary at the coach-houses at the country seats of great English noblemen at least some few state carriages of the past. A coach well built and long left undisturbed will last long. When the allied troops in 1857 sacked the summer palace at Pekin they found dormant in the corner of a stable a wonderful old yellow coach lined with satin which had been sent as a present from George III to the Brother of the Sun and Moon on the occasion of Lord Macartney's embassy. The Vermillion Pencil has never condescended to ride in the carriage sent to him by the red-headed barbarians, and the imperial master of the horse had not even taken the trouble to have the carriage wheels disencumbered from their straw packing. Older carriages may be lying *perdus* in English coachhouses. Swift, in the "Journal to Stella," tells her how, in February, 1711, walking in Hyde Park with Mr. Secretary St. John, the Duke of Marlborough coach overtook them, with his grace and Lord Godolphin in it, but they did not see the doctor and the secretary—to Swift's great satisfaction; for he adds, "Neither of us desired that either of these two lords should see us together." Now, the great Duke of Marlborough was the most economical of heroes. Was this the famous Blenheim coach? Count von Bismarck, in his work on cavalry, tells us how, on the morning of the glorious fight at Hochstadt, Prince Eugene sent an aid-de-camp three successive times to his colleague, saying that all was ready, and begging that the fight might begin; but once, twice and thrice the aid found the duke sitting in his coach, and, assisted by one of his staff, calmly making up his linen for the wash. Until he had made all ready for the laundress he declined to stir; that being done, he got on horseback and drubbed the French, and the same evening he was able to scrawl with a pencil on the back of a tavern score this message to his duchess: "Let the Queen know that her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest." What became of the Blenheim coach? What became of the coach in which "Tom-of-Ten-Thousand" was assassinated by Kunigsmark's bravos, and of which there is a sculptured effigy on the Thynne monument in Westminster Abbey? Is it still at Longleat? Monmouth's state harness is yet at Dalkeith. With respect to the vast majority of old state coaches, it is very much to be feared that the London hackney coachmen saw the last of those once splendid vehicles.

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Wednesday, November 21, 1883,

the property described in said deed, as follows, to-wit: Being part of lot No. 2, block 62, South Memphis addition, lying and being in the city of Memphis, Shelby county, Tenn., beginning 22½ feet from the intersection of Beale and Desoto streets; running thence east with the north side of Beale street 82½ feet; thence north 130 feet; thence west 82½ feet; thence south 130 feet to the beginning. Equity of redemption barred; title believed to be good, but I sell as trustee only.
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