

AUTUMN.

With slow and stately march across the fields, Where Summer erst had strown her blushing fields.

And filling all her path with odors sweet, Flowers marked the imprints of her magic feet.

A drowsy incense on the air is shed; The lazy sun comes later from his bed.

Yet move not all of Autumn's pageants so; The northern blasts begin to shriek and blow.

Then there's the rain, down comes the rain. The drizzling, dripping Autumn rain!

The Autumn rain—a cheerless thing! With nought of joy or hope to bring.

The Summer rain, the Summer rain! How hopeful its weakening strain!

But when the Autumn rain comes down, Whether in country, whether in town.

Oh, Autumn of the Summer born, Season of the golden corn, Season of the golden leaf.

MORAL SENSATION.

The scenes at the cells of the Central Police Station are often very queer. They are ludicrous at times, pathetic at others, and heart-rending only too often.

"What are you hallooing for?" "Kase (boo-hoo) I see in trouble. I aint no account to-day, nowadays."

"Well, why dont you hold your noise, then?" "Kase I see pizened."

"Pizened with what?" "Pizened with trouble; that's what I is."

"What kind of trouble?" "Why, kase the officer took me away jis when de ole woman cut into de big watermelon, (boo-hoo) and de nigger didn't get a bit."

As he finished up this lamentation, the darkey renewed his howls, fairly making the whole place hideous with his grief.

"Look here, boy," said he; "do you like ginger cakes?" "Fust rate"—the darkey's eyes brightened as he spoke.

"Better than watermelon?" The darkey studied awhile—"Well, pretty nigh better, any how."

"And if I get you some will you shut up your yelling and go to sleep?" "Swar to goodness I will, jes' you try me," was his quick reply.

The officer went out and returned with two goodly ginger cakes which he passed through the grating into the sable hand of his prisoner.

THE LOST ONE.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

Many, many years have passed away since the good old doctor of the village of A—— was summoned to the bedside of one who had suddenly, been seized with an epileptic fit.

The house of the patient was situated at some distance from the doctor's abode, and the night being stormy and inclement, the old man stood as if considering for a while whether it was his duty to obey this call.

He was aroused from his partial abstraction by the gentle yet earnest entreaty of a girl. "Oh! sir, please to come at once, for I am afraid poor father is dying."

The old man looked; and seeing a pale and anxious face gazing intently upon him as if to know his final decision, his heart melted with pity towards the little one.

And he asked her kindly if she had ventured all the way to his surgery by herself. "Yes," she replied, "my father is very ill, and there was no one else to come but me."

Being a man of kind disposition, though rough exterior, and observing the scanty covering of his messenger he wrapped a warm plaid around her, and both immediately set out for the patient's house.

During the walk, the doctor inquired of the little girl whether she had any mother. "I once had a kind and loving mother," replied the child, "but she died and went to that beautiful place above, where my teacher tells me there is no pain or sorrow."

"I hope, my little friend, that you loved your mother," said the doctor. "Yes, yes, we all love her very much but father."

"And what makes you think your father did not love her?" "Because," said the girl, "he used to come home drunk at nights and beat us all and make mother cry; but she will cry no more now."

"Would you like to go to the same place as she has gone?" "Yes very much," earnestly replied the girl, "for there is no drink there and father could not beat us there, but we could be so happy and have so nice a place to live in."

"Your father has certainly been very unkind," said the old man, "but I trust you don't hate him for what he has done." "No, sir, our mother always taught us to love him, and told us to pray that God would put it into his heart to leave the drink altogether, because he is kind to us when he is sober."

By this time the house came in view; and the girl pointed it out to the doctor, her little face being lighted up with a deep crimson hue, as if ashamed to show so poor and wretched-looking a dwelling as being theirs.

"We live in this house," said the girl, "Will you please walk in, sir?" The doctor cast his eyes about the place, and thought to himself that he was now about to visit that which, to all true lovers of God and man, must prove one of the most mournful and distressing pictures which the eyes can behold, or the imagination picture, the drunkard's home.

A hasty glance sufficed to show the visitor that this was the place into which comfort, joy, and repose never entered. By the time of the doctor's arrival, the man had recovered from the fit under which he had been laboring, and though weak, was quite sensible. Kneeling by the patient, who lay upon a quantity of dirty and time-eaten straw, for bed there was none, the doctor kindly inquired of him how he felt.

"Thank you, sir, I feel a great deal better, though very weak," replied the man. "How did this thing happen?" said the doctor.

The man hung his head, as if ashamed to speak a word, but on being urged by the doctor, he said:

"Well, sir, if you must know, there was a funeral at the house of——, one of my friends, and I was invited to follow the corpse to the grave. After we returned from the burial, we went to the friend's house, and I am sorry to say, sir, I took too much."

"My friend," said the doctor, "did you forget at that time, that the very man whom you buried that day, was cut off by his drunkenness?"

"Oh, no, sir! I thought of that, but meeting with many old companions, my resolutions for abstinence gave way, and I partook freely of the refreshment provided."

"I am ashamed of myself," continued the man "when thinking of my unkindness to my family; and often have I prayed that I might be kept from this soul-destroying agent of the Evil One, but my resolutions have again and again been broken, and I am entirely without hope of ever being reformed."

"No, no," quickly replied the doctor, "you mistake; there's always hope for you, however unkind you may have been, and

however disgraceful your conduct, there is still hope; and even now, my dear friend, God will help you, if you ask Him to give you strength to combat with these strong and fierce temptations."

"Well, doctor, you're a kind and good man, and I'll always love you, because you have shown your love to me; but I am sure that I never, never will be able to overcome this love of strong drink. Oh! my poor, afflicted, and broken-hearted wife," cried the man, his heart, as it were, gushing forth in the bitterest remorse.

"Oh, my dear one, who so fondly loved me, had I but listened to thy gentle voice entreating me, to abstain from all these damning dreams, we might now have been one kind and loving family, journeying on to Heaven!"

The poor creature, having spoken thus earnestly of the past, fell back exhausted; and while the tears coursed down his cheeks, he breathed the name of her whom he had hurried to her long last rest. The doctor sighed as he gazed on this poor man, for whose reformation his kind and sympathetic soul was yearning, and he would fain have stayed yet longer to counsel him, and endeavor to fan the spark of courage in his heart, to stimulate to action, and to lead his mind to ponder on the awful and eternal doom that must await him if he still pursued his onward downward course; but other duties called him away, and after speaking a few words of encouragement to the man, urging him to sign the pledge and become a free man, he left the house.

As he was passing through the door, he was met by the little girl who had conducted him thither, and he told her not to hesitate in sending for him if her father grew any worse.

As the day wore on, the good resolutions which the poor drunkard had formed in the morning began to be shaken and tried very much; and, forgetting that God was able to strengthen him if he asked, he allowed the tempter to triumph, by ordering his daughter to get him a little whiskey.

"Oh, father, don't take any to-day; it will do you harm, and make you very ill again!"

"No, no, child; don't frighten yourself, I'll only take a very little drop, and I'm sure it cannot do me any harm."

"But the best way, father, the doctor said, was to take none."

"I know the doctor told me that; but I feel I am getting stronger now, and I'll not take any more than one glass."

"What money have you?" cried the father. "I thought I saw the doctor give you something."

The poor child trembled and cried, but did not answer.

"Come, come, now, I don't want it all; just give me a little, and you shall have the rest to yourself."

"But father," sobbed the child, "the money was to buy a pair of shoes, that I might get to Sunday-school."

"Oh, never mind that; there's plenty of time, and I'll work and pay you back before Sunday."

The little girl saw it was no use to say anything further, and she placed a half-crown in her father's hand.

He clutched the coin, and as soon as the means were in his power, all his good resolutions vanished. He forgot that his Maker's eyes saw this awful sin. Placing his hat on his head, he quickly left the house, as if desirous to escape from the place where he had caused so much misery.

The wretched man hurried along to the usual and well-known haunt, and soon the money was changed for coins of lesser value. Glass after glass was eagerly swallowed, and soon his voice grew loud and boisterous. Smaller and smaller grew the coins, and slighter and slighter the hopes of the loving child. He sits amidst his old companions, but seemingly heeds them not; for a moment they regard him, and, like demons from the pit of woe, knowing the love of drink within that poor and emaciated frame, they wager he will drink so many glasses of brandy in a given space of time. The drunkard's eyes light up with so glorious a proposal, and soon the brandy, hot and scorpion-like, courses through his veins. He shouts for more, and more is quickly given.

"Ha! ha!" he cries, "ye gaping idiots, think ye that I am to be beaten!"

"Quick! quick! more brandy!" cries the maddened drunkard, "for my soul is on fire. Ha! ha! ye kind and loving ones, to give me all this pleasure! how kind, how very kind! But see! who is that woman! See there! don't you see her?—stand back! there; stand back; don't let that woman touch me! Oh, save me, save me from her, my wife! See, the blood is running down her face! Who,

who has done this? Ah! she points her finger to me. Oh, stop my ears; she says 'I killed her! I sent her to the grave!' "No, no, it was not I," screamed the drunkard, in awful agony; "it was you," pointing to the publican, "it was you who sent my loved one to the grave; it is you who have led me to the gates of hell! Oh, woe, woe, unto you, for I am lost, and lost forever!"

The wretched being, excited and suffering from the drunkard's portion, *delirium tremens*, having thus spoken, fell on the floor insensible. Great was the consternation created at the inn by this scene; and the publican, politic as he was, managed to get the man conveyed home, where on arrival, they found the little girl waiting for the doctor; but on his arrival at the house, he learned that the man had again recovered from the fit, to be tormented by those horrid pictures that are created by the imagination of those suffering from *delirium tremens*, and shortly after expired in the greatest anguish of spirit.

Reader this is not an overdrawn account; this is no mere picture of the imagination. The pen of no writer can too vividly portray the awful scenes of the drunkard's home. Many are there who have never felt what it is to be a drunkard's wife, or a drunkard's child, and to them many a narrative like this may seem to be exaggerated and almost untrue, but such is not the case. Many a heart will bear witness to the truth of this scene, suffering as they do, directly or indirectly, from this soul-destroying traffic.

If this should meet the eye of any one who is on his downward course, let me earnestly entreat him to resolve to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. The test may prove trying for a while, and the disuse of the drink for a time may create a craving, which, however, if steadily refused gratification, will, by the grace of God, accrue in blessings innumerable to body and soul, preparing the mind for the contemplation of that eternity to which we are all hastening to fill a place of everlasting weal or woe.—*League's Pictorial Tract.*

ANECDOTE OF MAZZINI.—The writer of "Pen and Ink Sketches" in the *Household Journal*, tells this anecdote:

"Talking of eating houses reminds me of another celebrated acquaintance. — There was a restaurant at the corner of Pantion street and Leicester square, that at one time I used regularly to dine at, and I usually occupied one particular box or compartment. After a time I found that another person seemed attached to that box, possibly I thought, because it was close to a window which commanded a good view of the square. He was evidently a foreigner, swarthy of countenance, thin and sallow faced, with keen dark eyes, an aquiline nose, firm mouth, and short cut black hair. He was very abstemious, reserved, and apparently poor—for his clothes were seedy, and his linen none of the finest. Meeting day after day as we did, and occupying seats opposite each other, we soon got partially acquainted. I took him for a teacher of languages, of whom many lived in that locality. I remarked that he seemed always melancholy and absorbed, but he never, beyond a casual observation on European politics, referred to them. After a time I missed him, and did not see him again until one evening, when, as I was reporting a public meeting of reformers in St. John street road, I remarked my old dining room companion ascend the platform, when he was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers.

"What's his name? I enquired of a brother of the broad sheet.

"Mazzini" was the reply.

So then, I had been the daily companion of one of the most celebrated revolutionists of the day, without being in the least aware of it."

Some time ago the wife of a wealthy farmer in Ohio eloped with a farm laborer; the deserted husband obtained a divorce and plodded on alone. After a while the sister of the recreant wife, living on an adjoining farm, slowly drew his regard and eventually they were married. The other day a knock was heard at the door, and the farmer opened it, beheld, wan, pale and ragged, his truant former wife. Her father had turned his back on her, her paramour had fallen into drunkenness, and, hopeless, homeless, she as a last resort turned to her former happy home. The farmer called his wife, she would not see her sister, but a tear glistened in the farmer's eye. He supplied her present wants and then built her a cabin on the extreme end of his farm, where by his bounty she is living out the remnant of her days in remorse at her crime and folly.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PENMANSHIP.

Great is the difference between the clerical penmanship in the body of ancient deeds, and the rough, rude, and often illegible signs of those great men of the sword, whose functions in the middle ages were so much demanded; and it may be remarked that in those days when the circumstance of having a pen in hand must have been a remarkable event in the lives of the great mass of the community, the penmanship of the few learned clerks was noticeable for its beauty, and also for its correspondence, to some extent, with the contemporary style of architecture.

The effect of the introduction of Italian architecture may be traced both in manuscripts and books. Many of the specimens of the hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth are signally beautiful, and show much variety. There is the small Italian hand, which was used when writing, as princess, to her dear cousin and king, Edward VI, and on other complimentary occasions; a more vigorous style for State purposes; and a very large hand, which combined the Gothic with the Italian, which "Good Queen Bess" used when she threatened to unfrock a bishop.

Looking at ancient documents of a time when being obliged to resort to the use of a cross for a signature was not considered disgraceful, even to nobility, it is curious to notice the great variety of the crosses, and the different degrees of artistic skill which was shown in them. As the practice of writing became more general, the use of the cross became less so; and although many could not write their entire name, they managed to sign with a letter, or a peculiar form or flourish which had some resemblance to one.

In a collection of autographs of the relatives of Shakespeare, published by Halliwell, a great variety is shown. Agnes Arden's signature resembles the letter U, such as would be made by a school-boy who had just got out of his "pot-books." John Shakespeare signs with a sword-like cross, so firmly and vigorously marked, that one can fancy, if opportunities had offered, that this hand might have been cultivated into that of the skillful draftsman. Others of those signs are crosses surmounted by circles, and show imperfect attempts at regular signatures.

Remembering the systems of book-keeping and accounts which are now required for successful trade, it is difficult to understand how business to any extent could have been carried on. Tallies kept by notched sticks, with certain hieroglyphics for the different goods, were much used instead of books; and no doubt these instruments were produced by many of the traders of London and elsewhere, with as much gravity as a regular bill at the present day.

In the reign of George III, when education had become more general, the crosses of those who could not write, lost the distinction and artistic character of olden times, and the large, bold, round hand corresponds in style with the buildings and furniture then in use. This writing, although without much beauty, has, notwithstanding, the merit of distinctness. In these railway times, with the exception of book-keepers in banks, and clerks in merchant's offices, few seem to have the time to trim their letters. Few artists write a good hand. Physicians' prescriptions are often as difficult to decipher as ancient hieroglyphics; and it must be confessed that writers for the press are not generally remarkable for either the distinctness or beauty of their manuscript. As regards artists, the practice of hand-writing the literary profession, it is generally difficult for the pen to keep pace with the thoughts, to say nothing of the fact that time often presses.—*London Builder.*

At the beginning of the present century, in the case of a disputed account, in a town in the north of England, the door on which the account had been kept with chalk was produced in court.

AMUSING EXPLOSION OF A BARREL.—The following funny incident occurred on the 30th ult., at the railroad engine house at Springfield, Mass. One of the engineers, not having the fear of the constable before his eyes, had wickedly purloined an oil barrel which he designed to fill with cider; but how to remove the smell and taste of the oil, to fit it for such a purpose, rather puzzled him. In this momentous emergency he took counsel from a friend, who mischievously advised him to fill it nearly full with unslacked lime and water. This was done, when lo! the barrel was soon at high pressure and exploded, throwing the engineer some distance into the air, and landing him astride of an engine smoke stack with a hoop in each hand. No further harm resulted.

A GLASS OF BRANDY.

"A glass of brandy can't hurt anybody! Why, I know a person, yonder he is now, on high change, a specimen of mainly beauty, a portly six-footer. He has the bearing of a prince, for he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of health, and now, at the age of fifty odd, he has the quick elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of mirth and wit than he, and I know he never dines without brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living exemplar and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effect of the temperate use of good liquors."

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relation of ours. He died in a year or two after, of Chronic Diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never drunk, nor ever out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion up town, and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his six children; for he had ships on every sea and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use. For months before he died—he was a year in dying—he could eat nothing without distress, and at death the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease; in the midst of his millions, he died of inanition. This is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children, which he did not mention. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another was in the mad house; the third and fourth of unearthly beauty. There was a kind of grandeur in that beauty, but they blighted, and paled and faded, into heaven we trust, in the sweetest teens; and another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one is left with all the senses, and each of them is weak as water.

A gentleman of thirty-five was sitting on a chair, with no specially critical symptom present, still he was known to be a "dissipated young man," as the saying goes. He rose, ran fifty feet, fell down and died. The doctors see a beauty in death, the chances of cutting up a fellow and looking about for sights. The whole covering of the brain was thickened its cavities were filled with a fluid which did not belong to them, enough to kill half a dozen men with apoplexy; a great portion of one lung was in a state of gangrene, and nearly all the other was hardened and useless; blood and yellow matter plastered the inner covering of the lungs, while angry red patches of destructive inflammation were scattered along the alimentary canal. Why, there was enough of death in that man's body to have killed forty men. The doctor who talks about guzzling liquor every day, being "healthy," is a perfect disgrace to the medical name, and ought to be turned out to break rock for the turnpike for the term of his natural life at a shilling a day, and find himself.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A WAY TO CATCH RATS.—A lady at Hannibal, Mo., has hit upon a novel and, she says, an effectual method of "bagging varmints." Here it is:

A common meal bag spread upon the floor of the kitchen, cellar or pantry; a handful of meal is sprinkled over the inner surface of the sack. The upper fold of the sack is slightly elevated, to afford an easy passage to the "pesta"—and the mouth of the sack is curtailed to the size of a span. The rats run in, and thinking themselves secure remain while others keep coming. When you have sufficient reason to believe your sack is full, go slyly to it and place your foot over the mouth of the sack, gather around with the hand—walk out to the first post and fetch it a swipe. In this way our fair inventress has destroyed sixteen and twenty rats per day—and in three or four days' time, scattered the last enemy of the rat kind.

Animalcules have been discovered so small that 1,000,000 would not exceed a grain of sand, and 500,000,000 would sport in a drop of water; yet each of these must have the organs of life. Take this in connection with the fact that a shaft of lightning would have to travel a hundred years to reach the farthest star we can see, and that the whole intermediate universe is probably peopled with animate beings, and we have but a glimpse of the works of our creator.

An Irishman being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head, about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.