The Indiana American.

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TERMS OF THE

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Choice Poetry.

For the American

"WE ARE WATCHERS."

BY MISS ANNA B. JENKINS.

The pure stars said—"We are watchers all,
Such time as night's deep curtains fall
O'er the darkened earth, we our vigils keep:
When prayers are said, and the happy sleep,
Then, then we are threading the aisles of the sky,
And looking on earth with a tender eye,
While the birdlings rocked in the wood-boughs sleep,
And flowers their sweets in the bright dews steep.

"And we see, through the attic's broken pane,
We see the children of want to their rest are fain,
We love to watch while the dimples chase
The joyous smiles o'er each pale young face.
Sweeter their sleep than in chambers gay
Where, 'neath silken curtains, proud wealth doth lay;
O'er all beautiful things our bright beams fall,
And innocence pure—we are watchers all!"

"We are watchers, all!" sang the sweet lipped flowers,
"We watch o'er earth in its sunny hours—
We strew bright paths for childhood sweet,
Lest thorns should wait for their tender feet;—
We watch where the chambers are curtained sad and
And often our smiles make the sorrowing glad;
We watch where the weary ones make their beds
And quickly we bloom o'er their lowly heads.
We love to watch there to treasure up
The tears that love drops in each tiny cup,
Till they 're borne away, beyond earth and sky,
To gloom in the "rainbow of Hope" on high.
We smile 'mid the folds of the infant's pall,
O'er all beautiful things—we are watchers all!"

West Elkton, Preble Co., O.

WINTER AND SPRING.

BY MRS. S. C. WILSON.

Go! winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And locks that kindle not delight,
And breath that chills the young heart's glow,
And frowns that make the tear drops start,
No bliss, no pleasure can impart;
Go! winter, go!

Come! summer, come!
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers,
Come! with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land;
Come! summer, come!

GENTLE WORDS.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—

But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow;
Bitter poison drops are they;
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sad memorials of to-day.

Angry words! Oh, let them never
From the ice gus forbidden slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening sky,
The shield of that red star.

O, star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars,
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoever thou art,
The reader of this brief psalm,
As sad by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And then shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

LILIAS DAY.

A HOME STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a bright afternoon in early June, some thirteen years ago. The hills that rise all along the "Valley of the Naugatuck," had folded the green surplices of summer over their gray bosoms, and the blue river gathered in between them, answering back the serene smile of the afternoon sky, forming altogether one of those grand country poems that Nature loves so well to write out in New England.

A few rods from the river, in a green opening among the hills, stood a small one story cottage, almost wrapped up in the honeysuckles and morning-glories that grew all around the front and reached up to the low eaves. And somehow, the little cottage formed a very charming rustic picture, set up there in the green woods, overlooking the river, with the white fences and thick currant bushes running all around it.

A little distance from the house, and just to the left of the main road, stood a large cherry tree, its long, green arms cut out very beautifully against the sky; and if you had been sauntering along the road on the afternoon of which I write, and, if your eyes had chanced to light on that tree, you would have turned about, and, stealing softly under the low branches, have stood there, your soul luxuriating (if *beauty* is to you a luxury) in the vision revealed to you.

She was lying under the tree, one little bare arm folded under her head, and her soft cheek half turned to the cool grass, that sweet child, with hardly the bloom of eight summers on her young, dreaming face. The long, golden-brown lashes were drooped over her blue eyes, and over her small crimson lips the smiles wandered like shifting light, betraying the dimples hidden just in the smooth curving of either cheek. Her bright hair lay tangled about her face, and the little fingers that were braided in a half-finished wreath of buttercups and white clover blossoms, told their story as plainly as the lips above them could have done this. The child had been in the woods gathering flowers, and when she sat down under the cool shadows of the cherry tree to weave them into a wreath, she had grown weary and gone to sleep with her small fingers fastened over the long stems.

But there were no travelers on the main road that afternoon, so the child slept on, with nobody to watch her, unless it was the sunshine that found passage between the branches, and dropped a golden baptismal upon the child's forehead. At last, however, a small dog bounded through the half-open gate of the little cottage, and rushing to the little child, commenced licking her face and hands with unmistakable demonstrations of gladness.

"Why, Fido, what in the world made me go to sleep?" The girl had wakened now; and after rubbing her eyes she sat up. "You're a dear old fellow, to wake me up, any way," and she threw her arms around the neck of the dog.

The next moment a stone had dropped to the girl's feet, and with a quick sharp yell of pain, Fido had sprung up from her arms.

The girl was on her feet in a moment, looking off eagerly to the road, where, standing nearly opposite, she saw the offender. He was a boy, hardly more than two years her senior, and those blue eyes of hers had never lighted on a more wretched, destitute looking object than the one before her. His long, tangled hair had, apparently, never enjoyed an acquaintance with comb or brush; while the ragged, rimless article set on one side of his head, *might*, once, rejoice in the cognomen of hat. His elbows both protruded from the sleeves of a threadbare coat, and the pants that terminated some three inches above his bare feet, were patched with such a variety of colors, it would have been difficult to determine their original color.

The boy's face was thin and pale, and told a sorrowful tale of want and suffering. Yet there was something in the large, dark eyes, that beamed out bright and wild from between those masses of tangled hair, which redeemed the expression of the whole face. There was so much courage and earnestness in them; and though they might flash with anger, you felt they might melt with tenderness, too.

"Oh, how *could* you, boy!" said the little girl, turning her soft eyes from the boy to the moaning dog. "Don't you see you have hurt Fido?"

"Well, I don't care if I have; I'll hurt him again, too," was the coarse rejoinder, as the boy bent to pick up another stone.

The little girl bounded across the grass, and was by his side in a moment. "No, no," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, and lifting her sweet face, full of earnest entreaty, to his. "You won't throw it, please do n't. You don't know how much I love him; I and grandma, too—oh, you won't; will you?"

He looked in her face a moment, very earnestly. Then a softer expression came into those wild eyes, and the next moment the stone rolled down the hill, and was gathered into the deep heart of the river.

"Oh, thank you, thank you a great many times, little boy," said the little girl, with intuitive grace. "Fido will thank you too. Hush, Fido," for the dog had limped to her side, and was surveying the boy, with an occasional low growl, which indicated anything but gratitude.

"Little girl," said the boy, awkwardly twisting his brown fingers together, "I'm sorry I threw that stone, now; I should n't if I had known you."

"Oh, well, do n't mind it now, Fido's got over it you see; and you won't never hurt a dog again, will you?"

"Yes, I shall, though; I'll hurt every dog but yours I can find, for I hate everybody and everything in the world—everybody but you, I mean." His thin lips quivered as he said the words, and his dark eyes flashed like the quick lightning out of the summer night cloud, but the sudden softness that came over them, was wondrously touching as he finished the sentence and looked up in the girl's face.

"Oh, don't say so," said the child, earnestly, almost solemnly. "It's very wicked—grandma says we must love everybody."

"She would n't love me, though, I guess," and the speaker glanced down contemptuously at the *tout ensemble* of his coat and pants; "a ragged, dirty, good-for-nothing little ape, fit only for the gallows: that's what a man up the road called me just now. It made me mad, though it's true enough, I s'pose. Do n't you see nobody 'd love me?"

"No,"—her brown curls waved brightly in the sunshine, as the little girl shook her head,—"grandma says it don't make any difference what kind of clothes we wear, so our heart is in the right place."

The boy looked at her a moment, half in doubt, and half in wonder.—"Little girl, what's your name?" was the audible conclusion of his cogitations. It was evident that his practical knowledge of humanity had furnished him with a code of morals very unlike those advanced by the little girl.

"Lilias Day; and I live all alone with grandma, in that little cottage between the hills. But it's warm, standing here in the sunshine, won't you come and sit under the tree where it's cool?"

"Yes, for I like you, Lilias, you see; I want to talk some more—besides that, I'm very tired."

"Have you walked a great ways to-day?" questioned Lilias, as the two children threw themselves on the cool grass, and the great tree threw its long arms above them, like the blessing of a choir of angels.

"Yes, I've walked from a place called Waterbury, since morning."

"From Waterbury!" repeated the little girl, her blue eyes growing larger with astonishment. "Why, it's a long, long way, I've heard grandma say. Where are you going, little boy?"

"I'm going to New York. You see, Lilias, I've run away."

Unconsciously the child drew farther from him, but as he continued, she came closer again, and her sweet face grew very full of mournful sympathy as she listened to the boy's story.

"My name is Arthur Hale," he said, "and I've lived all alone with old Jack Thomas since mamma died, four years ago last Spring, and all this time, Jack has done nothing but make me work from sunrise to sunset, and never spoke a pleasant word to me, and cursed and beat me every time I did n't please him, and not give me enough to eat, and only these old clothes you see. Well, last Saturday, he gave me a harder beating than ever, because I did not understand something he told me to do, and I just said to myself, 'Arthur Hale, you are almost ten years old, and you're a fool if you'll stand this any longer. Just run away, and go to New York, as Sam Parsons did; you can't be any worse off than you are now, and maybe some time you'll get money enough to go to Georgia, where your mother said that rich uncle of yours lived, that she named you after.' So, Monday morning, I watched for the first line of light that used always to creep up a chink in the wall, and then I crept out of bed softly, and in a few minutes I was out of the house, and I didn't stop running till my breath left me, you better believe;—and since Monday morning, I've walked from Massachusetts here, and I shall keep on till I get to New-York."

"And what will you do there, Arthur?" questioned Lilias Day, and her tones were full of deep sympathy.

"I don't know—something or other, I guess—at any rate, it will be better than living with old Jack Thomas," and the boy drew up his ragged sleeve, and enforced the truth of what he was saying by a sight which sent a shiver of horror through the little girl's frame, for the small arms were terribly scarred by the recent whippings he had undergone. "But, Lilias, I want you to call me Arty, for you speak so softly, just as mamma did when she used to say, 'Arty, my darling boy!' then her little white hand would drop down so soft and cool in my hair, and her great, beau-beautiful eyes would look on me so full of love. Oh, dear! I've felt many a night her lips on my forehead, just as they used to be; and then I've waked up and found myself in that old, dark garret, and remembered that mamma was lying under the long, tangled grass in the graveyard, and I've wished I was there, too. She was such a beautiful mother, and she loved me so dearly—and I loved her, too; and I can see her sweet smile lying about her lips, just as plain as I see you now, Lilias—there, don't cry. Why, did you ever! I'm crying, too, Lilias!"

"Lily! Lily, darling, where are you?"

The wind brought the words to the ears of the children, as they sat under the tree, and the little girl was on her feet in a moment. "It is grandma," she said,—"she's calling me, Arty—won't you go with me?"

She was standing in the front door looking somewhere on the hither side of fifty, and she seemed to realize fully one's ideal of an old lady, set like a picture in the green framework of the vine around her front door. The snowy cap was pinned closely as a Quaker's under her slightly wrinkled chin, and the black silk kerchief folded neatly over her calico dress. There was something, too, in her mild, motherly face, that would have made a poor, friendless, homeless boy, like Arthur, warm towards it. Those lips would never drop anything but kindness for any human being.

"Why, sakes alive! who have you got with you?" ejaculated the old lady, as her wondering eyes fell on Arthur.

"It's Arthur Hale, grandma, who has n't got any body to take care of him, for his mother died a long, long time ago, and he's run away from a dreadful man, who used to beat him every day, and just for nothing at all."

The little girl's epitome of Arthur's sad story was delivered in a tone which greatly heightened its effect.

"Dear me! dear me!" repeated the old lady, and there was a suspicious twinkling of the eyes under white cap: "come right into the house, both of you. What a dreadful plight you are in, poor child; and no mother to take care you," she continued, surveying the boy with mingled pity and pain—for her New England love of neatness was greatly shocked at his filthy garments. "Lily, take the poor child into the shed, and show him where to wash his face, as clean as soap and water can make it, while I get him something to eat."

The beams of the dying June day looked into the kitchen of that little vine-wrapped cottage, and saw the two children as they sat before Mrs. Day's bountifully spread table, while the good woman stood surveying them, her face radiant with satisfaction. Arthur, in whose *personelle* an entire metamorphosis had been effected by the duly chronicled soap and water, and a large check apron, which kindly concealed all the deficiencies beneath it, looked almost beautiful, with those bright, large eyes, soft and clear as summer stars, as they travelled from the old lady's tranquil features to those of her beautiful grandchild.

"And now, children, you may go out and play till the stars come over the hills; for, of course, Arthur won't think of leaving us to-night; and I'll see if I can't muster up some better clothes for him.

The night stars had long hung like golden periods over the green valley of the Naugatuck, and the river, its deep heart quiet as an infant's, lay sleeping in the solemn embrace of the great hills, while the lamp-light shone softly out of Mrs. Day's little cottage window.

It was long past the good woman's hour for retiring, but her fingers indicated no weariness, as she sat before her little round table, busily plying her needle, while a variety of half-worn articles of clothing were scattered about her.

"That old coat of poor William's will answer nicely, if I can manage to take up the seams a little; and that straw hat's as good as new," murmured the old lady to herself. "Those pants, too, they want a new hem, and it would take a tailor to say they was n't bought yesterday." And between the golden night stars, the angels looked down and saw the old woman at her labor of love.

It was morning again, and the valley was "glad at his presence," and the south wind gathered up the grass of the meadows into long, green breakers, and then tore them playfully apart.

Arthur Hale and Lilias Day were walking slowly toward an angle in the road, some half-mile from the home of the latter. A silence very like that of sadness had come over the two children, as they drew near the place where their paths must diverge. It was at last broken by Arthur.

"I have been thinking, Lily, of what Jack Thomas would say if he could see me in these beautiful new clothes; I guess he'd think I was *some*."

"I should n't know you, Arty, you look so different from what you did yesterday—oh, dear! here we are at the corner, where grandma said I must stop. We sha n't see each other any more."

"Yes, we shall, too," said the boy, with an earnestness that seemed almost prophetic; "I shall come back to you some day, Lily Day, as true as I live—it may be a long time, but I shall come back."

"Well, Arty, I believe you, said the little girl, her blue eyes catching some of the light in her companion's.—"Here's my bead purse, and it's got three dollars grandma put in it. She said I might give it to you, Arty.—You'll keep it to remember me by, won't you?"

He took it and held it up so that the beads sparkled brightly in the sunshine. "Yes, Lily," he said, "and when I come back I shall bring you something, too. I'll keep the purse till then."

"Well, good bye, Arty,"—her eyes were growing dim with tears—"dont forget, now, what grandma said about not walking farther than Derby, and then taking the stage to New-Haven."

"No, I shan't forget. Good bye, Lily;" and he wrapped his arms about her neck, just as years ago he had wrapped them about his mother's, and pressed his lips again and again to the fair, sweet forehead. Then, without speaking another word, for his cheeks were moist with tears, he passed on, and Lilias stood at the corner of the road and watched him with her dim eyes until he was out of sight.

And so on the bright June morning those children have parted. Will their life-paths ever meet again? It was a question which neither priest, or poet, or philosopher could have answered—known only to Him who taketh not counsel of any, and who holds in His right hand the thread of all human destinies.

Eleven years had elapsed. It was a hoarse, wild evening, with stars peeping like pearls here and there out of the tangled skirts of the windclouds. A solitary beam of light went out into the darkness from the bed-room window of Mrs. Day's little cottage, and if you could have put aside the single breadth of white muslid, you would have seen the old lady and her grand daughter that evening.

Sweet Lilias Day! Those eleven years had well fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The fair, delicately chiseled features, the May-blue eyes, and the plaits of the rich, shining hair, formed altogether an exquisite Madonna-picture, and yet there was a little pensiveness about the crimson lips which made you feel, somehow, that the young girl's feet had come up thro' some dark shadows to the nineteenth winter of life.

You would hardly have recognized Mrs. Day, those eleven years had so changed her appearance. Her dark hair was now white as December frosts, and it must have required a long experience of physical infirmity to have shrivelled those once plump cheeks, and furrowed so deeply that once placid forehead, around which the light of the tallow candle dimly flickers, as she lifts her head from the pillow and answers her grandchild—"Lily, darling, do not speak of that again; it almost breaks my heart to hear you."

"But, grandma,"—the young girl's voice is low and soft, albeit there is a little quiver of sadness running thro' it—"you see, now our cottage is gone, and the money is all spent, it is the only way that we can live. It will be very hard to leave you, I knew."—Here her soft fingers were wrapped closely in the old woman's wrinkled ones. "But it is all we can do—and then I shall come home once in every two weeks, you know. Beside that, I have learned from you that nothing can degrade us, unless we degrade ourselves; and after all you have done for me, it is but right that now, in your helpless old age, I should take your place; don't you see, grandma? They have advertised for girls in one of the Waterbury factories, and you will not say no to my going next week?"

The old lady laid back on her pillow, and the tears fell fast down her wrinkled cheeks, and the young girl struggled heroically to swallow down the great sobs that were heaving her heart.

"My darling, my pet," said the old woman, lifting up her arms and drawing the golden head to her bosom, "how can I let you go? How I shall long for a sight of your blue eyes and your bright smile, during the long, lonely days, and when the night drops down, I shall listen for your step, and the sound of your sweet voice, and then I shall think of you off there, tired and sad, among strangers, who can never feel or care for you, my dear!"

"But, grandma,"—Lilias whispered amid thickly-falling tears—"you know God will be there, and he can take care of me."

"I know it—I know it;" the dim eyes of the old woman kindled up with new light—"Oh! remember Thy covenant with the fatherless and the widow, and ker young feet when they go out from her home!"

And in answer to the old woman's prayer came a hush of blessed peace and love to her heart and that of her grandchild.

Two weeks had passed. A young Southern gentleman, traveling with two of his friends through a section of New England, and being in the vicinity of Waterbury, he had visited the city for the sole purpose of having ocular demonstration of the power and extent of her far-famed manufacturing resources.

Such was the brief statement furnished by the trio of strangers to one of the proprietors of a large factory, who courteously volunteered to pioneer the gentlemen through the immense building. The strangers had gazed with mingled astonishment and admiration on the vast and complicated machinery displayed in the lower rooms, and they had now ascended to an upper apartment where a large number of females were employed.—"Well, it will be some time before we see anything like this on our Georgia plantations—eh, Hale?" said one of the gentlemen, after his eyes had journeyed down the row of girls on either side of the room, as he turned to his friend. But the gentleman addressed did not respond to the query, for at that moment his eyes lighted upon a face, which until that moment had been turned from him. A sudden change came over the fine features of the young Southerner, and his dark, lustrous eyes fastened on that sweet face a look of intense eagerness.

"She *is* beautiful as an Italian picture, isn't she?" said his friend, following the young man's glance. "She would grace any of our drawing rooms—but see here, Hale, 't won't do to stare at her like that."

"Can you tell me, sir, the name of that young girl,—she with the golden hair and blue eyes, I mean?" asked in a low voice the young Southerner of the urbane proprietor, as they stood together in the corner of the room.

"Let's see—Lilias Day, I believe she gave it. Pretty, isn't she? She has been here but a very short time. I heard something of her history the other day. She resides twenty miles below here with her grandmother;—the family were once quite wealthy, but have become greatly reduced.—Gentlemen will you walk into this room?"

That noon, as Lilias Day was leaving the factory, a note was placed in her hands by the foreman, who said he had been requested to deliver it to her.

Greatly surprised, and yet her heart filled with painful forebodings for her grandmother, she stepped to the window and opened it. A small note drifted to the floor, but the words in an unknown hand first arrested her attention.

"LILIAS DAY.—Put up your work and go home to your grandmother. Take this and use it freely, and fear no more for the future, for while I live, neither of you shall ever suffer. A FRIEND."

Lilias blue eyes were flooded with amazement, as, after traversing these lines several times, she lifted them from the paper. She raised the note that lay at her feet. *It was a check for two hundred dollars.*

"Ah! there goes the afternoon train. In two days it will bring Lily back," murmured old Mrs. Day to herself, as she walked painfully to the window, and looked down on the long train of cars as they swept through the white land scape, and it seemed to the old woman's film eyes like the flight of some evil spirit with the lurid flames pouring out of its nostrils, and the great skirts of smoke lying in its wake, as it glided every day to and fro, breaking into the hush of the quiet valley. A few moments later, and the bed-room door was thrown quickly open, and Lilias hung upon the old woman's neck.

"Oh, grandma! I have come back to you, never to go away again. We shall be so happy, too, for we have such a friend. And—and—" she could not consummate the sentence for the tears that were washing her cheeks.

It was the afternoon of the day after Lilias' return. There was a knock at the front door; and with a quickening of her pulse, the young girl rose up and opened it.

A young gentleman was standing there, whom Lilias remembered having seen in the factory. He lifted his hat and courteously inquired if Mrs. Day resided there.

"She does; will you walk in sir?" she said, retaining her self-possession.

Left alone in the little parlor, the young Southerner's dark eyes wandered eagerly around the room, as one's always do when the owner tries to identify his surroundings with some picture that has long been laid up in his memory.

But when Mrs. Day entered the room, feebly leaning on the arm of her grand daughter, and he looked into her pale face, a shadow stole into the eyes of the stranger. "You do not recognize me, Mrs. Day," he said, after the preliminary compliments had been interchanged; "neither you or your grand child, and yet we have all three met before. Can you not remember?" and he turned to Lilias, and there was something in his smile that it seemed to her had long dwelt in the deep places of her memory. A perplexed expression was coming over her face, when the stranger shook out a small bead purse before her, and then the name of "Arthur Hale!" broke involuntarily from her lips, and was followed by her grandmother's exclamations of delighted surprise.

"Yes," continued the young Southerner, and his rich, deep tones thrilled the hearts of his hearers, "I am he whom you found houseless, and you took him in—naked, and you clothed him—hungry, and you fed him—and more than all this, you poured into his weary, wretched heart, the balm of your sweet words and loving sympathy.

"He went from you a changed being—no longer man-hating and self-despising! He reached New York, and after a year of much harsh experience, he found the uncle of whom he told you, and his sorrows were at an end. Two years since that uncle died, and left him the sole heir to his broad plantations. He told you, Lily Day, on that summer morning when he parted from you, and your blue eyes were filled with tears, that sooner or later, he should come back to you. Behold! he has redeemed his promise!"

Lilias tried to answer him, but the words died in her throat, and replacing her hands before her face, the tears she could not restrain dropped warm and fast through her fingers, and then, low and solemn through the silence, came the voice of her grandmother:

"I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

When May, that sweet poetess of Spring, began to write out her beautiful fancies on the hills and meadows, there was a wedding in the little cottage "among the hills." Very beautiful looked Lilias Day, with the white May roses in her golden hair, as she went out from her New England home the bride of the rich Southerner, Arthur Hale.

STATE STOCK.—A venerable looking sow was discovered this morning in the cellas of the new State House, with eleven newly born pigs. This new issue of State Stock was not provided for by statue.—*Columbus Jour., 9th.*

☞ A lecturer, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, said that out of 100 persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only 15 survived it.

☞ The latest case of singularity of conduct reported, is that of a man in Lowell who "dyed" for the benefit of his "hairs."

ANOTHER DISCOURSE FROM "THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS."

The following, together with the well-known sermon on the "Harp of a Thousand Strings," is published in England as a veritable specimen of the pulpit oratory of the back woods of the United States:

"Beloved breathering, I'm the man what preached the sarmen which has been printed in the papers, from the tex, 'And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfeck.' I mout as well say I don't take pride in things uv that sort, for in the language uv my tex for tu cry—I'm no orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly. Them is the words which you'll find in Genesee.—I'm gwine to preach without notes; 'kase I cant' rite, and 'kase I couldn't read it ef I could; my notes are bank notes, of which I have a pocket full, and notes of hand, which I shall give to our square to collect, when I gets back to Indianny, fur—I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"The tex, my brethering, can be divided into three pieces—fust—second—third. Fust I'm an orful sinner. That means you individually, not me parsonally. Thar ar mere sins nor one. Its a sin to drink water and catch the ague wear a little spirit will keep you in good health—'tis a sin to steal, unless you 'steal awhile away'—'tis a sin to swear, unless you swear and sin not—'tis a sin to lie, unless you lie low and keep dark. Pride is sin. Sum is proud of their books; now I ain't though I've the gift and the grit to speak in. Sum is proud of their larnin; thank God I've none to be proud of—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"Second. 'Chief among ten thousand. Thar is differant kind of chiefs. Thr's the mischief, the chief of sinners, and the Cayuga Chief. The mischief means the Old Boy, what keeps the fire office below, and lets poor folks suffer in the cold here on earth. The chief of sinners means you, you wharf-rats arter-de-melons, amfiebuss animals, what live here about the canawl. Look at them ere hosses rise up in jugment again you, high uv bone, lowe uv flesh, tuff hides and short memories; hear the crows cawing, for they know that whar the canawl is thar will the crows be gathered. The Cayuga Chief is a fellar what pitches into my frens the spirit-dealers, and my other frens, the State Prison officers. He is one uv your cold water men who goes for the prohibition law whar Gouvernor Seymour voted. If twasent Sunday I should hooray for Seymour—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"Thurdly. 'Altogether luvly.'—Different things is luvly. When my boat swims like a duck, I say she am luvly—when my wife gives me no curtain lectures, (she has the gift of tongue as well as myself,) I say she am luvly—when the wind don,t blow and it don't rain and it don't nothin, I say the day am luvly—fur I'm the chief anong ten thousand and the one altogether luvly.

"In conclusion, breathering, if that big pile uv stuns was one stun what a big stun it would be, ef you breathering was one bruther what a big bruther you'd be, and if my big bruther should fling that big stun into the canawl, what a great big splash that would make—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one rltogether luvly.

"I shall prove the book larning aint of no use, breathering, that ritin sermons and gettin a celery for em as a sin that deserves indemnification—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly."

Death seems to attach itself in some form—near or remote—to the White House, at Washington. Jackson entered it a few weeks afer the decease of a beloved wife. Harrison and Taylor themselves died in it. Tyler became a widower after he reached it. Polk left it only to return home and die.—Fillmore buried his wife and daughter soon after his term expired. Pierce had his only son and child snatched from hin a short time before entering his duties as Chief Magistrate—and now Mr. Buchanan mourns a beloved nephew who was called away in the prime of his early manhood. Verily, the grim monster is "no respect of persons."—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

"I HAVE TRIED TO DO MY DUTY."—History records no "last words" of deeper import than these, which fell from the lip of the lamented General Taylor.

They convey a lesson which all may profit by, under all circumstances and at every period of life. They furnish an aim worthy the ambition of the highest as well as the lowest, the richest as well as the poorest, and a standard of excellence to which all may attain; for it is a standard which accommodates itself alike to the capacity of the most ignorant and the most high gifted.

An old maiden aunt consults her giddy young nieces on the subject of selecting a mate after this wise:

Never marry a man untill you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of soft boiled eggs. If he can eat them and leave the table spread, the napkin and his shirt unspotted—take him.—Try him next on spare rib. If he accomplishes this without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding day at once, he will do to tie to.

☞ It is an old remark—and none the worse for that—that we do not understand the value of our blessings until we are deprived of them.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

In a few months, the hope is indulged that this grand enterprise will be completed; that the slender cable will stretch from Europe to America; and a message flash in an instant over that immense space which it can now traverse only by the incessant ploughing of the steamships for ten long days and as many nights. For the purposes of peace, England and the United States will be almost side by side; while for purposes of war, they will be as far apart as before. Should a hostile fleet ever again leave one shore for the other, ere its arrival, hundreds of peaceful explanations, arguments, and negotiations, may be transmitted to and fro through the ocean-bed beneath it, and in all probability it would reach its destination only to find that its services were not required. The prompt and swift conveyance of diplomatic notes, directly from head quarters, will put an end to many of the occasions of hostility now so often arising—through the misunderstandings and mistakes of government agents, and the long delays during which slight misconceptions grow into serious disputes and alienations.

Moreover, no one can yet conceive the number and importance of the changes in commercial affairs this new agency will accomplish. Its use will be essential to all importers and exporters; the transaction of business will be greatly facilitated; and the two countries will be bound together by closer, stronger, and more numerous bonds. It was a noble sentiment of the New British minister at Washington, Lord Napier, that he wished for no other "entangling alliances" between his own country and ours, than lay in this slender but mighty cable. All things considered, we have a reasonable assurance that nothing can hereafter sunder these bonds; and that the first Atlantic Telegraph marks the era of unbroken peace between us and the mother country. Let the first lighting message that the New World sends to the Old be, "Glory to God in the highest! On earth peace, good-will towards men."

It is a cheering thought that this great work, though purely secular in its origin and design, is destined to serve effectually the plans of Him who is "Head over all things, for the church."

Commerce calls for a million of dollars, to lay an ocean telegraph; and the amount is readily furnished by commercial men, for commercial ends. Yet no power on earth can prevent its being most of all an instrument in His hands, for his own ends. The silver and the Gold are his; and though now they serve his purposes indirectly, like the wrath of man," the genius of inventors, and the explorations of discoverers, the time is coming when they will be as freely and trustingly furnished for purely evangelizing enterprises.

☞ Education implies that the human race is in a state of progress.

☞ A well written volume of letters of introduction, would exhibit human character vividly.

☞ Idolatry, in all its forms, is but the abuse of a truth so deeply lodged in the heart of man that it cannot be eradicated.

☞ In the Roman mythology, Fortune was a goddess supposed by her votaries to dispose of the destinies of men.

☞ The howl of the tiger, and the roar of the lion, and the hiss of the serpent, are a protest against the assumed dominion of man.

☞ The man who was so forgetful that he forgot his honest debts, we learn, has had his memory jogged by a "Justice of the Peace."

☞ A thief broke out of jail the other day in Aberdeen, but being captured, told the policeman that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about traveling on a Sunday.

☞ A distinguished philologist says that although many modern cynics continually assert that the world is given up in these days to the worship of money, he has discovered that owing to the peculiar formation of the words, "gold" can never be synonymous with "god" until you knock 'l out of it.

☞ Jones, (who thinks that Smith has been a little too free with his wife,)—"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments."

Smith, (who isn't the least frightened,)—"Certainly, sir, if you will promise to put me together again."

☞ A little urchin, some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was startled suddenly by a clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered it, and casting a defiant look on the clouds, exclaimed.

"Thunder away; I'm under the shed!"

Definitions from a New School Book.

"John, what's a bakery?"

"A place where they bake, sir."

"What's a brewery?"

"A place where they brew."

"What's a gallery?"

"Ti hi—a place where there are gals."

To Make an Evergreen Grow Compact.

If you have an Evergreen, or Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, American Spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch. Repeat this process again next year, at the time, and your Evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.