

General Miscellany.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

BY HENRY ARBRY.

I walked beside a quiet sea,
At starlight, while the west was gray
And clear, though faint and far away,
Through the still water, forth to me,
Voices of bells came dreamily;
No breeze more manifest than they.

Some say a thousand years ago
There thrived a city on an isle
Beyond the headland, mile on mile,
Which, in a night of fear and woe,
Sank in the glassy depth below—
Sank tower and dwelling, beam and tile.

At now, when twinkling skies are clear,
Within the sunken city there,
The sad ghosts ring their past despair
Out on the merman's atmosphere—
Ring loudly all, that life may hear
Dead sadness stir the ample air.

To me this city is not strange;
I feel familiar with each gate,
Each tower and street unfortuniate,
And, whoso'er I dwell or range,
Its memory-picture does not change,
Limned by its stern destroyer, Fate.

Its laborers, on roof and mast,
Swam in the light with silver arms,
No wrathful wars, nor dread alarms,
The streets' splendor overcast;
But, on a throne of gems amassed,
Sat Pleasure with Circean charms.

Yet came the hour of loss and fear,
The city sank, tower, wall, and mast,
Its brittle site was rent apart,
And all went down that once was dear;
But oft, in loneliness, I hear
Its sunken bells ring in my heart.

I least no note of vain regret,
My hope-wrought city of To-be,
Youth seen, upon the future's sea,
Has vanished, and its sun is set;
But broader and diviner yet,
The city of Reality.

For, though its ways be paved with stone,
And hard and rough to toiling feet,
And though, in the accustomed street,
No biazoned garniture is known,
By Fate, God's hand, His will is shown,
And love makes humble service sweet.
—*Appleton's Journal.*

MISS LASCELLES' DISAPPEARANCE.

"Are you going to Saratoga, Nina?"
"No."
"To Long Branch, then?"
"No."
"To the White Hills?"
"No."

"Then where are you going?" was the general cry.
"I am going to disappear," answered Miss Lascelles; and it was the only answer her curious friends could get from her, let them try as they would. At every fresh surmise she shook her head and smiled mysteriously. "I am going to disappear," she persisted.

Miss Lascelles kept her word. She did disappear, and nobody could find out whether, in fact, there was no one to find out from, no one to whom she was in the least degree responsible for her comings and goings. An orphan without near relatives—an heiress, moreover—she was entire mistress of herself, and had she proposed to go to the moon, so far as this earthly planet is concerned there would have been nothing to hinder. But for certain atmospheric difficulties being in the way of such a tour, her acquaintances would have been inclined to suspect it was the very one she was making at present—that out-of-the-way sort of thing exactly tallying with her oddity; for, by common consent, Nina Lascelles was dubbed "odd"; bright, sensible, attractive, certainly, but for all that with an odd streak about her.

But where had Miss Lascelles gone? Not quite as far as the moon, and yet to a region almost as remote from the sphere of her dear five hundred friends. One day there had chafed to present itself to her recollection the picture of a certain weather-beaten, gambrel-roofed house up among the rocks and hills of one of the Northern States, where she had passed the happiest summer of her life. Miss Lascelles thought she would like to try if that old time could not be brought back again. To be sure, she had been only twelve then, and the tastes of twelve and twenty-one are apt to be somewhat different; but at least it would be a novelty. She was tired and overworked of the prescribed pleasure-tread-mill, every step of which she knew so wearily well. Briefly, she had set her heart on the experiment; and when this young lady set her heart on doing anything, it was very likely to be done.

Besides, it was not simply her own inclination she consulted in this choice. Among her poor people—for poor people were one of Miss Lascelles' oddities—were two young English orphans, a brother and sister, whom she had discovered one day in a crowded, unwholesome city back lane, where they were breathing distilled dirt, and cheating their young, growing, hungry muscles with a sort of refuse which it was the highest strain of courtesy to call food. No wonder if their poor cheeks became paler every day, and that the boy's strength was hardly sufficient to earn the pittance which just kept the life in his sister and himself. These children were special favorites with Miss Lascelles, whether because of their singular attachment to one another, or because they were orphans with no ties of kindred, even as she herself was; and marking their increasing delicacy, it occurred to her that to take them out of the close heat of a city summer into the free air and life in which she herself had once thriven would be no bad way of spending the months usually allotted to the busy idleness of watering place existence.

So, with her two young proteges, Miss Lascelles disappeared, to come to the surface again in the little town of Stoneborough. The old gray house and the scattering village appeared to have undergone as little change as the eternal mountains themselves that closed around.

"Is this place really in the world, I wonder?" said Miss Lascelles to herself, with a smile, surveying it. "It seems to be out of Time's way, at any rate. I don't believe a creature has been born or died in it since I was here. I could almost fancy myself still the slip of a May-pole I was then, with eyes several sizes too large for my face, and a skin the color of the butter Mrs. Hutchins is working there."
Miss Lascelles laughed again at the recollection. It was only a recollection, and she could afford to laugh at it now, for there was certainly no butter-color in the glow on the clear cheek, and the full, yet firm and free figure suggested anything but a May-pole. Good Mrs. Hutchins, herself as little changed as all the rest,

would have been astonished to learn that this handsome young woman was no other than the sallow little heiress she had shaken her head over so doubtfully nine years before. Such an idea never occurred to her, either that it was that particular heiress or any heiress at all; for it was not precisely a Saratoga wardrobe that Nina had brought to Stoneborough; and then, through some misunderstanding at the outset, Mrs. Hutchins had taken up the notion that her lodgers were relatives. Miss Lascelles did not correct an error which was so very convenient to her purpose, since under a strange name, she would escape a good deal of the watching and gossip which, in her own proper person, she would have had to encounter. So Jimmy and Kitty were privately drilled into their new relationship by "Aunt Nina," who was known to the neighborhood as Miss Neeny Pratt, and taken at the valuation of her cotton gowns and gypsy straw, attracted no notice more burdensome than an admiring glance from some young farmer whom she passed in her daily rambles with the children. The villagers, indeed, opined that Miss Neeny was a little fanciful—which was their way of calling her "odd"—but the verdict once pronounced, troubled themselves no more about the matter, for fancifulness, in all its varieties, is not as high a misdemeanor in country as in city eyes.

But, accustomed to homage, change, amusement, of course she speedily found this monotonous life a frightful bore! On the contrary, she did not even find it monotonous, for every day brought her some novelty: from milking and butter and bed making to sketching, rowing, climbing, berrying, there was scarcely a possibility of the country which she left untried. And watching Jimmy's puny muscles harden, and little Kitty's white cheeks take a color like the wild roses in the hedge briers, she actually found a more interesting daily occupation than noting the process of a flirtation, or out-dressing Mrs. A—at the hops. Very strange taste, no doubt, but tastes never are to be accounted for.

But if Miss Lascelles enjoyed herself, what shall be said of the two poor young things that, like a good fairy, she had carried away from squalor and privation? Truly, to them this was another world, in its utter unlikeness to anything they had ever known. Though not out of childhood, they had never yet been children, and Miss Lascelles saw with delight the transformation coming over them, as they rolled on the grass, tumbled down the hill-sides, scratched themselves among brambles, scrambled, laughed, and whooped "like the Ingines," as Mrs. Hutchins said, and in a manner got tipsy on mountain air and unlimited sunlight. Undoubtedly for the time being they were little animals like the puppy and the kitten they played with. Miss Lascelles aiding and abetting, in the belief that by taking care of the body now she was doing the best service to the soul by-and-by.

One of the children's favorite occupations was driving the cows home at night, and then standing by to see them milked, a performance which lost none of its interest from the bowl apiece of warm new milk with which it ended. The milk, real country milk, with no smack of the pump-handle, was, perhaps, a greater marvel than even the cows to these benighted little city, and they swallowed it literally open-mouthed. A pretty sight it was, this milking-time; so thought a chance comer who had strayed down the lane by the back-yard, and stopped to look over the bars at the scene inside—Miss Neeny's blue draperies falling as gracefully from the milking as ever they had done from the music stool, her black hair crisping into picturesque lights and shades against the sleek side of the white cow, who stood chewing the cud, her large mild eyes meditatively fixed on Kitty perched on an overturned wheelbarrow, and steadfastly returning the gaze with her great blue English eyes, while Jimmy, divided between admiration and a kind of fascinated fear, hovered round Farmer Colby's big chestnut horse, that its owner had left tied to a post while he drove bargains in butter and cheese in Mrs. Hutchins' dairy, and that champed and pawed and otherwise testified impatience at the delay. The sun, just disappearing behind the hills, as if to make sure that all was as it should be before retiring for the night, shot forth a last keen blink that searched out a gleam of gold in the moss under the gable and a tiny crimson flower in the grass, while the chestnut's coat shone as if varnished, and the shadow of the old cherry tree lengthened till it seemed to be growing out of sight.

The stranger, whose knapsack on the shoulder and stout stick in hand, to say nothing of dusty gray garments, bespoke him a pedestrian tourist, after looking on for a minute unperceived, put his hand on the bar and called to Jimmy. But Jimmy, whose nerves had not yet hardened to a country boy's stolidity, jumped back at the sudden sound, unfortunately, at the precise moment when the chestnut launched out at a fly that was buzzing about him. The fly, with a contemptuous b-r-r, sailed off untouched, but poor wingless Jimmy lay his length on the ground.
At Kitty's scream Nina looked round, but before any body could move the young man was over the bars and had the insensible boy in his arms. He was a surgeon, he said, and Nina anxiously awaited his report of the boy's injuries. They proved less serious than she had feared—slight concussion of the brain and a broken leg, broken so cleanly as the young surgeon with professional enthusiasm declared after setting it, that it might almost be trusted to heal of itself.

Nevertheless Dr. Hilton, as he gave his name, did not trust it to itself. Perhaps he felt that as he had indirectly been the cause of Jimmy's battering, the least he could do was to leave him as sound as he had found him. So the knapsack was unstrapped, and, with its owner, remained indefinitely under Mrs. Hutchins' gambrel roof. Never surely was patient better tended than Jimmy Pratt. The young man told him stories and invented games for his amusement, taught him, to the boy's intense pride and delight, to play on a creaky old fiddle that had spent its best days in the service of the deceased Hutchins, brought him news of all the small happenings of the farm and the village, till he was well enough to be moved, after which, in all favorable weather, the daily rambles were resumed, Jimmy riding in great style and comfort on Dr. Hilton's back. The neighborhood, with keen country instinct in love matters, once more opined that all this meant that

the young doctor "was makin' up to Miss Neeny," in which fancy they were not wholly at fault. In fact, as Jimmy grew better his doctor grew worse, and by the time one could go on crutches the other was quite helpless.

If practice makes perfect, it is not to be doubted that Miss Lascelles said No with the utmost grace—at least she would have done so, only that this time, perhaps for variety's sake, she chose to say Yes instead. Was she crazy enough, then, to engage herself to an entire stranger? No, for, as it happened, he was not quite a stranger to her. She speedily discovered that this Dr. Hilton was a person of whom she had heard a great deal before having seen him: no other than a certain cousin of her friend Mrs. Chudleigh. His devotion to his profession in general and his poor patients in particular, his indifference to society—in a word, his oddity—were grievances on which Mrs. Chudleigh was never tired of descanting, so that Nina was almost as familiar with his character and pursuits as if he had been a personal acquaintance. Here she had the advantage of him; he knew nothing of her antecedents, and took her simply for what she seemed here. Nina felt some twinges of conscience at continuing to mislead him, but she had that mistrust of her possessions frequent with heiresses, and the little summer idyl she had been living was so pleasant to her, she shrank from breaking in on it with other interests; she promised herself to make full confession immediately on her return, and quieted her scruples with that.

But the summer idyl came to an end of itself. Jimmy was getting so strong that Dr. Hilton had no excuse for remaining, and the work he had left behind seemed to be summoning him away from this unwonted idleness. Nina too had her own reasons for return; so the party broke up. Jimmy and Kitty, by their own and Mrs. Hutchins' desire, being left to her motherly care to be initiated in the various mysteries of farm life. Their delight at the idea of always living in the country served to dry their tears at Nina's departure, and her promise to come to them next year made them quite cheerful again.

It was a very pleasant journey to Nina, and she could have found it in her heart to wish it longer, particularly as she had a guilty dread of the revelation its end must bring. Not that she really supposed Dr. Hilton would be annoyed at finding her position so different from his idea, only that she did not quite know how he would relish having been kept in the dark so long. The doubt grew with thinking, till she became almost nervous, and as the miles flew by she speculated to herself how she could best say what she had to say, and half wished for some chance to save her the embarrassment of the disclosure.

The wish was destined to be fulfilled, but in a most unlooked-for manner, calculated rather to increase than lessen the embarrassment of the situation. Coming on board the boat for the last stage of their journey, they came face to face with Mrs. Chudleigh, sitting quite by herself in a corner of the deck. It would be hard to say if the surprise on her face or Nina's was the greater at this rencontre.

"You two, of all people in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Chudleigh, holding out a hand to each, "and together! Where did you drop from?" then, with a sudden frown, she gave Dr. Hilton a spiteful little push with her parasol. "There, I haven't a word to say to you!" she cried, continuing, nevertheless, to talk very volubly; "I wonder you're not ashamed to look me in the face, Fred. Hilton! Only fancy, Nina, this wretch, who won't leave his horrid patients long enough to make us a day's visit, has actually been spending weeks, whole weeks! in a place nobody ever heard of—Stone something or other; and what must he do there but fall in love with a milkmaid, as he coolly announces to me!"

"No, no; only that she was milking when I first saw her," hastily interposed Hilton, invoking any thing but a blessing on the letter in which he had indulged in some mischievous exaggeration for the special benefit of his cousin's prejudices.

"You hear him?" said Mrs. Chudleigh, with a shrug of the shoulders that expressed at once impatience and long-suffering. "But that is not the worst, my dear; he is actually engaged to this—this Neeny Pratt. Did you ever hear so extraordinary a name? Neeny, indeed! Ninny would have been more in keeping with the whole affair. No, it is of no use your making signs to me, Fred; I shall say what I think, though I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. And to think of the plans I had made for him!" sighed Mrs. Chudleigh, lapsing from anger to sorrow.

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," demurely said Nina, who understood very well what the plans in question were, and who, in spite of herself, could not help enjoying the double cross-purposes, and Dr. Hilton's evident mystification.

"Oh yes," said he, lightly, trying to rally from an uneasy sense of some mystery. "I know your plots against my peace well enough, Emma. A spoiled heiress!—for they are always more or less spoiled. I am thankful for having 'escaped the marcy,' as my old Patrick says."

express herself—"I don't know what the world is coming to! Both of you! Why?—the fact of being together once more recurring to her preoccupation—"perhaps you have been in the same place, that Stone—Stone place?"

"Yes," answered Nina; "it was in Stoneborough I met Dr. Hilton."
"Such an opportunity thrown away!" plaintively murmured Mrs. Chudleigh to herself. "And the hay-maker!"—raising her voice—"who is he? another of the Pratt family?"

"Allow me to formally present him," said Miss Lascelles, laying her hand on Dr. Hilton's arm. "This is the hay-maker, Mrs. Chudleigh."
"And this is the milkmaid," said the young man, covering the hand with his own.

The double explanations that followed were almost as amusing as the preceding cross-purposes. Mrs. Chudleigh, the matter fully understood, was entirely delighted; Dr. Hilton not so entirely; still he managed to reconcile himself somehow to marrying a spoiled heiress, and it is to be concluded that neither has regretted the step, for when Nina Hilton next year went to see how her little transplanted slips thrived in Stoneborough, the whole party seemed as happy as need be.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Three Thousand Serfs.

From a careful examination of the statistics of labor it appears that the average product of persons employed in agriculture, manufactures, mining, and fisheries in the United States is \$532 a year each. The increase of the President's salary and the salaries of Congressmen has added one million five hundred thousand dollars to the annual burden of the producing classes. The increase of the President's salary alone adds \$25,000 to this yearly burden. The product of the labor and skill of some three thousand persons must therefore be devoted to defraying the general exaction; while nearly fifty citizens will toil from daylight to dark, summer and winter, to produce an amount equivalent to Grant's additional pay. And as this labor is done involuntarily, what is it but slavery?

Who is responsible for reducing this large number of citizens to slavery? Unquestionably the man who originated this outrage on the labor and industry of the land, and whose veto might have prevented it. Think of it, fellow citizens! Fifty producers in the field, in the workshop, in the dangerous mine, and on the treacherous sea, will sweat, and toil, and suffer hardship not to support their families, but that President Grant may have \$25,000 per annum in addition to the \$25,000, with the magnificent mansion and grounds and the other costly perquisites, which he enjoyed before.

These three thousand producers, these fifty producers, are virtually slaves. It is not of their own accord that the product of their labor is devoted to swelling the bank books of the President and the national legislators. They are as much serfs as the laborers of the Egyptian Khedive, whose salary, like the compensation of Grant and the Forty-second Congress, is regulated by his desire to grab.

But this additional burden bears most severely on the farmers, whose average product is only \$413 per head. To such a class it must be idle to talk of a President not being able to live on \$25,000 a year, with house, fuel, lights, gardens, stables, steward, secretaries, and messengers free, or of Congressmen who find \$7,500 the smallest amount on which they can afford to do the nation's work.

Some day the insolent exactions of our rulers may reach so intolerable a point that the reaction will produce reform.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Canada Thistle.

The leaves of this pest are oblong, the margins armed with sharp spines; flowers, rose purple. It is common in sandy, or dry uncultivated fields, East, and to a considerable extent, West. It may easily be recognized from its flowers and from its smooth, or slightly woolly leaves, and from the fact that once established it continues to occupy the ground thickly; and, also, from its habit of spreading when once established on well drained soils natural to its growth. This pest cannot be eradicated by simply cutting when in blossom, as can the biennial varieties which, springing from the seed one year, blossom and mature the next, and die after having sent out colonies of seeds to be wafted wherever the wind blows. The Canada thistle is perpetuated both by seed and from its widely creeping roots.

In vain will commissioners appointed by the State, cut it down. Like the hydra of old fable, new heads will spring up to vex the owner of the land upon which it has found a lodgment. It must be eradicated, either by smothering with mulch, so that nothing can grow; by sowing salt sufficient to kill not only the thistle but all other vegetation which may be growing on the land; or else, by a summer fallow that shall allow no green thing to appear.

Gen. Grant's Third Term.

There is nothing very startling about the news which comes from Washington that the party managers have about determined to run Gen. Grant for the third term. It is rather early in the day for casting the Presidential horoscope; but the Republican astrologers will undoubtedly be on the safe side in predicting the renomination of Gen. Grant. They will at least make sure of his favor in the meantime. When Gen. Grant left the army he entered upon negotiations for the Presidency. During the last campaign there was an account of a consultation that was held in Washington before Gen. Grant consented to accept the first nomination, in which Gen. Rawlins acted for Gen. Grant, and Mr. Forney for the party. It was then represented, according to the story, that Gen. Grant could not afford to give up a life tenure of his position as General of the United States Army, with a large salary, to accept the office of President for one term, or even *two terms*. Gen. Grant was then assured, it is said, that his period of Presidential service should not be limited to four years, nor eight years, but that he should be re-elected for a third term at the very least. Whether this story is true or not, it has a certain verisimilitude, heightened by the circumstance that the same line of argument was pursued to impress upon the people the justice of electing Gen. Grant for a second term. It may be that the doubling of his salary was intended to discount his option on the third term, as he will now receive the same sum of money during his second term as he would have received under the old rate of pay in the two terms which had been promised to him. The effect of the increase, however, is likely to be just the reverse of what it was intended to be, so far as Gen. Grant is concerned. If he had a mortgage on two or more terms at \$25,000 a year, he is not the sort of man to give a release deed, if he can help it, when double that amount is to be had by holding on to it.

The predicted nomination of Gen. Grant for a third term is natural, therefore, because it has a commercial aspect. It is also natural because he is probably the best living embodiment of the remaining principles of his party. He is its fittest representative. He is conspicuously identified with all the acts, motives, and purposes of the organization. He is the champion salary-grabber. He grabbed more than anybody else. He believed in the grab, lobbied for the grab, signed the grab-bill, and is now engaged in pocketing the grab. The grab of the Congressman is only \$2,500 a year; the grab of the President is \$25,000 a year, or just ten times that amount. The fitness of Gen. Grant for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party is, therefore, ten times greater than that of any Congressional grabber. Gen. Grant's claims to a renomination were also increased when he became the apologist of the Credit Mobilier Congressmen. He deprecated the investigation. Nothing could come of it, he said, but "blackening the character of some of our best men," and damaging the party accordingly. When Mr. Colfax retired from his joint debate with Oakes Ames, and with Nesbit's money in his pocket, he immediately got a certificate of good character from the White House. Mr. Bingham had been denounced by his constituents for his operations in Credit Mobilier and his complicity in the back-pay grab, and Gen. Grant at once appointed him Minister to Japan. Gen. Butler had made himself conspicuous as the attorney of the Credit Mobilier Congressmen, and led the advance guard in the fight for back pay. Thereupon Gen. Grant espoused his side as candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and is now filling up the Federal offices in that State in Butler's interest. General Grant's peculiar fitness for the Republican nomination does not stop here. He is the chief support of the bogus Kellogg government in Louisiana. He sustained Durell, and telegraphed General Emory to hold his troops in readiness to enforce the fraud at the point of the bayonet. Shall he go unrewarded for standing firmly by the carpet-baggers? The office-holders will probably answer "No!" There is another reason why the office-holders will rally about General Grant's standard. He does not believe in civil service reform. Neither do they. Nor does the party! General Grant retains the Caseys and the Cramers, and he appoints the Holdens and the Newmans. This is the kind of men the party want. They are sure of Grant; they could not be so sure of anybody else. It is also intimated that the railroad people and the monopolies generally have an abiding faith in Grant equal to that of the office-holders and party-managers, and that they will throw their influence in his favor.

All things considered, it is obvious that General Grant is the most fitting representative that the Republican party could put in nomination; and it is in every way likely that if the party feeling shall be the same three years from now that it is today, Messrs. Morton, Conkling, Washburne, Butler, Logan, and the other Presidential aspirants will have to give way to his superior claims. He suits the politicians. He knows how to use the patronage in his hands for the welfare of the party. He makes no speeches and writes no letters. He never vetoes salary bills. He believes in having a good time. About the only thing that General Grant would be likely to resent at the hands of the party would be a reduction of pay. After all that he has done and continues to do for the party it is to be hoped that the party will not show itself ungrateful. The third-term idea, at the increased rate of compensation, has certainly received a very good "go off."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The St. George's (Hanover Square) vestry have adopted an address to the Bishop of London, praying His Lordship to exert his authority in protecting the wives and families of Churchmen from those clergymen who are seeking to introduce arduous confession, from which it would seem that the high churchmen are not going to have it all their own way without some show of resistance on the part of those more sensibly inclined.

—A family in New York is in deep trouble. The eldest daughter recently was discovered darning stockings, and afterward insisting on helping her mother in the kitchen to make bread. The girl always enjoyed good health, but these alarming symptoms led her parents to fear that her mind is all gone.