THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

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Jno. P. Barrett & Co., Publishers.

MONTE CASSINO.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Beautiful valley, through whose verdant meads
Unheard the Garigliano glides along.—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river inconstant of classic song!

The Land of Labor, and the Land of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hill-sides, and where every mountain crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall!

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne,
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the Volscian town
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor over cities seen at night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate:
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed;
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The court-yard with its well, the terrace wide
From which, far down, diminished to a park,
The valley veiled in mist was dim descried

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed, each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago
Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer.
His pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best;
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And as the monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep;—already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed;
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
Of the bright sun, and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing:
The woodlands glistened with their jeweled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal of the actual in our life,
As on the field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke as one awaketh from a dream.

THE UNLUCKY TICKET.

WRITTEN FOR THE HARTFORD HERALD,
BY GEORGE M. ROWE.

CHAPTER III.

Night was near at hand, and Will having no where else to go, went to a hotel and engaged a room. He was nearly exhausted, and retired to bed early, but not to sleep. His mind ran back over the events of the day he had spent in vainly striving to disentangle himself from the damning evidence against him. Then he thought of Laura, and wondered what her opinion of him was. He recalled the many happy hours he had spent in her society, the many airy castles he had built in which she was installed as a fairy queen, the many fond hopes he had cherished of some day leading her from the marriage altar as his bride, and his brain seemed to reel at the thought that she considered him a thief. Of all the reverses he had met with, this was the hardest to bear of any. He knew that all those bright hopes were dashed to earth, but he would have given millions had he possessed them for Laura to know that he was innocent. Ever since his conversation with Mr. Winter he despaired of being acquitted, and he concluded to retain Mr. Kinney as his counsel only to get his time at the penitentiary as short as possible.

Thus he lay harassing his mind with thoughts of his past, present and future surrounding—with thoughts of what was and what might have been, until near morning, when he sank into a troubled sleep which lasted until after sunrise.—When he arose he rang the bell and ordered his breakfast in his own room, wishing to escape the notice of the hotel gossips. The waiter that brought it brought also a note which had been left early that morning at the clerk's desk of the hotel.

He took it, and recognizing the well-known hand-writing of Laura Winter on the envelope, tore it open, and eagerly perused its contents. The tiny missive was brief, and ran thus:

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 20, 9 P. M.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Laying aside all feeling of delicacy, and disregarding the opinion others may have as to the propriety or impropriety of what I am now doing, I write these lines to you with the full conviction that I am doing nothing less than my duty. I have heard the accusation that has been brought against you. Everybody has heard it, and everybody except myself believes it to be true. Notwithstanding the evidence against you, I feel confident that you are innocent. My object in writing this is to inform you that while you are considered a thief by the people generally, if it will be any comfort for you to know that one person believes you innocent, then bear in mind that there is not a doubt of your innocence in the mind of your friend, LAURA WINTER.

"A thousand thanks, my dearest friend, for these words of comfort!" exclaimed Will, as he finished reading. "May I ever be found worthy to be called your friend! I may, in all probability, never see you again; I know not what punishment I may have to endure; I know not how many nor how stinging may be the sneers and scoffs that will be thrown at me from the rest of the world; but this knowledge that I am believed to be innocent by *you*, thrills my heart with joy, and removes the cause of my keenest suffering."

Will took courage from the knowledge that he had at least two friends who sympathized with him in his troubles, and he resolved to make every effort that could be made in defending himself from the charge against him.

After eating his breakfast, he met Mr. Kinney at the clerk's office, according o their agreement of the previous morning. The lawyer procured all the papers in the case, and the two withdrew to an unoccupied part of the room to examine them.—A shadow of disappointment came over the lawyer's face when he found the ticket among the papers, and was told of the testimony it would bear.

"This will be very strong against you," he said, holding it in his hand, and turning it over and over for want of other employment.

It was very evident that they did not appreciate the kindness of Mr. Winter in having purchased the ticket for Will. The conversation ceased for a moment, the lawyer being in a deep study, and Will silent. Will's spirits lowered in proportion as the troubled expression became more marked on the countenance of the lawyer, and he was about to ask if he considered his case hopeless, but was stopped by a sudden sparkle in the eyes of his companion as he abruptly rose with the ticket in his hand, and approached a window.

"What is it?" asked Will, eyeing him sharply.

"Hush! Don't speak so loud, but come and see," answered the lawyer, and Will could plainly see that he had discovered something that gave him pleasure. He lost no time in going to see what it was.

"My God!" he exclaimed, after looking as directed by the lawyer. "I had some suspicione in that quarter, but rebuked myself for them. It is plain to *us*, but can we *prove* what we know to be true?"

"Yes, I think we can," replied Mr. Kinney. "This is good proof of itself, but we must employ a detective to discover something to corroborate this this. Say nothing about what we have discovered to any one. No one, except the detective, must know until the day of trial what defense we will make. You must look as downcast as possible until then, and in the meantime we must work for the end we have in view. I see that you fully comprehend the course to be pursued."

"Yes, I tnink I understand you," replied Will, as his countenance brightened.

After some further conversation between the lawyer and his clients in arranging their plans, the papers were returned, and the two departed. They left the office in much better spirit than they entered it. In fact, Will succeeded very poorly in keeping up the down-cast manner that his counsel directed. They soon found Mr Bligh, the shrewdest detective of Louisville, and were not long in employing and instructing him in the part he was required to perform. From that time until the day of trial, Mr. Bligh made many secret visits to the lawyer and his client, to report the progress he was making.

CHAPTER IV.

Somehow or other—no one seemed to know how—the rumor went through the city that the plan of defense adopted by the accused and his counsel was to prove the heretofore good character of Will, and then try to make it a case of sleep-walking. Some thought this a very flimsy shadow of defense, but others considered it good, merely because they thought that as able a lawyer as Mr. Kinney would not adopt a line of defense that was not good. They all believed, however, that it was a trick for which the lawyer was well paid to cheat the penitentiary of its dues. Now, we will say here to our reader that this report (which was false) was caused to be circulated by the lawyer. His reasons for it were to divert suspicion from his real intentions.

The day of trial—that day which will be so long remembered by the citizens of Louisville—soon rolled round. The court room was crowded with persons full of curiosity to hear and see how the accused would conduct himself. Nearly all our prominent characters were there in the witness-room except Laura. It was remarked by some that Will did not look very sheepish for one who had robbed the safe of his employer, and by others that it was a sad sight to see such a noble lookinging young man turn out so badly.

The commonwealth's attorney approached him, with a sickly smile, and asked him not to think hard of him for the effort he would be in duty bound to make to send him to the penitentiary, "for," said he, "I am sworn to do my duty according to law."

"I will not blame you," replied Will. "The law is what I want to be judged by." Then the attorney, feeling in such a good humor because he was so certain of convicting the young clerk, managed to draw Mr. Kinney away from the immediate presence of his client to have a little joke at his expense.

"Can a man get a ticket for a ride on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and then travel on any other road with it?" asked the attorney for the commonwealth.

"I do not suppose he could if he got it honestly," answered Mr. Kinney, as sober as if he did not know what the opposite attorney was driving at.

"Well," said the latter, "I think I can prove to you that you are in error. Here is a ticket that was given to your client to go to Bowling-Green, and he is about to go to Frankfort on it.

"Oh! Well, we'll see about that," replied Mr. Kinney, as he turned away to let the attorney and those around him have as good a laugh over the joke as possible.

The case was called and the parties answered "ready." After the jury was impanneled, the attorney for the commonwealth rose and stated the case to the jury, and enumerated the proof he expected to bring forward to sustain the charge in the indictment. As the reader knows all he said about the case, we will not repeat his words. He did not attempt to make a speech, He was saving all his oratory until the close of the argument when he expected to make a grand display of his speaking powers. He took occasion to inform the jurors that they were all under oath, all of the highest class in society, and that villainy was very much on the increase—three things nearly always mentioned by attorneys when they want to gain a case and be popular.

Mr. Kinney then rose and denied th charges in the indictment, and, acting different from most lawyers, he did not try to have it dismissed on account of some omitted word or something else of less importance. He did not state what proof he expected to bring forward for the defense, and the most of those in the house were under the impression that he had none.

The trial then commenced. The witnesses for the commonwealth were sworn and Mr. Winter called first to the stand. His statement was in substance about the same that has been told to the reaper in that part of our story where he has figured as one of its characters, and we will not repeat it here. When cross-examined by Mr. Kinney as to the occupation of the different members of his family and the time they retired on the night of the robbery, he answered that his wife at that time was sick in bed, and that his daughter was in the same room with her all night. The accused had packed his portmanteau for his intended trip and retired to his own room, and, as he supposed, to bed, early in the night. Charlie, he stated had, about an hour after Will had retired, gone to his own room to mark some new shirts that had been left for him that evening, and he (the witness) had retired soon after that time.

One of the detectives that had arrested Will at Bowling-Green was present in the character of a witness, and he was called to the stand after Mr. Winter was through with his testimony. The substance of his statement was that he had helped to arrest the accused, and had found ten thousand dollars in his possession, which amount had been restored to Mr. Winter. Mr. Winter was then called back and asked the question:

"Did you, without a chance of mistake, recognize that ten thousand dollars as your money?"

"I did, but it was only a small portion of what had been stolen. I could recognize the ballance if it were before me, for I keep a book in which I register the denomination of every bill as I put it in the safe," was the answer of the witness.

Chas. Lennox was called as a witness for the commonwealth. His statement went no further than to corroborate that of Mr. Winter. He stated positively that he saw Will put the ticket in his vest pocket at the supper table on the night of the robbery. When the witness was given over for cross examination to the counsel for the defense, that gentleman leaning over with his mouth close to the ear of the commonwealth's attorney whispered.

"Please let me have my own way with this witness, for I want to make out that I am doing my best for my client. You need have no fears, for all will be right for the commonwealth," continued he, as he saw the attorney hesitated in granting his request.

"Well, go ahead," consented the attorney. "My case is already made out, and I am willing for you to display your questioning powers as much as you please."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Kinney. Then turning to Charlie asked him what he was doing that night of the robbery, after he had retired to his own room.

"I was marking some new shirts, as you have been told by Mr. Winter," answered Charlie.

"Oh! yes, I remember now, but I had forgotten," said Mr. Kinney, and then he had the appearance of trying to think of other questions to ask the witness. "Well," he continued, as if still undecided what question to ask, "in what manner was you marking your shirts? Please tell us all about it."

Charlie, with a smile on his face that seemed to say, "you can't tangle me," answered:

"Yes, sir, I will tell you all about it. You, perhaps, know that when a person sends his clothes to a washerwoman, that unless they are marked with his name there are chances of his never seeing them again. If *you* do not know it, *I* do. That knowledge caused me to act as I did. I knew that half a dozen shirts would be left for me at Mr. Winter's, and having lost some in the way I have mentioned I resolved to keep them, if possible, for my own use. With this resolve firmly fixed in my mind, I had, during the day, procured a stencil-plate with my name cut in it and some indelible ink for the express purpose of marking my new shirts. I took the plate and ink home with me and marked my shirts that night before going to bed. The way the operation is performed is to lay the plate where you want your name to be, then dip a small brush in the ink, and rub it over the plate. You will, perhaps, blacken the plate all over with the ink, but that will make no difference—just raise it off gently and there will be your name in very nice black letters. Perhaps you would like to see the plate, and have me explain the use of it. I have it in my pocket-book, and will show it to you, if you wish it," remarked Charlie, as he finished speaking.

This answer and explanation caused some tittering at the expense of Mr. Kinney, for everybody was well acquainted with the use of the stencil-plate, and it was plain that Charlie was poking fun at the lawyer.

"Thank you, I will look at it if you please," replied the lawyer.

"Here it is," said Charlie, as he handed it to him.

"Thank you," replied the latter. "Have you carried it in your pocket-book ever since you bought it?"

"Yes, sir, replied Charlie, "only while marking those shirts I spoke of."

Here the Judge suggested that it would be well to abandon that useless line of questioning, and proceed with the case. Mr. Kinney submitted very gracefully, for in reality he seemed about through with that witness anyhow. The commonwealth's attorney declared himself to be through with his testimony, and Mr. Kinney was allowed to bring forward his evidence for the defense.

May it please you honor," replied he, "I will first use a witness that cannot be sworn, but nevertheless it can tell the truth, and the evidence you have heard will corroberate what it says. Will you please to look at this ticket?" he asked, handing it to the Judge and pointing to the back of it.

The Judge took a close look at it through his spectacles, and was very much surprised. He and Mr. Kinney entered into an earnest conversation in tones so low that no one else could hear, and the attorney for the commonwealth was called into their presence. That worthy, seeing that something was wrong, did not look so pleasant as he did before. After they had conversed together a short time, the Judge commanded that the witnesses should all remain and ordered the sheriff to arrest any of them that might attempt to withdraw. He then picked up a piece of paper and writing a few lines gave it to Mr. Bligh, the detective, who was standing close by. The detective seemed to know what it contained and hurried out of the room. The judge then wrote some more on another sheet of paper, and after folding it, he stuck it in a book which lay by his side. The crowd was by this time worked up to the highest point of expectancy and excitement. Everything was at a stand still, and absolute silence reigned throughout the room. Nearly everybody seemed to ask an explanation from somebody else, but no one seemed to know what the delay was for, except those three (the Judge and the two lawyers) who were talking together in very low but earnest tones of voice.

Thus they waited and wondered until about fifteen minutes had passed, which seemed to them as that many hours, when Mr. Bligh entered with a small trunk on his shoulders. He brought it forward and deposited it on the floor in front of the jury. He was not long in bursting it open with a chisel which he carried in his pocket. Rummaging over the contents of the trunk, he drew from the bottom of it a large package, tightly wrapped with paper, and tied with stout cords. Cutting the cords and removing the outside paper, the contents of the package surprised nearly everybody. It was a larger pile of greenbacks than is commonly seen outside a regular bank. By this time Mr. Winter, who had managed to get near enough to see the money plainly, exclaimed:

"It is mine! It is mine! It is the ballance of my stolen money!" He fairly danced in his joy, until checked by the Judge, who told him to examine the money carefully and state on oath whether or not it was his.

"Yes, it is mine!" said he, after looking over a portion of it and finding several numbers which he recollected were on his book.

Mr. Johnson was then called to examine the money, and picking out a bunch which was separate from the main bulk, claimed it as the money which he had deposited in Mr. Winters's safe. Then Mr. Kinney rose, with smiles all over his face.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he," I think this case will soon be disposed of, and my client and also my friend will again stand as an honest man, and reoccupy the high and honored position in society that he has heretofore held. You will remember the testimony of Mr. Winter and Charles Lennox, in regard to the occupation of the latter, on the night of the robbery that Wm. Neville is accused of having committed. Now, keep that evidence well in mind, and look at this ticket which was found near the robbed safe. Look closely at the back of it, or you can see nothing. Pass it around so that all of you can see it. Ha! I see by your faces that you understand the trick. An innocent man is made to suffer for the guilt of another. There, on that card, is a slightly colored, though plain impression of that very same stencil-plate owned and exhibited before you by Charles Lennox. His very name is plain to be seen on it by a close observer. He says he has always carried it in his pocket-book, and now is it not plain that he used it that night after the man now on trial was asleep and put it back in his pocket-book after he was done? Is it not plain also that while that plate was damp with the ink he had been using, he stole the ticket which he knew to be in Will Neville's vest pocket, and put it in his pocket-book by the side of that stencil-plate? When the pocket book was closed they were pressed together, and the impression which you see on the ticket was made there by this plate. If any of you wish to know how Charles Lennox knew that Will had the ticket in his possession, you will please ask Mr. Johnson, and he will tell you that he caught Charlie eavesdropping that evening, as he left the store, after depositing his money. Charlie overheard all that passed in that counting-room, and formed the plan to rob the safe and have Will punished for it. It is very clear that the man whom I am accusing went to that counting-room in the night, robbed the safe, dropped the ticket near it on purpose to throw suspicion on Will, and then went back and put a part of the money in Will's portmanteau, to make the proof so strong that there would be no possible chance of getting clear of it. Alas! for Charlie, he did not know the evidence that that ticket would bear against him when he dropped it. Then, in addition to what I have said, here is his trunk. You saw the money taken out of it, and it is recognized as being the ballance of the stolen money, I have to thank the detective, Mr. Bligh, for discovering this proof for us. It is needless to tell you how he found that the money was there. And now I have said enough. The attorney for the commonwealth has abandoned his case, and has nothing to say to you. All I now ask is, a verdict for the acquittal of my client."

"We give it," cried all the jury in the same breath. And then such a wild joyful shout as rang out all over that vast crowded assembly was never heard in that court room before.

Mr. Winter seized Will by the hand and fairly yelled for pardon. All was confusion. Everybody wanted to shake hands with everybody else, but more especially with the late prisoner, the lawyer, the Judge and the jury.

This was one case where a ticket from the Louisville and Nashville railroad was good for a ride on another, for Charles Lennox was sent to the penitentiary by the ticket that was bought for Will Neville to go to Bowling-Green.

Our story is now nearly finished. We have only too add that Will Neville is now the happy husband of Laura, and the partner of his former employer, and if anything would induce Mr. Winter to strike a man, it would be an insinuation against the honesty of his son-in-law.

THE END.

A clean shirt is one of woman's best gifts to man.

A STREET CAR SKETCH.

The Old Gentleman With Hand Saws.

On a Congress street car, the other evening, was a very quiet lot of passengers, and among them a man about sixty-five years old, having four or five hand-saws under his arm, apparently a saw-filer. Opposite the old man sat a woman with a young babe in her arms, and presently a broad grin covered the old fellow's face, and he nodded to the old woman and said:

"I never loved anything as I love children! I can hardly keep from biting his little arms!"

He waited a moment and then asked:

"How old is that beautiful child, madam?"

"Eight months," she replied.

"Only eight months? Why, I've seen children twenty-five years old, who didn't know as much as that child does! I had a child drowned in a bar'l once, and you don't know how it floored me!"

He looked around the car for a moment and then said, reading from the card:

"'Change to the amount of two dollars will be furnished by the driver.' Well, that's liberal enough. He hasn't offered me any yet, but I suppose old customers will be served first."

The driver counted noses, saw that he was one fare short, and he jingled the the bell.

"Are we near some station?" asked the old man, standing up and looking out.

He sat down after a while, looked around, and his eyes falling upon the baby, he asked of the mother:

"Couldn't you let me hold him a little while? See him look at me! I'll bet ten dollars he think's I'm his father!"

She refused to trust the infant off her knee, and the old man's face grew sad, and he sighed as he said:

"Just think of it—that innocent child has got to be buried in the ground and be eaten up by worms, like the rest of us!"

He wiped his nose on one of the saw-handles, held his hat in his hand, and his eye catching a sign on a grocery he exclaimed:

"Sweet milk for sale! That makes me think, madam—do you bring that child up on the bottle?"

Her face grew very red, and she made no reply. The old fellow kicked his saws over, one by one, laid them down, and walking to the front end of the car he picked up a basket containing meat, and asked:

"Does any one own this meat?"

A woman made a motion to signify that it was her property, and he uncovered the basket and called out:

"Pork chops and a small piece of veal. People who want to eat veal can gnaw, but I don't want any! What are pork chops a pound, madam?"

She did not answer, and the old man picked up his saws, and asked:

"Does any one here know the name of the man who invented saws?"

There was no answer, and he pulled open the car door and continued:

"Yes I do love children. I was a child once myself, but I didn't have any fun."

As he stood on the platform he went on:

"It will be just like me to fall down when I step off, but of course I can't stay on this car forever. Well, good-by, everybody, and pleasant dreams to you."

He stepped off the car, slipped and fell flat in the ditch, while his saws flew in every direction. As the car passed on he was heard saying:

"They ought to have a machine to lift people off the cars."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Woman's Adventure With a Mouse

A Keokuk woman immortalized herself, and wants a crown of glory of which very few of the sex are worthy. She is not afraid of a mouse. She proved she was mistress of the situation in the very face of the mouse himself. The lady, while pursuing her domestic duties, cornered a mouse in a flour-barrel. He had been there before. The lady had been hankering after him. She slammed down the lid, plugged up a hole with the butt-end of a flour-scoop, and the ravenous animal was nicely caught in his own trap. Now ninety-nine women in a hundred would have taken refuge in the garret or cellar, as most convenient, uttering piercing shrieks that would have alarmed the whole vicinity, like cries of "murder" or "fire." The Keokuk heroine in her adventure with a mouse did no such thing. She stood her ground manfully. She summoned the hired man. He came and a council of war was held in the store-room. The man, according to the settled plan of the campaign, got a snot-gun and stationed a big, clumsy bull-dog in a commanding position. Every thing being ready for the attack, the lid was lifted and the lady vigorously punched the flour-barrel with a pole. Soon the mouse started across the floor—the dog in hot pursuit. The man fired; the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down stairs. The frightened hired man, thinking the woman was dead and he would be hung for murder, dropped the gun, ran away from the house and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped unhurt, but very much scared, and that lady walks proudly over her victorious field. There's nothing so noble as pluck in woman.—*St. Louis Republican.*

"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "I'm surprised that you will consent to the degradation of wearing another woman's hair on your head." "Is that any worse than your wearing another sheep's wool on your back?" retorted the equally affectionate wife.

"My husband was poetical," said a widow," and often expressed a wish to die in the eternal solitudes, soothed by the rhythmic melodies of nature's unutterable harmonies, and yet he was killed by the explosion of a can of kerosene."

A man who was in the habit of borrowing, and never returning, books, once complained in company that he was a very bad arithmetician. "Nevertheless," said a witty lady, "you are a good book-keeper."

A disenchanted swain, who has been listening some night under his lady-love's window, sings sadly thus:

Oh the snore, the beautiful snore,
Filling the chamber from ceiling to floor,
Over the coverlit, under the sheet,
From her dimpled chin, way down to her feet.
Now rising aloft, like a bee in June,
Now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon;
Now flute-like subsiding, then rising again,
Is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

DEFERRED CORRESPONDENCE.

TIM VARIOUS.

Tim Visits Hartford—What He Did, Saw, and Heard There.

Correspondence of THE HARTFORD HERALD.

CUNS HOLLER, Aprile the 12ye.

Well, Mr. Editur, I wos a tellin about them fossul remanes tha found on the Hartford rale rode, rite whar I hed tu tare mi leter in tew. I axt him if tha appered tu be all uv the same spesee, and he sed tha wos uv ol descripshuns and sum non descripshuns. And so it sune cum time tu slepe, and Ile bet thar wus never enny better time made in thet line by enny one bed than wos made by this travler, til tha calld tu brekfass. Take it ol round, it wos the best plase I wos ever at, and it went hard with me tu leve it. But I hed tu strike out, and arter sum time I got tu Hartford, not much empruved by the mud I hed nerely tu swim thru in sum places, and it wos wuss in Hartford then enny whar else.

Well, I wus goin along a lookin about, and I seed a big fat feller acrost the rode laffin. I stopt and lookt at him, and then he hollers tu sum 1, and sez he, Bets, hoo is he? Bets sez, damfino. Then he cume up tu me, an ses, peres tu me you found sum mud. Ses I, thets no sine uv smartness tu fine mud round here. Ses he, wos yu looking fur sum 1? I ses, I want tu see the editur. Ses he, go over tu thet big brick house, and go tu the fust dore on the left, and ax fur him. So I went thar, an the fust I I met in thar wos the sheriff what wanted tu sell me the tax recete. Ses he, how ar yu, Tim, an he jest went tu makin out mi recete. Ses I tu him, whar's the editur? Ses he, the hoo? Ses I, a man sent me here tu see the editur. Ses he, this is the hed quarters uv the sheriff, an here is yore tax recete. Ses I, ol rite, an got out mi munny an pade him. An then I felt better. An then he tole me about ol the nuse, an axt about ol at home, an I thot the wa tu make a sheriff sivil wos tu pa yore taxes. Then I went out, an the fust I I met wos Jedge Gregory, an he lookt so grand with his store-close an little cane. I thot he'd be glad tu see me like he wos last summer, an I went rite up tu him, holdin out mi hand, an he lookt like he didn't no me. Ses I, how air yu, Jedge? He poked out I uv his big harry fingers fur me tu take, an I tuk holt uv it, an it felt so much like a lam's laig I wus afeerd it mite kik, an I let go pooty sune. Ses he, did yu want tu se me? Ses I, not pertikler. Ses he, Ile be in the offis arter dinner, on he went oph hanlin his cane as graceful as a gal wags her new bussel.

Well, I wos a lookin roun, an dreckly I heerd sum 1 call, hello, Tim! I lookt roun an thar wus Mr. Shanks. Ses he, don't you kno me? Ses I, how air you, curnel? An we got to tockin uv ole times, an I tole him whut I wos lookin for, an ses he, Ive got a pece uv lan up thar on cune holler, an ef it suites yu Ile give yu a lese onto it. Ses he, yore father wos the best frend I hed up thar, and, ses he, him an yore mother is both ded. Ses I, yes; when dad bot bruther Joe's an Ben's terbacker, and sole it an what we rased tu Chilton, an he cheted ol he cood, an tha got holt uv sum uv it an tuk it tu Evansville an got nuthin frum it, so by the time he pade Joe an Ben he wus pooty tite run, an him so ole, and the big boys gone, an tuthers tu smol tu help, it jist wore the ole man down; an then that revnu bisness tuk the farm, an that left us about es pore es we cud git. Sum fokes sed it wur a shame fur Shanks tu let that ole man's farm be sole an them chillun be scatterd with nuthin tu holp em, but dad sed that Shanks wus ol rite. Then, ses he, cum, Tim, an lets go an git our dinner, an awa we went an got our dinner.

When we got back, thare wus Mr. Cox, Mr. Tommus, Mr. Wise, Mr. Jonson, an sevrul more a tockin an laffin, an Jedge Gregory cum doun on tother side uv the rode, an stud thar sum time, an arter while he peerd to think I hadn't enny ketchin cumplaint, an he cum over an wus the funnyest I uv the lot.

Then I thot I hed better look roun an see ef I could fine yu, an I tole Mr. Shanks I wanted tu se the editur. He tuk me up tu the plase, tole me how tu go, an up I went an nockt on the dore. Sumbody sed cum in. I opend the dore an lookt roun. A yung man ses, howde, hev a sete, an he lookt so plesent an wus so well drest, an wus so good lookin, I jist thot that's the editur, an I went rite up to whar he wus doin sumthin an begin askin bout things. He kep on pickin up sum peg-lookin things, an fixes em in his han, an I kep on tockin, becase yu se I felt sorter at hum mong frens, an he lookt at me an then pinted tu sum reedin on the wol. It red "NO TALKING TO THE COMPOSITORS!" I lookt ol roun an cudnt se enny thing thet lookt like a compositor. Then I tuk up sum uv them pegs tu look at, an he tuk em awa frum me. An I kep tockin an tryin to be agreable, an he peerd sorter preocupide an woodnt tock. Arter while he lade doun the thing he wus puttin them pegs in, an I jist pickt it up to look et it, when he biled rite over, an Ime afeerd he sed sum words his mammy never larnt him. Arter he stopt an got breth, he ses, stranger, yu better git frum here, or by the —— Ile send the devil fur Bogardus. He's jest gone to help Lum Wise passifi his gests, an ef he cums back an fines yu here I woodnt be in yore plase fur a stud hoss. Well, yu se, I hed no chance tu egsplane, an thot I hed better leve, an I cum nere runnin over Mister Barrett on the stares. Ses he, Tim, whats the matter? Ses I, the editur's mad. Ses he, thets not the editur, but a feller he hes hired. Then I felt better, fur I wus afrade our frenship wus quit. I hed a long tock with Mister Barrett in his rume. Now yu must wate for the rest til I git more paper. Yures trooly, TIM VARIOUS.

OUR ROCKPORT LETTER.

Our Correspondent Inhales a Breath of Country Air—What Befell Him.

ROCKPORT, Ky., April 17.

News, new or old, is scarce. Not even a fight nor a runaway mule team to give me an item. The Grangers are bouyant with the hope of knocking the middle man five times in seven, from taw, and at least saving expenses, at the election this year.

The mystery to some is, that there is no more practising in the dust of the street in front of tap-rooms, as of old. They have removed their playground to their plant beds and fence corners.

I went to the country last Saturday, and saw them practicing. They kindly asked me to take a game, but I did not wish to be in the way and mar their fun, so I politely declined.

I want to tell you of that trip. I had not been out of town for a twelvemonth. Oh, what delightful anticipations I indulged in for several days before the eventful morning dawned! I scarcely slept a wink the night before. However, there was no good in fretting; old Tempus was not to be hurried. And thank fortune he would not get his back up and stay back for spite. So the time at last arrived. I climbed into the wagon, and we set off hilariously for the country.

The sights were strange, yet familiar—awakening recollections of sweet long ago. The beauty of half-clad forest trees, the fragrance of newly opening buds and flowers, the joyous songs of birds, filled me with delight too exquisite for utterance. I was, in imagination, carried back to the days of my childhood. I was a boy again, wandering at will through forest and field, listening to the songs of the feathered sprites, and wondering if their hearts were as joyful as their songs were joyous. I was in a rapture of delight, when the hub of the wagon, striking a tree too stubborn to bend, I was pitched head-foremost into a pool of mud and stagnant water. Luckily my head did not come in contact with a *Rock*.

I emerged from that place in a racial condition, and found the driver in a convulsion of laughter. Even the mules were laughing. I don't mean that they indulged in a guffaw, but I knew by the way in which they rolled their eyes, flopped their ears, and wiggled their caudal appendages, that they were laughing at me, and I was furious. In vain my old favorite, the red bird, carolled his merriest notes. All the meaning it had for me now was, "Mud *hole*, mud *hole*, ha! ha! ha!" My feelings did not recover anything of their composure till, at dinner, I had demolished a whole dish of turnip-greens.

To restore disturbed feelings or a perturbed mind to tranquility, nothing equals a stomach comfortably full of turnip greens, unless it is *ingyuns*. P. R.

"RATTLE AWAY, OLD GAL."

And What It Was that Caused John Tompkins to Sober Off.

From the Brunswicker.

A woman sat in a wagon on a back street, awaiting the coming of her husband. A three year old child leaned on her knee, and prattled wonderingly of the curious things that arose on every hand. Finally the child grew weary of sight-seeing and impatient of the delay.

"Why don't papa come?" asked the little girl.

The woman's brows contracted as she said: "I reckon he's off some place getting drunk."

"What is drunk, mamma."

"Your brute of a father is."

"What is it like?" continued the artless child.

"It's like to worry your mother into her grave," almost sobbed the wretched woman.

For two long hours she awaited his coming, and during that time she got out of the wagon and went and looked around the corner at least fifteen times. Each time she returned shaking her fist and muttering, and climbing back into the wagon sat down on the seat with a force which nearly bounced the child's big, questioning eyes out of its head. As the lamp of hope flickered and sputtered on the point of going out, the vile sinner returned. He came with a hesitating step, feeling his way cautiously along the buildings, until he got to the corner. There he paused a moment, put the hair up out of his eyes, drew his coat sleeve across his mouth, and then skipped out toward the wagon. He managed to nearly reach the hind wheel before he fell. He got up saying:

"Got back shquick 'scould. Talking bishness to Mis'r Kennedy."

"John Williamson Tompkins, your'e drunk!" solemnly asserted the woman.

"You're prej'dished m'dear—only drank glass beer or two. Beer's harmless'n interesh'ting beverush."

"I don't see why you should make a beast of yourself every time you come to town. I'll never be caught away from home with you again. You disgrace yourself and family. You're a pretty looking specimen of—"

"Rattle away, ole gal, ra'le 'way. You'd make a goood ancshneer—hip—ra'le 'way," and as John wrapped himself around one of the spokes another idea struck him:

"You spoke, an' a wheel spoke. 'F all these spokes an' the wagon tongue could talk, nobody could hear 'em, 'f you was in the 'mediate vicin'ty with your everlashting—"

"Did my papa get drunk?" asked the little girl, reaching out her hands to him.

He straightened up, and the red blush of shame chased the reckless cast out of his face. He climbed into the wagon, took the reins, and adverting his head, that his beer-ladened breath might not sweep across the fair face of his child, drove silently away.

The child will save John Williamson Tompkins, in spite of her sharp-tongued mother.

Mrs. Livermore's blood boils and her spine rises when she comes to this part of her lecture: "Among the Brahmins in Southern India, when the husband takes a wife, he binds around her neck the badge of ownership, as you bind your badge of ownership around the neck of your Spitzbergen dog. She cooks her husband's food, stands behind and serves him, and when he has finished his meal she eats what he has left, if he leaves anything, and if he does not, she gets along the best way she can."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe declares that "there is nothing so benificially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters," but neglects to explain whether she means his own sisters or another fellow's.

A woman at Tiffin, Ohio, fell and broke her arm; but she refused two offers of assistance because the men were strangers to her, and there was no one around to introduce them.

"Is the shoe too small?" tenderly asked a fond swain of his sweetheart, who was moaning about cramped toes. "Oh, no! The shoe is just right, but my foot is too big—that's all."

Bashfulness is often like the plating on spoons—when it wears off it shows the brass.