Poetry.

TO LIVE.

BY MARM MARSEY.

"What joy to live!" the young leaves say,
In light breeze swinging merrily,
Through sunshine and through rain;
"What joy to see the winter pass
With chilly store from off the grass,
And shield the birds again."

"What joy to live!" the free brooks say,
While wandering on their silvery way
With march but pebbly bare;
"What joy to kiss the moss again,
And see from rock and crevice green
The sweet flowers peep like stars!"

"What joy to live!" the wild bird sings
In clear blue sky, while on its wings
The glancing sunbeams rest;
A moment, then 'neath covert green
He glides, with eye alert and keen,
To woo once in the nest.

"What joy to live!" all creatures sing,
From harmless worm to sprays that swing
On lithe, glad maple tree;
"What joy to live!" we join the song,
Pray such sweet life be spared and long,
And pure to infinity.

Selected Miscellany.

THAT MAN.

Two little notes are necessary by way of introduction.

The first is as follows: to Curtis Marston, Esq.

"DEAR MARSTON: Dine with me next Thursday, at six P. M., *precisely*. You *must* come. Monkhouse is to be there, and two others, and we want you to be on hand to put the said M. under an extinguisher. He tells such awful romances that he must be suppressed, and you are the man to do it.

"Yours, truly,

"F. SIMMONS."

Nov. 2, to Frederick Simmons, Esq:

"DEAR FRANK: I don't know why you select me. I never had a gift at telling crams, especially against such a superior artist in that line as Monkhouse. However, I will come and do what occurs to me on the spur of the moment.

"Yours, truly,

"C. MARSTON."

The rest of the story Mr. Monkhouse shall tell himself.

"Come and dine with me, next Thursday. Bachelors' dinner, six precisely, and mean it; so don't come dropping in at half-past." This was what Fred Simmons said to me.

What I said to Fred was, "Thanks! I believe I will."

I always dine with Fred when he asks me. First, because he was my classmate in college, and roomed in the same entry with me. Fred then was poor, and I was not. Now Fred is not, and I am. He used to dine with me then: now I dine with him. I figured up the account between us the other day, and I make it that Fred stills owes me twenty-eight dinners and seventeen teas. The teas were coffee and cakes, you know, at Marm Haven's, in School street, before walking out on Saturday nights.—And then interest, during twenty years. It only makes Fred's conduct all the more unprincipled.

Reason Number Two is, that Fred gives good dinners—perhaps better than I used to give him. But then, in those days, our appetites were better, especially after the long walk over Williams river bridge, from Valehaven to Botolphsville. At least, Fred's was. He boarded in commons then, and college commons were—well apt to induce a disregard of expense when we dined in the city on Saturdays. Now my appetite is the better of the two. I board at Mrs. McSkinner's, and dine down town in Maiden lane or thereabouts. I have no more money than before the war, but dinners are twice as dear.

Reason Three is, that I meet queer people at Fred's. Others who dine there are the same thing, so that I know it is not prejudice on my part. It was only a month ago, after dining with Fred, when there was but one guest besides myself—a man who writes for the papers, I believe—I heard of his saying the next day that Fred Simmons collected more eccentricities in his kitchen-garden than any other man in ——. Will it do for me to tell the story name? No! I think not; well say, "in Chicago Atlanticus." I thought it was candid in the fellow to say so, for a queerer fish than he was I never met.

One thing I do not fancy about Fred. He lets men tell such extravagant stories. I suppose he thinks them brilliant and all that, but I never could see the wit or the humor. Fiction is my abomination. I would not send this paper to any magazine in which all the stories were not strictly true. "I don't mean," forgiving an uncompromised title which always reminds me of Mrs. McSkinner's coffee—but all fact, as I am assured by the Editor all the stories in *this* periodical are.

I hate lying. When I was a little boy I once was guilty of a trifling inaccuracy of statement—I now think, unintentionally. I was in consequence shut up in a dark closet for a whole week, until I had read through—and in fact learnt by heart—Amelia Opie's Illustrations of Lying, a book which in my youth was deemed efficacious for reforming juvenile Ananiases and Sapphiras. The horror of that experience has always since kept me from the least deviation.

But to return to my story. I read the other day in a newspaper, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The man who wrote that must have dined frequently with Fred.—Truth at his dinner-table in the strangest stranger possible.

I went to Fred's last Thursday. Of course I did not dine down town that day. And I was not late.

There were six of us at table—four others, Fred and me. It was a good dinner. But there was too much talking. And too much space between the courses. The time might have been filled up better, and where there are these delays men will drink more than they otherwise would. The consequence is, they tell too long and too marvelous stories.

Fred calls this the "Feast of Reason, etc." He should be ashamed of such a trite and absurd quotation. If he boxxled at Mrs. McSkinner's and dined at Fulton Market, he would know better than to talk when he should be eating.

One of the four guests (I don't consider myself a guest at Fred's but *l'ami de la maison*—at least I used to be) was an Irishman—an Irish gentleman, Fred called him. To my taste, *gentleman* should be less prominent. He was full of his stories—could not wait for dinner to be done, and the proper time for story-telling if such a thing must be, to come. I was just getting ready—it was after the soup—to mention a little adventure of mine at Naples—in the crater of Vesuvius, in fact—because I really thought it might interest the company. Fred may have heard it before, but they had not, and it was suggested very neatly by the vermicelli. Fred cut in upon me by asking that provoking Pat-under, that ferocious Fenian, if he had been much cheated by the hackmen in this country.

"Nothing to speak of," said he, "after Dublin." I was somewhat cheered there. You *can't* satisfy a Dublin car-driver. We tried it once when I was in Her Majesty's service—Twenty-sixth, line regiment. A bet was made at mess on the subject, and Arthur Possonby took it in ponies. If the man asked for more, he was to lose. Pon called a car to take a couple of us to the theatre—the maker of the bet, and myself as umpire. The theater was only a square off. When we alighted he pulled out a sovereign and tossed it to the driver, saying, 'Here, Mickey, that will do you for our bit of a drive, won't it?' Pon meant to make it a sure thing, but he had overdone it. Mickey looked at the coin a moment to see if it was good, then at the faces of us wabbling, and he seemed to have an instinct of what was up, for he pulled a regular blarney face and began: 'Ah, yer honor, captain, sure it's a purty piece, and 'couldn't it be a shame in me to break it drinkin' yer honor's health? Couldn't ye spare me the small sixpence to the back of it?' Pon paid the bet, but he never could stand the chaffing he got in consequence."

They all laughed at this trumpery anecdote, which I would soon have capped with a far better one, but just then the fish came on and I had to give my mind to the salmon; so I lost my chance.

After fish I was thinking of a very striking fact which happened to me in Iceland, and just running over the heads in my mind before telling the story, when my *vis-a-vis*, an Englishman, struck in ahead of me. I do not say an English *gentleman*, for I do not consider that there is such a thing in existence: the English are a nation of snobs, always domineering and pushing out of the way better men. And no Englishman, in my experience, ever tells a story without embroidery. If you want to know what an Englishman is, just read Sir John Mandeville's travels.

"Commodore of the Twenty-six! Wasn't he cousin to Merivale of the Sixteenth light dragoons?"

"Oh yes, but quite a different style of man, I assure you."

"I daresay he is only the name somehow reminded me of Merivale. I never tackle salmon capital salmon this, Mr. Simmons. I suppose it is as easy to bring it from Norway here as it is to us. Only a little more ice; and, by jove! you seem to have ice in India.) Well, as I was saying, I never see salmon without thinking of Merivale. The Sixteenth, you know, were famous for being the greatest puppies in the service, and Merivale was leading the pack; at least between him and Charley French it was neck and neck. I met them once at the Marquis of Downshire's." (Why must an Englishman always lug in a lord?) "One night, in the smoking-room, French lapped out, 'I thay, Motheth—the always called Merivale, Moses, and Merivale always took it from him, though he would have had out any other man)' I thay, Motheth, I thaw your fawin fwiend, Printh Thalim-Thalim, dining at the Wag and Famish; and, I thay, what do you think he wath doin?' 'Pon me wawd, I don't know. What did he do?' drawled Merivale. He took *cold buttah* with lith thalmon.' 'Did he thay?'

"I had a beautiful thing on the end of my tongue about gravy; only I could not get it into shape before a leg of Southdown mutton was brought in, which changed the subject somewhat. It *was* Southdown, and as my mutton is not always tender, I confess I was eager to pay my respects to it; and when it went out I was in such a happy frame of mind that I could not think of the point of a good anecdote which the late Louis Philippe always used to tell when I dined with him at the Tuileries. No such good stories are told there *now*.

"However, I do think Fred might have asked for it, and that would have given me time to think as well as have recalled the anecdote. Instead of that, he turned to my neighbor (a Boston man) and asked if he was as fond of billiards as ever.

"I say a Boston man, because he wore a coat and pantaloons and those absurd English side-whiskers—'Piccadilly weepers'—for I never felt sure that these Boston men are not strong-minded in disguise. I have a small place to the custom-house, and if ever this infamous woman's rights business comes uppermost, why voting implies holding office, and then where on earth shall I be?

"'I am glad you asked me that,' was the reply of the hateful Boston creature, 'for it reminds me of a good thing I have for you. I do play billiards as much as ever, and I was at the T—— Club the other night playing with Bill Perkins; and I needed only one point to go out. It was a rather brilliant shot before me, and H—— and some others were looking on, which made me a bit nervous, especially as Bill was only then behind me. I was so nervous that I made a miss-cue, but after all got the point. H—— clapped his hands as soon as he saw it, and exclaimed, 'How classical!—*Quane lalit punctum, qui miscuit.*'"

"How very good!" said the Englishman, "Really, I did not suppose you did that sort of thing in America."

I had a great mind to put him down with a smashing retort, only I would not help out the Bostonian; but the appearance of canvas-back ducks closed my mouth, or rather opened it to a better purpose.

"Next time" thought I. Three follows that had the better innings, and the fourth man, Curtis, was as silent as I was. So I let Fred have his own way and get off his stupid stories about the English judges, at which everybody laughed, as in duty bound; when Sosia tells stories, poor Amphitryon has to grin. I am not sure that I have the names quite correct, but everybody will understand what I mean—that the man who goes out to dine has to applaud the jokes of the fellow who gives the dinner.

At last, the fruits and ices came and Fred said, "Now, Simmons, of this pineapple, shall I send you some of the ice?"

"No, thank you," said I. "I once saw ice enough to last me a whole life-time."

I saw Curtis give a sort of waking up start, and then fix his eyes on me as if he was going to begin a regular yarn. I hate that sort of thing. I was bound to get before him; if only for the sake of the rest; so I shoved up the dishes for the fish (with a pang, I confess, for I do not get fruit, especially *out* of season, every day), and began at once: "When I was in the South Pacific gentlemen—"

Here Fred looked queerly and shrugged his shoulders, which was not polite of his own house. I wondered like blue-fire why I had not as good right to have been in the South Pacific as he, if he is a fish man?

"I went straight on: "When I was in the South Pacific, on board the razee Independence—her captain, Commodore Connor, was a friend of mine, and offered me a passage home from Valparaiso—no, I mean from Quito—" (by the way, *is* Quito a seaport? one's geography slips away from one so; but I could not stop to ask, for they were all watching to cut in)—"we were becalmed off the island of Juan Fernandez. It was in S. lat. 63° 30, W. long. 104° 22 (nothing like being accurate in these details) and we saw a huge iceberg approaching. It was about a mile distant, but the ice came on very rapidly. It must have been at least five miles in circumstance, and quite a mile high out of water.

"Conner was in a dreadful fright, and I confess I was not quite easy as I watched the enormous mass silently heaving and settling, and every minute fragments the size of Trinity Church tumbling down its sides. Its color was—"

"Never mind that," said Fred: "we have all seen Church's and Bradford's pictures, and read Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. Skip to the catastrophe: did it run over you?"

"No, sir" I retorted, "it did not. On it came and on, till the bolder held his breath for a time. Every man in the ship was on deck, the nimble topmen swarming far out upon the yards, and the gold bands of the officers' caps gleaming along the quarter deck. On it came, and the ship was beginning to rock helplessly upon the swell which drove before the mighty mass. Of course we just ordered out the boats to tow her off, when I fell in with a way that fetched his attention to something I had just discovered. (My eyes were very good in those days.) I said, Conner, see that black speck coming down the side of the berg?' He turned his glass upon it—a capital Dollond I had given him—and exclaimed, 'It is a bear.' 'Conner, said I, 'who ever saw a black bear on iceberg? It is a man and a brother.' Conner turned red as a beet, but presently, after another look, replied: 'By George! I believe you are right, and he is making signals to us; but we can't help him; no boat would live in that sea which is breaking at the base of the berg, and we've enough to do to save ourselves.'

"The berg, you must have gone aground—they are very deep, you know, under water—for it remained stationary: only the attraction was working us in imperceptibly. We saw him reach the water's edge—and how he did it I can't tell; I was not near enough to see—but presently he was coming off to us.

"You might have heard a pin drop on the deck, gentlemen, such was the breathless silence of all, which the stern discipline of a man-of-war permitted no one to break. We made out that it was a man in a canoe—a Esquimaux kind canoe; and the strangest thing of all was, that he had nothing to propel it with but an umbrella. He neared the side, and Conner and I went to the gangway to hail him. He was dressed in superb sealskins, which would have been a fortune in New York, and he managed his umbrella wonderfully, shooting his his light bark along like a racing wherry. Presently we heard him hailing us: 'I thought you would be here when I first sighted you, but my craft has come to anchor; so you are all right now. There is a breeze creeping up on the other side of the berg, and you will have it in twenty minutes strong enough to take you clear.' 'To tell you the truth, I was in a great funk when I saw you, for, allowing the half of you to be drowned, I should have hardly more than enough to dine the rest; and if there is anything I hate it is to give my friends short commons.' 'Then you won't come on board?' said Conner. 'That's a good one! No, I rather think not. Man-of-war accommodations are a little too close' (he said 'clust,' and then I knew he was a Yankee, and remarked so to Conner) 'quarters for a man who for a month has had a whole iceberg to himself.' However, I won't brag, for the berg is shrinking as we get up into the warm latitudes, I *shall* have to leave pretty soon, but as you are bound round the Horn and I am for the Sandwich Islands, I guess I won't trouble you. There is one thing you can do for me, Capt. Connor. (B'lieve I've the honor of addressing Captain Conner of the United States razee Independence?) Would you oblige me with your cooking? Conner called the First Luff to the side, and they gave him the figures, just as I told you a moment ago. That is why I remembered them so distinctly. 'Pretty well, pretty well' said he. 'I make you three seconds out of your true latitude, and perhaps a trifle more to the eastward than you think, but that is near enough for navy men. I have to be a little more particular—*my* craft makes so much leeway. I'll report you, commodore, whenever I conclude to put in. Good bye,' and with that he made off for his berg again.

"Conner ordered the first cutter and gig both to pull after him, but, I give you my word, gentlemen, he just walked away from them hand over hand; and before they were halfway to the berg, he was climbing up it with his canoe on his back."

Here I stopped to take breath and a sip of sherry, when that wretched Curtis, whom I thought I had silenced, burst out:

"Thank Heaven! I can break the long silence I have kept for fifteen years upon the most remarkable adventure of my life, because nobody would, I thought, believe me. You are my witness, sir—I WAS THAT MAN!

If ever I dine at Fred's table again he'll know it that's all.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—The managers of the various western competing lines have received orders to continue their contracts this week for the transportation of dry goods and general merchandise to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Memphis, at the same cheap rates adopted by the Pennsylvania Central, Erie, and New York Central roads several months since.

THE HARVARD CREW.

Their Arrival in New York—Reception by the Authorities—Their Views of the Race.

From the New York Tribune, 15th.

Mr. J. S. Fay, the box oar, and Mr. A. P. Loring, the stroke of the Harvard crew, with Mr. Blaikie, who has acted as their agent, arrived in this city yesterday morning by the City of Antwerp. Their passage was a long and tedious one. They encountered head winds most of the way, and were in imminent danger from an iceberg off Cape Race. They are, however, in the best of health, and have recovered entirely from the effects of their long and severe training. They were met in the harbor by delegations from the Boston Common Council, and from the Nassau, Unique, Atlantic, Waverly, and other boat clubs, and by several classmates and friends, who conducted them to the Astor House, where rooms were in readiness for them. They received many friends during the day, and endured the unavoidable questions which every one desired to have answered.

They tried seven boats in England, of both English and American make, but finally chose one built near the Thames by Mr. Elliot on the American model. They think our boats incomparably preferable to the English, both in make and model; and one old Oxford oarsman remarked to a member of the crew: "I only wish you would discard this boat, that our men might use it." The American model was universally praised. "The best boat-builder in the world," said Blaikie, "lives on Long Island, and his name is Elliot." They pursued the same course of training to which they are accustomed in preparing for races on Lake Quinsigamond, using fruit and milk freely, not deeming it best to change a diet on which one of the crew had just prepared himself for a race. They do not think that better time can be made on Lake Quinsigamond than on the Thames but are convinced that they were delayed a minute or more by the use of a coxswain. They also admit that Oxford was delayed by a row-boat which got in their way. They were not pleased with the Oxford stroke, and would not wish to conform to it. The Oxford men lean forward, preserving a semi-erect position, however, reminding one of "striking an attitude," as it was expressed, dip the oar well, then bring the body back with a sudden effort, which seems to raise them almost from their seats. Mr. Blaikie thinks Harvard started with a stroke injudiciously quick, but not nervous. They should have lessened it several strokes to the minute, relying on a continual steady stroke rather than any advantage to be obtained by a gain at the start.

The gentlemen say very little of the treatment they received from the Oxford crew, but circumstances indicate that their reception might have been more cordial. For the first five days after their arrival no Oxford man came near them. Indeed, the crew were forty miles away, and they remained there. Then they named-one of four or five days onwhion they would meet them. Only one member of the Oxford crew was at the dinner given them in London, but this was excused, as they had made arrangements to start immediately on a tour through Switzerland. It is entirely undecided whether they will be a return race on this side of the water or not. Two members of this crew will be graduated next year, and their places must be acceptably filled if a challenge is accepted. Darbishire, the Oxford stroke, expressed a desire to come, but feared the expense would prove an obstacle with his crew. He was assured that the expense could be not on this side if necessary.

Mr. Loring will begin the study of law on Saturday. Mr. Simmons has gone to Dresden, whence he will go to Vienna. He intends to study medicine. Mr. Fay will re-enter the Harvard Law School, and Messrs. Lyman and Burnham will take their places in the senior class. Mr Blaikie, who did so much toward bringing the race about, and superintending its business details, has accepted the office of Pardoning Clerk, lately held by a son of Judge Hoar, and will go on to Washington, to enter upon his duties, in a few days. The gentlemen will go to Boston by the Bristol boat this evening.

RECEPTION BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Messrs. Loring and Blaikie represented the crew at an informal reception tendered them by the city authorities in the City Hall, late in the afternoon. The Committee from the Boston Common Council was also present. The party was introduced by ex-Councilman Benjamin T. Tredwell, of the Hudson River Amateur Rowing Association. They then proceeded to the Governor's room where they were welcomed by Assistant Alderman Roberts, who extended to them the hospitalities of the city. Mr. Loring briefly responded, saying that in behalf of the crew he desired to thank the Committee for this cordial greeting. The Harvards had undertaken a great task, success at first was their object, and although they had not been successful, such a reception as they had met with made them feel that their efforts were appreciated. There was something in "fortune," and, as a crew, they had done their best. The party then proceeded to an inner room of the Board of Aldermen, where were congregated a large number of city officials. Mr. George W. Roome, the keeper of the City Hall, had prepared, for the city's guests a good lunch, to which all did ample justice. Shortly afterward Marshal Tooker, in behalf of Mayor Hall, welcomed the gentlemen to this city, and in conclusion proposed three cheers and a "tiger," which were duly given. Mr. Blaikie, in behalf of the Harvard Club, thanked the Marshal for this expression of the good feeling of the Mayor and corporate authorities of New York toward the crew; he had no idea that they were to be so cordially received in this city, and was glad to say that they had been very agreeably surprised. They then returned to the Astor House.

THE BANQUET AT DELMONICO'S.

The three members of "the brave handfull" were banqueted last evening at Delmonico's by the boat-clubs of New York. Representatives from the following clubs were present: Nassau, Gulick, Alcyone, Vesper, Palisade, Mutual, Columbia, Waverley, Atlantic, Atalanta and Hudson. Ex-Commodore Ben. F. Brady, of the Waverley, called the banqueters to order, and introduced the Chairman of the evening, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, who made a brief speech welcoming the guests, Messrs. Loring, Fay, and Blaikie of the Harvard crew, who were received with "three times three," every gentleman rising in his place and cheering. Messrs. Fay and Loring briefly returned their thanks for hospitalities received at the hands of the New York Clubs, and Mr. Blaikie gave a graphic story of the race, which was eagerly listened to by an attentive audience. Among the invited guests were City Judge Bedford, Hon. F. A. Ransom, Gen. Arthur, and five members of the Common Council of the City of Boston, who were a committee appointed to extend the courtesies of the city. The speeches made by all—that of the City Judge especially—were graceful and effective. The flags and shields of Great Britain and America were hung together, and great good feeling was manifested. Late in the evening the banquet assumed the jolly form, and it was midnight ere the jollyers were out and the company dispersed. The following letter was received from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:

PEEKSKILL, Sept. 13, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: Nothing but illness would prevent me from being present at the dinner given to the Harvard returning boat crew by the associated clubs of New York and Brooklyn. I watched their every step from over, while there, and during the race, with an interest which could hardly be surpassed. I was so cast down at the news of their defeat that I could not rally my spirits all that day. It was, however, but for the day. I am abundantly satisfied now, and I am proud of men whose defeat is so glorious in both hemispheres. I am not of those who count such efforts a waste of time and money. I believe them to be contributions to a true manhood. In this case I believe that the Harvard crew have been peace-makers between two great nations that ought to be other than rival. They have called out a sympathy and a cordial good fellowship which will not subside. There may be good work done with oars as well as pens in statesmanship. I pledge with you I should like to give them each a cordial grip of the hand, and to tell them that I for one am heartily obliged to them.

I am truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

INTERESTING TO PETROLEUM DEALERS.—A French savant, Professor Deville, has lately submitted to the Academy of Sciences in Paris an essay on the cause of petroleum explosions and consequent conflagrations. He finds the cause, not in the greater inflammability of the oil, but in its great expansion of volume under the influence of a higher temperature. Barrels filled with the oil in the winter season either burst or crack that the oil may flow out as soon as warm weather sets in. The oil thus freed evaporates a highly inflammable gas, which takes fire at the touch of the smallest spark. He therefore advises that oil should be shipped or stored in casks but partially filled, giving it room to expand in the higher temperature of the warmer season.

—A curious matrimonial affair is reported in Sullivan county, Indiana. A young fellow named Empson wanted to marry a Miss Jamison, but the paternal and maternal Jamison couldn't see it. The father came down on the lovers in the course of a clandestine interview, whaled the daughter soundly and took her home. She ran off to a neighbor's. The old man went for her, and was met by young Empson, who flashed a little gunpowder in his face. This exhibition of pluck had a good effect on the father, and he told Empson to "take her and be d—d."

THE SNAKE IN LEE SWAMP.

BY EMMA BIRDSEY.

The whortleberries were full ripe, when one pleasant morning Phillip Allen harnessed up the strong young horse Prince, and invited his sisters, Annie and Bessie, his cousin Shelly, and a young neighbor, Alice Neal, to seat themselves in the large, light buggy, and take a ride out to Lee Swamp. They were all delighted at the prospect, and gathered up twice as many baskets and buckets as they could fill in one day. Prince was as gay as the rest, and looked around uneasily every few minutes, as if he wished they wouldn't be so long getting ready to start, but at last, to his satisfaction, Phillip sprang in and gave the word to "go," and he trotted off, with his glossy mane and tail flying merrily in the wind.

The young people laughed and talked continually for the length of two or three miles, then the broken country they were riding over gave a new direction to their thoughts. The road grew lonely looking, and presently Bessie remarked playfully,

"What if a big Indian should jump from behind a tree and throw his tomahawk at us?"

"What an idea!" returned Shelly, laughing. "But girls are always afraid of the woods—and of being alone after dark!"

"So, I'm no coward," said Bessie, "but the idea is not so wild as you suppose, for there *have* been Indians in these very woods!"

"Well, if there are any here now, let them come out if they dare," said Shelly, in a louder tone, as if he intended to be heard by any such stray character that *might* possibly be prowling around.

There was a brief silence among the little party as they ascended a hill, then passed down through a deep ravine, where stood the remains of a log cabin by the road.

"There was a wild cat killed here several years ago, they say," remarked Alice Neal, as she gazed round at the cabin. "The man that killed it lived there, and his name was Jackson Jones. He said it kept him awake nights by its crying, and one night he got up and went out and shot it."

"But," said Philip, smiling mischievously, "he forgot to say that when the neighbors secured the woods to find the animal, it proved to be a beautiful spotted *tame* cat, belonging to one of them, who took it home and nursed the leg that was broken by the shot till it got well!"

Alice blushed considerably at the *tame* sequel to her *wild* statement, and admitted she had not heard this before. Shelly was thinking of Jackson Jones and laughing at his mistake, and said,

"I should have found out what it was before raising the neighborhood, I think; and after so many bold expressions, the girls began rather to look to him as a brave boy, who would certainly be their protector if anything happened that they should need one.

The overhanging trees of the dense wood through which they now passed almost obsured the sky from view, and under pretense of needing help to hold the baskets, Alice, at Bessie's proposal that Shelly should sit on the back seat with them, while Annie moved forward and sat with Phillip. They now felt a little safer, and Phillip smilingly whispered to Annie that Shelly no doubt felt *he* was safe, at least, for he was nearly in the center, and if a wild cat or an Indian sprang out, it would take somebody by surprise first. Annie replied by remarking the cool silence of the forest, and how plainly each faint twitter of a bird sounded, and when a squirrel peeped out from behind a log, with his funny black eyes all in a twinkle, she laid her hand on the reins and softly said "Go" to Prince, who immediately stopped.

"What is it? O, what is tho-mat-er?" cried Alice and Bessie, in terror, and the squirrel popped out of sight at the noise.

"You foolish children," replied Annie, good-naturedly, "You have frightened away the winningest little squirrel I ever laid eyes on. Go on Prince."

Shelly raised up his head from among the baskets and exclaimed,

"Afraid of a squirrel! ha! ha!"

Philip felt called upon to defend the girls, who had not noticed Shelly's action, and turning, he looked him steadily in the face, saying,

"Who? You?"

Shelly's face grew very red, but he made no reply.

They now rode out of the forest, and soon came to a large gate which opened into Lee Swamp. The girls had forgotten their fright, and gathering up the baskets they rushed in among the bushes where the berries hung in tempting clusters over the fence. In order that Prince should not get lonesome during their absence, Philip poured out some oats for him, to amuse himself with, and then sought the rest of the party among the bushes.

But they were out of sight and hearing, and he resolved not to hunt for them, for he felt sure they would all know the way home, if they became tired of picking berries and wished to go and sit in the buggy. It takes a good deal of time to pick but a small quantity of these berries, and before he had a quart he heard a piercing cry a little way from where he stood. Philip listened and soon he heard it again, and he was sure it was Bessie's voice; so he ran through the bushes as fast as he could in the direction the voice seemed to be. The cries grew fainter and fainter, and even the brave Philip felt his heart beat fast at the fear of some serious danger to his loved sister.

"Phil! Phil! don't go that way any further—you will be bit or eaten up if you do."

This voice seemed to be over his head, and looking up he saw Shelly safely ensconced in a tree, while at the foot of it was his basket, overturned, and all the berries rolling on the wet ground and leaves.

"What's the matter—and where are the girls?" asked Phillip, angrily. "If there was danger why didn't you stay and protect them, you coward?" and without waiting for a reply, he hurried forward, where he found Bessie fallen in a ditch, covered with mud and nearly dead from fright. He lifted her out, and dipping some water up in his hat poured it over her face. Just as soon as she could speak she exclaimed, catching his arm,

"We must go from here, quick! There's a snake—the awfulest big snake you ever saw!"

"Where?" said Philip, looking quickly around.

"There, on that log. O, dear! O, dear!"

He went a little nearer, and there peacefully reclining on a log was—a harmless branch of a tree, grown black with age, and certainly, a little way off, looking not very unlike a reptile; but a brave boy would not have been very much afraid of a black snake taking his power upon a log, and a coward never would have shown him what it really was.

Alice now came from behind a stump, and Annie, hearing the noise, had just reached the scene as Shelly slowly descended the tree, looking very much ashamed of himself. He was the only one that felt no alarm, but they did not say much to him, and finally resolved they had all better go home, and next time take some boy who had more courage.

Terrible Condition of Spain.

The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, who writes from Barcelona, declares that the Spaniards are utterly disgusted with their system of justice, and will remedy it, if no other remedy is obtainable by lynch law. Even criminal justice is corrupt, men lingering out their lives waiting for trial because the judge will not admit them to bail without a bribe. In Andalusia a kind of territorial socialism prevails, produced by overgrown estates, and absentee landlordism. Four men own most of the province, and the biggest of them lives his life in St. Petersburg. Brigandage is beginning to prevail everywhere. Prim has ordered all Generals to shoot Carlists, and has promoted two officers who murdered nine persons having letting pieces, but were not resisting or attacking in any way. And that the treasury is insolvent, the parties without leaders, and the trees coming down so fast that there is a drought every three years, and our readers may have a faint idea of the state of Spain. It is the red revolution which is coming there.

A TEMPTATION OF MINISTERS.—But few ministers reach the experience of Bishop Whatcoat upon this subject. The story is that on one occasion some young ministers were telling their trials in his presence. The sum of their talk was that when they felt, after preaching, that the sermon had been a success, Satan tempted them to pride, and when they thought they had failed he tempted them to discouragement. They finished, and waited for the venerable Bishop to speak, but he was silent. They questioned him particularly.

"Well, Bishop, have you these experiences too?"

"No," said the Bishop, "no."

"What," said they, "does Satan never tell you that you have preached well or ill?"

"Oh! yes," answered the Bishop, "but it gives me no trouble."

"What, then," said they, "is your reply to the tempter?"

"Why," said Bishop Whatcoat, "when he tells me I have preached well, I answer, 'Yes, pretty well for a poor worm,' and when he charges that I have preached poorly, I answer, 'Yes, there is little to be expected from a poor worm.'"

—A case of sunstroke was reported in New York on the 20th.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Herbert Field—Murdered—His Body Found.

From the Manitoe Times, extra, 18th.

At midnight last night, and after our regular edition for the week had been worked off, Sheriff Secor, Esquire Ingram, Dunham, the prosecuting attorney, and others, were called up with the startling announcement that the body of Herbert Field, the missing banker, had been found just this side of Frankfort, twenty-five miles north of Manistee, and brought in on the Barber, and was now in the warehouse of Messrs. Kirkland & Son, all of which was found to be true.

The horrible fact was established that poor Field was murdered. His body was found in the warehouse just as it was picked up on the beach twenty-five miles away, where the rapid current of the lake, which was known to have set north with great force on the fatal Sunday and Monday, had carried it.

Three ghastly wounds, made with a blunt instrument, told too well the horrid manner of his death. The body was dressed, as last seen, except the coat was gone, and there was a rope attached to it. The coroner's inquest will be held at nine o'clock this a. m., by Justice Ingram, the proceedings of which will be laid before our readers at an early our.

At an early hour this morning the news was broken to Mr. Vanderpool and his wife and friends, and another thorough search was made for the missing money, but without success.

A warrant was yesterday issued for Mr. Vanderpool by Justice Conover, and placed in the hands of Sheriff Secor, and Mr. Vanderpool will be held in safe custody to answer to the fearful charge of murder.

Fellow-citizens, a horrible and terrible murder has been committed in our midst. So long as there was a possibility of hope we had hoped Mr. Field would yet be found alive. The finding of his body settles at once and forever the question of his murder. There is yet room for doubt as to the perpetrator or perpetrators of this horrible crime. As good citizens, it becomes every one to wait and investigate, and do everything possible to aid the authorities in settling this question fairly and justly. The investigation should be calm, but thorough, that the guilty may be brought to punishment, and that justice may be vindicated.

LATER—Two o'clock p. m.—The inquest was held at 9 a. m. by D. D. Ingram, Esq., at Thurber's Hall. The following jurors were called and sworn:

George Shackleton, Wm. Wallace, H. N. Green, W. S. Hunn, John Canfield, G. M. Wing, James Morton, Michael Fay, E. Buckley, W. H. Raymond, J. G. Ramsdell and R. P. Thurber.

The citizens were admitted to seats, and this large hall was packed to its utmost capacity, leaving only room for the examination. The body was brought forward, packed in ice. Drs. Ellis and Shurly were in attendance. Rollins Crispin, the man who found the body, was first sworn, and testified that he found the body about 11½ a.m., Sept. 17th, one and a half miles south of Frankfort, on the beach, out of the water, on the top of the sand, but not imbedded. The head was toward the south, and that the wind was blowing from the west; that he had been over the same ground about three hours before; didn't then see the body; there was a hay rope or cord, about three feet long, around the body; nothing fastened to the loose or long end of the rope; both front pockets turned wrong side out; back pocket contained a $20 gold piece, and had the name "Herbert Field" written on inside; there was a bottle laying off about six feet from the body, and my first thoughts were that it was a drunken man; soon saw that the man was dead, and then called the coroner; when we got back from Frankfort with the corner and others, the sand had been washed up over a part of the right arm and cheek.

At this point the jury examined the body, which was bloated and very much discolored and offensive. There were three wounds in the head, one on the back part and one on the top. The one on the back was the only one that appeared deep. This was about one and one-half inches up and down, and one inch wide, through the skull, and deep. There was a mark on the arm.

Witness said Dr. Harvey examined the body in the presence of a coroner's jury then and there called. The $20 gold piece was in an envelope, which had been addressed to the deceased. The gold piece had a hole through it. There was a large gold ring, with red jet, on the finger of one of the hands. The bottle was a short-necked, light glass bottle; was round, and would hold about a pint; was empty, but had a cork in it.

Dr. L. S. Ellis sworn, says, I have examined the body; found a wound on the right side of top and back part of head; fracture of skull, about one inch in length; witness says fracture was ragged, and we found pieces of skull left on the brain. The wound on the top of the head is an inch in width; depression of the skull here, but no protrusion of the brain; slight flesh wound in forehead, of no particular importance; on the left arm, in India ink, is the profile of a female; also found mark of cord around the body. The wounds are sufficient to produce instantaneous death. The wound on the posterior part of the skull, indicates that it was done with the head of a hammer or hatchet, the other that it was the same instrument, but reaching toward the front so as not to penetrate with full force of instrument. Either wound would probably produce death, the large one instantaneously, the other not necessarily at once.

Dr. E. I. Shurly testified in substance the same as Dr. Ellis. The examination of other witnesses was continued at some length, but nothing further was developed of public interest at this time.

At the time of going to press the verdict of the jury had not been rendered, but it must be in accordance with the above facts, and circumstances are such as to strongly point to George Vanderpool, the late partner of the deceased, as the probable murderer, who is now in custody awaiting his examination on the charge of wilful murder.

The Rising of the Waters—A California Phenomenon.

From the San Francisco Alta, Sept. 4.

Among the curious phenomena of our climate none is so incredible and so mysterious as the rising of the springs in the very time when all theory would prove that our driest time should be just setting in for a long continuance. Yet everywhere our long term of drought from dearth of rain has reached within sixty days of its termination, the springs, instead of growing more dry to the end, begin to grow prematurely moist, and water flows without rain where not a drop was seen a week before! When we read attentively this law of nature, we shall see a beautiful provision that saves our trees and shrubbery from the destructive destiation that befalls the herbage of the fields to the very roots. In other climates the counterplay of electric forces draws water from the upper air to feed the rooted herb by downward percolation. In California this action is simply reversed.

There being no water above, electric conduction finds play in drawing it from beneath. There is reason to believe that our soil has porosity corresponding to the process. In no climate are the waters under the earth so abundant. They are saved from superficial evaporation by the habitude of our streams to sink underground and disappear from sight. Evaporation does not cease; but instead of being dissipated in the atmosphere direct, it passes through the intervention of the earth, and in its passage it moistens all the pores and feeds the tree roots in its ascent. In the longest days and the hottest sunshine, evaporation takes away the ascending surplus from the surface so fast that it continues to show flow upon the ground. In the latter days of August, this sun power and the length of days decline. August is also our month for fogs. The grain bearing herbage is dried up or cut down, and the pores it kept open are glazed over and impervious to water. Everything conspires to check the needless waste of water through the air. And thus it is that in our lengthening night time there remains a surplus to give flow to the surface springs. Blessed be Providence for this kind provision, by which, as the lengthening drought has threaten destruction, there comes from depths concealed increase of moisture bringing to the earth resurrection of life and salvation.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—D. Appleton & Co., New York, have just published a superb book, which possesses an interest to every one who has or has not seen the city of New York.

It contains 48 views of public buildings, hotels, harbor views, floating palaces on the North River, views of Central Park, Jerome Park, picturesque views of streets, all accompanied by a map.

The description is not dull and tedious, but lively and sparkling.

How the Appletons can sell so beautifully a printed book for fifty cents is more than we can imagine. They, moreover, send it by mail, free, on receipt of the price.

—A family named Chaffee, eight in number, were recently found in the road near Baltimore, in a starving condition. They left Leavenworth, Kansas, in February last, and had come all the way on foot, subsisting by charity on the way. They were going to Philadelphia, where they have friends.

Sir John Franklin—The Strange Story from California.

The Tribune has the following:

The report from San Francisco of the discovery on the California coast of a record of the Franklin expedition supposed to have been thrown overboard among the frozen waters of the Arctic circle, and after twenty-one years to have been cast ashore something like 8,000 miles from that place where it was launched, is full of a melancholy interest, though there is little probability that the document, even authentic, will add much to what we already know of the last days of Franklin's gallant band. In all likelihood the record is merely a duplicate of the one which McClintock discovered on King William's Island in 1850. Sir Leopold, it will be remembered, found there the only authentic account of Franklin's fate which, up to the present time, has ever reached us. In a cairn, erected twenty-eight years before by Sir John Ross, he found, inclosed in a tin case, a record of Sir John's last cruise