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To a Drunken Husband.

My husband, 't was for thee I left
My own, my happy home!
For thee I left my cottage bowers,
With thee in joy to roam;
And where are all the holy vows,
The truth, the love, the trust,
That won my heart—all scattered now,
And trampled in the dust.

I loved thee with a love untold;
And when I stood beside
Thy noble form, I joyed to think
I was thy chosen bride!
They told me, ere I was thine own,
How sad my lot would be;
I thought not of the future then—
I only thought of thee.

I left my home, my happy home!
A sunny-hearted thing,
Forgetting that my happiness
A shadowing cloud might bring.
The sunny side of life is gone!
Its shadows only mine;
And thorns are springing in my heart,
Where blossoms used to twine.

I do not blame thee for my lot,
I only pray for thee,
That thou may'st from the tempter's power,
(O, joyful thought!) be free;
That thou may'st bend above my grave,
With penitence sincere,
And for the broken-hearted one
Let fall a sober tear.

From the American Union.

THE DOOM OF THE DESERTER.

BY H. MARION STEPHENS.

"Love him! Though my hopes are blighted!
Thrown like worthless weeds apart,
Seared in soul, and lone and slighted,
Love him! yes—with all my heart."

I don't know where I found that quotation. I don't know that it is a quotation! It came into my heart with the memory of Annie Clayville as I saw her before despair had tempted her to the deep revenge which soon after, startled the regions of the sunny south. That there had been and was a mystery and a gloom attached to her history, none could doubt, who were brought in contact with her, yet the real kindness of her nature, the harmless unobtrusiveness of her general bearing closed up the door of curiosity, and silenced the imputations which otherwise might have invaded her character.

She had been simply a village girl—one of those bright, glad things, which are found no where but in the wilds of the sunny south—at the time of my story she was *an actress!* Fiery, stormy and passionate in her delineation of other's sorrow, those who most applauded, little thought it was but a transcript of her own! One night she was missing from the Theatre and her home. Then came a story of wrong and suffering and revenge—then the rumor of despair and death, and the scene closed upon the life-drama of Annie Clayville!

It was a night of unutterable beauty—so the legend runs—when every breath of air was laden with the fragrance of summer blossoms, pure in their bloom as was the heart of the young bride who sat in the embrasure of a window, looking down upon the long reach of hill and dell bathing in the moonlight.

Norah Mailie was the daughter of a rich banker who had made it his home amid the splendor of southern scenery, and as she stood upon the threshold of womanhood, earth never shrined a fairer vision of lovliness, or left the taint of mortality upon the spirit-wings of a brighter angel. In her short life, there had been but one stepping from the child to woman. She loved—and that enwrapt her whole existence.

A slight rustle of the curtain startled her from her revery, but after a moment's pause, thinking herself mistaken, she passed from the room to seek the truant whose long absence at such a time she was disposed to chide. The smile would have left her lip, and the blood her cheek, could she have seen the dark eyes that glared out upon her from the folds of the opposite window. A stronger contrast could not have been found, than between the youg girl whose step still echoed in the corrider, and the strange dark woman whose eyes still fastened upon the door through which she had departed.

If the bride was beautiful in her trusting innocence, fearful was the stranger whose quick convulsive breathings gave the only sign of animation. The same moon that showered its lustre upon the happy girl, was floating in glory around the victim of perjury—the same starlight which glittered around the brow of innocence fell upon the withered face of guilt and despair! Oh, the aching of that wronged and slighted heart. Dear lady! *you* who have never been tempted, pity the *erring*—for out of all the world they wrestle alone with agony.

"And for *her!*" she murmered at length—"*for her!* Can she love him as I have done? I had no home but in his heart, no future but was weded to his happiness! My life, soul, being, were his—my *heaven* was his presence, my eternity his love, and now that I have turned from every tie of earthly fellowship for his sake, he abandons me for a child like *that.*"

A step was heard to break the silence of the hall, and as it approached, the deep crimson of her cheek turned to deadly pallor.

"It is *his* step," she whispered, "who should know it so soon as I!"

A flood of radiance poured into the room, as the door opened to admit Austin Willard, and as he paused for a moment, a more superb picture of manly beauty could scarcely be imagened. Slight but exquisitely formed, with dark, bright eyes, and a face beaming with health and happiness, no one would have thought his heart a recepticle of crime, or his eyes but ministers to a guilty soul.

"Norah," said he, in a rich, musical voice, which sent the blood back upon the heart of the guilty creature who cowered amid the curtains.

God only knows how the sound of a voice once dear to the heart, must forever linger there like unforgotten music! God only knows how the face we have once gazed upon in affection, is forever graven upon the tablets of memory! and God only knows how we yearn for that voice, pine for that face, and go down at last to despair with only memory to light our onward pathway to the grave!

A half uttered sob attracted the attention of Austin to the window, and quick as thought he was at the feet of his victim.

"Norah," he exclaimed but no Norah responded. The tall form of Annie Clayville stood like a spectre before him.

"What brings *you* here, Annie," he gasped, when enabled to speak.

"To witness your nuptials," she replied. "No false priest for *her.* No shameless vows to be flung aside with *her.* No more oaths to be registered against you in eternity. *Mine* be the ruin and the shame! I was poor! Who cared that he, I thought a priest, was a base imposter. Austin, I told you if you married *that* girl, I would make one at the altar. My heart shall not be the only one broken, and so I give you warning."

"Annie are you mad!" he exclaimed in terror.

"*Mad!*" she repeated, and her words were now low and sad. 'No, *not* mad! *that* is passed! The madness—the dream which created it—all is passed *now*—the madness of a pure heart which yielded up its warmest wishes for a glorious star that glimmered for one moment, then sunk in eternal darkness! It is all past—I'm not *mad* now!"

"Annie, you gave your free consent to this."

"*My* free concent! and had I *not*, what then? My power was gone—my place in your heart usurped by another; and yet I loved you—oh, *you* can never dream how fondly! I would not if I could, retain a faith wavering as yours had done! I might deceive my heart, but not my reason, and that hour, when mind and soul and intellect were a wreck you came to me, and asked me to smile while you trampled upon my heart! I *did* as you say, consent that you should cast me off and wed this child, for the love of my life was turned to hate; but I swore in my misery, that my revenge should be as deep as my wrong had been great!"

"Annie is it thus you threaten?" urged Austin. "*You*—"

"No not *me*—not Annie, but the demon you have made her. Ah, who would have thought that the happy girl in her cottage home, whose quick eye followed the stranger's step, whose untutored heart echoed the stranger's voice, who learned to love the man whom accident had sent for aid—who would have ever thought her hand could have been raised against his life? Not you, Austin, or you never would have wiled her into crime. Not you, or the simple country girl had been still light-hearted and happy. She loved you with a pure love, she trusted you with a holy trust, and when she awoke from her dream to a sense of her degradation; when a father's curse was ringing in her ears, and her mother's tears burning into her brain, she turned from them all, and made her world with *you!*"

"Annie," exclaimed the conscious stricken man, "I cannot listen to your ravings. What do you require—if money—"

"Money! Can money give me back the life I have wasted—my tender parents—my broken heart? I tell you, so changed is my nature that I could see you fluttering from heart to heart—winning worship as you won mine, to crush the soul into darkness, but to see you at the altar with that girl—tendering vows which are mine; giving her a name which belongs to *me*—Austin you shall not do it!"

"*Shall not!*" he echoed scornfully.

"Ay, *shall* not! There is not in the wide world a heart to beat for me; not one face to look kindly upon mine, and yet the memory of my utter loneliness cannot bring a tear to my eyes. Again I say, you shall not! for as sure as you stand at the altar with that girl, so sure let me tell you, will it be a signal for a tragedy fearful beyond conception."

Before Austin could have time to detain her she was gone and he alone.

"She *dare* not!" he muttered, but his face haggared and pale, gave the lie to his words. He knew Annie was just the woman to revenge a wrong and his own conscience told him how deep her wrong had been.

Agitated and perplexed, he knew not what course to pursue. It was near the hour for the nuptial ceremony, and his absence had already been commented upon by the guests. Now it was that retribution was visiting the black sins of his life. He had loved Annie as much as it was possible for him to love anything but himself, but the fear of the world prevented his making her the only reparation in his power. His *set* would ridicule him, and her shame and remorse were nothing to that horrible bugbear. His intended marriage, was on his part, one of convenience, not of love; and the fear of losing her father's broad acres, rather than the abhorrence of her own pure mind, deterred him from openly confessing the fact of his intimacy with Annie, *The Actress!*

He knew that public sentiment would uphold him; for when was there anything too bad to be believed of an *actress!* They may be, and often are, pure minded, high hearted, noble women, but who cares to defend their cause. There are no ways of pleasantness for their lives, and no paths of peace for the weary feet travelling upon the road to public favor, and so he *knew.*

Gushes of music recalled him from his unpleasant revery and proceeded to join the bridal party in the chapel. The deep-toned organ had pealed a solemn strain of devotion, and the aged priest had lifted up his voice in prayer for the happiness of the young couple whose destinies were to be forever united. Nothing now remained but the imposing ceremony of marriage. The last link alone remained, and as the bridegroom produced the ring, a thrill of horror ran through his veins, for he detected the pale face of Annie whiter than the marble against which she leaned. In desperate haste he sought to place the ring upon the finger of the bride, but as he raised his hand, the intruder dashed it aside, and confronted him with folded arms.

"I told you I would be at your wedding," she said at length.

"She is wild—*mad!*" he screamed, "take her away!"

"Not till my revenge is sated!" and with the words her deserter lay a bleeding corpse at the altar.

"You are the cause—ay *you!*" she cried, "you stole him from me, and with the strength of madness, she raised the bride and flung her with violence a senseless mass upon her dead husband's bosom.

But why continue the story. It is still vividly remembered in the south; where they tell of the horror of the crowd which allowed her to escape—of the insanity of the widowed bride, and yet there is still another leaf to be turned before we part with Annie Clayville.

An old man, and a gray-haired woman sat brooding amid the shadow that evening was flinging around their humble domicile. It was the birth-day of their only child, and that child was an *outcast.* No wonder their hearts lay in shadow. No wonder their spirits were shrouded in gloom. A deep sob broke their silence, and the child of their sorrow was before them—changed, worn, wild, but still *there.*

Don't, don't touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking from their outstretched arms. "Don't touch me—*mother!* let me die here—here at your feet, reading forgiveness in your dear face as I do now—but not there—not in your arms—not on the bosom that pillowed me in innocense."

"Annie, my beautiful child! *Mine* even in your sin! It is not for a mother to forsake you."

"I am dying mother—*dying!* My heart is broken, bleeding to death—but I couldn't die away from *you,* I couldn't bear to be laid in the ground by strange hands. No tears for me, no prayers in my behalf, no blessing on my head. Oh, mother you will hear a fearful story—something of wrong and murder! No not murder! he was *mine.* What claim had she to *my* husband. Could she love him as *I did?* Would she suffer for him as I *have?* No, no! He would have frozen to death in her arms, so I—I killed him away from her."

Her brain was wandering, and with every word her voice grew weaker. It was plain that release was near, so they gathered her up, and laid her upon the bed where she had so often slept in innocent childhood.

"Don't cry mother," she murmured, after a moment's pause, "and yet some one should weep for my misery. Father, you used to pray for me when I was a little child—why did I ever forget it. Pray for me *now!*"

And the old man did pray for her.—Never had those beautiful words, "*Neither do I condemn thee,*" been given with a stronger faith than there at that bed of death. Oh, that deep abiding faith which strengthens the soul in hours of wildest grief to lay hold of the promises of God. Give *me* the religion of *faith,* whose attendants are charity and mercy, and I renounce all claim to *creed* in favor of those who choose to grope their way to heaven through the door of doubt and despondency. If reason and philosophy must needs deprive me of the trust I have in the will and power of God, let me be ever in the dark, for my weak mind could never comprehend the sophistry of religion. I do not defend crime—God forbid! but I do believe that true repentance never comes too late!

She was dead! and the law which demanded "blood for blood," was satiated. In a fit of madness, *she* had destroyed him who had murdered her name and happiness. There was no law for *that,* no commiseration for wrong which never could be redressed, but had she lived, the gallows of the sunny south would have groaned above a *woman's* corpse, and another victim have swollen the list of legal murders.

There are many living, who will recognize the incidents, but as I have learned, no near relatives to be annoyed or pained at its recital, and if in their perusal, one heart has felt the truth that guilt is its own avenger, then is the author more than repaid for her efforts.

WATER AND MORALS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now, what is true of water, is equally true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push from adversity, to obtain a downward momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

FIGHT against a hasty temper. A spark may set a house on fire; a fit of passion may cause you to mourn long and bitterly. Govern your passions, or they will govern you.

SWEET and sound is the sleep of an industrious man.

Gems from Alexander Smith.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

We two have met, like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more.

A CHARACTER.

I'll show you one who might have been an abbot
In the olden times; a large and portly man,
With merry eyes, and crown that shines like glass.
No thin-smiled April he, bedript with tears,
But applied Autumn, golden-cheeked and tan;
A jest in his mouth feels sweet as crusted wine.
As if all eager for a merry thought,
The pits of laughter dimple in his cheeks.
His speech is flavorous, evermore he talks
In a warm, brown, autumnal style.

FAME.

Ah Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest work to God!
I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

THE SEA.

I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea
The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his married joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells.
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

SINEWS OF IRON.—We wandered into a machine shop yesterday. Everywhere, up stairs and down stairs, *intelligent* machines were doing the work, once done by thinking and toiling men. In one place a chuckle-headed affair, looking like an elephant's frontispiece, was quietly biting bars of cold iron in two, as if they had been so many oaten straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with a spindle shaped weapon—a sort of mechanical "Devil's Darning Needle"—was boring *square* holes through solid wooden wheels, three inches or more in thickness.

Away there, in a corner, a device, about as large and noisy as a humming-bird, was amusing itself cutting out pieces of steel from solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper patterns with a pin.

All by itself, in another place, was a machine that whistled like a boatswain, and rough boards came forth, planed and grooved, finished, ready for a place in something, somewhere, for somebody.

Everywhere these queer machines were busy, doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; boring and planing, and grooving and morticing; turning and bending, and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs, in a room by itself, as if it would be alone, we found the grand mover of all these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep it "just comfortable," and *perhaps*, not.

It was very busy—the thing was—moving an arm of polished steel, backward and forward over a frame, equally polished and glittering; as one in thought sitting by a table passes his fingers to and fro, along the *smooth surface* of the *mahogany.*

We said it was busy, and so it *was;* busy doing nothing. It went nowhere; it hammered nothing, planed nothing, ground nothing, but just passed its ponderous arm backward and forward. It neither ate nor spoke, but there, from "early morn to dewy eve," it *timed* the toil going on, everywhere around and above it.

There were indeed, a few men made of flesh, sixty or so, here and there, about the establishment, *furnishing*, rather than *doing* the work.

That thing with the iron arm works the wonder. It will work more.—*New York Tribune.*

"I don't see," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came home from school, and threw his books into one chair and his jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal; "I don't see, dear, why you didn't get the meddle, for certainly a more meddlesome boy I never knew. But no matter; when the adversary comes round again you'll get it." What hope there was in her remark for him! And he took courage and one of the old lady's doughnuts, and sat wiping his feet on a clean stocking that the dame was preparing to darn, that lay by her side.—*Boston Post.*

The man who ran away with himself was brought up standing, against a stubborn fact, and returned to the bosom of his family, satisfied that all things are not what they ought to be.

TEMPERANCE.—We swallow tea, go to bed, and turn and toss, keep awake, get up, complain of unstrung nerves and weak digestion, and crawl to the doctor, who shakes his head and solemnly says, "Tea!" This is what he says: but what he means, if he knows his business, is "Salts of copper." "Foreigners," say the Chinese, "like to have their tea uniform and pretty;" so they poison the plant to gratify the esthetic tastes of England and America. A Chinese would as soon think of drinking dried tea, such as we daily imbibe, as of speaking the truth to lose money by it; but the more gypsum and blue he can communicate to the plant, the higher becomes its value in the eyes of the veritable barbarians, and the dyeing process accordingly goes on to an extent actually alarming. In every hundred pounds of colored green tea, consumed in England, more than half a pound of coloring, blue and gypsum, is contained. The fact is now made known to the British public for the first time; yet, according to the best accounts, the lucrative dyeing trade, is not decreasing in the Celestial Empire. The Chinese may easily regard us with pity and contempt, as the coats of our stomachs may well rebel against the intrusion of so much mineral trash. Our venerable ancestors, the ancient Britons, lived upon acorns, and we, who take turtle with the lord mayor, smile at their lamentable ignorance. In one respect, however, the laugh is against us. They painted their stomachs blue, and used the colour outside. We adorn our——too, but stupidly perform the beautiful operation within.—*London Times.*

GRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a more heavenly feeling than love—because it is at once not only the one solitary, unsophisticated exposition of human nature, but the highest manifestation of human sentiment. It comprises all the others. As Milton says, "a grateful mind never pays—it is always owing." A kindness received has fastened itself in the memory, jurt as an island is fastened amid the ocean; and although the waves and winds of fortune beat and war against it, the firm-set earth itself, is not firmer. Love requires sustenance. It must be returned, or, like a fire unsupplied with fuel, it burns itself out. Gratitude never dies—if it ever did, there would be little celestial light in the universe. But it is not every person who can be grateful. It is only the finest organizations that are susceptible of the feeling. The chord is too delicate, for the sordid soul of the sordid man, or woman. It is the last flower of Eden left on earth, and it only blooms in the sunny atmosphere of kindly desires, pure emotions, and generous aspirations. Giving every thing and taking nothing but the sweet thrill of satisfaction at having done right, it turns all it touches to gold—the gold of the everlasting life.

TIME IMMEASURABLE.—Time is immeasurable. The light that gleams upon us, with feeble lustre, from the immovable stars of heaven, have been thousands of years on its way. Some of the formations which constitute the crust of the earth, to a depth of many fathoms, are composed merely of the remains of animalculæ, which must have been millions of years accumulating. To mention an example—Triboli stone is formed of exquisite little shells, so minute and so minute and so numberless, that a cube of one tenth of an inch is said to contain 500,000 individuals. The chalk beds have accumulated from the excrement of fish; and the Numilitic limestone, which has furnished the imperishable block of the Pyramids of Egypt, is a concretion of small shells, chambered with the most perfect symmetry, and deposited in the course of innumerable ages. What is it, then, to say, in the devout words of the Psalmist, that a thousand years are esteemed by the Deity as but one day?—In comparison with the vast period of geological time, a thousand years are as nothing!

By the laws of Turkey, and other Eastern nations, the Consulates therein may receive under their protection strangers and sojourners whose religion and social manners do not assimilate with the religion and manners of those countries.