The Democratic Advocate.

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Select Poetry.

SPRING VOICES.

All the air is full to-day
Of happy spring-time voices,
From the valleys to the hill,
Everything rejoices.
Trees from wintry sleep are waking,
Ice is in the rivers breaking;
And the birds in field and grove,
Sing with happy voices.

April breezes o'er the hills,
Tell of Summer coming,
And their whispers sweetly join
With the bees' low humming.
Children in the woodland bowers,
Seeking for the early flowers,
Sing and shout in noisy glee,
For the bright days coming.

Through the fields the brooklets run—
Just listen to their singing,
As they rouse the grasses small
On their borders springing.
Hear their gentle murmur swelling,
Summer and its joys foretelling,
Sunny fields and shady wood
Full of birds glad singing.

Select Story.

UNITED AT LAST.

Miss Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea party. She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand. The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove. All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded. She was a very pretty old lady, indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the bough of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them, must have owned that it could not be so in her case.

Down the lane, coming towards her, walked a gentleman. He was tall and broad, his hair was grey, and his hat was grey; and his summer suit was grey; his beard was grey also. He, oddly enough shaded off into another sort of dove. The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses noded over the fence.

If these had been two young people instead of two old people, one might have fancied it as a lover's rendezvous, but they were old. Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house. Honeysuckle draped the porch. There was an old fashioned sweep in the well. It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old fashioned that it must have been the same when these two people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first. She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be the handsome old man in grey had lost his way and would inquire of her, for the lane was no thoroughfare because a fence and a gate and a sign, with "All persons are forbid to trespass upon these grounds," nailed upon it.

The lady's father had put up the sign the day after the pedlar had stolen all his pears. No neighbor minded it, but strangers did. So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself. Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because no one desired to pluck her that she remained a faded rose upon the branch—Miss Carney, not Mrs. Anybody.

On came the old gentleman in his grey coat and as he looked at the little old lady he doffed his grey hat.

"Madame," he said, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start. "Oh!" she cried; and added, "No he does not."

"He is——" began the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was eighty when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentleman.

"Fearful fast," said the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the borders at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child a—daughter," said the old gentleman in grey. "She is living is she not?"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still," said the old gentleman.

"But she is," said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were grey.

"People alter out of knowledge in forty years," said she; "and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Turner."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in, then, Miss Carney," said he, for he ought to be more weary than he used to grow on the same road a life-time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Prisey, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she pretending to forget.

"Oh, yes! of course I will ask you to walk in Mr. Turner."

She turned. He followed her. They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it, between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow gilt frame. The book-case fiilled the recess. On the mantlepiece were some shell flowers under glass. There was the stiff sofa with the black cushing like the slice of a fluted column; there were six chairs to match, and the clawfooted sideboard. There had been no children to break or scratch things. All was the same as when he left it last and saw Miss Carney standing in the middle of the floor with her long black hair in curls about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist. Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else, but Priscy Carney. She saw him looking from the furniture to her face, and interpreted his thought.

"Yes," she said almost argrily, "is it not strange? There are bits of wood and glass and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only finer and greener. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and here am I, old, faded, and lonely, and my handsome, bright-eyed father dead in his grave, and all I care for gone. I wish I were gone also. I think people who have not seen each other for forty years need not seek each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts."

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghost," said he, "whom no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forever," said she, "and fifty-six is a terribly unromantic age."

"Yes, it is," said he; "but it is a good age enough for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one.

"Once there was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost; he was a boy once—the son of a miller down by the waterside. He worked in the mill, and was floury and white as a ghost should be most of the time; but he was happy and gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill. The grain his servants brought in the great wagons, but he, the farmer, used to drive to the mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curls, and her eyes were big and brown."

"She made a pretty picture in her white dresses and bright ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry, "Come here, 'ittie boy. Show me where the flour sifts from."

"For that was what she liked to see the best, the flour sifting through fine muslin. Every week she used to come until the miller sent his boy away to school. When he came home again she was a girl of sixteen; prettier than ever, and she remembered asking him to let her see the flour sift, and she talked to him while her father was attending to his business; and the days she did not come the boy cared nothing for, and the days that brought her were marked and picked out as blessed days.

"After a while he got over the shyness that kept him from going to see her and went, and she was not displeased. She was the mistress of the house, for her mother died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoons, and after tea her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he remembered those evenings, when he was a bright-cheeked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and he had the hope of marrying the girl he loved before his eyes.

"He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future, no thought that trouble could come to him in any way until misfortune overtook his father. The good old man failed. The mill was sold. There was nothing but anxiety at home. At last worst came, his father died soon after his mother. He was very sad; he was poor, also; but he had hope, for he was beloved by the one he loved.

"One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low built, old-fashioned house, the great oaks, flower garden, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house he was a ghost—the miserable ghost of his former self, for he no longer had any faith in love.

"Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true, he had heard her who made the world bright for him, say, "It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disobey my parent."

"Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her.

He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him, that she had never felt tenderly towards him, and he left her in anger, believing all that had been said and written about the falsehood of women. Yes, he was turned into a ghost."

"He might have known she was as unhappy as he was," said Miss Carney, from behind her handkerchief; "but what can a girl do when her father threatens to curse her, and she the only child he has? Nothing could make her marry any one else—nothing. That she could do at least."

"But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away broken-hearted. It found its way to sea first, and then into the battle. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied, and only wishing to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked in a great city at a trade until it had made a fortune.

"All the same, it was a miserable old bachelor ghost, and never found a mate; and used to say, often and often, over and over again, to itself, that women were all false, and that the woman he loved had been utterly false to him. He supposed her married to some one else, and all this time he grew older and older, and long years lay between him and the happy time when he was a boy."

"Long, long, years," sighed Miss Carney. "Long, long, years."

"But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came to him out of the past an old familiar face, and amidst the whirl of the great city this ghost talked to it of the green lanes and rippling streams of the spot where he was born, and asked of the house under the oaks, and the girl who dwelt there once—the girl who had been, as he thought, false to him. And this old friend told him something that made him feel suddenly that he might come to life again.

"She never married," said he—it was a woman. "She lives in the old house now. Other men loved her, but she never loved any other man but you. We all know that."

"And then the ghost said to himself—"Forty years of life lost," and went down to the green country place to haunt his old love, and hear her say she was sorry to see him."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the little old lady in brown. "How could she help it? All her beauty gone, all her youth, what could she feel but sorrow, and just a ghost herself?"

She arose and turned away. He arose and followed her, putting his arm around her waist.

"Priscy," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say, when it is true as gospel?"

"Yes," she said; and I almost believe you, for—for I never cared for any one else either."

"Then why not do our best to be happy now, Priscy? why not marry each other, and be living again, not two poor old ghosts?"

"Well, because folks would call us two old fools," said she.

"Well, let them," said he.

"Very well," said she, "I don't care."

Then the old gentleman in grey kissed the old lady in brown, and said, "What day shall we set, my dear?"

What her answer was may be guessed when the village bells, one month later, rang the joyful wedding peal of the old lovers.

STOVE POLISH.—If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap suds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly.

Our Olio.

POETS OF ONE POEM.

Those who have Sung one Song and Died.

Origin of Some Popular Poems—The Song of the Shirt—The Old Oaken Bucket—Kingsley's Three Fishers, &c.

"Sing many songs that thou mayest be remembered." ISA. xxiii: 16.

This is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master-piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go in public mention, with the name of some singular great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have "sung one song and died." They saved themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his best production, have found a lodgement in our minds:

Henry Carey—"God save the Queen."
Hopkins—"Hail Columbia."
Key—"Star Spangled Banner."
John Howard Payne—"Home, Sweet Home."
Chas. Wolfe—"Burial of Sir John Moore."
Chas. Kingsley—"The Three Fishers."
Edgar A. Poe—"The Raven."
Tom Hood—"The Song of the Shirt."
Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Bret Hart—"The Heathen Chinee."

The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of working women in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons—the poet's wife and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*.

"Now mind, Tom; mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem, which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed Tom Hood, and was entitled "The Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty that he published it on December 16th, 1834.

"The Song of the Shirt," trebled the sale of the paper, and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britian. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London, and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Seven years after the author's death, the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself:—"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon, kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpasses this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well,"

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Mr. Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of "men who worked and women who wept," while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and such was his sympathy with the fishermen, that when the herring fleet put to sea, he would hold a short religious service on the wharf.

The hardy men and boys, and their anxious mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts would join in singing the prayer-book version of the 121st Psalm;

"Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest."

It was sung as only those can sing who with stout hearts go out, because it is their duty, to danger and to death.

It was one evening after being wearied and worn out by the work and trial of the day, that Kingsley wrote the song which reproduces the scenes of his youthful days,

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down."

Authors do not always appreciate their good work. We have all enjoyed Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and every school boy has shouted:

"The combat deepens, on ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

Yet Campbell did not know whether this fine ballad was worthy of publication. He and Sir Walter Scott were once traveling in a stage coach, and, as they were alone, they repeated poetry, in order to beguile the time. At last, Scott asked Campbell to repeat some of his own poetry. Campbell said there was one thing he had written, but never printed. It is full of "drums, and trumpet, blunderbuses, and thunder," but he didn't know if there was anything good in it. Then he repeated "Hohenlinden."

Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished broke out with: "But, do you know, that's very fine; why, it is the finest thing that you ever wrote, and it must be printed."

Mrs. Hemans' "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," is familiar to every school boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not generally known. Owen Cassabianac, a native of Corsica, was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother was a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father in a war vessel, and at the early age of ten participated with his father in the Battle of the Nile.

The ship caught fire during the action, and Captain Cassabianca fell wounded and insensible on the deck, while the brave boy unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same; but he refused, and fought on until the whole vessel was in flames, losing his life in the tremendous explosion which followed.

All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scotch ballad, "Comin' thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant, but who ever saw a Scotch lassie walking through a field of rye, or any other grain? The river Rye, at Daily, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad and Brown modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it indicates the river plain enough:

"Jenny's a' wet, puir bodie,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag' it a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is pentatonic—the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

The following is the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane:"

A dozen years ago, shortly after the marriage of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Longfellow visited the young couple and took tea with them at their charming little house in Boston. The supper was laid on a very small table, indeed; but the poet, always vigilant in search of new ideas, took the smallness of the table as a theme for discussion, and associating the ideas with an old Arcadian custom, then and there spun the thread of his future poem.

"As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years, the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the larger table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old folks who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career, and have already written some good essays, why not write an essay on the subject in hand?"

Mr. Aldrich promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Three years ago the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme," asked Mr. Longfellow, "which I proposed to you a long time ago?" "I have thought of it a hundred times," replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it." "The subject reverts to me, then," said the venerable poet, and at once began to write:

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests."

He completed the poem and sent it to Mr. Bonner, receiving in return the princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in *The Ledger*, the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which it may be said it then became widely known.

It would be appropriate, in this connection, to refer to Bishop Heber, whose other poems, whose learned Brompton lectures and able articles in *The Quarterly Review*, are weighed down by his single matchless missionary hymn. It came about in this wise:

While he was rector of the Episcopal church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he paid a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the Vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. On the next day, which was the Sabbath, Dr. Shipley was to deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands." Knowing of his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, he said to him:—"Write something for us to sing at the missionary service to morrow morning."

Short notice that, for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room and in a little time prepared three verses of the popular hymn commencing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Dr. Shipley was delighted with the production; but Heber was not satisfied. "The sense is not complete," he said. In spite of Dr. Shipley's earnest protest, Heber retired for a few moments longer, and then, coming back, read the following glorious bugle blast which rings like the reveille of the millenial morning:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like the sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

The next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the first rehearsal of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe.

No profame hymn-tinker has ever dared to lay his bungling fingers on a single sylable of those four stanzas which the Holy Spirit moved Heber to write.

On that Sabbath morning he caught the first strains of his own immortality. He "builded better than he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Apollos, or had founded a board of missions. "In concerts held in school houses, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to Ceylon's Isle, and in vast assemblies of the American Boards, Heber's trumpet-hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears."

Cowper's Great Hymn of Providence, too, had a history. He wrote it after those two sweet devotional gems, "O for a Closer Walk with God," and "There's a Fountain filled with Blood." A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast.

He even meditated self destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightnings into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

For several years Cowper's splendid intellect was to be under a total eclipse. The penumbra was already darkening its disc. But, in full view of the impending calamity, the inspired son of song chanted forth those strains of holy cheer:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Cowper never could have sung that sublime anthem of victory except under the immediate inspiration of "power from on High." The storm was coming, but Cowper's eye of faith saw "Jehovah riding above the storm." This matchless hymn of providence which God put into the soul of his afflicted servant has been a "song in the night" to millions of people under the discouraging clouds of adversity.

"I am almost seventy-one," said Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines to a Washington correspondent the other day, "and I expect to live till I am a hundred and fifty. I come of a long-lived race. One of my aunts lived to 115;" and seeing the correspondent scrutinizing her hair, "It isn't dyed," she said, "and it is very abundant, falling below my waist."

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

A Letter from Andrew Jackson.

A lady residing in Freedom district writes to the *Advocate* as follows:—"Reading an account of Jackson's residence, the Hermitage, in your paper a short time since, thinking it not inappropriate I send you an exact copy of a letter written by Andrew Jackson to his wife's nephew, Gen. Hayes. The letter was found in a house in Jackson, Tennessee, once occupied by Gen. Hayes, who desired my grandmother, at that time the owner of the house, to retain the original, which is now in my possession:

JACKSON'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sep. 9th, 1833.

DEAR SAMUEL:—I have just received your letter of the 27th ultimo—thank you for it, and assure you that it is the only letter, but one, received from you since you left me. My eastern tour prostrated me, the fatigue was more than my debilitated frame could endure, and I was obliged to abandon it at Concord, New Hampshire. On my return hither, I repaired to the Rip-Raps, where the sea bathing and pure air, was of great service to me, and I have returned with increased strength, but the accumulated business in my absence, has occasioned me great labor since my return, which has again impaired my health. It is not now good, but I trust in Providence that he will make my strength equal to the burden imposed upon me until I can retire from it to the peaceful shades of the Hermitage—to that happy period I most anxiously look. It fills my heart with sorrow to hear of the affliction of your dear mother—present to her my most affectionate regard, with my prayers for her speedy recovery, and that she may live long as a blessing and comfort to her family—and to Narcissa my best wishes.

Mr. Rawlings on his way to Philadelphia called upon and spent one day with us—through him, I learned for the first time, that your dear Frances had presented you with another fine daughter, which you called Rachel Jackson Hayes—for this mark of regard to the memory of my dear departed wife, I feel grateful and honored—there is something in the name delightful to me, although it brings always to me the fresh recollection of the great bereavement I have sustained in her death—but it also brings to my mind that she is far from the interruption of this wicked world—happy in the arms of her dear Saviour, and admonishes me of the necessity of putting my house in order, as I must soon follow her and endeavor to reunite again with her in the realms of bliss. Kiss the dear little Rachel Jackson, for me, and present it with my blessing—that it may live and be a comfort to its parents in their declining years, and be an ornament to the society in which it may be placed, is my sincere prayer—kiss Jackson and your other sweet little daughter for me, and present to your dear Frances my kind regards, and my best wishes for her health and happiness. I see you are before the people for office. I wish you success sincerely—am sorry that you have to defend yourself from the charge of nullification. I hope your address has convinced your fellow citizens, that you have too much common sense ever to be caught in the wave of such absurd and injurious doctrine to the peace and durability of our happy government. I am happy to hear from all sources that it is going down in S. Carolina. Gov. Hamilton, the other day in New York, has said in conversation with a friend, that he has abandoned politics, that he has been offered a seat in Congress or in the Senate that he has declined both, and will for the future attend to the education of his children—therefore will nullification cease in Sth. Carolina, having lost its most efficient supporters in Hamilton, and Turnbull, deceased, peace to its manes, and repentance to Calhoun, its originator and progenitor.

If I live I intend visiting home next year, soon after Congress adjourns, I do not know whether I will be able to visit my friends in the neighborhood of Jackson, but will expect to see you at the Hermitage if I live to reach there. Accept of my best wishes for your prosperity and health, and that of your dear little family. Present my respects to all my connections, and believe me sincerely your friend.

ANDREW JACKSON.

P. S.—Andrew and Sarah are at Philadelphia; wrote me that they are all well and their little Rachel is growing finely; I expect them in a few days. Major Donelson and Emily are with me with them, three children—all well, and request to be kindly presented to your Frances and all their connections.

SAMUEL J. HAYES.

Anecdote of a Monkey.

A rich French lady, while promenading in the Hyde Parke, London, met a Savoyard boy, who offered her his monkey for sale, which the lady purchased of him. The monkey was a beautiful little animal, well trained, and could perform a variety of tricks, and he behaved himself well, to the great delight of his new mistress, and proved to her an indispensable companion. About four weeks ago the gorgeous saloons of the said lady were thrown open to the refined world for a grand reception; the spacious halls of the mansion were filled with the elite of the city. On this occasion the hostess was implored by her friends to bring in the monkey, to which she at first objected, but at last yielded to the wishes of the company. The monkey was dressed up in short order, brought in, and introduced to the company. After everybody had caressed and admired the beautiful little animal he retired to a modest corner, and, of course, was soon forgotten. In the course of the evening a great songstress was to delight the company and, after the usual solicitations to sing, the lady took her seat at the piano and sang. During the performance the monkey sneaked out of his corner and listened very attentively to the music. The piece had scarcely ended when the monkey snatched a hat from a gentleman's hand near by him, and—took up a collection! All of the company broke out in an uproar of laughter, and even the lady of the house, who at first was terrified at his conduct, joined in the merriment. With a painful consciousness the monkey presented the hat to each individual, and all responded liberally, and as soon as he finished his round, he jumped on the knee of the songstress and emptied the contents in her lap. In three years the animal had not forgotten his obligations or duties. The next day a poor family was made the happy recipient of 430 francs, the voluntary collections of a monkey.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural connection between thought and deed.

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, having learned something useful during the day.

The affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

The Seven Wonders.

The Seven Wonders of the world have justly called forth admiration for many ages, and as many of our readers may not be acquainted with them, we take this opportunity of giving a short description of them.

First, the enormous Colossus of Rhodes, claims our attention. It was built by Cares, of Lindus, a pupil of Lysippus, in the year 288, A. D., and twelve years was spent in its construction. It was an enormous statue of Apollo, and was one hundred and twenty feet high. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes for sixty-six years, when it was prostrated by an earthquake. It was afterward bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass.

Next in order are the Pyramids of Egypt, those wondrous monuments of wealth and grandeur of the ancient kings of that country. The largest of the structures employed three hundred and sixty thousand workmen for thirty years in its construction. The general opinion is that it was designed for the tomb of Cheops, the supposed founder of the pyramids.

Next come the acqueducts of Rome. Little is known about them except that they were constructed by Appius Claudius, the Roman censor.

Fourth, the Labyrinth of Psammetichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall, one thousand houses and twelve royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. One building was said to contain three thousand chambers and a hall built of marble adorned with statues of the gods.

Fifth, the Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphos, in the year 252, B. C. It was erected as a lighthouse and contained magnificent galleries of marble, a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen a hundred miles distant. Mirrors of enormous size were fixed around the galleries, which reflected everything on the sea. A common tower now stands in its place.

Sixth, the Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by two hundred thousand workmen. These walls were of sufficient thickness to allow six chariots to run abreast upon them. They were further furnished with one hundred gates of solid brass.

The last of the Seven Wonders is the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was four hundred and fifty feet long, two hundred feet broad and was supported by one hundred and twenty-six marble pillars seventy feet high. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber was cypress wood. It was destroyed by fire in the year 365, B. C.

An Incident of the Late War.

It was General Gordon's command which struck the flank of the Eleventh corps on the afternoon of the first day at Gettysburg, and after a short but desperate conflict broke its line and swept it from the field.

In that fight General Barlow, of New York, commander of the First division, fell dangerously and, it was thought, mortally wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through the shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed and General Barlow magnanimously said to the other:

"You can do me no good; save yourself if you can."

Gordon's brigade of Georgians in its wild charge swept over him, and he was found by General Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in the hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. General Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of Gen. Barlow his name and wishes.

General Barlow said:

"I shall probably live but a short time. Please take from my breast pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me," which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This General Gordon did, and then asked:

"Can I do anything else for you, General?"

"Yes," replied General Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army. Can you send a message through the lines?

"Certainly I will," said Gordon, and he did. Then directing General Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message and came harmlessly through both lines of battle and found her husband who eventually recovered.

Since General Gordon's election to the United States Senate both he and General Barlow were invited to a dinner party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions, Gen. Gordon said:

"General Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?"

"I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the man who is supposed to have killed me?"

"I am the man," said General Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story, as related to the interested guests by General Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.

Prairie-Dogs in the Philadelphia Zoo.

Among the contributions mentioned in the second annual report are twenty-eight prairie-dogs. In time these enterprising little creatures burrowed out their inclosure under a wall fourteen feet deep, and took possession of a fine slope of lawn near the superintendent's office in the old Penn mansion called "Solitude," and they bravely held it until last fall, when the old inclosure was dug out and paved with flags, and now it once more confines them. To catch them the holes were flooded, and the poor little creatures taken as they came up, half drowned. Their colony is one of the most interesting things in the garden. At any time almost you might see dozens of these active little animals popping in and out of their holes, uttering their peculiar cry—something like the half-suppressed bark of the dog—to which probably they owe their name. Their increase begins to alarm the society. Something must be done, and it is very difficult to catch them. Some newly forming zoological garden applied to the Fairmount Park institution for prairie-dogs. This was while they held possession of the lawn. The request was most willingly granted, but the catching required four men and about as many days, and then only three or four were secured.

There is a popular belief in the West that the burrowing owl, the prairie-dog, and the rattlesnake live together in great harmony. It is probable that the snake "invades the home of the dog for the purpose of feeding upon the young, while the cunning owl, to save itself the trouble of digging its own habitation, takes possession of the deserted burrows which are left in the gradual change of location continually going on among the dogs."

Things Abroad.

LETTERS FROM THE ORIENT.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

BY HON. N. F. GRAVES.

Singapore: Fortifications and Landscape: The Chinese and Malays: Oriental Washing: Tigers.

We ascended a high hill overlooking the city, the bay, and the green isles of the Archipelago. It is a picturesque sight, paying well for the walk. The hill is a fortification, with ramparts and guns. The British flag was flying, showing who commands these narrow passages to the vast seas beyond. This channel is narrow, and when these black throats speak, the ships that crowd these waters obey. There are signals on these hills that can be seen for many miles around. The sights from this famous hill are interesting. The sparkling sea is as smooth as a river. At the left lies the low but highly cultivated land that forms the south part of Asia. The beautiful Straits of Malacca are at the right. In the foreground the slope of the hill is as green as the sea, with a herd of small cattle grazing, and a little farther away we saw some quaint old houses with thatched roofs, and here and there new houses painted white, and some villas covered with red tile. This is a unique sight, for the native and foreign houses are near each other, and all are half hidden by the luxurious growth of palms and other tropical trees and vines that overhang them. These quaint, old and rusty houses, the bright green around, with a great profusion of shrubs and vines, make a charming landscape. Upon every side there are glimpses of water and shipping, and groves of palm, teak and tamarind. The road winds around between the hills, lined with little cottages, with gardens filled with fruits and flowers. The city lies along the bay and river, and the church spire towers above the trees. The little houses of the natives are dingy and dirty and close on the street, but at a distance the deformities are lost, and they all look pleasant. The houses of the Chinese are only shanties. The Chinese are crowding the Malays and stepping in their places, patiently at work turning their hand to anything that offers. The Chinese do all the work in the banks and insurance offices; they are the sailors, cooks and stewards on most of the ships. They are not popular here, and are hated by the other laborers, but they are quiet and inoffensive, and are fast filling up all the places in this part of the world.

The Malays are generally naked and appear to be an indolent but inoffensive race. They are fond of water and have little boats that are mere shells of wood, being logs hollowed out. They use a short paddle, but their hands seem to do as well. They are not black like our negroes, nor copper-colored like our Indians, but a dark bronze color. They can live in the water as well as a duck. They always come to dive for pennies and small silver pieces. The money is thrown into the water, and they dive and most always get it before it reaches the bottom. Throw ten cents, and half a dozen of these little black divers go for it, and very seldom fail to reappear with the coin in their mouth, ready for another dive.

The coral and shell dealers are here in great numbers. The corals as well as the shells are beautiful, and for sale very cheap. Five dollars will buy a small boat-load, but what can you do with it? It is on the wrong side of the world. The natives put two or three prices on their wares. If they ask ten dollars and you offer two, you generally purchase it. A Malay asked ten dollars for a monkey, and a traveller offered one dollar for it; the monkey man said, "You take him," and in a moment the traveller had the monkey by the string.

We were riding along by a stream, and halted to watch some washermen washing in the edge of the creek. It seemed to be washing day, for two men came with great baskets of clothes for the wash. They wet the clothes and then spread them on the grass, and cover them with a kind of clay found here, called by the natives tarna. The hot tropical sun soon dried the moisture, but the wetting process was kept up until the tarna had done its work, and then these washermen—called here ahobis—went into the stream and beat each garment on the rocks, rubbing and wringing, until the tarna was all removed, when the clothes were as white as snow. This is Oriental washing. It is true it makes the buttons fly, but it makes the fabrics white. This tarna is peculiar to the East, having extraordinary qualities, removing all stains from linen when rightly applied. The Buddhist priests have a saying "that although tarna removes all stains from linen, there are stains of sin of so deep a dye that tarna cannot remove."

There is far more water than land in this part of the world, and all the towns teem with a dense population, and what seems so strange is that not half of the land is cultivated at all, and the balance is only badly cultivated. There are hundreds of islands in these vast seas, and many of them very fertile, but only a few of them are inhabited, while most of them are covered with cabinet timber of the most valuable kind, and with jungles of bushes and grass, the lurking-places of tigers and other beasts of prey; almost everything out of the city is called a jungle. There are jungles of grass, bushes and trees. The island of Singapore is being cleared of forest trees, leaving only groves of palm and fruit trees.

Every one has read of the ravages of tigers on this island, but can hardly realize the extent of the depredations of these ferocious beasts when they become man-eating. There are a great number of small islands separated from this by only narrow straits, often not over a fourth of a mile broad. Most of these islands are volcanic, with rocky hills with thousands of caves, making secure hiding-places for wild animals. The tiger is at home in the water, being a splendid swimmer. He crosses the narrow strait, creeps along the fences and lurks in the bushes or grass waiting for his victims. We were riding on the great macadamized road to the Botanical Gardens, not two miles from the city, when our driver pointed out to us the field where a Chinaman was taken by a tiger only a few days before. He was hoeing in the field five or six rods from a fence along which there were some bushes. Several other persons were only a few rods away. They heard a terrific growl and a scream. They looked, a tiger had the Chinaman in his mouth and was at full speed for the strait, which was about two miles away. They said the tiger cleared the fence at a bound and seemed to carry the man as easily as a dog would a squirrel. They all followed and shouted, but no trace or his victim could be found. They say here that this tiger has carried away more than fifty persons, and he has become so cunning and cautious that it seems impossible to take him. They seem to take it as a matter of course that a man will be taken away every few days. In many parts of the island it is dangerous to be in the fields after night-fall. There is a record here of the ravages of tigers for many years past which is astonishing and almost exceeds belief. A few years ago one tiger carried off one hundred and fifty persons in one year. About twenty years since three hundred persons were devoured by tigers in one year. This record of the devastation of tigers is a very curious one, full of incidents of thrilling interest. The man eating tiger becomes very bold, and lurks in the suburbs of the city, and has often entered the city after dark and seized his victim at the very door of his house. The tiger advances stealthily, until within springing distance, and then, with a rush and terrible roar, he dashes his prey to the ground, seizes it with his awful fangs and quickly bears it away.

How Diamonds were Found in South Africa.

The modern discovery of diamonds came about in this wise. In 1867 a certain John O'Reilly, trader and hunter, on his way from the interior, reached the junction of the rivers and stopped for the night at the farm of a Dutch farmer named Van Niekerk. The children were playing on the earth floor with some pretty pebbles they had found long before in the river. One of these pebbles attracted O'Reilly's attention. He said, picking it up, "That might be a diamond." Niekerk laughed and said he could have it; it was no diamond; if it was, there were plenty around there. However, O'Reilly was not to be laughed out of his idea, and said that if Nickerk didn't object he would take it down with him to Cape Town and see what it was, and if it proved to be of value he would give him half the proceeds. On the way down, a long journey, he stopped at Colesburg, at the hotel, and showed the pebble, scratching with it a a pane of glass. His friends laughingly scratched glass with a gun-flint and threw the pebble out of the window, telling O'Reilly not to make a fool of himself. However, O'Reilly persevered, got it to Dr. Atherstone, near the coast, who announced that it was in truth a diamond of 22½ carats. It was sold for $3,000. I am glad to say that O'Reilly divided fairly with Niekerk. The latter remembered that he had seen an immense stone in the hands of a Kaffir witch-doctor who used it in his incantations. He found the fetish-man, gave him 500 sheep, horses, and nearly all he possessed, and sold it the same day to an experienced diamond-buyer for $56,000. This was the famous "Star of South Africa." It weighed 83¼ carats in the rough and was found to be a gem quite the rival of any Indian stone in purity and brilliance. After it had been cut it was bought by the Earl of Dudley and it is now known as the "Dudley" diamond. The natives crawled over the ground and found many more, and the excitement grew and became intense. By 1869 parties in ox-wagons had worked their way over the weary plains to the Vaal River. From all parts of the colony and from foreign lands, people swarmed, and soon, like the creation of a dream, a tented city of twelve thousand and more grew at Pniel and Klipdrift, the opposite banks of the stream, where diamonds were found plentifully and of excellent quality by sorting over the bowlder-drift. Soon hundreds of cradles, like those used by the Australian gold-diggers, were rocking on the edge of the stream, supplied with the precious gravel by a large force of diggers, sievers, and carriers. People were thunderstruck at their success. Poor men with a turn of the hand became rich. Hotels, bakeries, breweries, drinking saloons and shops were erected and reaped rewards quite as large as did the diggers. It was a marvelous scene at night when the opposite camps were lit up with the warm glow of lights shining through the tent cloth buildings and the brilliant camp-fires of their twelve thousand inhabitants glinted across the water, from bank to bank. Far into the night were kept up the shouts and laughter and singing and music, and the crossing and recrossing of the boats. The excited crowds shifted their quarters up and down the river, making new discoveries during 1870 and 1871, over an area of from forty to fifty miles of the stream and forming many camps such as Gong Gong, Union Kopje, Colesberg Kopje, Delport's Hope, Blue Jacket, Forlorn Hope, Waldeks' Plant, Larkins Flat and Niekerk's Hope.

The Bushman After the Lion.

Capt.. Aylward tells a droll story of a rencontre between a bushman and a lion. The narrator was acquainted with the man, and there is no doubt of the truth of the story. The bushman while a long way from his home, was met by a lion. The annimal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity which the poor little bushman did not appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little further on. But the bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which he might possibly outwit his foe. This plan was suggested by the lion's own conduct. Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right, and feeling pretty sure of the lion's whereabouts, resorted to the course of quietly watching his movements. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification, when he espied the bushman peeping at him over the grass. The bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and showed again at another point. The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that he was the hunted party. The bushman, who clearly recognized what was passing in the enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually toward the foe, who, now in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little bushman master of the situation.—*Chamber's Journal.*

JAPANESE FRUIT.—One of the recent importations to this country in the department of horticulture is the Japanese persimmon tree, a very prolific bearer, free from worms and insects and highly ornamental, especially when covered with its golden-hued fruit, which hangs for a long time, is about the size of an apple and weighs from 12 to 20 ounces. The fruit does not require the frost to ripen it, and is not effected by curculio or other insects. It is very delicious, has the flavor of the fig and the date combined, and for this reason is sometimes called the date plum.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; small sands the mountains, moments make the year, and trifles life.