

Select Poetry.

The following poem, by Mr. James Russell Lowell, was read at a recent meeting of the B. S. W. Club.

IN AECADIA

I, walking the familiar street, While a crumpled bonnet tinkled through it, Was lifted from my path by fate, And in Aecadia I knew it.

Fresh sword for gravel smoothed my tread, And shepherd's pipe my ear delighted, The riddle may be light to read, I met two lovers newlyighted.

They murmured by in happy care, New puns for puns in drawing, Just as the moon with pensive stare, O'er Mistress Kraggle's pipes was ringing.

Astarte, known high the score, yonder, Me to my speechless rapture urged, Them in Elysian state to ponder, Queen, in an old, old throned yonder.

The railings put forth bad and blown, The nose fronts all with myrtle tined, And light-winged Loves in every room, Make nests, and then with kisses line them.

O sweetness of untried life! O dream, its own supreme fulfillment! O hours with all illusion rife, As ere the heart divin'd what it meant!

'Et Ego,' sighed I to myself, And strove some vain regrets to baffle, Though now laid dusty on the shelf, Was here once of such an idyl!

An idyl ever newly sweet, Although since Adam's day, decayed, Whose Measures time them to Love's feet, Whose sense is every ill requited!

Each drop of this enchanted water, For even of honey-nosons must wax, Convicted of green cheese by reason.

And none will seek so safe from change, Nor in such skies so brilliant hover, As this, beneath whose witchery strange, You tread on rose leaves with your lover.

The glass unfilled all tastes can fit, As round its lip, Ceres' dances, For not Mephisto's self hath wit To draw such vintages as Fancy's.

When our pulse beats its minor key, When play-time halves and school-time doubles, Age fills the cup with Cicerus' tear, Which one Dame Cicquot started with bubbles.

'Ere, Mr. Lowell, is this wise, Is this the mortal of a poet, Who, when the plant of Eden dies, Is perished once more to sow it?

That herb of clay-dissolving root, From stars descending what it feels on, Is burnt-out passion's slag and soot, Fit soil to sow its dainty seeds on!

Pray why, if in Aecadia once, Need one so soon forget the way there? Or why, once there, be such a dance, As not contentedly to stay there?

Dear child, 'tis but a sorry jest, And from my heart I hate the evile, Who makes the Book of Life a nest, For comments 'vater than rabbinic.

If I owe his simple spell but keep, Life with ideal eyes to flatter, The Grail itself was crockery cheap, To Everyday's communion platter.

One Darby is to me well known, Who, as the hearth between blazes, Sees the old moonlight shine on Joan, And float her youthward in his hazes.

He rubs his spectacles, he starts, 'Tis the same face that witch'd him, early, I feel for his remaining hairs— Is this a fleece that feels so curly?

'Good heavens! but now 'tis winter gray, And I of years had more than plenty, The almanac's a fool! 'Tis May! Hang family Bibles! I am twenty!

Come, Joan, your arm: we'll walk the room— The lane, I mean—by yon remembrance, As if it were could be December!

No more it shall, while in your eyes My heart its summer heat removes, And you, how'er your mirror lies, Find your old beauty in your lover's!

Miscellaneous.

Brain Work and Sleep.

So long as the brain worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it is not necessary to impose any certain limits on the amount of hours he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as "over-steps" in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of the day is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of those three safeguards broken down. Probably the man of business or the successful lawyer fails to shake himself free from his anxieties at night, and slumbers becomes fitful or disturbed. The nervous system, unsettled by the mental strain, belags about various defects in nutrition; the appetite fails, and then we meet with the sleeplessness, the dyspepsia, the irascibility, the irritability and the depression which are the chief miseries of the over-work.

The great thing in these cases is to get a rest at any cost. But a rest does not mean doing nothing, but rather change of scene, of thought or occupation. If you tell a busy man that he must do nothing, he may endeavor to obey you, but he will soon find out that he cannot, for his brain keeps on working in the same old groove, and he is as much, and even more, worried about his business as if he were still in the thick of it. The great thing is to get a rest by substituting one kind of work for another, to have for a time a nice, comfortable sort of occupation to replace the old weary round of trouble. One of the most important remedial agents is outdoor life and exercise, which may be taken in any form most congenial to the individual—riding, walking, field-sports or what not. This is at once the most natural and often the most effectual promoter of sleep that we can employ.

Active bodily exertion is well known to be incompatible with the maximum of intellectual work, and full advantage should be taken of this fact. The only thing to avoid is excessive fatigue. It is a remarkable fact that a very large number of distinguished literary and scientific men have

suffered severely from nervousness, and it would seem that some of them have succeeded in ridding themselves of the malady by the adoption of some simple hygienic measure. One, for instance, cured himself by following the prescription of a farmer, who advised him to drink water, eat little and take exercise. Another was cured by drinking every day a large quantity of fresh water, and exchanging a highly nutritious regimen for a much lighter dietary. A third got rid of his old enemy by the same means, and by taking exercise every day before dinner. There can be no doubt that in many cases great benefit would be derived from a thorough change of locality or climate. Long sojourns are not unfrequently attended with excellent results, the attacks being absent for months at a time. Unfortunately these are remedies not within the reach of all.—The Family Physician.

How They do it Munich.

Fancy the horror of the wife of a distinguished English physician, lawyer or clergyman, if you told her to take those well-educated young ladies, her daughters, for an afternoon to the gardens of Teufel or Brunel, that there to drink beer, or coffee, and industriously knit stockings until the husband and father should join them, and all sit together in the open air; or else to remain at 7 o'clock with their knitting-needle, safely packed away in little baskets on their arms, to prepare the supper at home! Very frequently there is music in these gardens, and in the English Garden in fine weather the band plays almost every afternoon, and I doubt whether the well-educated young English ladies aforesaid would be at all better able to appreciate the skill of the performers—or indeed half so well—as the quiet-looking Bavarians. Who would suspect that quiet, stolid-looking man sitting opposite us, with an enormous glass of beer before him, to be an excellent musician and composer? Near him is a tall, sentimental-looking figure, with a broad-brimmed black felt hat, curled up on one side, after the fashion of the ancient cavaliers; he wears his hair long, in artist style, disdains beer, and pours out his Rhine wine in a graceful, melancholy manner. He is a skillful house-painter and decorator, but is otherwise unknown to fame. To our left is a whole family of blossoming girls with their pretty mamma. They appear to have many acquaintances here, and not a few admirers; for the Herr Papa is one of the most influential burghers in the town, and whole chests of linen are known to be already prepared for the dowry of the girls. Students, with their gayly colored caps and sash ribbons, greet them most respectfully; young officers in light blue uniform, and fearfully ugly cloth head-gear, are full of solicitude as to the health of the Frau Mamma, and little Hans—who whom they hear, to their grief that he fell out of a window the other day. But while they are exercising their tongues in this way, an unpretending-looking young civilian is filled with just indignation at the neglect of the waiters, who allow the young ladies to sit so long without beer. He fixes his hat more firmly on his head, vanishes among the crowd and quickly returns with a captured waiter, who listens to the unlimited order for beer, black bread, butter and salt, and soon provides entertainment for the whole party. And now the young civilian reaps his reward, for he has managed to escape himself in a corner between Gretie and Minchen—to the utter defeat of the Army and the University—and is trying to make up his mind as to which of the two girls is the prettier, when his attention is drawn, by the smiles and nods of his fair neighbors, to a table near, where a pretty well-dressed young wife is seated with her husband and baby of two years old. Baby is thriving, mamma has calmly stood him on the table, and is holding the great glass beer-jug, with its pewter top, to the lips of her offspring, who appears strongly to approve of the beverage, and sucks away vigorously to the great delight of papa.—Temple Bar.

Wood-Sawyers with a History.

In Dubuque, Iowa, two men are now engaged in sawing wood for Mr. John Coleman who has a history. One of them, John Dorney, has been a millionaire. During the war he was a member of a New Jersey regiment, and served under McClellan in the Potomac army. He was in many battles and received many wounds. He receives a pension of \$5 per month. At the close of the war he went to California and thence to Mexico, where he engaged in silver mining, and was very successful, amassing a handsome fortune. About eight years ago he married the daughter of General Emil Toxtotta, a wealthy merchant of Mexico, with whom he lived very happily for two or three years. He decided to sell his property and return to his country. It did not take him long to dispose of his real estate and other interests, although he sacrificed considerable of it. His wealth now consisted of bonds and other cash securities, which he intended to deposit in the Bank of Mexico for safety, and to be drawn when he reached his destination. On the 17th of October 1874, the night before he intended to start on his return, his wife stole all his money and securities and fled with her lover, and he has never seen or heard of her since. He arrived in New York with little money, and, as may be expected, gave himself up to dissipation. He has been a wanderer ever since, arriving in Dubuque a few days ago. John Murphy is his fellow-laborer at the woodpile of Mr. Coleman. A few years ago Murphy was the Captain of a steamboat on the Ohio River, which he owned and was otherwise well off. He met with reverse of fortune and ill-luck, and last summer was a roustabout on the upper Mississippi—Exchange.

A Dog Sliding Down Hill.

A shepherd dog on the farm of Mr. Thomas Hain, at Seelyville, Pa., has been creating a furore in that neighborhood during the entire past winter. He has been repeatedly seen to drag a large piece of bark up a steep hill back of the farmhouse, where thick crust had been formed, then deliberately set himself on and slide to the bottom of the hill. Many people have witnessed this strange freak of the dog, and after coasting down the hill several times the dog would carry the bark sled to a place of safety until he needed it again.

D. A. RIGHTENOUR,

ESTABLISHED A CARPENTER AND GENERAL REPAIR SHOP, AT Twin Bridges, M. T., and is prepared to make or mend anything composed of wood excepting wooden legs and Yankee buttons.

in the New York Citizen, of September 30, 1867, of E. G. P. Wilkins and Fitz James O'Brien the one being a typical journalist of the elegant and successful kind, the other being an equally typical poet! Now Mr. O'Brien with all his talents was a very ordinary poet, if we may judge by the specimens given by Mr. Winter. He wrote prose fluently and had the inventive Irish imagination which gives life to a story; he wrote verse also fluently, but without the vision and the faculty divine! We have read what Mr. Winter calls his satirical and sonorous Song of the Locomotive, but can find no poetry in it; in other pieces we discover more melody and much fancy, but hardly anything that deserves to be remembered as poetry. There was something in the character of O'Brien that compelled remembrance, and his talents were brilliant; but he cannot well be lifted into a place of literature which is already filled by Poe. One of that kind is enough, and O'Brien seems to have been, so far as these writings show him, a secondary Poe. He lived in New York among a company of young men who admired themselves greatly, but had an affectionately saty at war with true genius, which few of them have wholly outgrown. Stephen Fiske informs Mr. Winter, with an air that the idea of suicide was often in O'Brien's mind. Just at that period death was very dear to all of us. You had written your dark poem of O'gia. George Arnold was reciting "Doomy verses" and so on. Well, what of it? The world went on ward amid this and much other nonsense now happily forgotten. Let it stay forgotten!

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," edited by Mr. James Hunter, with the assistance of Dr. Joseph Thomas and the late Professor S. S. Haldeman. The following extract from the preface will give an idea of the purpose of the new edition: This supplement has been prepared with the double purpose of supplying such omissions as have been observed in the vocabulary of "Webster's Dictionary," and of inserting such new words as science, art, and literature have contributed to the language since the publication of that work. This interval has been characterized by unparalleled energy in every department of scientific research, and by corresponding activity in popularization of science. A vast number of new terms have thus been brought into comparatively common use, and although a large proportion of such words cannot, with strict propriety, be said to form part of the English language, yet, from their constant recurrence in what may fairly be termed popular literature, it has been deemed proper to explain them, in the belief that it is only such a work as "Webster's Dictionary" that the ordinary reader would look for a definition of them. The labors of the Early English Text Society and kindred associations have contributed to awaken a lively interest in their special department of literature, and therefore the list of archaic (especially of Chaucerian) forms and words already to be found in "Webster's" has been largely increased, being compiled chiefly from the glossaries of standard works. In the pronunciation of these words, the rules of the accepted authorities only have been utilized.

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GEORGE VETTEL, J. P., Toledo, O., writes: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Swanton, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidney. For several years I was unable to get out of bed, took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads, and I now know I am entirely cured."

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H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered for 25 years with lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

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