# Lexington Weekly Intelligencer.

VOL. 9. LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879. No. 40.



ATTORNEYS.

**CHARLES E. STONE,**
NOTARY PUBLIC, Napoleon, Lafayette county, Missouri. may11tf

**WILLIAM B. WILSON,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public and Justice of the Peace, Lexington, Missouri. Office over Davis & Allstadt's boot and shoe store. nov15-1y

**JOHN S. BLACKWELL,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Will practice in all the courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business. Office over Royle & New's dry goods store. feb17tf

**WILLIAM YOUNG,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Will practice his profession in all of the courts of Lafayette county and the courts of Record in the state. Office opposite the court house. All business promptly attended to. jan6-1y

**R. A. HICKLIN.**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice his profession in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office over Quirles & Co's Drug Store, front room. [feb22y1]

**A. F. ALEXANDER,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Will also attend promptly to the collection of claims, and to investigation of titles to real state. Office over the Banking House of Wm. Morrison & Co. jan14-1y

GEO. S. RATHBUN. J. D. SHEWALTER.
**RATHBUN & SHEWALTER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and United States courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in "Intelligencer Building," front room.

ELDRIDGE BURDEN. JNO. C. BURDEN, Notary Public.
**BURDEN & SON,**
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office front room over C. H. Royle's book store in Kriehn's new building, opposite the Courthouse. Will practice in the State and Federal courts. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and Probate business. feb17-y1.

JOHN A. S. TUTT. FRANKLIN K. TUTT, Notary Public.
**TUTT & SON,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LEXINGTON, Mo. Office No. 8¾ Main street, over Tevis' Drug Store, will practice in the Lafayette and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections and the investigation of land titles.

JOHN E. RYLAND. XENOPHON RYLAND, Notary Public.
**RYLAND & RYLAND,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office over No. 67, Main street. Practice in all the Courts of Lafayette and adjacent counties, in the Supreme Court of the State and District Court of the United States. Prompt attention given to collections and all other business. jan14

HENRY C. WALLACE. WM. H. CHILES.
**WALLACE & CHILES,**
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT Law, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over the 'Lexington Savings Bank," opposite the court house. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties, and also in the circuit court of the state of Missouri, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts for the Western District of Missouri.

MEDICAL.

**DR. CARL F. BUEHNER,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Higginsville, Lafayette county, Missouri. Office in the Eagle Hotel.

**DR. J. B. ALEXANDER.**
PENSION SURGEON. Office room No. 9, up stairs, over the Express office. jan22-1y

**DR. G. W. YOUNG,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; office and residence on Oak (College) and South streets, Lexington, Missouri. febtf

**DR. F. H. CHAMBERS.**
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, office opposite courthouse, over M. E. Keller's store. Residence: Southeast corner Main and College streets. jan16-1y.

**J. F. ATKINSON, M. D.,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, consultation and operating rooms, at residence, corner Pine and Franklin street, No. 48, where I can be found at all hours in the day except when professionally absent. Thirty years experience, four years serving as surgeon in the army during the late war, having performed all capitol as well as minor operations incident to military as well as civil life. With a full supply of instruments generally used in modern surgery, I feel confident of rendering satisfaction in all cases entrusted to my care and treatment.

**DR. J. W. MENG,**
SURGEON DENTIST, office opposite the courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Missouri. All work done in a scientific manner.

**TEETH! TEETH!! TEETH!!!**
RECOGNIZING that the consequences of inflation in the past are to be remedied by a corresponding contraction we are ready, in order to meet the necessities of the time, to do business on diminished profit; and, therefore, announce a reduction in all departments, viz: For a full upper and lower set of teeth....$20 00 Gold fillings.....1 00 to 5 00
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, and warranted to be of the best material.
July19 J. F. HASSELL.

BANKS.

GEO. WILSON, President. GEO. WILSON, Jr., Cashier. JO. A. WILSON, Assistant Cashier.
**THE AULL SAVINGS BANK,**
**LEXINGTON, MISSOURI,**
**Does a General Banking Business.**

**Morrison - Wentworth Bank,**
**LEXINGTON, MO.**
WILL do a general Banking business; buying and selling Bonds, Gold and Exchange. Deposits received, collections made and promptly remitted for at current rates of exchange. Liberal accommodations to regular customers.
S. G. WENTWORTH, Prest.
ROBT. TAUBMAN, Vice Prest.
WM. MORRISON, Cashier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. TAYLOR. J. O. LESUEUR.
**TAYLOR & LESUEUR,**
**Real Estate,**
**Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents,**
**NOTARIES PUBLIC.**
HAVE the only Complete Set of Abstract Books, Showing the Title to all Lands and Town Lots in Lafayette County. Abstracts made on short notice and on reasonable terms.
POLICIES of Insurance against Loss by Fire written on Property of all kinds in the following Companies:
LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Assets.....$4,013,147 53
MERCHANTS' INSURANCE COMPANY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, Assets.....$1,045,291 39
CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO., HARTFORD, CONN., Assets.....$1,388,313
MONEY TO LOAN.
WE have for sale a number of Farms and Town Lots in Lafayette County. Will take charge of Property of non-residents, Collect Rents, Pay Taxes, and attend to Proper Assessment of Real Estate. Correspondence solicited. Office in Court House, Lexington, Mo. aug7y1 TAYLOR & LESUEUR.

**REJOICE!**
**SIGHT REGULATORS!**
THE public, which has been warned long enough against the destructive use of imperfect glasses, from which so many diseases of the EYE originate, will now have an opportunity to find protection by the use of the most infallible and brilliant Alaska Crystal Combination Spectacles, and Patent Spring Eye-Glasses, which the celebrated Dr. Strassman, the great European optician, introduced while here, and for which I am the sole agent at this place. Glasses for near-sightedness and cataract adjusted; also glasses ground in old frames to order.
feb23 C. G. LUDWIGS, Jeweler and Optician.

**JOHN BAEHR,**
MANUFACTURER OF
**PURE APPLE CIDER AND HOME-MADE VINEGAR.**
DEALER in Native and Imported Liquors, Wines, Beer and Cigars. Sample rooms at Baehr's Cave, Franklin, St. Lexington Mo. jan25-1y

**FINE FARM FOR SALE.**
A SPLENDID farm of two hundred acres, three miles south of Lexington, for sale on reasonable terms.
Apply to JOHN S. BLACKWELL, Lexington, Mo.
jmar30

**LEADVILLE No. 2**
**IN LEXINGTON, MO.**
**THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE,**
ONE SQUARE East of the Courthouse, is centrally located and convenient to all branches of business. Best attention given to the traveling public. Good Sample Rooms connected with the House. Come and see us and you will know how it is yourself.
THOMAS WILLIAMS, Owner and Sole Proprietor.
apr5-1f

**THOS. B. CLAGETT**
**Stramcke's Building, two doors East of Courthouse,**
Has just received a large lot of
**QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS,**
Direct from Europe, New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis, purchased mostly from Manufactories, which enables him to sell at
**VERY LOW PRICES.**
CALL AND SEE
Very Respectfully,
dec4-1y THOS. B. CLAGETT.

**BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE,**
JNO. F. LANNEAU, A. M., Prs't,
LEXINGTON, : : : MISSOURI.
THE next session begins TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2d, 1879, and ends JUNE 5th, 1880. Buildings enlarged three times within two years to accommodate increase of pupils. Furnished throughout with gas. Accommodations ample for SEVENTY-FIVE BOARDERS. Faculty consists of twelve thoroughly trained and experienced teachers. Facilities for instruction in music and art unsurpassed in the west. Board and tuition $200 to $230 a year. Send for catalogue.
june14-1y JOHN F. LANNEAU, Pres't.

**SELECT SCHOOL**
—OF—
**HIGH GRADE FOR BOYS.**
A SELECT SCHOOL of high grade for Boys and Young Men, was opened in this city, in the new Presbyterian church, on Main street, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1879. Thorough instruction will be given in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and ordinary English Branches. Pupils will be prepared for the Freshman, Sophomore or even Junior Class in college.
Arrangements have been made with a gentleman of experience, in the city, to assist in the instruction of the classes should the interest of the school demand it.
Tuition will be $15, $20 and $25 per term of five months, according to grade of advancement. A contingent fee of $1 per term will be charged. Bills must be paid quarterly in advance. For further information, apply to
aug30tf B. L. HOBSON.

JOHN DEAN. R. A. COLLINS.
**DEAN & COLLINS,**
**REAL ESTATE AGENTS,**
**HIGGINSVILLE, MO.,**
HAVE opened a Real Estate office at this point, and will be prepared to offer advantages to parties desiring to sell or buy lands in Lafayette or Saline Counties. Both of these counties are known as the "garden spot" of Missouri, with a soil not surpassed in the United States. We have now ten thousand acres of this splendid land for sale in tracts to suit purchasers. An abstract of title will be furnished in all cases. We will be in communication with parties in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois. Higginsville is in the centre of Lafayette county, easy of access, the Chicago & Alton and Pacific Railroads running through it. Our office is in the banking building of A. E. Asbury.
P. S.—All correspondence will be attended to. Refer to Hon. Geo. G. Vest, Hon. A. M. Lay, John Reid, Jno. W. Waddell, Geo. S. Rathbun, Wm. Morrison, Wallace & Chiles, C. H. Hardin, R. M. Sparks, Wm. A. Chanslor and John N. Edwards. septr7-tf

NEW STOCK NEW FIRM!
**Business**
—AT—
**HICKAM'S OLD STAND!**
WE respectfully call the attention of the citizens and the public generally to the fact that we have opened, at the old stand of John F. Hickam, a new and complete stock of GROCERIES, which we have bought from first hands, and guarantee of the best qualities, and at as low prices as they can be sold by any one. Our object will be to meet all competition, and to furnish first-class goods. Country Produce wanted, for which cash or trade will be given. Give us a trial.
jan19 E. G. LOOMIS & CO

C. A. DUNKEL, Jr. J. P. KICE.
**DUNKEL & KICE.**
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
**GROCERS**
Corner Main and Laurel Streets,
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.
HAVING formed a co-partnership in the above business, we solicit a share of public patronage, and guarantee our goods and prices to give universal satisfaction.
Our stock of Groceries is not equaled in the county, and contains everything usually found in a first-class grocery store.
Respectfully,
aug9-tf DUNKEL & KICE.

**JOHN M. WOTAWA,**

**Carriage Maker,**
**MAIN STREET,**
**Opposite Commercial House,**
WOULD announce to the public that he has just finished a fine lot of BUGGIES and SPRING WAGONS, which he will sell as cheap as any good home-made work can be bought for. Come early and take your choice. He has on hand second hand Buggies and Rockaways, which he will sell at cost. All kinds of Repairing and Repainting done at the lowest rates. u means just what he says. mchl-tf



**INTELLIGENCER.**
OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.
ALEX. A. LESUEUR, - - - - EDITOR.
ETHAN ALLEN, - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
W. G. MUSGROVE, - - - - PUBLISHER.
Terms, $2 per Year, in Advance.


PACIFIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON.
Accommodation for St. Louis and the East ..... 5 25 A. M
Arrive at St. Louis ..... 5:05 P. M.
Express and Mail for St. Louis, East. 7:15 P. M.
Arrive at St. Louis ..... 8:05 A. M.

ARRIVE.
Express and Mail from St. Louis, East and South ..... 7:55 A. M.
Accommodation from St. Louis, East and South ..... 7:00 P. M.
C. BEN RUSSELL, Agent.

ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY AND NORTHERN

LEAVE LEXINGTON
Trains for Kansas City and West ..... 7:00 A M
Trains for St. Louis East and South ..... 7:00 P M
Trains for Kansas City West ..... 7:00 P M
Trains for Richmond ..... 7:00 A M
" " ..... 7:00 P M

ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON
Trains from St. Louis and all points East and South ..... 9:00 A M
..... 9:00 P M
From Kansas City and all points West.. 8:30 A M
St. Joe and points North ..... 7:00 P M
N. G BISHOP, Agent.

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS CITY AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY. NARROW GAUGE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON:
Passenger for Kansas City and west.. 6:55 A. M.
Express Mail ..... 2:35 P. M.
Freight ..... 9:25 A. M.

ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON:
Express and Mail from Kansas City and the west ..... 11:08 A. M.
Passenger ..... 6:15 P. M.
Freight ..... 8:50 A. M.

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.—AT HIGGINSVILLE.

GOING WEST.
Denver Express ..... 7:16 A. M.
K. C. Mail ..... 7:51 P. M.
Way Freight ..... 12:20 P. M.

GOING EAST.
Denver Express ..... 9:02 P. M.
K. C. Mail ..... 7:47 A. M.
Way Freight ..... 12:20 P. M.

Passengers allowed to ride on the 12:20 p. m. Way Freight both ways by procuring tickets before entering the cars. No other freight will carry passengers.
N. B.—Trains are run by Chicago time, it being twenty minutes faster than the Missouri Pacific time. J. A. FIELD, Agent.

## APOCALYPSE OF THE SEASONS.

A SPRING MORNING.

From the bright threshold of her Orient towers,
The Morn advancing, strokes with wakening palm
The dewy forehead of the slumbering Earth:
And as she comes, her ruddy steps imprint
The peaked clouds, as if the beautiful feet
Of them that bring glad tidings were abroad
On those ethereal mountains. Awake, come forth,
My fair one, let us hence to greet her steps,
Ere from the flowery lap of hazy dell
And breezy-wooded top o burnished hill,
The sun bright border of her misty skirts
She gather staid about her, and withdraw
In waning beauty from the Earth. See, lady,
With rosy, beckoning hand and nods, that send
Her locks ambrosial flowing on the winds,
She bids us come, and in these glistening dews,
Let fall by Night in silent benediction,
Behold her, how she multiplies her smiles
Of greeting, bright with pledges of the Joys
Dispensed to all that court her earliest beams.

Blithe is her light, that from the starred expanse
Of Ether's serene ocean welled, and floods
With amber billows half this Isle of Earth,
And sweet her breath, whether from humid depths
Of waving shade it comes, or grain fields, glad
With waving sunshine, or from garden bowers
Of vines, inwoven with enamelling bloom.

and pleasant is the voice of Morn, fair lady,
Which, into many a rural descant wrought
And cadence long drawn out, thou canst not choose
But hear delighted, in the lyric streams
That leap hilarious from the jubilant throats,
And minstrel gales that sweep with whirring wings
Th' Æolian boughs of resonant groves, and sway
Them into airy bowers of harmony;
In the brisk clarion of her Herald-bird,
And cheery hum of busy foraging bee;
In school-boy's whistle keen and blithe, and song
Of ploughman wafted o'er the rustling maize.
But more delighted wilt thou be, if once
Thou hear it in the sylvan matin-song
Of all those happy buxom little birds,
Which warbling, whistling, trilling, piping, cooing,
Fill Earth and echoing sky, e'en to the gates
Of glory, with melodious joy and praise.

And yet, Pensylla, more delighted still,
If in the full and blended harmony
Of all these sounds, thou hear it, and behink
Thee of the deep significance expressed
Therein of Youth, and visionary days,
When Life with painted fantasies o'er-vapored,
Seems but a voyage across aerial seas;
Its Past, a dream unbroken by the Present,
But in the Future gathers gloriously still
Its fancies, but the nebulous glow of thoughts
And yearnings in the Soul's immensity;
Its Hope, a star, that scarce hath need to beam
Where the ever-present Sun of gladness shines.

A SUMMER NOON.

The Morn is past, Pensylla, Day in prime
Stands on the summit of his shining arch,
With naught distinguishable to outward view,
T' impersonate his universal presence,
Save his one burning eye of living light.

How tremulous th' air with heat, and yet how fixed!
'Tis midnight's hush with radiance overlaid.
In field and bushy wild the birds are mute,
The welcoming strains of whose glad minstrelsy
Led in the hours of Morn, as if her dews
Were waning to attune their feathery pipes.
In scattered dots of slowly shifting shade,
The flocks and herds, now with cropped herbage filled,
Composed and ruminating wait the Even.

Not in the ruffled crest of verdrous hill,
Nor dimpled sheen of glassy-sliding stream,
Is there betrayal of a single gust
Strayed vagabond and rude; and yet 'tis all
The calm of conscious power; for Day now holds
Our mother Earth with steep magnetic glance,
Transfixing through her huge quiescent frame
Perennial vigor, generative warmth,
And to the verdure of her sloping zones
Imparting riper hues. The flowers resign
Their last sweet moisture to his thirsting ray,
In lieu of richer dyes, more solid sweets;
The harvest goldens 'neath his ripening touch;
From pale, to darker red, the berries turn,
And o'er the apple's olive cheek there steals
A ruddier glow. Yet, vanished by no means,
Nor shall be, e'en when Summer's prime be past,
All signs of vernal immaturity,
Seen in those Indian files of tasseling maize,
And orchards hung with crude, unsavory green,
Which Autumn, mellowing evening of the year,
With tempering frost to yellow ripeness brings,
Of red deliciousness.
Now, toward the East,
Slowly the trees their dial-shadows turn,
And cheerily affeld the farmer drives
His lumbering teaper, whose revolving reel
With slow, successive stroke, bends the tall grain
Compliant to the jagged sickle edge,
Of the fast-cutting level knife, which strews
The smooth shorn fields with sheaves of unbound gold.

A busy, blithesome tune this reaper sings,
As close at hand, it rolls along the ground,
With nicest cunning clipping the yellow skirts
Of Ceres as it goes. Receding now,
Its distant clamor, like the hum of bees,
Cheerily down the stubbly vista comes;
Now hid from view behind the shaven crown
Of yonder low-browed hill, its muffled din,
Like some far watery roar, heard through the depths
Of drowsy woods, provokes the listening ear
To listen still, and yet and yet again,
'Till silence, for a space, holds all the air.
But scarce the echoes, from their leafy perch,
Have ceased their quavering hubbub, when again,
Obstreperous, round yon bearded knoll it comes;
And what delights th' expected listener most,
Heart-easing laughter, shout, and brisk hurrah,
And labor-cheering song, that tells the thanks
To bounteous Nature imly sung—while Day
And harvest hand-in-hand together wane.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

And now the mellowing hours bring on the Eve,
My fair one; pensive on the quiet scene
Her lengthening shadows lie, of woods and hills,
And wreathing smoke, betokening homely cheer.
From shaded hay-ricks and broad-breasted stacks,
From stubble dun and meadows shorn and tan,
From cloyery breath of herds, and smell of flowers
That tell where Summer's golden sandals last
Were seen, comes what immixed the memory seems
Of Incense breathed at Morn, now purer grown,
By passage through the filtering fires of Noon.

From vocal streams, whose liquid choruses
Meet Silence midway in her soft descent;
From choral winds, that fill with whispered hymns
The mossy aisles of leafy-vaulted woods;
From birds, that pour their warbled ecstacies
O'er the bright edge of Day's decline, and song
Hymned laborers homeward wending, comes
What seem soft echoes from the voice of Morn,
Heard through the interflow of noontide air.
Such anthems, Eve, in sign of worship sings,
Such incense breathes, in sign of thankfulness.

Pure is her light, that erst as Orient light,
From Ether's serene ocean welled, and now
Returning, pours its golden ebbing flood
Sheer down the sloped sides of our floating Isle,
And leaves it gray and glimmering, drifting huge
Through starred Infinitude.
Sweet, solemn Eve,
An airy apparition, now methinks
I see her hovering o'er the glimmering hills,—
Her shadowy locks far-waving, dropping dews,
T' imparl the radiant forehead of the Morn;
Gemmed with the crescent moon, her brow begin;
Her stilly feet with slumberous sandals winged;
The floating folds of her translucent stole,
Star girt and verged with shimmering light;
In benediction o'er the Earth outstretched;
All glistening her serene and fathomless eyes,
With ravishing glimpses of Elysian fields;
All musical, yet silent, too, her lips
Ethereal, with the words, 'once dropped from heaven,
Whose echoes still in ears terrestrial live,—
"Sleep, sleep, he giveth his beloved sleep!"

A WINTER NIGHT.

Night, as in rigid trance, now holds the earth:
How pulseless! As it death, that mightier shade,
With icy hands, had smote the many forms
Of beauty, erst displayed in verdure, bloom,
And crowning fruit, and withering without ruth,
Had left the memory only, or the hope.
And yet, 'tis but a pause in nature's pulse,
Where life lives on, unseen, unheard,—
As in the pauses of a symphony
Unuttered music fills the listening soul.

And what is night? But earth's own shadow, cast
On ether by the sun, that she may see,
If pure her airs, the heavens wherein she moves,
Etched by the bline-pencil of day.
Another deep significance hath night:
Around her far-ranging, sweeps her slender cone,
Traversing, like an indaga'th' ambient heavens,
And star by star, forever telling time,
Forever pointing towards the infinite.

And death? 'Tis but the winter of the soul,
Wherein her germ of immortality
May gather strength and beauty for the spring,
That endeth not, e'en in the endless summer.
O'er all the forms of matter hath he power,
That life may multiply U' infinity;
But o'er their essence or their elements
He power hath none; for these instinct with life
Imp rishable make nature what she is—
Fit body to report the deity
To human sense. In proof whereof, behold
The vernal resurrection of the flowers,
Th' annual ripening of unfailing fruits,
Which lend their forms, that from their elements
May spring the higher life, revealed in thought,
Sensation, motion—man, the Microcosm.
Then death is change, and change is life, and life
And change and death are one, and God in all.

Darker and darker sank the shades of earth;
Brighter and brighter rise the lights of heaven:
O, lieat, sublime Apocalypse of night,
That doth unfold in wider, higher view
Than day the wonders of the brighter sphere,
More wonders infinite wisdom to attest!
Blest compensation, proof how love divine
Spangles with glory clouds of sombrest hue!
Blest assurance, that in the universe
There's nothing lost, though lost to human ken!

* * * * * * *

Eternity, Pensylla, then, is ours,
Wherein to seek and find more goodly grown,
More excellent, more fair, what we have lost,
Amid the shadows of this mortal night.
O joy, or love, or hope, or thing of beauty.—
By late to opportunity adverse,
Or wise withholding of just heaven. In sign
Whereof, see, on her ebon towers that mark
Her eastern goal, night hang her lesser orb,
Clear beaming, as th' Evangel's shield of faith,
Is that, on her responsive disc is seen
The reflex glory of the ruling orb
Unseen, which else to earth might seem as lost.

Nor in the realms of air alone is all
This glory spent:—the snowy plains of earth,
Her rosy woods and hoary-headed hills,
Her frozen lakes and icy-crystal veins
Glint a wan solemn splendor, like the smile
That sometimes, after death has fixed his seal,
Comes o'er the faces of the sainted dead,
As if the disembodied spirit poised
On viewless wings, were hovering near, to cast,
Ere final parting, on the hand broken
Some feeble beam, the pledge of light beyond,
Wherein all mortal soil is purged away,
And immortality's pure robes put on.

Then, to the spirit's perception unsuffered,
Death, the pure transition from the sepulchre
The carnal sense of them, who only see
The shadow cast, and not the light obscured,
Is but an opening of the sensitive
Of real life, opening its lucid ports
No more than to admit the disenthralled.
Lest mortals, spying the transmitted brightness beyond,
Grow restless, leaving glimmering vale, and hence,
Perforce, betake them, ere his summons come.

DAWNING GLIMPSES OF IMMORTALITY.

Morn, noon, even, night;—a day, a year—a life!
What next? Another day? Another year?
For that, let hope suffice. Another life?
For that, let faith. Watchman, what of the Night?
The Morning cometh; see, the foremost beams
Beacon my watch-tower in the sky. Return,
Abide in faith; in him who came from Hades,
His garments red with blood. He came, he went;
Again he came and went; again shall come,
His garments white with light; but, no more:
Whence, whither, to what end, and how, his word
Attests; let that suffice; what need we more?
Our Morning Star he shines, 'till we to light
May grow inured; when God, our Sun, shall shine,
That we e'en ceased to shine, and shine forever.

Then, Soul immortal mine, I give thee joy,
As come from God, and thither to return
In some appointed order, when the years
And seasons, measuring time, shall end the dance,
The stages of thy trial, shall declare
Thy Morn of victory risen, and worthiness
To be all glorified with some small beam
Of glory—e'en the glory of Him that gave thee.

A flame, thou art, sprung from th' Eternal Sun,
Casting thy shade in His all-glorious sheen;
As fire, that burning in the sunshine, casts
Its shadows on the ground,—light breaking light—
Breaking the less, as clearer burns the blaze.
Then, Soul of Mine, burn clear; nor self-eclipsed,
Nor sight eclipsing, break that light divine
From falling in its beauty, strength and joy
On aught that lives—e'er man, or bird, or beast
Come not between that blessing and their need,
Lest it from thee forever be withdrawn;
But in, and through thy being let it shine,
As shines the sun in heaven's bow-listed cloud,
And through the 'storied window richly drift,'
Where light is only varied to reveal
How manifold its forms of beauty are.

As darkness is but interrupted light,
Evil may be but interrupted good:
Then, Soul of mine, burn clear; purge from thine essence
All that may thwart or blur that goodly light,
That they, in fleshly dungeons, may behold
Through thee, as through a window open to heaven,
How the Great Sun is shining on us all—
How lovingly, how beautifully shining—
'Till He may count thee worthy to be called
The express image of His glory.

Meantime, whate'er befall, abide in faith:
The pains and sorrows, that afflict thy being,
Are but the shadow of God's Providence
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon.

* * *

When thoughts, like these, trouble my Spirit's deep,
Far glimpses of the shining Infinite
Break through the dawn of my incipient being,
And for a space light up its mystic shades
With glory unspeakable; the Infinite
In love, the Infinite in harmony—
In truth, power, time; in beauty, wisdom, goodness;
And when gone glimmering through the dread abyss,
They leave me, once more wandering up and down,
Lost in the mazes of my destiny.

Watchman, what of the night? The Morning Star
Begins to pale, as from before th' advance
Of sovereign Glory, the starry eye of Heaven,
Whose guiding glances, erring never, led
The trembling wanderer through the perilous night,
Their blue lids soon shall close before the Eye,
That closes never, and the Moon, erewhile;
Bright as the shield of faith, shall cease, ere long,
To be the evidence of light not seen,
Abide in faith; the Morning surely cometh.

To him, who, with due reverence, fain would know
All knowledge, fain would reach all excellence,
The constellated glories of the heavens
Boast not a meaningless magnificence,
But are the fiery hieroglyphs of God
Traced on the Infinite blue scroll, to spell
The awful mysteries of eternity;
To solve the mighty problem, star by star,
System by system, of high Destiny;
Which never solved, yet, solving ever, spreads,
Advances, rises, brightens, grows in strength,—
Approaching ever, reaching never, God,
The Omnipresent, the Unattainable.
MORRISON HEADY.

## THE LATEST STYLE.

The sort of invitations now in use by the youngsters is as follows:

Jimmie Sly.
To home.
Saturday afternoon, Oct. the 25.
Dad in New York, the old gal at the sewing society.
Back Parlor.
P. S. It will be a Do-as-you-please.

## A CONSCIENTIOUS FELLOW.

The French are the most conscientious people in the world. A Parisian was on trial recently for stealing some candies, and the counsel was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of them said that though he had suspected the candies were stolen, he had bought a frane's worth, but that in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for it with a bad franc.

## HARD HITTING.

Col. Old Style: "This is indeed a pleasure. I never see your ladyship but I feel that I am ten years younger."

Lady New Style (who hasn't been to the lyceum for nothing): "Indeed, Colonel? Then you should avoid me. A meeting or two more, and you'll be in your second childhood."

## SHE WANTED RAIN.

"I wish it would rain, if it's going to," said a Vallejo wife to her husband. "And, why, dear?" he affectionately replied. "Oh," said she, gazing vacantly at a pin on the floor, "I don't see any use wearing monogram stockings this kind of weather.

## THE HOLMES BREAKFAST.

The "Autocrat" Greeted with Thoughts that Breathe and words that Burn.

**The Poem which he read—Letters from President Hayes, Mr. Bancroft and Lydia Maria Child.**

BOSTON, December 3.—There sat down to-day at breakfast—if the term may be applied to a meal which is served two hours after the sun has crossed the meridian—at the Hotel Brunswick in this city an exceedingly distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen. Meaning no offense, on the contrary desiring to do simple justice to them, it may truthfully be stated that the casual unknown and insignificant guests, of whom perhaps there were a dozen present, could not, as they gazed around the breakfast-room, wholly rid themselves of the feeling that they were in a rare museum—a depository of selected jewels. Turn as the casual guest would, the originals of forms long familiar to him through the shadowy photography of print, met his eyes—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier, W. D. Howells, Miss Phelps, Lucy Larcom Trowbridge, Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, Joseph Cook, Mr. Aldrich, Miss Preston, Julia Ward Howe and a score of other equally well-known gifted beings all set in flesh and blood and yet devouring flesh and blood before his very eyes. Then the casual guest understood that he was at a feast in honor of the seventieth birthday of the "Poet of Tears and Smiles," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which was given, according to their pleasant custom of honoring the threescore years and ten of their destinguished contributors, by the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, and under the following invitation:

The invitation read as follows:

The publishers of the Atlantic Monthly to the contributors,
in honor of the 70th anniversary of the Birthday of
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
The Brunswick, Boston.
December 3, 1879.

To be exactly accurate, to-day does not complete that ripe old age for Dr. Holmes. He reached his seventieth birthday on the twenty-ninth day of August last, the feast being then deferred on account of the inharmonious condition of the weather. The breakfast was appointed for one o'clock, but it was nearly an hour later before the doors of the breakfast-room were thrown open. Even with this extension of time the little, sprightly old gentleman, whose eyes are soft and childlike and whose hair seems suddenly to have paused in its process of whitening—as if in doubt whether the wearer proposes to grow older or younger—found it impossible to listen and reply to half of the pleasant and manifestly sincere things which were said to him even before he was called upon to give his arm to Mrs. Houghton and lead the way to the tardy repast.

To say that the breakfast was given in a flower-garden would be perhaps a simple way of describing the Brunswick "banquet hall"—Boston hotels have no breakfast or dining-rooms, they are all "banquet halls." The apartment may be photographed as follows: Six long tables occupied the centre of the floor. Four of these were arranged lengthwise with the room, while the other two were placed at right angles to them, one at each end of the room. The space between the tables and the windows looking out upon the street was filled with palm trees of huge size, placed in tubs of earth, which were in turn placed upon blocks or pedestals. The decorations, exclusively floral, were very elaborate. The four large mirrors on the side walls of the hall were tastefully hung with festoons of smilax intermingled with flowers of varous kinds. The mantels were also profusely filled with rare flowers and plants, while the tables themselves were so covered with roses, carnations, camellias and other flowers that it seemed doubtful at first how the courses could be served. Two large baskets of flowers were set at the end of each table, and at the corners of each were strewn, in apparently loose piles, a lot of flowers. It looked as if a careless elbow might disarrange and upset these fragrant heaps, but a closer inspection showed that their stems were neatly tied together. This is said to be the latest Boston wrinkle in the arrangement of flowers. In the centre of the top and bottom tables were immense oblong baskets of flowers, from which delicate trails of smilax, with here and there a bright colored flower, ran gracefully in and out among the silver dishes.

The guests enjoyed the following

MENU.

Filet of Sole, tartar sauce.
Stuffed Saddle-Rock oysters, roasted.
Omelette, with chicken livers.
Cutlets of chicken. French peas.
Filet of beef larded, with mushrooms.
Potato croquettes, tomatoes.
Broiled wo ddcock, on toast.
Roast quail, stuffed, with truffles.
Dressed celery.
Creams and ices. Cakes. Fruits.
Coffee.

Mr. Houghton, the publisher, entered the breakfast room with Mrs. Stowe; President Eliot, of Harvard College, with Mrs. Wester; Mr. Whittier with Mrs. Jackson; the Rev. Phillips Brooks with Mrs. Fields; Mr. Emerson with Mrs Cooke and Governor Rice with Miss Sprague. It was a very general disappointment that Mr. Longfellow was at the last moment prevented from attending, although the attendance of the venerable Mr. Whittier, whom the committee had hardly dared to expect, compensated somewhat for the loss. When three hours later the cloth was removed Mr. H. C. Houghton, as the presiding officer of the feast, made the following address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Some writer has said that a pure disposition and a pure democracy are identical. We have present here to-day, a despot who rules us with imperial sway, and we all acknowledge his authority, and even claim that it is not his power, but our own, which he exercises over us. It is our thoughts which he speaks; it is our humor to which he gives expression; it is the pictures of our own fancy that he clothes in words, and shows us what we ourselves thought and only lacked the means of expressing. We never realized until he taught us, by his magic power over us, how much each of us had of genius and invention and expression. And it is especially fitting that we should honor even in this own country a prophet who has revealed to us what wonderful people we all are. It is also fitting that he who was present at the christening of the Atlantic Monthly, and gave it its name, should also drink a cup of tea in honor of its attaining its majority, and entering, as we trust, upon a new career of usefulness. To these festivals we always intended to invite the ladies. But the fact is—I trust the reporters will not hear this, for it is spoken in strictest confidence—publishers are bashful! We were afraid to ask for fear we should be refused. Those of us who were once young cannot fail to remember how our hearts throbbed and our courage failed when we were about to pop the momentous question the answer to which was to make us happy or miserable for life. But when it was once done and the winter of our discontent had been made glorious summer by an acceptance so sweet and expectant, just as if the answer had been ready for us ages before, we felt that popping the question was no great affair after all, and we should only like to do it as often as we should have opportunity. Such has been our experience to-day, as witness the gathering around this board. In an old almanac of the year 1809, against the date of August 29, is the simple entry, "Son born." The ink with which that entry was made, blotted with the course sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life, which blot the record of immortality which awaits our autocrat, be as adhesive, and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty.

He concluded his remarks with: "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment 'the autocrat of the breakfast-table.' Oh, king, live forever!"

The short slight figure of Dr. Holmes shook as if the poet's warm heart were taking an unusual exercise when amid much clapping of hands and clanking of wine glasses he arose to reply in verse prepared for the occasion. With a big volume of voice as if determined to drown any melancholy gurgle that perchance might find its way into his throat, he began the reading of his lines. It was impossible to see the manuscript shaking in his hands, and to hear the increasing tremor in the tones which he struggled to make coldly resonant, without being compelled to make a similar struggle for equanimity and calmness on one's own account. The majority of the audience was unequal to the attempt and their eyes moistened. The poem was as follows:

THE IRON GATE.

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting?
Not unfamiliar to thy ear his name,
Not yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished—he is still the same.

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,
But feared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought,
Still o'er the sad, degenerate, present fretting,
Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought!

Old age, the gray beard—well, indeed I know him,
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey,
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem—
Oft have I met him from my earliest day.

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle,
His head bent forward, politely asking doubt—
Who comes when called for—would he lug or trundle
His fagot for him? He was scant of breath!

And said "Ecclesiastes, or the preacher"—
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last chapter, where the worn-out leaver
Sighs o'er the loosened cord—the broken bowl?

Yes, long indeed I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his steps draw near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,
The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time.

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Restless, uneas