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POETRY.

GOING AND COMING.

BY EDWARD A. JENKS.

I.

Going—the great round Sun,
Dragging the captive Day
Over behind the flowering hill,
Over beyond the bay—
Dying!
Coming—the dusky Night,
Silently stealing in,
Gloomily draping the soft, warm couch
Where the golden-haired Day had been
Lying.

II.

Going—the bright, blithe Spring:
Blossoms! how fast ye fall,
Shooting out of your starry sky
Into the darkness all
Blindly!
Coming—the mellow days:
Crimson and yellow leaves;
Languishing purple and amber fruits!
Kissing the bearded sheaves
Kindly!

III.

Going—our early friends:
Voices we loved are dumb,
Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew;
Painter the echoes come
Ringing!
Coming to join our march—
Shoulder to shoulder pressed:
Gray-haired veterans strike their tents!
For the far-off purple West—
Singing!

IV.

Going—this old, old life;
Beautiful world! farewell!
Forest and meadow! river and hill!
Ring ye a loving knell
O'er us!
Coming—a nobler life;
Coming—a better land;
Coming—the long, long, nightless day;
Coming—the grand, grand
Chorus. —*Hearth and Home.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRYST IN TWIN-TREE LANE.

AT midnight between the 9th and 10th of May, 18— (it is less than thirty-five years ago), there occurred a meeting which, whether for the incongruity of its constituent elements, the difficulties with which it was encompassed, its gloom and mystery, or its actual purpose, has to the best of the writer's belief, no parallel in social history.

During the period that has since elapsed, many minor particulars have come to light, and supplied the materials for as circumstantial a narrative of this singular transaction as the most curious inquirer could desire.

On the evening of the 8th of May, that is, the day preceding the incident about to be related, the family of Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, Herts, noticed something unusual in that gentleman's demeanor.

Mr. Horsfall was the representative of an old and loyal county family. Though of somewhat quiet and retiring habits, he was an active county magistrate, and, the previous year, had served the office of high sheriff. Aged, at this period, about forty-eight, he had married seven years before a lady twenty years his junior, by whom he had a son and daughter.

At dinner, on the day above mentioned, Mr. Horsfall's disturbance seemed to increase. He ate but little, was silent and abstracted, nad, contrary to his wont, appeared relieved when his wife's departure left him to his own meditations. He moved restlessly in his chair, got up and paced the room, and, finally, sitting down at a bureau that stood in a corner of the room, fell to examining some papers he selected from its contents. These he divided into two portions, one of which he tore up to the minutest particles, the other he placed under seal and restored to its former place. It was known at an after period that he had also opened and reperused his will.

This done, he rested his head on both hands and resumed his anxious meditations. Suddenly he spoke aloud.

"I will—yes, I will do it. Yes, come what may, the reproach of being absent shall not attach alone to *me*. Let danger, let what is worse, ridicule, attend this proceeding, I am of a race that keep their faith, and—"

"Newton!" said a gentle voice, and a white hand glistened on his shoulder. "I have not been your wife for seven years," resumed Mrs. Horsfall, "without learning to read your face. You have a trouble, dear; the first, I hope and believe, you have not permitted me to share. Forgive my eavesdropping. My anxiety was intolerable. What has happened?"

Mr. Horsfall smiled.

"Happened, my love? Nothing, nothing in the world. The worst is—the very worst is, that—that—I must leave you for some thirty-six hours, and that, unfortunately, this very night."

"To-night!"

"I understand your consternation, my dear," said her husband, trying to speak lightly; "we have people to dinner to-morrow, and unless they would consent to wait till six in the morning, my Lucy must be host and hostess too."

"O Newton, it is impossible!"

"Try."

"But will you tell me nothing more?"

"Every word, dear; but not *now*."

"Newton, I have a petition to make to you."

"Speak it, love."

"Take me with you."

"Not if—ahem—my dear, it is impossible," said the magistrate. "You must remain to receive our friends, and assure them that nothing short of business that would not brook an hour's delay compelled me to be absent from my post. Now, if you love me, not another question. Ring the bell, like a sensible woman, and order the carriage at four."

"Four in the morning?" ejaculated Mrs. Horsfall, faintly, and burst into tears.

"The idea is terrible," said the magistrate, smiling; "but take courage. Duty calls."

"May I go with you part of the way?"

"To London? Certainly, if you wish it. *At* the way."

It was not in his very gentlest accents that Jacob Gould, the coachman, acquainted his pampered horses with the astounding fact that they were required to turn out of their comfortable nests, as he himself had done, at four in the morning. As for Mr. Horsfall himself, now that he had apparently resolved upon his course of action, he grew more cheerful and jested gayly with his wife as he put her into the carriage. At the top of Regent Street he stopped the carriage and beckoned to a hackney coach.

"God bless you, my love!" he cried, leaning from the window; and, adding a word of direction to the driver, was jolted away.

"*Where* did your master say, Robert?" asked Mrs. Horsfall.

"Why'to' seller, Piccadilly, 'm," retorted Robert, with a slight cough, meant to intimate that traveling so early did not agree with him.

"I will alight here also," said Mrs. Horsfall. "Let the carriage be put up for an hour or two. You and Jacob get some breakfast, then return home, and see that the letters I have left be delivered immediately. I shall not be back until to-morrow, with your master. Call that coach."

"Piccadilly," was the direction she gave, but, stopping the coach in a minute or two, she asked the driver what was the White Horse Cellar.

"Place where the Brighton coaches plies from," was the answer.

"Drive to the Elephant and Castle," said Mrs. Horsfall, "and be quick."

"Is there a Brighton coach about to start?" Mrs. Horsfall inquired, eagerly, as they ming'ed with the mass of coaches which, at that period, congregated around the well-known hostel.

"Yes, 'm, the Age, in a moment;—one inside!" telegraphed a porter to the Brighton driver, who nodded.

Mrs. Horsfall was in her place in a moment, and whisking along through Tooting, half an hour ahead of her husband, supposing, indeed, he had taken that road. But she was far from content with herself. Twenty times, during the journey, she wished the step untaken. As often she succeeded in persuading herself that her disobedience was pardonable, and preferable, whatever its consequence, to the anxiety she would have had to endure, for that her husband was bound on an expedition of danger, she entertained no manner of doubt.

It was a period of discontent, and much uneasiness. From causes not necessary here to recall, the working classes in several counties had allowed themselves to be moved to serious outrage. Incendiarism was the order of the day, or night, and it was no uncommon thing to see the horizon lit up in twenty places with the fires that guilty hands had kindled. Everywhere there was a vague apprehension of a visit from the "mob," which noun of multitude was supposed to be prowling about, burning and pillaging the houses of the rich, and, in more than one instance, justifying the fear. Mrs. Horsfall trembled, as it occurred to her that her husband's excursion was connected with the repression of these disturbances.

She had resolved upon her course of action; and, accordingly, quitted the coach at a small hostelrie at the very entrance of Brighton, at which most of the coaches halted for a moment. Here she obtained an apartment facing the road, and, shrouded in the curtains, set herself to scrutinize the passengers of each vehicle, as they successively arrived.

The vigil was tedious, but, at six o'clock, her patience was rewarded. As the Red Rover dashed up to the door, the familiar face was discernible at the coachman's side.

Mrs. Horsfall had concluded that he would certainly go on to Castle Square, and had prepared herself to step into a fly, and follow. To her astonishment, however, if not alarm, he quietly descended, obtained his valise, and entered the same modest hostel in which his wife had already taken refuge.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Horsfall, by skillful inquiry, contrived to learn that the magistrate had dined, by himself, in the coffee-room, had subsequently smoked a cigar, and, that finished, gone to the play.

"To the—" Mrs. Horsfall had some difficulty in checking her ejaculation of surprise.

But the gentleman would return at eleven; only the porter was not to go to bed, as he was going out again, and might be absent some hours.

Mrs. Horsfall's heart gave a throb.

"*That* is *it*, then," she murmured, and sunk into trembling meditation. In this condition we must leave her, and repair to another part of the country.

Doctor S., who at this time presided over an important inland diocese, and was in the prime of intellectual, if not physical life, was a man who never spared himself in his Master's service. It was therefore an unmistakable token of overtaxed energies, when the bishop, sinking into his chair on the 7th of May, acknowledged that a brief respite from labor would not be unacceptable to him. His wife caught at the idea. For the last few days, a sort of harassed look, not habitual with him, had attracted her attention. He wanted rest.

"How I wish, my dear," said Mrs. S., "that you could escape, if it were but four or five days, from *all* hard work! Now I really think that, with the assistance you can command, and—"

"My dear, you anticipate my thought," the good bishop replied. "Nothing would recruit me more effectually than a fair three days' holiday, exclusive of the traveling; a little unfatiguing journey, some whither—say towards the sea. I ought, yes, certainly, I ought to do it," he added, half to himself.

"*That* you ought!" exclaimed his wife, triumphantly. "I shall order William to prepare your things, so that, if you please, we can leave this very day."

"Gently, gently, my dear," said the bishop. "*Well!* nay, nay; I must not take all my comforts with me, and expect to find health to boot. It is enough that I find rest, and—and change. I shall make my little expedition entirely alone."

"*Alone!*" echoed Mrs. S. "My dear, I shall be so nervous."

"On behalf of which of us, my love?" inquired the bishop, laughing. "Come, come, the dangers of the highways are reduced to a minimum. As regards the perils of damp sheets and doubtful fare, I can make your mind easy. I shall ask the hospitality of my cousin, Anna Meadows, at their pretty place near Brighton, and occupy the bachelor's room."

"At least, you will take Charles?"

(Charles was the bishop's nephew, his chaplain and secretary.)

The bishop hesitated. It was clear he purposed to have gone alone, but his wife's tone of entreaty prevailed. Moreover, he was very fond of his nephew.

"Well, well, Charles shall go."

They set off that day, and the next, May the 8th, saw them, to the delight of their amiable host and hostess, comfortably established at Parkhurst Dene. Mrs. Meadows was, indeed a little disappointed next morning, when her right reverend guest announced, with some reluctance, that a business engagement of a pressing nature would compel him to absent himself for that evening and night, but that he would return early on the morrow. Except that his destination was Brighton, the bishop added no further particulars, and, the distance being but eight miles, the carriage was not ordered till four o'clock, at which time, accompanied by his nephew, he took his departure. He had made a feeble effort to shake off this faithful companion, but Charles had laughingly reminded him of the promise his aunt had exacted from him, not to lose sight of the bishop till the latter returned in safety. So the prelate had given way.

During the drive, their conversation turned upon the state of the agricultural districts. There had been some threatening of disturbance, and several incendiary fires visible from Brighton; but the presence of a large cavalry force at the latter place kept the fashionable folks entirely at their ease as regarded a visit from the "mob."

After passing through the village of Portslade, the bishop began to scrutinize the locality with keen interest.

"Here are spots," he observed, "in which escape or concealment would not be difficult for these misguided persons, should these ample rick-yards tempt them to fresh crime. We are approaching a still more broken—My friend," added the bishop, taking the advantage of the carriage walking up a hill to accost a rustic who was at hand, "do you know Coldstone Bottom—and—and Twin-Tree Lane?"

"I 'low I do," said the man, "whereby I've lived at Coldstone better nor twenty years. T'other's to the left, handy."

For the remainder of the drive the bishop was silent and meditative. They were quickly in Brighton, when the bishop drove to the York Hotel, dismissed the carriage, and ordered apartments.

"We will dine together, Charles, at seven," he said to his nephew; "the evening is at your disposal, for my work, which may possibly detain me to a late hour, admits of no assistance or interference."

There was an emphasis on the latter words that forbade remonstrance. But the Reverend Charles Lilleham was sensible of an undefined anxiety which induced him to resolve that, happen what would, he must not let his honored relative wander far from his sight. It was a little before eleven when the bishop, suddenly rising, put on his great coat, took his hat and stick, and affectionately pressing his nephew's hand, walked quietly forth alone.

That night, the 9th of May, was a festival one at Brighton. A gentleman of the highest distinction in his line, was receiving the compliment of what might be justly called a "public" dinner, inasmuch as it was held at the Clenched Fists, Birdcage Lane, North Street, and was open to any gentleman interested in the matter to the amount of three-and-sixpence, liquors not included.

It was well attended, for Mr. William Beekes, far better known as the "Bradford Dumpling," prize champion of England, was the son of a much respected yeoman farmer in that rustic city, and, though making Bradford the city of his adoption, had never forgotten the peaceful village that gave him birth. The heads he had punched in youth were, like his own, tinged with gray—for the Dumpling had attained the (for the ring) patriarchal age of forty-five,—but his visits were hailed with undiminished enthusiasm, and, moreover, this 9th of May was the anniversary of the last great triumph of his professional career.

The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. At that disturbed period, it was felt that the usual loyal toasts should be received with double honors, if not with double draughts, and it was past ten o'clock before the chairman arrived at the great toast of the evening.

A song (patriotic), and another (pugilistic), with choruses to both, wound up the evening; when, as closing time approached, it was proposed to escort the ex-champion to his private residence in Burr Alley, West Street, give him three cheers, and dismiss him to his slumbers. But to this little attention the Dumpling opposed a strenuous opposition. He preferred walking home quietly, alone and unrecognized,—indeed, he was *not* going home, leastways, not yet. He had an engagement beyond the town, Patcham way, and it was near upon the time. To the playful comment of one of his friends that it was a "run start," the Dumpling merely responded with a wink. To another, a little fluttered with drink, who affectionately insisted upon bearing him company whithersoever he was bound, the Dumpling offered just sufficient personal violence to disable him from doing anything of the sort, and, having at length shaken off his friends, strode away. It was at this time nearly half-past eleven.

The same evening Colonel Spurrier, commanding the gallant Hussar regiment at that time occupying Brighton barracks, had dined at the mess. The circumstance was not of frequent occurrence, the colonel being a married man, and having a house in Brunswick Square. During the meal a letter, bearing the police official seal, was delivered to him. The colonel read it with a serious look, but not till later in the evening did he communicate the contents to the officers present. It seemed that the authorities had been warned of the probability of a meeting of the chief promoters of discontent, at some spot near Brighton, and, fearing that the ordinary civil force might prove insufficient to effect the capture, the magistrates requested that a small military detachment might be held in readiness to act in case of need.

The colonel supplemented his information by issuing the necessary directions, and added that he should himself sleep in barracks that night, although for the next two hours, at least, he must unavoidably be absent.

"Perhaps," he added, smiling, as he threw on a cloak and lit his cigar, "I may bring back some information of the enemy's movements. I am not going into the town."

"Permit me, sir," said the young Adjutant, "to recommend you not to go entirely unarmed. Your face is known, and if these lurking rascals are in earnest—"

"Well, well; lend me your pistols, Baird," said the Colonel, and, thrusting them into his pocket, walked away.

The clock struck eleven as the sentry at the gate saw the Colonel suddenly quit the high-road, and strike across the rising grounds in rear of the barracks.

Another event of some interest had signalized this especial evening, the 9th of May, at Brighton. That admirable comedian, Mr. L., had wound up a starring engagement of six nights, with a benefit that attracted nearly all the play-going world of that gay watering-place. He had acted in three pieces, with unsurpassable humor, marked, however, as the night drew on, with a haste and excitement unusual with him, and which did not escape the notice of his fellow-performers. He was perpetually glancing at his watch; fell into quite a passion at a trifling delay between the second and last pieces; ordered a fly to be waiting at the stage-door, and, the moment the curtain fell (it was then full half-past eleven), threw himself, dressed as he was, into the vehicle, and, calling out "Patcham! quick!" drove furiously away, disregarding the very treasurer, who, with his hands full of notes and gold, stood prepared to settle accounts with the fortunate star, in order that the latter might start, as he proposed, early on the morrow.

The traveler who passes old Brighton church, and, crossing the top of the hill, takes a by-path on the right, leading in the direction, of Patcham, would, thirty years ago, have traced the windings of a very pretty rural lane, bordered on the one hand by beech and chestnut trees, on the other by a high bank, beyond which cornfields stretched away in the direction of the Dyke downs. Half-way down the lane the path, widening for a few yards, left room for a rude seat, which was under the immediate shelter and protection of two large beech-trees, so precisely similar in shape and size, as to have imparted to the path in question the title of Twin-Tree Lane. It was, at the time of which we speak, a sequestered place enough, and was approachable alike from the high-road through Patcham, and from that which crosses the Old Church hill.

It was a few minutes only short of midnight, on the eventful 9th of May, that a lady, muffled in a cloak and hood, stopped her carriage at the entrance of Patcham, and, desiring the driver to await her return, struck across the fields to the left. The night was fair and still; with occasional bursts of radiance, as the moon struggled from one blue-black cloudbank to another.

Whenever this occurred the lonely wanderer strained her eyes to the utmost, as if in search of some receding object, but seemingly in vain.

At last she paused, and gave a sudden sniff.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in real thankfulness. "That is his pipe! I should know it among a thousand. He must be close before me."

In effect she fancied she could discern her husband's form not far in advance, and, shrinking closer into the shadow of the hedge, she continued to follow him. At the mouth of what was apparently a wooded lane the guiding shape suddenly disappeared! Mrs. Horsfall hurried forward, and, pausing to listen, thought she could now hear both the step and voice of her husband. He was passing up the lane, evidently with one or more persons, but with little thought of danger, for she heard his frank laugh ring through the quiet air.

"If they should have betrayed him into some ambush!" thought the anxious wife. "He is so unsuspecting!"

The party ahead seemed to make a sudden halt. Instinctively, Mrs. Horsfall shrank toward the border of trees, and, in doing so, almost came in contact with a man who was stepping from them. Fortunately, she did not cry out, and the manner, unmistakably gentlemanly in which the stranger tendered his apologies, at once disarmed her fears. He looked at her, however, with a little astonishment, hesitated, then, as if a thought had struck him, said,

"Is it possible,—may forgive me—that we are here on a similar errand? My name is Lilleham, Charles Lilleham, a minister of the church."

"Mine is Hot-full," said the lady, quickly. "I—I am in some anxiety about my husband, who is just before us in company with I know not what dangerous and desperate men. O, what shall we do?"

"For the first five charges of a gun, at least, of his companions, I am prepared to answer," said the young clergyman, with a smile. "It is the Bishop of L., my uncle."

"The bishop!"

"Of his business here at this hour, I am as completely ignorant as you apparently are of Mr. Horsfall's. I fear I am transgressing his wishes in following him thus closely."

"Hark! There are more voices!" exclaimed Mrs. Horsfall. "They seem raised in anger."

"In amusement, rather, if I mistake not," said Mr. Lilleham. "But come: if you will accept my guidance, you shall see what is passing. They have assembled under those two large trees. Will you permit me to show you the way?"

Mrs. Horsfall assented. In less than ten minutes they had reached the point indicated by Mr. Lilleham. A bright stream of moonlight was pouring right into the recess canopied by the twin trees, and made the singular party therein assembled distinctly visible. It was composed of five individuals, seated on the curved bench, engaged in earnest and animated discussion. In the centre might be recognized the reverend and stately form of the Bishop of L., immediately on whose right sat the Bradford Dumpling, supported in his turn by Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, Herts. On the left of the prelate might be seen the familiar, mirth-awakening lineaments of Mr. L., the celebrated low comedian, flanked by the commanding presence of Colonel Reginald Spurrier, of the —th Hussars.

The subject of their conversation was manifestly of the deepest interest. Of what could they possibly be talking? And why,—O, why this mystery? Mrs. Horsfall saw that her companion was as puzzled as herself, and that his countenance had become very serious indeed.

Suddenly they saw the Colonel start to his feet. A horse-tramp approached from below, and his quick car had been the first to catch the sound.

"I fear we are suspected," he said aloud. "Listen. I thought so. They are upon us from both sides!"

And in truth, next moment, an armed horse-patrol rode in from either side, and halted in the front of the party beneath the trees.

"Pleasant night, gentleman," said the first patrol. "Curious time, though, to be sitin' here, ain't it?"

Mr. Horsfall conceded, in the name of himself and friends, that it *might* seem a curious time, but at the same time, inquired what business that was of the officer's.

"My business is to obey orders, that's all," replied the man. "And one of 'em is to pervent any gatherings at night we don't know the meaning of. It's our duty, gentlemen, to demand your names and occupations, preparatory to requesting you to move on."

"The man is right," said the bishop. "I could have wished it otherwise, but the fault is our own. My friend, I am a churchman. My name is S., Doctor S., Bishop of L."

"Very likely," was the reply. "And this here gent" (pointing to the Dumpling), "he's the Lord Mayor of London, I suppose?"

"Come, my man, your are mistaken," said Colonel Spurrier, striding out into the full moonlight. "If you are unacquainted with the face of the reverend gentleman, perhaps you know mine?"

He took off his hat.

"Colonel Spurrier!" cried the men, saluting.

"This is Mr. Horsfall, a magistrate of Hertfordshire," resumed the colonel. "My other two friends are already known to you."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the patrol. "There was notice give, you see, of a hillegal meeting to-night, near Brighton, and seeing parties pinting this way, we thought we was down upon 'em. Whatever you was a-doing here's best known to yourselves."

"Stay," said the bishop; "I feel that some fuller explanation is needed. Whatever jesting comments our meeting may provoke, I for one am content to bear them, for the pleasure it has afforded me. Have I your permission, gentlemen to state the facts?"

Every one consenting, the bishop continued:

"We five whom you find assembled here were in early youth schoolmates at an establishment situated at no great distance from the spot on which we stand. Twin-Tree Lane, as I and it is still called, was a favorite half-holiday resort. Here we discussed our school affairs, or speculated upon the wide, uncertain future that awaited us in the tumult of the world. The death of our excellent master caused the sudden dispersion of the school, and it was on the evening before the general departure that we five, sitting together under our favorite trees, entered into a solemn agreement to meet, if God permitted, that day *thirty* years, at the same spot at midnight, with the purpose of declaring how Providence had hitherto dealt with us in our several ways of life, and comparing our actual experiences with the brilliant hopes of boyhood.

"So far asunder have our duties separated us (I myself for some years presided over a colonial see, and my friend, Colonel Spurrier, has served in India), that for the whole period of thirty years no two of us have ever met together, nor, indeed, so far as I am aware, held communication of any sort. It was a doubt with me whether every member of the party had not long since forgotten this boyish compact. There were also the difficulties that might have arisen, if remembered, in keeping it. But the solemnity with which it was made had left upon my mind, as it did upon others, an abiding impression. My pledge had been given and never withdrawn. I thought of the possibility of one of us at least, faithful to his word, groping his way hither in the faint hope of grasping an old friend's hand, and finding only darkness and a void. I was altogether wrong and mistrustful; here we are, all five, grateful for many mercies, cordially rejoicing to have met again; and, if our vocations in life have been widely diverse, I may, I think, say, with truth, that we have wrought in them with honesty and singleness of purpose, without wrong to any, in thought, word, or deed. You are satisfied, my friends?"

The officers bowed, and apologizing for their interference, prepared to move on.

"Not a word," said the bishop; "you have only done your duty. Good night, and may you meet with no less loyal and peaceable men than you have surprised here."

"Here are two more watchers to be forgiven," said a voice familiar to the bishop, as two figures, male and female, suddenly descended into the road, and Mrs. Horsfall, bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of her astonished husband, while Mr. Lilleham, in a few words, explained the anxiety which had prompted their pursuit. Anger was out of the question; a general laugh announced that all was forgiven. Only the bishop attempted to frown, and that was a failure.—*All the Year Round.*

AN English paper states that out of twelve jurymen who decided upon the merits of a case heard at the recent Merionethshire assizes, only four could speak or understand English. The evidence was given in English, the counsel spoke in English, and his lordship's charge was given in English also. And eight of the jurymen understood not a word! Upon the four who did, devolved the unpleasant duty of explaining the facts of the case and making clear to their fellows what was before dark. No wonder they were some time in writing a verdict, and that the four English speaking jurymen wished they "never had such a job to tackle afere."

Who is John Smith?

AT noon yesterday, according to announcement, General Butterfield began to open the proposals to purchase $1,000,000 of gold. He had nearly finished the reading when he opened a proposal from John Smith at $133.30, a figure about one-sixth larger than any other of the bids. Hurriedly completing the remainder of his task, the General awarded the whole amount to Mr. John Smith, at the premium named. General Butterfield then went over to Delmonico's to lunch.

Just as he had reached the stage (for those who are curious about such things it may be said that his first course was *potage a la maitre d'hotel*) a clerk rushed madly into the restaurant, upsetting a waiter and a side table, and breathlessly addressing the General, said;

"How about those awards, sir?"

"Why, I made 'em, didn't I? I gave them to John Smith."

"Yes, sir. But *who's John Smith?*"

Here was a poser. Jamming his military hat hard down on his head, and hurriedly buttoning the lower brass button of his military vest, the General rushed forth into Broad street. The first man he met was a certain stock operator who has long been in search of a "Northwest" passage *via* Chicago.

"I say, ——, who is John Smith?"

"John Smith? Well, my shoemaker is John Smith, and the watchman at my place is another John Smith, and—"

"Oh, d—n them," said the General, "I want John Smith, the banker."

Rushing up to the Sub-Treasury, General Butterfield put the same puzzling question to all his clerks, and they raked up from the depths of their memories enough John Smiths to man a 74-gun frigate, but not one of them was a banker. Giving John up as a bad job, the General revoked the award, and, consequently, the gold sold for 133 and 133.15 instead of 133.30, as would have been the case had John Smith appeared to make good his proposal.

It was hoped at the Sub-Treasury that this annoying incident of official life would not get spread abroad; but, alas for human expectations! The financial editors had already been informed that John Smith was the lucky gold purchaser, and through them the bankers and brokers were also made aware of the fact. For some time curiosity was expressed on all sides as to "Who is John Smith?" but finally the story got out, and all Wall street was on the broad grin.

On the Gold Board the busy brokers suspended their operations for full ten minutes, during which time fifty lusty voices propounded the puzzling question, "Who is John Smith?" Two young brokers, entering the room, instructed the door-keeper to call John Smith, and he added his voice to the universal din, never thinking that he was calling for a Treasury myth! A stranger entering the room at that moment would have at first supposed that the brokers were about to engage in deadly conflict, such was their unearthly din; but hearing their loud cry for John Smith—peaceable John, who was never known to hurt anybody but Turks and Indians—he would have been reassured and looked on without fear. It was currently reported last night that General Butterfield, armed with a mountain howitzer and a double-barrelled shot gun, was still searching for John Smith. Perhaps he will find him.—*New York Sun, August 20.*

The Chinese.

THE first Chinese temple erected in San Francisco was built on speculation by an old Chinaman, with an eye to business, who did not like to see his countrymen neglecting their gods. He therefore built a temple (which still exists at the corner of Mason and Post streets), adorned and beautified it cheaply with paper, tinsel and silk, set up the usual array of gods, and drove a thriving trade in the charms, incense, and candles which he kept for sale. He is said, too, to have sent around subscription papers every now and then, and to have made a pretty handsome thing out of his credulous countrymen. There are not now, nor have there ever been, any Chinese priests in California; they evidently do not believe in missionary effort, or else do not place much faith in their hold on the people directly they get out of the Flowery kingdom.

Alas! I cannot say much more for the noise which they consider music than that I would about as soon hear a concert of hurdy-gurdies and bagpipes. Only recently, many complaints have been lodged against their theaters and gambling-houses in our city, on the ground that no white man or woman in the neighborhood could hope to get a wink of sleep, or attend to any business requiring care, while their horrible din of tom-toms, gongs, cymbals, drums, and what not was going on. As to their language, it does not sound harsh to me; there is a kind of "sing-song" in it not absolutely unpleasant to the ear.

The first of these points is a delicate subject. I have heard of immalities amongst them which I should be sorry to repeat. On the other hand, I question whether, as a people, they are worse than the inhabitants of countries which ought to be far ahead of them. Among themselves they are extremely charitable and liberal, and their care for their aged parents is repeatedly attested in every work on China. Every steamer to China from San Francisco takes hundreds of petty remittances—some of them "for value received"—quite a large number of them gifts to their families and friends. In small things I have found them especially honest. I never lost an article of clothing at a Chinese laundry. I could not make the same statement of some French and other establishments which I have tried in San Francisco. In my rooms, daily cleaned out and set to rights by a Chinaman, I leave wine or whisky out; it remains untouched. Further, I have on two occasions offered drink to Chinamen working in the house, and in both cases it was refused. It seemed to me as though they were anxious to keep their places, and, while in them, had strength of mind enough to avoid all drinking. Among themselves, they do indulge in a kind of wine, or rather spirit, imported from China. The better class here—merchants and tradesmen—quite a respectably large clique too, indulge in anything—from champagne to horned porter. They do not use tobacco or cigars immoderately; but we have hundreds of opium smokers—principally in the cities—who are killing themselves off very rapidly.

In their home life, the women holds a secondary place. In China man and wife never walk arm in arm, or even side by side; the woman follows at a respectful distance. At social gatherings, the sexes sit at different tables. A Chinaman looks with pious horror on the familiarity in which he considers we indulge. Why, we not merely sit down indiscriminately among a bevy of young ladies, but rather seem to like it! Terrible! And as to our balls and dancing parties, he not merely thinks that we exert ourselves unnecessarily, when we could set the servants to do it for us—or at least hire a band of professionals for the night to caper in our presence—but the way in which we waltz, etc., is a scandal in his eyes.

The Chinese quarrel very little among themselves, and as residents—I will not call them citizens—they will compare very favorably with any other as quiet, peaceable, and inoffensive men. We have had Chinese burglars and thieves, in the cities principally, but their number has never been large.—*San Francisco Cor. St. Louis Democrat.*

—Kansas City has a tailor whose name is A. Swindler.

Make Your Own Sunshine.

"O DEAR, it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in-doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there ain't going to be any sunshine at all, and I'll just have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "how you *do* talk;" and she smiled through her tears "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off if you'll be the partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you the rules for making sunshine: First, Don't think what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, Do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule,"

"But I haven't any thing to enjoy, cause all my dolls are old, and my picture book all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "Here's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk."

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out a tea-tray and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Jack and said.

"Good night, dear Uncle Jack,"

"Good night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.
UNCLE JACK AND LITTLE JENNIE.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember, a cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.—*The Little Folks.*

An Episode of New York Life.

THAT was the gayest season ever known in New York. Many of my readers will remember it—the year Fooly absconded and Terwilliger committed suicide by blowing his brains out on his wife's handsome carpets.

He did it to spite her, so she always declared, for he knew her attachment to that particular piece of *tapisserie*. I never believed it. I have always thought the man was driven to desperation by difficulties and perplexities in his business and torment at home. It was a hard thing to withstand both, and many strong men break down under the "home influence."

In my opinion, what hastened Terwilliger's end was his wife's determination to give a grand ball, which should exceed in splendor one by her hated rival, Mrs. Peter Croworthy.

Terwilliger had flatly said that he could not afford it.

"You must afford it. Have you no regard for the social position of your family? Here is Louisa just come out, and you are so mean and avaricious that you grudge us the means to enable us to live respectably."

Terwilliger turned sadly toward his daughter, in whose presence these harsh words were spoken. He fancied she looked as if she were sorry for him, but she did not speak.

"Wife," he replied, with a firmness he did not usually display toward her, "I *cannot* let you have any money. My affairs are in a desperate condition, and I do not know what to do." He uttered this as if suffering agony of soul.

"Pshaw! it has been the same story ever since we were married. I don't believe you are any worse off than you always are. You are perpetually groaning and complaining."

"But, Jane," he said, in a tone calculated to soften her, "you have no idea what difficulties I am in."

"It is a man's business to have difficulties, and to surmount them," retorted his wife, "and not whine about them at home."

"I do, I have surmounted them," gasped Terwilliger, "up to now; but I am now in great trouble, and fear I can't get through."

"Can't get through! What do other men do? They get through, and don't trouble their families about it, either."

"For God's sake, Jane, don't go on in this way. I cannot do more than I can."

"Suppose you can't! What are four or five thousand dollars more or less? I don't want a great deal of ready money. A large part of the expense we will have credit for. Give me three thousand dollars this morning, and I will try and get along with that. In fact, I must have it."

"I *cannot* give it to you; I have not got it."

"Then borrow it."

"I cannot borrow it."

"We have come indeed to a pretty pass. You are getting to be an imbecile. This party I shall give. The cards are ordered, and the time fixed. Every body knows about it. Let me see if you dare disgrace us."

Terwilliger glanced at his child again; she said nothing, but sat with downcast eyes. It was a very unhappy spectacle.

He left his home, unable to speak. He was choked. He endeavored in vain to swallow. His lips were becoming parched and he frequently tried to moisten them with his tongue.

This crisis might come any day. He was terribly involved in his operations; but his courage would not have failed him if he could have found any comfort or sympathy at home. And now, as he was walking to his place of business, it was not the troubles which he knew he must meet when he reached his office that he was thinking about, but the scene he had passed through before leaving his house.

An hour after her husband left, Mrs. Terwilliger received an unexpected call. A friend of the family, an old lady not at all in society, sent in word she would like to see her for a moment.

She was admitted. With many apologies for coming in at so early an hour, she stated that she was to quit town for Boston at twelve, and she wished to leave with Mrs. Terwilliger a package of bonds to hand to her husband to put in his safe.

"How much was in it?

"Five thousand dollars.

"Would she be long absent? She did not intend to return before spring. She would write to Mr. Terwilliger where to send the interest when collected.

"I will put the package in our private safe, where our silver is kept," said the lady, "until my husband comes home."

"Many thanks. Good morning."

No one was present at this conversation save the parties engaged. After it closed, Mrs. Terwilliger sat a few moments absorbed in thought. At length she took the package, tore off the covering, and examined each bond, to see if there were any marks to indicate the ownership. She found none. She next went to her room, and put on a plain walking-dress. She did not order her carriage, but took an omnibus to her husband's office.

He saw her enter, and dreaded what was to follow. She had come for the three thousand dollars. What *should* he do? He took her in a private room.

"George," she said, and no one could speak more winningly when she chose, "George, I have good news. Here is something which will help us both. Take these and give me three thousand dollars."

Terwilliger looked over the bonds.

"Why, Jane," he said, "how did you get them?"

"Never mind how I got them. Give me the money, quick. It is all right."

"But what am I to do with the bonds? To whom do they belong?"

"It is enough that I bring them to you. Ask no more questions, or I shall go somewhere else to transact my business. On the whole, give me thirty-five hundred dollars. Louisa will require the other five hundred." She knew the child's name was potent with her husband.

The man was quite taken aback, so that he almost mechanically followed his wife's directions. The money was procured and given to her.

"I wish really," he said, as she was leaving, "you would explain this to me. I ought to know about it."

"I will tell you by-and-by. I say it is all right, and that is enough."

In this way the woman raised the necessary cash outlay for the ball that was the talk of all the town.

The old lady who left the bonds with her wrote to Mr. Terwilliger sooner than the wife anticipated, about where to remit the interest when due. The letter arrived the day after the ball, and the day (it never rains, but it pours) which proved a final collapse in the poor fellow's affairs. He saw the thing at a glance; saw how he had been made to take the widow's substance; he knew he could not make it good to her; there could be no explanation except that he was a deliberate knave—a robber—worse, he had plundered the widow and the orphan.—*Putnam's Magazine for September.*

Nearly Drowned by a Water Dog.

THE following curious story is told by a correspondent of *Lead and Water*, a London magazine:

"The following adventure may serve as a warning to others: Last Saturday I took my first bath of the season in the beautiful and retired pool below the Weir at Odney, near Cockham. This pool, like most of the pools on the Thames, is known to be dangerous when much water is coming down, as the undercurrants are very strong, flowing directly back beneath the upper-down current until they reach the boarding, which is extensively undermined. As the water was low, no danger was apprehended on this score, even by a poor swimmer out of practice like myself. I had with me a young retriever of a very large breed, a famous swimmer, whom, unheeding, I left upon the bank untied. While swimming on my back, and splashing with my feet, friend Rollo, thinking, doubtless, his master was in a bad way, hastened with all speed towards me; having turned on my breast, I was then swimming leisurely away to about the middle of the pool, which is fifteen feet deep. When I felt the dog close upon me I struck out hard, but could not get away, his claws scratching my back, and bobbing my nose under water repeatedly, till he sent me right under by putting his paws on my shoulders. When I came up out of breath and with mouth full of water at his side, I yelled out as well as I could, 'Quiet, Rollo!' This was heard above the noise of the waterfall, and attracted the attention of some gentlemen near the bridge; but it failed in its effect on my poor dog, who, delighted to see me above water again,