

An Unpublished Poem.

BY HALLACK.—"THE TEAR."

"On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the damp grave, Mary wept;
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb."

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd pity brought the tear
And placed it in her diadem."

—National Repository for November.

A KING'S NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

It was in the evening of the 31st of December, 1599, that King Henry IV. of France lay yawning on the sumptuous lounge of his sitting-room, in the magnificent palace of the Louvre, in Paris.

He was then forty-seven years old, but looked much younger. He had accomplished what almost every body at the time had deemed an utter impossibility—he had made himself the sole and sovereign ruler of one of the great nations of the Old World, which, until then, had been torn into discordant and bitterly hostile factions. He had made France more powerful than ever, and, with the assistance of the great Sully, restored the popular prosperity to such an extent, that everybody said, "France has never before had such a great and wise Monarch."

At the same time his personal amiability and magnetism were such that the people idolized him, and that he could do with impunity what none of his Royal predecessors had dared to do—namely, to go out alone and unarmed in the dead of night into the streets of Paris, which were then narrow, crooked and very dark. But Henry IV., notwithstanding his extraordinary successes and his proverbial good humor, had at times the blues, and such was the case on this occasion.

"These incessant stiff court festivals," he said to himself, "have become disgusting to me. This is New-Year's night, and I do not intend to spend it in the midst of my fawning courtiers. I believe I will sally out into the street in plain attire and mingle with the people. That will be by far more amusing to me."

He doffed his rich velvet suit, donned rather threadbare clothes, put on an old soldier's hat, filled his pockets with gold-pieces, wrapped himself into a white cloak, and left the palace through a secret passage without being seen by anybody.

As he stepped into the street, a neighboring clock struck ten. He walked hastily over the vaulting bridge that spanned the Seine, and soon found himself in that labyrinth of narrow and crooked streets where the bulk of the Parisian population lived at that time.

The streets were crowded yet, for the Parisians always went late to bed.

Bending into the Rue de Courbois, the disguised King saw a large crowd following a strange procession, which moved toward the eastern end of the street.

Accelerating his steps, the King was not long in overtaking this procession.

He was surprised beyond measure upon perceiving that it consisted of half-naked women, whom some twenty archers were dragging along. The women were weeping and sobbing, and the crowd seemed to sympathize with them.

At last the procession halted in front of a large and brilliant building.

It was the office of the Lieutenant of Police, Monsieur De Goroy, one of the most influential men in the country, as his powers extended all over France.

The archers dragged the unfortunate prisoners into the vestibule of the office. There a young man received them.

"Bawds!" he said to them, haughtily, "to-night you will receive your fifty lashes here and to-morrow the same dose at the Spinning-house, where you will be confined for five years."

The young women burst into loud lamentations. Many of them protested emphatically that they were respectable girls, and that the archers had dragged them wantonly out of the houses of their parents. The man who had announced their sad fate to them, turned his back on them scornfully, and ordered the archers to take them to the whipping post, when Henry IV., who had quietly entered the place, said to him:

"How do you know that these women are bawds?"

"We have to leave that to the archers who arrest them," answered the man. "At any rate, it's none of your business, old fellow. Get out of here!"

"Ho, ho!" rejoined the King. "None of your impertinence. I am the bearer of a message to Monsieur De Goroy, His Majesty's Lieutenant of Police—"

"Ah!"

"Where can I find Monsieur De Goroy?"

"He is at a carousal at the Golden Hart tavern. I'm his nephew, Chandon De Victry, and attend to his business in his absence. Where is your message?"

"You won't get it, young chap. Ah, if King Henry IV. knew how you were carrying on here!"

"You mean about those women?"

"Well, yes."

"Pardieu, Monsieur De Goroy, the Governor of Paris, told my uncle the other day there were too many bawds in Paris, and so he must arrest every night forty or fifty girls."

"I thought the Lieutenant of Police did not receive any orders from any body but the King?"

"Old fellow, you are right. But he does, though, and how is the King going to find it out? Henry IV. pays no attention to such trifles. They say that he is now revolving in his mind a plan to conquer the whole world."

"Maybe he will, one day," remarked the King, significantly.

"Do you know Henry IV. then?"

"Do I know him? I fought very close to His Majesty at the battle of Ivry."

"Ah! You are an old soldier, then.

Come with me into the room, and tell me some of your stories about the pars. I have some nice warm spiced wine inside. You will like it. It's genuine New-Year's Night drink. What is your name?"

"No matter. My comrades call me Old White Panache. Let us have some of your wine."

"My name? Oh, I told you it was De Victry. Well, follow me."

The King was not long in discovering that his host was fast getting intoxicated and exceedingly talkative.

"Rah!" cried De Victry; "what do we care for the King? I have now five priests in the cells below. They will be sent to the dungeons of the Bastille, which are already full of more reverend gentlemen that have incurred the displeasure of Father Guillard, the Queen's chaplain. Father Guillard must be a very influential man. Every week he writes to my uncle a letter or two, requesting him to arrest certain persons and send them to the Bastille. My uncle never fails to do so. Yet if the King knew all this!"

Henry IV. had become very thoughtful.

"Ah! Monsieur De Victry," he said at last, "you must excuse me a few minutes. I have forgotten my cane at the Reine Catherine wine-shop. It's an old keepsake, and I should hate to lose it. I will be back presently."

"All right," said De Victry, quaffing another goblet.

The King hurried back to the Louvre, where he hostilely put on a suit in consonance with his exalted rank. Then he called two Adjutants and drove to the Bastille with them. Colonel Bassonville, Governor of the old stronghold, was not a little surprised upon receiving a Royal visit at this unseasonable hour of the night.

The King accompanied him into his private cabinet.

"You look so sorrowful, old comrade," said Henry IV. to him; "what is the matter?"

"Ah! Your Majesty," was the sad reply when you sent me here, six months ago there were only sixteen political prisoners here. Now we have over eighty—among them many cultivated and enlightened priests, who are at a loss to know why they are here."

"I did not send them here," rejoined the King, but I know who did. Now, Colonel, will you at once send for the Archbishop of Paris, the Queen's chaplain, Father Guillard, and for the Lieutenant of Police, Monsieur De Goroy? All of them must be here within an hour, but they must not know that I am here."

The Governor of the Bastille dispatched messengers for the distinguished persons we have mentioned.

The clock struck twelve when all of them were assembled in the Governor's sitting room. Suddenly the King stepped in.

"Happy New-Year, gentlemen!" exclaimed Henry IV., sarcastically.

"Happy New-Year!" was the response. The Archbishop, Monsieur Graty, a very good man, looked puzzled; Guillard, an Italian, almost scowled at the King, and the Lieutenant of Police had turned very pale.

"Are you sick, Monsieur De Goroy?" said the King, sarcastically, to him. "I was at your office two hours ago. Your nephew, Monsieur De Victry, treated me there to hot spiced wine."

"I was absent for a few minutes, Sire," faltered the hapless Lieutenant of Police.

"Yes, I know, you were at a carousal at the Golden Hart. Are you sober enough to tell me who alone has the right to order you to arrest certain persons?"

"You alone, your Majesty," stammered De Goroy.

"Why, then," thundered the King, "did you execute such orders from Monsieur De Culavry and from Father Guillard?"

De Goroy trembled like an aspen leaf, but made no reply.

The King added, in a solemn tone of voice:

"Scoundrel, I am averse to punishing anybody with death, but you must die. Do not implore my mercy—you must die within an hour. As for you, Father Guillard, who put it into your head to issue an order of arrest?"

The Italian replied boldly:

"Her Majesty the Queen did."

"If she did, I shall have her locked up in her apartments for a whole year; but I do not believe that she wanted poor priests thrown into the Bastille."

"The prisoners taught heresy, Your Majesty."

"Can it be," interposed the Archbishop, "that humble priests that have recently disappeared were arrested at Guillard's instigation?"

The King nodded his head, and then whispered a few words to Colonel Bassonville, who called in a soldier, whom he dismissed with a brief order. Fifteen minutes later a number of ragged prisoners entered the room—they were the imprisoned priests.

"You are free!" said the King to them.

"Yes, you are free, thank Heavens, victims of a designing scoundrel," added the Archbishop.

While the King handed each of them several gold pieces, and assured them that they should be still further indemnified, the Archbishop, turning to Guillard, who was visibly furious, said, sternly:

"You, Guillard, shall remain in irons here to-night. To-morrow you shall be tried by the Ecclesiastical Court. Colonel Bassonville, please have him chained and put into a cell."

The faithless Lieutenant of Police expected that such would be his fate, too, but the King said:

"Monsieur De Goroy, I suppose you have no objection to accompanying me to your office. I promised your interesting nephew that I would be back there.

Gentlemen, added the King, turning to his adjutants, "cover him with your pistols until we reach his office."

They drove thither. M. De Victry received them. He became entirely sober upon discovering that his guest, "Old White Panache," had been no other than the King himself.

"Ah, old fellow!" said Henry IV. to him "call an archer."

De Victry did so. When the archer came, the King said to him:

"Please help Monsieur De Victry to release all prisoners in the cells. Then take him to the whipping post and give him fifty lashes. Then put him into a cell."

The prisoners were overjoyed at getting their liberty. Soon after they were gone the piercing cries of the hapless De Victry were distinctly heard.

M. De Goroy was also locked up. The King returned to the Louvre, where a great Court festival was in progress.

Stepping up to the Queen, he whispered to her:

"Did Your Majesty authorize your chaplain to have certain persons arrested?"

"He spoke to me about some heretic. He said he had orders from Rome. I said there was no objection."

"Oh! Ah! Well, Your Majesty will remain for twelve months at Chateau Rambouillet with two *femmes de chambre*."

The Queen bit her lips, but made no reply.

Monsieur De Culavry was also at the festiva. Stepping up to him the King said:

"You are prisoner, and will spend the night in the dungeon of the Louvre. To-morrow morning you will depart for Fort Miguelon, there to be confined for life. All this for causing people to be illegally arrested."

In the morning De Goroy was broken on the wheel in front of the Bastille. In the afternoon Guillard suffered death by being burned at the stake, the Ecclesiastical Court having condemned him after half an hour's trial.

De Victry saved his life by agreeing to become assistant to the public executioner.

A Girl Blown Three-Quarters of a Mile.

A correspondent, writing from Columbus, Neb., says: A peculiar incident occurred here a few months since, the particulars of which I have just learned.

It was on the day the memorable cyclone passed over Lone Tree and Clark's. The sky was streaked in the northwest with vivid flashes of light, and a terrible rumbling sound made known that a dreadful storm was extending a whirling finger toward the earth and sweeping with great fury whatever came before it. Jennie—a girl who was working at a certain hotel here—was busy at the stove preparing for the next meal. Hearing a rattle at the side door, Jennie went to the door and opened it. As she did so she was caught from the door-way by the whirling wind and carried over the house turning round and round in the air as she went; and after approaching the ground on the other side she again arose and was taken by the whirling wind over stores and dwellings a distance of three-fourths of a mile, being lowered so that her feet could touch the ground as many as eight times during the trip. Exhausted, but in an erect position, she was at last lowered to the earth as lightly as a feather would fall, having received no material injury, though almost frantic with fright. The storm proceeded on its way, leaving her in sight of the town, and in half an hour she again put in an appearance at the hotel, where anxious friends were bewailing her sudden and mysterious departure.

"Marriage by Capture."

Among the Turkomans of Central Asia, who may fitly be styled the Comanches of the East, the ancient and much-discussed usage of "marriage by capture" takes the form of a very singular game, which is universally popular with the tribes of the lower Oxus. It is known by the curious appellation of "kok-buri" (green wolf), a name which has never been satisfactory accounted for. The mode of playing is as follows:

When a Turkoman belle finds herself embarrassed by a crowd of rival suitors, her father settles the matter by assembling them all in a convenient place on the open steppe. He then brings out his daughter, arrayed in the pomp of Turkoman "full dress," and setting her upon a swift horse, places in her hand the carcass of a lamb or kid, well gressed from head to tail, with which she instantly gallops away. The young gentlemen follow her at full speed, and endeavor to snatch the prize from her hands, any one who can succeed in doing so being thereby entitled to consider himself the "happy man."

It sometimes happens, of course that when the cavalier who is the object of the young lady's secret preference comes within arm's length, she will hold the kid in such a way that he can easily wrest it from her; but should a less favored suitor overtake her, she grasps it with all her strength, and the illstarred lover gets nothing but a good roll in the sand for his pains. When all is over, the father regales the whole company with a sumptuous feast of rice and mutton-suet, for which he afterward "sends in the bill" to his future son-in-law, who is often anything but flattered by this expensive compliment.

In an account of a large funeral in Boston lately the writer remarked that "reserved seats were filled by mourners during the rites." Judge of his astonishment upon reading what the printer had transformed the sentence into: "Reserved seats were spilled by mourners during three fights."

The Spinner.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN VOSS.

I sat and spun before my door;
It chanced a nice young man came by;
His cheeks with red were glowing o'er,
And laughter lit his deep brown eye.
I stole a glance at him, but one,
Then bashful sat, and spun, and spun.

"Good morning!" then he kindly said;
And, ere I knew it, nearer pressed.
I trembled so I snapped my thread;
My heart beat faster in my breast.
I fixed the thread that it might run,
Then bashful sat and spun, and spun,

Gently he pressed and smoothed my hand,
And vowed that never such as mine
Had fairest lady in the land,
It was so white, so round, so fine,
By praise my heart was quickly won;
I bashful sat and spun, and spun.

Upon my chair he leaned his arm;
Bent down to praise the thread so fine,
His mouth so near, so red and warm,
He fondly said, "Sweet maiden mine!"
While 'en his eyes to speak begun;
I bashful sat and spun, and spun.

His handsome face approached the flame
Of my hot cheeks of burning red;
Then our two heads together came
As I stooped down to seek a thread.
Ah! then he kissed me. When 'twas done,
I bashful sat, and spun, and spun.

Sharply I chide his forwardness;
But he grew bold and free the more.
He dared round me his arm to press,
And kissed, and kissed me o'er and o'er.
O! tell me, sisters, tell me how
Could I keep spinning—spinning now?

A Monkey Dinner-Party.

It was the funniest dinner-party that could be imagined. Five highly-respectable monkeys in full dress sat at a table with plates and wine-glasses, and the sprightliest, most attentive of monkeys waited upon them, tray in hand, like a good, highly-genteel waitress, as she was.

The monkey at the head of the table was dressed as a naval officer, with admiral's hat, epaulettes and side-whiskers all complete. He was very elegant in his manners, when not licking his plate, and he had an injured, reproachful way of turning of his seat and looking at the waitress when she failed to bring what he wanted, that was wonderful to see. At the foot of the feast sat a farmer monkey in funny felt hat, white smock and loose trousers. He had a tremendous appetite, and soon finished his meal and began knocking hard upon the table for more.

The admiral, who was very proud, never once noticed him, which the hungry farmer accepted in good part, as he didn't take any very great interest in admirals.

But the side of the table was liveliest, after all. In the middle sat a fine monkey-lady, whom I afterward learned was called "Mrs. Lorne," and the monkey gallants on each side took turns in conversing with her. Sometimes, indeed, they both addressed her at once, and then the fashionable Mrs. Lorne would utter a fearful screech and give them a piece of her mind, to the great terror of the farmer and the amazement of the admiral. She was a lovely creature in their eyes, you may be sure, for she wore a red velvet dress and a white hat with a bright pink feather, and her coquettish way of tossing her head was quite irresistible. Wine was freely taken by all the guests, but I learned later that it was only raspberry juice and water. It was funny enough to see them take up their glasses in one hand, bow to each other, toss off the contents, and then pound the table for a fresh supply.

I could not see what they had to eat, but it evidently was something good, for they smacked their lips over it, and grabbed bits from each other's plates so often that their master frequently was obliged to expostulate with them.

Ah, the master! I forgot to speak of him. He was their servant just then, and stood at a respectful distance behind the table, bottle in hand, ready to fill their glasses whenever called upon, or gently to remind the guests that to lick one's plate is not looked upon as good table manners. Meantime the pretty waitress skipped about, bringing this thing and that, as the master ordered, and often sinking into a chair near by for rest and solemn meditation. The dear thing was essily "flustered," and the manners of the admiral sometimes so confused her that she seemed almost ready to faint. At one time, when the master put a pair of lighted candles in her hands bidding her hold them very carefully, she sprang up and ran from the stage with them, holding them both upside down, still blazing and spluttering. Now and then the temptation to get a bit from the table grew so strong that she would watch her chance to take a sly grab when the guests were chattering together. Whenever she succeeded in this, the hundreds of spectators would applaud heartily. We children thought it was rather improper for grown people to encourage theft in that way, but we couldn't help feeling sympathy for the pretty waitress, notwithstanding our good morals.—St. Nicholas.

Love and War.

Russian newspapers relate some romantic attachments which have sprung up between Turkish prisoners of war and Russian ladies of various ages in the towns where the former have been detained, leading in some cases to somewhat sensational and rather inconvenient scenes upon the departure of Turks. At Charkoff a Russian girl, dressed up as a Turk, took her place among the returning Moslems. She was detected on numbering the persons conveyed in the car. At Poltava a young lady of position and education insisted upon accompanying a Turkish officer, to whom she earnestly desired to be married. At the same place the departure of one railway train carrying liberated prisoners led to a regular scene, necessitating the interference of the police and calling for orders which have since been given to prevent similar occurrences in future. A crowd of ladies, young and old, some only schoolgirls, assembled

on the platform and took leave of the departing Turks in the most pathetic and demonstrative of ways. All embraced, all kissed, some burst into tears, others fainted away. All this was done in public. The schoolgirls taking part in the display have since been expelled from their schools.

A Scotch Effort with the Long-Bow.

Concerning the long-bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:

"It was told that Colonel Andrew M'Dowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking a long by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the roadside. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet, and said:

"Ye're welcome hame again, laird."

"Thank you," said the colonel; adding, after a pause, "I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?"

"Ye're richt, 'deed," says Nathan, "it's just me, laird."

"You must be a good age, now, Nathan," says the colonel.

"I'm no verra aul' yet, laird," was the reply; "I'm just turnt a hunner."

"A hundred! says the colonel, musing; 'well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! What ever could you get to cry about?"

"It was my father lashed me, Sir," said Nathan blubbering again; "an' he put me out, so he did."

"Your father!" said the colonel; "is your father alive yet?"

"Leevin' ay," replied Nathan; "I ken that the day tae my sorrow."

"Where is he?" says the colonel. "What an age he must be! I would like to see him."

"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Nathan; "an' no in a horrid gude humor the noo, either."

"They went up to the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for."

"The young rascal!" says the father, "there's nae dooin' wi' him; he's never oot o' mischief. I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfater!"

—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for December.

Not a Good Witness.

A lawyer who was defending a case of assault and battery in the police court, the other day, was given to understand that he could secure a valuable witness in the person of a woman near where the "battery" had occurred, and he therefore made a call at the house, and requested her to detail all the circumstances.

"Well, sir," she began, "I sot right there, holding this 'ere baby on my lap, and I was singing 'Darling, I am growing old.' The baby he was squalling great guns, my boy William was making up faces at himself in the glass, and the man that owns the house was trying to get in to tell us that if we didn't pay up we'd be bounced."

"Yes," remarked the lawyer.

"Well, sir, all of a sudden I heard a rumpus on the street, and I pitched this 'ere young un on the bed, give William a cuff on the ear, and ran to the window. Sech a sight as I seed, sir!"

"Describe it, madam—describe the affair just as you saw it."

"Well, sir, there was Mrs. Perkins, who never had half the husbands nor education I've had, sailing right by my door with a calico train four feet long, and never as much as looking at my house, though I lent her a summer squash and two big onions only last night at dark!"

"And the fight?" queried the lawyer.

"Was there a fight, sir? If there was, I'm not to blame, sir. I did think at first I'd go out and put a new eyebrow on the old jade for putting on style over her betters; but William he got the tack hammer fast in his mouth just then, the baby kicked hisself off the bed, and she sailed out of sight around the corner. I'm an innocent woman, sir, and if I'm taken up I'll sue for damages—the worst kink of damages, sir."

A Witty Tory.

The Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, a Tory clergyman of Boston, was greatly disliked by the patriotic citizens of the town. His bitter wit provoked their enmity quite as much as his leaning towards England, and the Board of War sentenced him, in 1777, to be confined to his own house. A sentinel was placed over him, whom one day the doctor persuaded to go on an errand for him, promising to take his place until his return. The passers-by were much amused to see the doctor gravely marching, with a musket on his shoulder, up and down before his own door, faithfully keeping guard over himself.

A short time after, the guard was removed, but the doctor provoking a further complaint, a soldier was again stationed before his house. In a few days he was also removed, and the witty Tory was left unnoticed. "I have," he said, in speaking of these events, "been guarded, regarded, and disregarded."

His wit once met with a severe retort. Encountering a lady who, having declined an offer of marriage from the doctor, had married a gentleman of the name of Quincy, he said, "So, madam, it appears you prefer a Quincy to Byles."

"Yes," she replied; "for if there had been any thing worse than Byles, God would have afflicted Job with them."

Said a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.