

An Air Castle.

I built a house in my youthful dreams,
In a sunny and a pleasant nook,
Where I might listen the whole day long
To the voice of the gurgling brook;
A cottage with wide and airy rooms,
And broad and shining floors—
A house with the hidden charms of home
And the freedom of out-of-doors.

Fair morning-glories climb and bloom
At will by the eastern eaves,
And on the door-step and window-sill
The roses shake their leaves;
And fair old-fashioned lilacs toss
Their purple plumes high,
While honeysuckles drop their sweet
On every passer-by.

Down at the end of a pleasant path
Is a group of evergreen trees—
Pine and hemlock, and spruce and fir,
With their spicy fragrances;
And, sweetest picture of calm content
That mortal ever saw,
Under a low-boughed apple-tree
Is a bee-hive made of straw.

I have pictured it all a hundred times—
I shall do it a hundred more,
But I never shall own the pleasant home
With the roses over the door.
Never a dream of mine came true;
It is Fate's unbending law;
I shall never see the apple-tree
Nor the bee-hive made of straw.

But yet in the airy realms of dreams—
Where all my riches be,
Enter into the heritage
Which is else denied to me;
I have but to close my eyes to find
My Eden without a flaw—
The home, the garden, the apple-tree,
And the bee-hive made of straw.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen in *Baldwin's Monthly*

AN UNFORGOTTEN TRAGEDY.

New York Star.

Delmonico's old building at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, once so popular with lovers of the good lunches prepared by the great restaurateur, possesses an interest far in excess of that given to it by the association of Louis Delmonico's name. It has been altered recently to suit the occupancy of Messrs. Tredwell, Jarman & Slote, clothiers. But few of the numerous employes of this firm, or indeed of the throngs who daily pass and repass on the great thoroughfare, are aware that in this stone structure was perpetrated the murder of Samuel Adams by John C. Colt, one of the most sensational tragedies that ever startled the city.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 17th day of September, 1841, Mr. John C. Colt, a professional book-keeper and teacher of ornamental penmanship, was sitting in his office on the second floor of the building, the windows looking out on Chambers street. Another book-keeper, name Wheeler, occupied an adjoining apartment, with several pupils who daily attended his instruction. About three o'clock in the afternoon a printer named Samuel Adams, left his work to visit Mr. Colt, for whom he was engaged in printing a text-book. There was a balance due him on the job, and it was to obtain a settlement that the fatal visit was made. Adams sat down on a chair at the opposite side of the table used by his debtor as a desk, and in this position the argument between the parties began. Both men were quick-tempered, a circumstance which soon brought about ill-feeling in the discussion which ensued. The lie was given, and then Adams, becoming enraged, pushed the book-keeper against the wall, and held him in a vise-like grip. A hammer lay upon the table within reach of Colt, who seized it and delivered blow after blow upon the head of his antagonist. With a groan the injured man fell to the floor. A red stream poured from his mutilated head, and in five minutes he was dead.

Mr. Wheeler, in the next room, was startled by the sound of the heavy fall. He advanced cautiously to the door of his neighbor's room, looked through the key-hole, and saw Mr. Colt stooping over a prostrate form, which he was endeavoring to lift up. There was no noise. He returned to his room, while John C. Colt sick and faint, staggered into a chair and hid his hands to avoid the hideous sight. But prompt action on Colt's part became necessary. He began to realize that it would not do to leave the corpse on the floor with the blood soaking into the planks. His first purpose was to fire the house and burn the corpse in it; but this plan he gave up. Once more he was alone with the dead body in his room, and the terrible realization of his own danger began to dawn upon him. There was a wooden box lying disused in a closet, with some canvas awning and stout cord. A new plan suggested itself at the sight of these articles. He first tied the cord around the dead man's neck for the purpose of stopping the flow of blood; then he wrapped the body in the awning and proceeded to pack it in the box, after salting it well with a quantity of salt purchased at a neighboring grocery. This work done he washed the stains from the floor and the walls of the room, went to the Washington Bath-house in Pearl street, and there washed his shirt, after which he went to his home, where his mistress, Caroline Henshaw, awaited him.

The next morning he shipped the body of Adams to New Orleans, putting it on board a clipper lying at the Maiden-lane Dock. He told his mistress nothing about it, and congratulated himself upon getting rid of all evidence of his crime. But adverse winds kept the vessel back. For a whole week the master refused to leave port until a change came. At the expiration of this time a peculiar and overpowering odor began to assert itself in the ship and was traced to the hold. Suspicions were aroused, and orders were given to break the cargo, in doing which the sailors stumbled across this mysterious box. It was opened and the mutilated corpse found doubled up within.

The thrill of horror which this revelation spread throughout the city can be more easily imagined than described. Crowds of the morbidly curious flocked to the pier to obtain a glimpse of the ship

which contained the box; representatives of the press detailed in the various city journals the horrifying aspect of the case, while the detectives scoured the city precincts to find some clue to the perpetrator.

The disappearance of the printer Adams had in the meantime been made the occasion of newspaper comment, and before sundown of the day on which the discovery was made a gleam of light was thrown on the mystery. By the advice of District Attorney James K. Whiting, the Superintendent of Carriage advertisements for the cartman who took the box to the ship. The man appeared and told how he was ordered to take the box from the Chambers street office to Maiden lane pier, and that Mr. John C. Colt gave him the necessary directions and paid him. Colt was immediately arrested, and locked in a cell in Murderers' Row in the City Prison.

There the prisoner lived like a Prince, the wherewith being furnished by his wealthy relatives. The respectability of his connections made him an immense sensation, and his crime and the approaching trial were the engrossing topic of the year.

He was defended by three of the ablest criminal lawyers of that time, but he had a formidable prosecutor in the person of District Attorney Whiting. The line of defense was a plea of manslaughter in self defense, but the jury, after an exciting deliberation of five hours, returned with a verdict of "murder in the first degree." Strenuous exertions were made to save him from the extreme penalty of his crime. The case was carried from the local to the Supreme Courts, and even to the Court of Appeals, but all in vain. Money was spent by thousands, but in spite of every effort he was sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of November, 1842, over a year from the day of the murder.

Immediately after his first trial Colt wrote out, in a stylish and artistic document, a confession, giving the most minute particulars of his crime. Caroline Henshaw, although not married to the unfortunate Colt, was true to him. She was a constant visitor to the cell where he spent most of his time. It was the doomed man's desire that he should marry her before he was hanged, and consent having been obtained, the marriage ceremony was performed at noon on the fatal day, the time of execution having been fixed at four o'clock. By eleven o'clock the bride was at the cell, attired in a green shawl, straw bonnet, claret-colored cloak, trimmed with red cord, and carrying a muff. She was escorted thither by Colt's brother Samuel, and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

Rev. Mr. Anthon performed the ceremony. There were present Robert Emmet, Justice Merritt, David Graham, the Sheriff, Samuel Colt and John Howard Payne; and it is said that Colt himself was cheerful and even chatty upon this his dismal wedding day. After it was over the bride and groom were allowed to be alone together for one hour.

Mr. Colt left at two o'clock, leaving her husband alone, but she could scarcely make her way through the crowds surrounding the jail, so great was the excitement. The gallows held a dangling rope in full view of a multitude, whom the low walls allowed to satisfy their curiosity.

It lacked but five minutes of four o'clock when the cry of fire was raised in the prison. The greatest commotion immediately prevailed. It was found that the cupola of the prison was all ablaze, and to put it out the engines hastened to the spot and got to work. It had scarcely been got under control when the Sheriff ordered that the execution proceed, and asked Mr. Anthon to notify the prisoner that "all was ready."

He opened the door to convey this message, but in a moment more staggered back and gave the startling announcement that Colt was dead. The cell was crowded in a twinkling, and there, dead upon the bed, lay the man for whom the rope was waiting for outside. His hands were comely crossed upon his breast, and the ghastly cut across his throat showed that the execution of the prison yard has been anticipated by the suicidal knife in the cell.

Naturally the excitement by this remarkable and fearful affair was great. It was the sole topic of the town.

In another allusion to the subject a paper of the day asked:

"Who gave him the knife? Persons who were alone with him in the cell yesterday: Rev. Mr. Anthon, Dudley Selden, Samuel Colt, Caroline Henshaw, Sheriff Hart. In addition to the above, David Graham and Robert Emmet visited him together, when no other persons were present. Also John Howard Payne and Lewis Gaylord Clark visited him with Samuel Colt. Who gave him the knife?"

There were at the time, and are now many persons who believe that during the excitement consequent to the burning of the Tombs cupola Colt was allowed to escape, and a body substituted by his friends to convey the impression of suicide.

Her Thilk Stockingth.

Lady Caroline Lamb was fond of saying startling things, to which a slight lisp gave additional piquancy. William Harness was dancing with her at a great ball, when she confounded him by demanding, "Gueth how many pairth of thilk stockingth I have on?" His wit not being equal to the divination, she raised her skirts above a pretty ankle, and, pointing to a little foot, said, "Thix." When old enough to disregard the doctors' embargo on stivity, Lady Caroline had learned with avidity, though without system. She soon acquired French and Italian, music and painting, could write an ode of Sappho, or dash off a spirited

caricature. She rode and wrote as fearlessly as she talked. No wonder William Lamb, once attracted by a girl so bewitching and original, found all others common place. He again proposed, and, unhappily, he was not again refused—because, he says, "I adored him."—*Temple Bar*

"For Better or for Worse."

Husband and wife were they. Children at home called them "papa" and "mama." They were still at the antemeridian side of life, but the man at death's door, so to speak. His face was of ashen hue, his lips purple and his eyes looked like far distant stars reflecting in a pool of stagnant water. His brow was clammy, his hair dank, his poor limbs shrunken, and his chest hollow. His hands nervously turned over and "fiddled" with an old army discharge and some pension papers while he gazed at the court with a smile that was more distressing to see than a frown. Pain, anger, despair and a breaking heart lurked in its corners.

"What do you want me to do with your husband, Mrs. Bradley?" asked Judge Otterbourg.

"To send him to some hospital or asylum!" rejoined the wife, trim and neat beside the sinking man.

"Do you want to go, Mr. Bradley?" asked the court.

"No! no! your honor! I want the care and attention of the wife I love and the kisses of my little children, whom they won't let me see!" replied the poor fellow in wavering tones of mingled love and sorrow.

"How's this? Who are 'they?'"

"My mother-in-law and my wife's brother, judge. I am a pensioner, your honor, and have always been a good husband. Haven't I, Brunner?" appealed he to one of the clerks sitting beside the judge.

"Of their family relations I know nothing, your honor," responded Brunner, taking off his spectacles, "but I have been acquainted with him a long time."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Brunner; you have often heard my voice raised in the house of the Lord, haven't you, sir?" exclaimed Bradley, clasping his poor thin hands fervently together.

Mr. Brunner sat down with a sigh.

"Oh, judge!" continued the sick man, "I want my dear wife home with me and my babies, my little ones." He broke down completely.

"Why, William!" said the wife to him aside. Then turning to the Judge, she remarked: "The doctor says he ought to be sent to the hospital."

"Where are you living and who is the doctor?"

"With my mother; the doctor's name is Hutton."

"Why don't you keep away from your mother and brother if they make trouble between you and your husband, who is so sick that he ought to be in bed now instead of being here, where you have summoned him? He doesn't abuse you? No; he's almost bed-ridden, and he loves you and his little ones."

"Oh! yes! yes! My little ones, judge! my little ones!" gasped the poor fellow.

"Go home, madam, and treat him right. He needs your best care, and I've no doubt deserves it. I will not help any one to shut him up in a hospital to please wife or mother-in-law."

The wife bowed and left Jefferson market court with her friends. Bradley tottered feebly home alone.—*New York Herald*.

Inconvenient Questions.

From the Providence Journal.

A gentleman recently invited a well-known lecturer to his house to take tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, a little daughter of the gentleman said to the guest, quite abruptly, "Where is your wife?" The gentleman, having recently been separated from the partner of his life, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth the truth, "I don't know." "Don't know!" replied the infant terrible, "Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations despite the mild reproof of the parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over with at once. So he said with calmness, "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not." He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperating look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed: "Can't agree!" Then why not fight it out as papa and ma do?"

His Last Resort.

A small, inoffensive-looking one-armed man, with rather an intelligent face, but poorly clad and with marks of pain and suffering in his countenance, walked slowly into the Central Police Station yesterday forenoon and motioning Lieut. Morse, the officer in charge, to one side, where he could not be overheard by anyone else in the room, whispered in a broken voice: "I am sick and without money or friends, I've been to all the hospitals, and none of them will take me in. I was at the Infirmary, but there it was the same, and I am so feeble and sick that if I do not get some place to stay I will die."

"What do you think we can do for you here if none of these places can help you?" quietly inquired the Lieutenant.

"I have got a pair of shoes here," answered he in a half-scared way, taking from under his arms the articles carefully wrapped in a newspaper, and handing them to the officer.

"If you want to dispose of these, and have a right to sell them (adding this on account of the suspicious look of the man), you can surely find a better market than this."

"The paper is mine, but the shoes are not. I stole them." This confession

in the same quiet way he had spoken before.

"From where?" asked Morse, scarcely comprehending the man.

"The sign is George Angel, and the store is on the street that leads to the market. I hate to call it stealing. I never stole anything in my life before, but I took them, thinking that you would arrest me and send me to some place where I could be taken care of."

He almost broke down as he finished this statement. With a feeling of pity the officer took up his pen and turned to the blotter. The man's name, Thomas Johnson, was recorded upon its pages with the charge of petit larceny against it. The turnkey showed him into the prison and the iron doors closed behind him. In the afternoon he appeared before Judge Updegraff, and repeated his statement. The court found him guilty, imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars and ordered him sent to the workhouse for thirty days.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Flown Away.

B. ORA READ GOODALE.

On the bare, brown boughs before me,
In the softly falling rain,
Rests a bluebird; now, upstarting,
See how suddenly she's darting
Far away across the plain.

It was but a dash of color,
Shown against a stormy sky;
Only two blue wings uplifted
Where the gray clouds slowly drifted—
But they bore a song on high.

She is lost in misty darkness—
Will she pierce beyond the gray?
Will she reach the blue behind it?
Will she pause when she shall find it?
Will she know it? Who can say?

—Scribner for November.

A Lady's Wonderful Nerve.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman, and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

On the evening of Sept. 19th., she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp, that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room, had thrown upon the floor, almost directly at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under a broad-topped ornamental table in the center of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers, and remembered that several desperate burglaries had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositiously by a negro desperado who was notorious as having lost two fingers of his right hand.

Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and besides herself in the house there was but a single maid servant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table, underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant.

"Hand me the writing materials, Bridget," said she, with perfect calmness. "I want you to take a note this instant to Mr. Forfar, the jeweler, and have him send you back with my diamond necklace and ear-drops, which I left there for repair several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twenty fold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them here in my bureau-drawer."

The note was at once written and dispatched, but instead of in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no pieces of jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to the jeweler, an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged them to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive.

The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouching under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her very skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal.

She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and in other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited, waited, waited, with a wildly beating heart, and her eyes fastened upon the hands of her little ormolu clock with a greedy, feverish gaze.

At last, however, came the prayed for relief. There was a ring at the door, and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfar and three stalwart policemen. The latter passed stately up stairs and into the boudoir, where they suddenly pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a struggle.

The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal, named Clapham, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.

A Norwich teacher gave one pupil the subject "Boy" to write upon; it was to be treated in three parts: 1. What is it? 2. What is its use? 3. What is it made of? The lad wrestled hard for a few moments and then wandered out to the teacher's desk radiant with enthusiasm and submitted the following: "A boy is an animal; his use is to carry in wood; he is made of bones."—*Norwich Bulletin*.

The Little People.

When is a boy like a bird? When he has a ravenous appetite.

Johnny was whipped at school for a piece of mischief done by another boy. Verdict, a misplaced switch.

A correspondent asks: "What did William Tell?" So far as we remember he said: "Oh, shoot the apple anyway!"

An old negro cook says: "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey need some oder kind of dressin'."

"When is a man a coward?" asked a teacher of mental philosophy. "When he runs away from a cow," answered a pupil.

"That boy will make his mark in the world some day," said a parent of his duller child. So he did. He never learned to write.—*Edinburg Herald*.

"See, mamma!" exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arching spine and elevated rudder, strutted around the table, "see! Kitty's eat so much she can't shut her tail down."

"Oh, mother, I don't want to go to school to-day, I've got such a bad pain in my head." "Very well, you shall stay at home and take some physic." "Oh, it don't matter; I'll go, then; I've got the pain, but it doesn't hurt a bit."

A little girl who resides on the hill said last night, after a strong swallow of catnip tea, and after her parent had vainly importuned her to take some more, "No, mamma; one swallow's good as some more."—*Kingston N. Y. Freeman*.

A Sunday-school pupil of tender age being asked how he liked the gentleman who had addressed the school, replied: "He was a funny man. He told about the handwriting on the wall and said it was 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle the parson.'"

"What's the name of your dog, sonny?" inquired a man of anurchin who was leading a big Newfoundland by a rope. "Tray, sir," replied the boy. "Ah! I see," rejoined the man. "Then he is led as Tray?" The boy said he guessed so.

Said a mother to her little son: "There! Your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said: "Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes?" "No." "Because toes wriggle, and heels don't."

Arthur (who had been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpapa's Bible stories): "And were you in the ark, grandpapa, along o' Noah and the rest of 'em?" Grandpapa (indignantly): "No, sir, certainly not!" Arthur: "Then how is it you wasn't drowned?"

At a recent Sunday school concert the superintendent was talking about idols, when, to ascertain whether the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked: "Children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the quick and loud response of one of the members of the juvenile class.

Scene, not far from fashionable State street: Little girl to playmate: "Say, has your mother got a feller?" Second hopeful: "A feller? Why my mamma's married. How can she have a feller?" First speaker: "Oh, that doesn't make any difference. Has your mother got a feller? Mine has."

A teacher asked one of her class what was the first line of a piece of poetry which described Daniel's feelings on being cast into the lion's den. The youngster was posed. The teacher said "Come! come!" sharply. Thereat the boy exclaimed, hurriedly, "I know, Miss; it was 'Good-by, sweet heart, good-by.'"

Janet: "Mamma, dear, what time in the day was I born?" Mamma: "At 2 o'clock in the morning." Jack: "And what time was I born?" Mamma: "Not until 8 o'clock." Janet: "Ah, my birthday is longer than yours, Jack!" Jack: "What's the use of being born before its time to get up?"—*Punch*.

Punch: Juvenile (who has been in the habit of fetching rump steak for an invalid mother): Mother sent me for two pounds of the best beefsteak, and please to cut it tender, 'cause it is for my little brother that's ill. Butcher (kindly): Your brother's a-gettin' of his little appetite again, ain't he, young gentleman?

A little miss of eight summers, living on the hill, was sent to a store on Main street Saturday to purchase some lace. After doing it up the clerk said: "Well there is one and a half yards of lace at ten cents a yard; how much does that come to?" To which the miss pertly replied: "Well I'm not going to tell. I have to study arithmetic all the rest of the week, and I'm not going to bother my head with it Saturday."—*Hartford Times*.

A certain little girl up town lived with two aunts, one married, with a whole lot of children, and lots of worry and bother and the other single and having quite a comfortable time teaching school. The child one day threw her doll aside, and assumed an attitude of profound thought, which was interrupted at last by the question, "Well, Julia, what are you thinking about?" When the child let loose a ten-acre lot full of crude philosophy by answering: "I was finkin' whether, when I grew up, I'd treat stool or have a baby."—*Cincinnati Times*.

Old Cato, the Roman senator, was not only a senator, a true republican, but also a farmer. He wrote a book upon farming. "Our ancestors," said Cato, "regarded it as a grand point of husbandry not to have too much land in one farm, for they considered that more benefit came by holding little and tilling it well." Virgil says, and that was after the empire was begun: "The farmer may praise large estates, but let him cultivate a small one." And Curius, the Roman orator, went so far as to say: "He was not to be counted a good citizen, but rather a dangerous man to the state, who could not content himself with seven acres of land."