FOR MERCY ON THE DRUNKARD.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

When doomed to death the apostle lay
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
A light shown around him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain, and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first

O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send the succor from on high.

Send down, in its restless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, who implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more.

A CANTATA IN TEXAS.

The Texans Enjoy "Esther" Interpreted by Home Talent.

Bradford Era.

We are prone to form a bad opinion of the morals of Texas by the reports that are conveyed to our ears through the venial press. One would be led to think that every citizen carries from six to ten revolvers, to say nothing of a few dirks and several torpedoes in his coat-tail pocket. Now, I am pleased to correct this false impression, having but recently returned from that State, where I attended a cantata of "Queen Esther." Will you let me tell the gossipers how the affair passed off? St. Nilliad is a pleasant town near the Mexican line. It is noted for its docility. No man is allowed to carry more than six pistols at once there, and the Magistrate recently fined a dead nigger for carrying a shotgun concealed about his person. The Sunday-school scholars are made to deposit their pistols in the vestibule before the school opens, and no minister is permitted to keep more than two shot-guns in the pulpit.

The cantata, the first ever gotten up at St. Killiad, was a sublime affair. Hobson Hall was filled at an early hour During the opening chorus a strange noise was heard behind the stage, and the manager said that their Haman had accidentally shot himself while practicing with Mordecai, and Bill Briggs was substituted. Bill forthwith made his appearance, with pants stuck in boots, in the most nonchalant manner, and began to call Mordecai a second-hand clothing store and other pet names. I saw at once that Bill had the heart of the audience, for cries of "Go in, Bill!" "Give 'em!" came from every part of the house. I really think that Bill actually believed himself to be Haman; but he was finally coaxed from the stage by the muzzle of several shot-guns, that were poked at him from the wings, and Ahasuerus came on.

"Bully for Ahhaz!" yelled a boy in the gallery.

The Assyrian king stopped suddenly and looked up at the entkusiastic youth:

"See here," he said, "this is a religious play, and decency has to be observed. That boy forgets that this is the State of Texas, and we're going to have order if we've got to get it with a pistol. I'm playing Ahasuerus just now, but after the show I'll be Sam Turner again and if any man wants to see me then he can make his want's known."

The cantata proceeded but I felt uneasy. I thought that, for an Assyrian, Ahasuerus handled his revolver in a very careless manner, but somebody said it was natural. The King had hardly got securely seated on his throne, when Haman rushed from one of the wings and said that he unerstood that two Mexicans were in the house, and that he wouldn't play until the Greasers were put out." A sacred concert shouldn't be spoiled by the presence of a couple of lousy Mexicans. His remraks were greeted with tumultuous applause, and a sudden tussel near the door followed. The next day the Coroner held an inquest on the bodies of Rive Goliad and St. Jose Miguel, two Mexicans who had displayed bad sense in attending a sacred concert in St. Killiad. After the tussel just referred to the cantata proceeded.

Mordecai wasn't the meek-looking fellow I had expected to see. He was a six-foot chap, with a practical mustache, who remarked to Haman in hearing of one-half the audence that he was the "man-eatin' aligator of Texas." He certainly in appearances bore out his remarks. He and Ahasuerus had several spirited interviews, and once, while Esther was singing for the King, Mordecai's revolver was accidently discharged; killing the boy who was overhead helping to manipulate the scenery. As the hanging of Haman approached I moved toward the door. From some side remarks which I heard Haman drop on his downfall, I expected a lively time. I knew the Bill Briggs would not be seized without a desperate resistance, so I sloped. It came just as I expected. The King and his body-guard made a rush for Haman, and the fun began, Bill got the drop every-where. Bullets whistled through the auditorium, but not a man moved but one red-shirted fellow from Galveston, who jumped on the stage and knocked Ahasuerus down.

Next morning I heard all this summed up as follows: Haman shot in the mouth and cut in the groin; Mordecai killed dead; Ahasuerus' nose broken and shot in the thigh; two Assyrian officers badly wounded, Queen Esther badly bruised. The St. Killiad Weekly *Buckshot* called it one of "the liveliest cantatas ever witnessed in the State, and hoped it would be repeated at some future day."

The Unknown Dead.

Among the most noteworthy of the recent mementos of the war is the memorial obelisk erected at Salisbury, N. C., to mark the burial-place of the Northern soldiers who perished in the adjacent prison pen during the last years of the great conflict. It has been estimated that the eighteen trenches contain no fewer than 11,700 men, buried promiscuously, without the possibility of identification, from which circumstance this burial ground is known as the Cemetery of the "Unknown Dead." It lies about half a mile from the town of Salisbury, on a sloping ground, and has an extent of about seven acres, surrounded by a massive stone wall. The cemetery proper covers two acres, the other five being laid out as a lawn, and planted with trees. A neat lodge has been erected at the main entrance, over which the national colors are daily displayed in fine weather. The monument itself, a plain obelisk of New Hampshire granite, thirty-six feet ten inches in height, is from a design by Mr. Augustus Van Cleef, of New York, and was erected at a cost of $10,000. The unknown names of the dead are poetically symbolized by a veiled shield. A sword and helmet typify the national struggle, and a pair of broken fetters, the bursting of the prison bonds by Death. Over all, surrounded by a laurel wreath, is the inscription "Pro Patria." The monument, standing on the highest part of the slope, is plainly visible from the railway, and forms one of the most picturesque features of the local panorama.

Fashion Chitchat.

Pompadour sateen is now used for corsets.

Gardinary is the salesman's version of jardiniere.

Short black satin skirts are worn with grenadines.

B[illegible] and rows of bows down the front are worn with polonaises.

Some of the new bandanna dresses are said to remind the beholder of Bardwell Slote.

Fifteen plaited frills are set on some of the narrow petticoats worn with short-trained dresses.

The Princess of Wales is hardly recognized when riding in the Row with her brother, Prince Waldemar.

Tunics that open in front are now caught together by large cut-steel buckles placed slightly aslant.

An entirely new apron overskirt is sharply pointed in the center and shirred at intervals across its breadth.

It is said that very good coverlets may be made of strips of cotton woven together in the same way as for rag carpet.

Handkerchiefs with Japanese and cashmere borders are sold to wear with lawns and muslins having similar trimming.

Some of the new French dresses are made short in front and on the side, but have a very short train set in the middle of the back.

"That man came to this city forty years ago, purchased a basket and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" We gave it up. "Nothing, and he owes for the basket."

The rage for black and gold increases in England. Yellow looks bright without seeming hot, and is therefore becoming to women who have as much color as most English dames.

"What is one among so many?" is the pathetic title of a picture representing a solitary young man at a summer hotel. Well, he is a great deal more than he would be anywhere else.

Small red Phrygian caps, ornamented with red feathers, are worn by French children with white bunting suits. Red stockings complete a striking costme that can hardly be called pretty.

THE Conntess of Flanders has consented to become one of the patronesses of the annual London exhibition of china painted by amateurs, and will present a badge for competition.

SIMPLE folding tablets are the newest dinner cards in London, but for dinners given to special classes emblematic cards are preferred. The bill of fare for an Alderman's dinner was printed on a turtle; for musicians, on a violoncello; for yachtsmen, on a shield lying on crossed oars.

A FANCY ball and two others at which ordinary costumes were worn were given the same evening in London recently, and one enterprising woman attended one in a pretty stylish dress, then powdered her hair in her own carriage and sailed into a second ball-room as a "Watteau."

"ATLAS," of the London World, respectfully suggests to the ladies that they should effect the most important revolution of modern times by abandoning the bonnet forever, and suggests as a substitute the Milanese veil of black lace, which is very warm when made of thick silk, and very cool when composed of Chantilly.

At the battle of Shiloh a German officer rushed up to Gen. Grant and said: "Sheneral Schwartz's battery is took." "Well, sir," said Grant, "you spiked the guns before they were taken?" "Vat! I schpike dem new guns? No, Scheneral, it would schpoil 'em." Well, then, what did you do?" Do! vy we went right in and we took 'em back again."

True Courtesy.

While at Providence, R. I., says a correspondent. I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. At table the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon-street aristocracy of Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite au fait 30 years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease.

Mrs. Livermore said: "I was once a recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort. When I was in London my husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house next evening and met a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends of hers. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in full dress in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage-dress, bonnet, black gloves!" "What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl at the table, impatient for the denouement.

"Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed, I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the faux had somewhat disturbed and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around and they were all bare-handed? Moreover, I observed that half a dozen had bonnets on. This half dozen other old women in this court who waste time, besides that respectable old lady who has just left the witness-box." The lawyer collapsed, his Honor looked very serious, but every body else enjoyed the luxury of a broad grin, the hit was so direct.

A COUP D'ETAT.

If little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers uprear
Our love had grown into a tree
And bloomed without a single tear.

I hapily hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was opened. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim.
How could I waste a thing so good;
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear,
And then, "O Robert, don't you think
That was rather—*cavalier?*"

London Society.

Cavalry Against Infantry.

Colonel Dakin, commanding one of the six volunteer regiments which were raised in Lousiana to serve during the war with Mexico, was a strict and capable disciplinarian, and in a short time his regiment excited the admiration of even veteran offiicers, by the ease and precision with which it drilled and maneuvered.

One morning the regiment was drawn up and the men were standing at ease, after a variety of marches, and charges' and evolutions, when the colonel took it into his head to put their discipline to a stronger test. The regiment was thrown into a square to receive calvary. The commander rode off a few yards, and then, wheeling his horse, came down, sword in hand, at a fierce gallop, straight at his men. He and his steed formed an imposing object, for he was a big man and his steed a big horse, and neither appeared to fear the glistening and bristling bayonets against which they were rushing. The men stood the charge very well until the horse and rider were within a few feet; then they broke right and left in confusion, and opened a passage for the "calvary" into their ranks.

Of course the colonel was wroth, and the way the officers and men caught it for a few minutes was by no means agreeable to their feelings.

"You repel cavalry! Why, what would you have done if a thousand dragoons had charged upon you as I did?"

"Well, just try us again, colonel, and see if we don't hurt your feelings," cried a number of discomfited volunteers.

The square again formed. Off rode the colonel, round he wheeled, and down he came again at full speed, dashing straight at the bayonets, and looking as if he would crush the line into powder under his charger's heels. The bayonets wavered not, though the horse came faster and faster, and finally, with a terrible bound, sprung at the square. The square stood the shock, and the next moment the horse was stretched on the ground, with a broken bayonet in his side, and his limbs quivering in the death agony, while the stout rider lay with his foot and knee caught, and himself unable to rise. Not a man moved, the square was silent, steady and unbroken. In another moment the colonel was on his feet. He replaced the sword in the scabbard, looked gravely and coolly at the dead horse, then at the firm array of soldiers, and said, in his quiet way:

"Very well done, boys; both the horse and square did their duty. Now you are ready for the lancers."

The men gave three cheers, and a Louisiana "tiger."

Anecdotes of Crowned Heads.

The Empress Josephine was passionately fond of dress. Milliners, dressmakers and others often took advantage of this very feminine weakness. On one occasion the court dressmaker exhibit d before her a marvel of loveliness in the shape of an India cashmere robe, covered with gold embroidery, worked in the form of roses, with a costly pearl in the heart of each rose. At sight of this dress the Empress uttered an exclamation of delight. Unfortunately for her the Emperor was present.

"How much is that dress?" he asked, with an air of curiosity.

"Twenty thousand pounds, sir," responded the dressmaker, with a profound bow.

"Very well, madam; take it elsewhere," said Napoleon, brusquely. My wife is not rich enough to indulge in such folly. It will do for the wife of Bourrienne," he dded, sarcastically.

He had recently quarreled with Bourrienne, who for a long time had been his secretary and friend, and was not sorry of an opportunity to give him a blow, although it had to be given over Madam Bourrienne's shoulder. This lady was called the homeliest and most extravagant woman in Paris. However she was not a Parisian, but was born in Leipzig.

The dressmaker left the imperial presence, considerably chagrined at the rebuff. She carried the robe to Madam Bourrienne, to whom she repeated the Emperor's words. The wife of the secretary instantly purchased the dress that was considered too costly for an empress. The Bourrienne family possessed a prizcely fortune, but were completely ruined soon after this.

At the universal exposition in London, in 1840, Madam Sayant, a French embroiderer, exhibited a robe of fine India muslin, elaborately worked in lace stitch. The Queen of England greatly admired the dress, and desired to purchase it. She went for the owner, and demanded the price which was eight thousand francs.

"It is too expensive for me," said her majesty, smiling. "My purse will not admit of such extravagance."

Then she commanded Madam Sayant to make her a dress similar in style, but limited the price to three thousand francs. Afterward an American merchant purchased the dress costing eight thousand francs, for a lady in New Orleans.

At the funeral of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild the first three spadefuls of earth were thrown in by the eldest son of the deceased, "so that he might fulfil the duty of burying his dead." The other kinsmen followed in their order, then members of the congregation. As the coffin was lowered those present joined in the words: "May he come to his appointed place in peace," and plucked a few blades of grass before they left, saying in acknowledgement of the resurrection: "And they shall blossom forth from the ruins like the dust of the earth."

A relative of Abernethy's, not remarkable for his Hindoo ablutions, once applied to him for a remedy for sore throat. "Why," said the doctor gravely, fill a pail with water as warm as you can bear it, till it reaches up to your knees; then take a pint of oat meal and scrub your legs with it for a quarter of an hour." "Why, hang it, man," interrupted the other, "that is nothing more than washing one's feet!" "Certainly, my dear John," said he, "admit it is open to that objection."

A GREAT TEMPTATION,

And What Caused It to Be Overcome.

The waves were rolling in toward the shore as John Becket stood upon a ledge of rock overlooking the sea, while the sun was slowly sinking into a great frosty bank of cloud.

John Becket was by trade a fisherman and no braver or more industrious man even lived upon the coast. John had but one enemy, and that was a man of his own calling, Samuel Henderson. They had once been partners in the business, and the two had toiled together many a day upon the waters, but at length a division arose beteen them, and in that way the feud grew, till at length all intercourse ceased between them.

Now, as John stood there, his thoughts were of Samuel Henderson, and a certain sickly faced child at home, limping about on crutches, whose mother lay in her grave, whither she went on giving the child birth.

It so happened that one day this child was playing on the shore when Henderson returned from fishing. Henderson being a high-tempered man, called to the child, and bidding him leave the fish alone which he was stringing, and the child not heeding, struck it with the oar of the boat, little thinking, perhaps, of the weight of the blow, or what would be the result. For months the child languished, and when at last it left its little bed, it was too hobble about among old friends a cripple,

And it was the injury done to the child by Henderson that Becket's thoughts were busy with as he stood upon the ledge, as the sun sank among the clouds, and the wind that lifted his hair told him of the storm that was fast approaching.

John Becket's boat was snugly beached a few yards distant; he had not been out that day, but something always drew him to the shore when a storm was approaching.

How he enjoyed it now. How cooling were those big drops of rain. How black the sea looked with the shadows of the clouds upon it. How the thunder muttered, like a voice calling him out of the distance, and as he cast his eye over the face of the sea, he detected Henderson's boat making directly for the shore, almost in a line with the place where he stood.

The boat came fast, for the winds bore it along with them; now he saw it lifted high upon some seething crest; again it was lost in the hollow of the sea—a few more struggles and it was closer to the coast, with Samuel Henderson standing in the stern, striving to steer into the cove on the right, and around the point of rocks which jutted out between him and the land.

Then was the moment of John Becket's great temptation.

"I can save this man," thought John; but a fiend in his heart whispered: "No, let him perish! He is your enemy."

Henderson looked toward him where he stood, and in spite of the bitter hatred between the two, Becket could not help feeling admiration for the cool, courageous sailor in the boat below, facing death with as apparent unconcern as if he were merely touching land upon a bright, sunny day.

High in the air rose the boat on the top of a huge breaker, and the two men appeared to one another so close that one step might have brought them together. Then down, down, down, and John Becket could see that Henderson was many yards from the rock yet.

One moment of hesitation, and away he sped towards his boat, and seizing a coil of rope that lay within, hurried upon the rocky foreland that Henderson was trying to round.

He reached it and giving one end of the rope that he held a tremendous hurl into the air, sent it high over Henderson's head, who catching it as it fell, wound it fast around his body; and, as the next wave lifted his frail bark upon its crest to dash it mercilessly upon the rocks, he gave a leap into the sea and striking out manfully to keep himself afloat, slowly, cautiously, but steadily Becker drew him in, and in less than five minutes the two men stood together on land—Henderson, pale as a ghost, his hair dripping with salt sea-water, and his clothes clinging to his long, spare limbs, but in his eyes the light of gratitude; and in a moment more their hands were clasped in one another's; and in that meeting, to which life and death were invisible witnesses, the past was forgotten.

A Dutiful Husband.

There is at Moscow a certain German, a blacksmith, named Jordar, who married a Russian woman. After she had lived some time with her-husband, she one day thus lovingly addressed him: "Why is it, my dearest husband, that you do not love me?" The husband replied, "I do love you, passionately, "I have, as yet," said she, received no proof of your love." The husband inquired what proofs she desired. Her reply was, "You have never beaten me!" "Really," said the husband. "I did not think that blows were proofs of love; but, however, I will not fail even in this respect." And so, not long after, he beat her most cruelly, and confessed to me that after that process his wife showed him much greater affection. So he repeted the exercise frequently, and finally, while I was still at Moscow, cut off her head and her legs.—*Old English Travels in Russia.*

A Partial Blockade

Of the main avenue for escape of refuse from the human system is utterly subversive of regularity among the other organs. Let constipation become chronic, and, leaving out the imminent danger of inflammation of the bowels and their total obstruction occurring, jaundice is almost certain to ensue, the liver is liable to become engorged, the blood and urine are poisoned by the bile, which also vitiates the juices of the stomach, and other unhappy consequences follow. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a prime tonic alterative, prevents or remedies these results and their cause, as the case may require, and is also signally efficacious in overcoming flatulence, heartburn, and variable as well as constipated action of the bowels. It renews nerve power, improves the appetite, stays the progress of early decay, relieves the infirmities of age, and is a pleasant appetizer.

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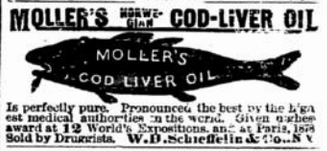

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