Rutland Weekly Globe.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1873.

The New York *World* says a builder had a fence made in Paterson, to ship to New Haven. The freight by railroad from Paterson to New Haven cost $6. The cartage through New York city was $28.50. It is very well our western freight does not come through that city.

VILLAGE AFFAIRS.

We notice that a special village meeting has been called for Tuesday evening, May 30th, to see if the village will vote a tax sufficient to meet the necessary current expenses of the year.

It is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance of the taxpayers at this meeting and that a tax may be voted sufficient to cover all the necessary current expenses of the village.

The village corporation is heavily in debt, we are aware, yet it is no sufficient reason why a tax should not be voted to pay the current expenses. Retrenchment and reform are proper and right, and perhaps should have been commenced ere this, but there is a limit even to economy in public affairs. The officers of the village should not be embarassed in carrying forward such measures as are for the absolute good of the public, and such as cannot be abandoned without detriment to the public weal. A certain routine must be kept in operation for the public convenience and safety. Our village is in reality a city, although governed in a more economical way, and the Board of Trustees represent a city government without the extraordinary powers granted to a council and board of aldermen, thus making the expenditures and disbursements for current expenses far less in amount, and enabling us to save thousands of dollars which would otherwise be unreasonably expended or wasted. Are we not as well governed as Burlington under its city organization, and with less taxes?

The Board of Trustees must be sustained in all legitimate expenses, and we have no fear of the abuse of the power placed in their hands. They cannot use the power granted them unless they have such appropriations as are sufficient to carry on the every day affairs and legitimate operations of the corporation. That sufficient appropriations were not voted at the annual meeting is evident to all who have considered the subject, and it has compelled the Trustees to ask for it, and unless the taxpayers shall vote (which they most certainly ought to) a tax, to meet the necessary current expenses of the year, they will be compelled to cease the lighting of the streets, discontinue the night police, and otherwise cut off expenditures which are absolutely necessary for the protection of the property and the safety of the lives and persons of individuals. Do our citizens desire darkened streets and unsafe thoroughfares? Is it economical or safe to have such a condition of things? These are questions which the people should consider and discuss.

An important village like Rutland, rapidly growing and expanding, must have extraordinary expenses. They cannot be avoided. The health and safety of the community demand them. There may have been error and mismanagement in some departments in the past, but we think not in the legitimate current expenses of the village. Such especially as are acknowledged to be indispensible and requisite for common welfare. We quite agree with those who demand a payment of the debt and call for retrenchment and reform in some of the expenditures, but we must most earnestly dissent from the view of some that the property of the village should not be protected by a night police, and the persons of individuals saved from harm and, perhaps, loss of life by the presence of authority, or from bodily injuries that might be received while passing through our darkened streets at night fall. Our town is now orderly and quiet under the restraint of wholesome safeguards, but we apprehend, should these be abandoned as they necessarily will be after June 1st unless a tax is voted, rowdyism would be developed, accidents would occur, and numerous other ills would befall us within thirty days, such as our citizens would regret. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is an old adage that should be acted upon in this emergency, and the Trustees should be furnished sufficient funds to carry on municipal affairs in such manner as shall protect the community and save the credit and good name of the village.

The Board of Trustees are quite right in calling for a tax instead of assuming to run the village in debt or incur personal liabilities in the management of the trusts committed to them. This is an evidence of their intent to give us an economical administration and to proceed no further than they have funds to carry on the proper functions of the corporation, even if they must stop the wheels of government until they can "pay as they go."

We have a board of Trustees composed of practical business men, who can and will heed the public voice, in an economical administration, and will not ask anything unreasonable at the hands of the taxpayers. A majority of the Board, at least, Messrs. Cramton, Tuttle, Dunn, and Otis, have had large experience in business and know the wants of the corporation. Therefore let the voters come out to the village meeting on the 30th, candidly discuss the subject, and vote such tax as may be necessary to carry on our municipal affairs.

PERILS OF INTOXICATION.

It is a common notion that there is a fortune which hedges the safety of a drunken man; that if he should fall from a roof he would come down limp like a pillow or in a ball like a bear, and he might strike anywhere about his person, it would be all the same, he would not be hurt. That may be true as to falling from houses; so few people fall from houses that a rule cannot be reliably generalized from known cases. But it is certain that in railroad perils the intoxicated man is at a disadvantage. If he wants to lie down to sleep, and it happens to be convenient, he knows just enough to put his head on one rail and his feet on the opposite. If he is walking on a railroad track and an engine is coming, he gets it through his head that he ought to step off about the time he finds himself unable to step anywhere.

The poor man who on Monday had his ribs crushed and legs severed is a warning against the useless practice of intoxication.

Barnum has been in Philadelphia looking for 10 or 12 acres of pasture land or vacant lots on which he can put up his show for centennial.

BOOKS AND PATENTS.

We fear the suggestion of "Commerce" in another column, that inventors should be rewarded by a pension from the government, will hardly fit the case. Congress has already got too much in the way of taking fees for passing bills. Such a system would give Tweed a fine opportunity. He would shine forth as the leading inventor of the country, and would have patents on crowds of useless traps, on which he would draw a princely income from pensions. Under the present system if a man invents a thing of no value it will not sell, and consequently he gets no reward.

It is true the stock of new ideas in the general average of books and inventions is not unbounded. But we have many things new, small and great, in which we are advanced beyond Solomon's time, when there was nothing new. Everything that is both new and good should be welcomed and paid for, however slight it may be, that we may encourage the bringing forth of more that is new and good, and thus move up little by little all along the line, accomplishing a long march hereafter as we have heretofore, if we have time enough left.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ST. PETERSBURG.

It is announced that Hon. Edward Pierrepont of New York has accepted the mission to St. Petersburg. The New York *Times* says he is a gentleman of ability, amply qualified for the duties of the position, of high social standing, and universally respected for his probity of character and his public spirit, and will make in every way a creditable and desirable representative of our country abroad.

Mr. Pierrepont was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1817; graduated at Yale College in 1837, and studied law at the New Haven law school. From 1840 to 1845 he practiced his profession at Columbus, Ohio, and since in New York city, attaining eminence at the bar. He was Judge of the Supreme Court of New York from 1857 to 1860; a member of the constitutional convention in 1867, and United States District Attorney for the District of Southern New York in 1869 to July 1870. He was formerly in his party affiliation a democrat, but at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861 became a republican, zealously supporting the administration of Mr. Lincoln and his re-election in 1864, and aided in the first election and re-election of Gen. Grant.

THE LOUISIANA TROUBLES.

The mystery of how the friends of Mr. Kellogg in Louisiana found out last December, that seventy-seven republicans to thirty-two liberals were elected to the State house of representatives, and twenty-eight republicans to eight fusionists in the Senate, is yet unsolved. The official returns were not in the hands of the canvassers who made these returns. They counted well, however, considering their disadvantages. The fusionists accuse them of adding 12,625 to Kellogg's legitimate vote, and taking off 14,140 from McEnery's vote. If this was too liberal it must be remembered that they were acting rather in the dark, and it was best to have enough votes on the right side. They were not to blame. They had asked for the official returns, and had been refused. The fusion board of canvassers acted selfishly about the matter, retained a monopoly of the official returns, in which they were upheld by Warmoth, then governor of the State, and proclaimed McEnery elected by 7000 or 8000 majority.

Two legislatures met in December. The Kellogg legislature impeached Warmoth and suspended him from office as governor. This let in as acting governor P. B. S. Pinchback, the Lieut. governor of the State.

Then the deposed Governor Warmoth commenced issuing proclamations. He warned all the people against recognizing either the Kellogg legislature or Governor Pinchback. The latter telegraphed the situation to President Grant, who replied by telegraph through Attorney General Williams, substantially recognizing him as Governor of Louisiana.

On inauguration day two governors took charge of Louisiana affairs. Both Kellogg and McEnery were inaugurated.

Two senators appeared in Washington and claimed the same seat by clashing titles. The senate committee of investigation appointed to ascertain which candidate should be admitted, took some ugly testimony concerning frauds, and recommended that a new election be held in May. Then a resolution was passed, declaring the Kellogg government the de facto government till the result of the May election was known. This was on the night of February 28th. There were only three more working days; the salary-seizure bill had not been passed; there was not time to bother with the threatened Louisiana civil war, and the senate adjourned without doing anything about the May election. Consequently the Kellogg government is still waiting for the May election, and in the meantime will continue to be the de facto government, recognized in this hinting sort of way by the senate, who had found too much fraud to venture on admitting Mr. Ray, from the Kellogg legislature, but violent and persistent claims on his behalf enough to excuse them from taking in Mr. McMillan from the McEnery legislature.

Those tax-payers of the State who supported McEnery resolved not to pay taxes to the Kellogg government. They raised the standard of war and marched against a police station in New Orleans, but encountered the forces of the United States under General Emory, and were repulsed with a loss of two or three killed and wounded. But if they could not whip the government of the United States they could the troublesome colored people, and in Colfax, in Grant Parish, sixty dead Africans bore mute witness to fusion prowess.

In St. Martinsville, in the parish of St. Martin's, the fusionists were not so fortunate, for there they met the United States troops again, and in consequence thereof the two or three hundred rebelliously inclined under Colonel Alcibiade De Blanc, have disbanded. In truth there is no more war to be expected in the South against the power of the United States. It is found in Louisiana, as it has been noticed in Alabama under the Ku Klux excitements, that a corporal and two soldiers wearing United States uniforms can arrest a score of armed and furious ex-confederate soldiers. They will not resist even the show of United States authority. This being the case it is too bad to tolerate any wrong upon them in the name of our common government. We hope Congress at its next session will honestly exert itself vigorously to right whatever is wrong in Louisiana, without inquiring whether its action will affect favorably or unfavorably republicans, democrats or liberals.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The late festival so successfully carried on in this village last week was one of no ordinary importance to the interests of music and musicians in Vermont, and we consequently cannot let this occasion pass without saying a word or two concerning its result, its contrasts with other entertainments of the kind, and what might be learned from it to guide its patrons in the future. Vermont is and always has been a music-loving state, and its inhabitants are naturally musicians. Look over the ranks of famous musicians in our larger cities and you see that Vermonters are to be found in large numbers and among the very first in musical attainments. The names of Whitney, of Dudley, of Mrs. Oliver, and many others are known in Boston musical circles, and J. M. Hubbard, H. W. Sabin, H. L. Story, and others, stand first among Chicago musicians and composers, all native born Vermonters.

To educate and produce talent such as these men possess, from among us, there must be enterprise and enthusiasm—a public spirit such as has been manifested in Rutland during the past two months—in order to bring together the combinations requisite for thorough musical education and training to the young music-loving people. The musical festival developed a high order of musical ambition in the minds of our citizens that ought to bring forth much fruit for the future. The work accomplished by a certain few in our midst towards carrying out the plans of the festival was very large in amount, and decidedly praiseworthy.

The music rendered by the choruses during the three days of public entertainment, deserves more than the passing comment paid to it by us at the time. Of course the "Stabat Mater" was the greatest performance given, not only in its inception, but also in the manner in which it was produced. We understand the same was given at a convention here some eight years ago, with a larger chorus then than at the festival, while the solo talent, which by the way is one-half at least of its production, was decidedly inferior. The convention had Mrs. H. M. Smith, James Whitney and M. W. Whitney, all famous singers, but we think it will detract nothing from their fame to consider Mrs. Van Zandt, Fessenden and Remmertz, superior. Mrs. Van Zandt has talents that must ere long be recognized as equal to those that claim the highest need of praise, and the operatic stage will find in her a famous accession to those who now hold it by just right. Of Fessenden we must say that justice has not as yet been done to him as a tenor singer. In his rendering of the famous scena from "Trovatore" on Friday evening, he equaled in our opinion, the singing of Wm. Castle, who has charmed the world by his voice while connected with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, and we think Mr. Fessenden should ascend that ladder, in which ascent ambition only is, in his case, necessary.

We have not the space to speak of these artists as we could wish. We hope that ere long they may be persuaded to visit us again.

Western Vermont has a large number of musical children within its limits, who should receive the right sort of teaching, and by means of these public gatherings a good amount of instruction can be obtained, and in an economical way. Let the musicians on this side of the mountain keep up the interest so well inaugurated here last week and be prepared for a real "jubilee" next time.

The singing of the children on Friday afternoon was one of the most interesting entertainments given, and should be encouraged in every way. It is the starting point in their musical life and in the right channel. Mr. Mietzke demonstrated then, if never before, the great faculty that he possesses in the teaching of these young ideas the fundamental arts of music. Our schools should not allow music to be excluded from their doors.

The grand piano used during the festival was a great help to the chorus as an accompaniment. Its tone was very fine for the vigorous work, and could easily be heard throughout. The agent for its sale, Mr. E. N. Merriam, of our village, deserves the thanks of all for kindly furnishing it during the festival, and it must have been a good advertisement, as every one spoke of the effects it produced as being simply wonderful. The Estey organ, that shone resplendent in the background of the chorus, was a decided ornament at least. Owing to the fact of its being pitched on a different key from the piano it could not be used in conjunction with that instrument. Every one knows, however, that the "Estey" cannot be surpassed in its quality of tone or in its beautiful combinations. Mr. George Q. Day is the agent for the organ, and we believe is meeting with good success in this vicinity.

FURTHER ON MONOPOLIES.

Messrs Editors:

My arguments on "monopolies" may be "indefensible" as you say, yet I must confess, that in your review of them, I cannot see wherein. I admitted that there might be cases where monopolies might be sanctioned by law, as a matter of temporary policy, but ought always to be well guarded and looked after. To reward the man who "cudgels his brains" and invents some labor saving machine with a short lived monopoly of its manufacture, use, and sale, may be politic, though I think a more certain reward would inure to the inventor himself from a direct compensation or pension from government, throwing the machine at prime cost into the hands of the public, and this would do away with all "royalties," endless costly suits for "infringements," and "bribe money to Congressmen to secure extensions." As it is now, the real inventor of a valuable machine seldom gets anything for his work. By the time the machine becomes a success his money is all gone, and some sharks have become owners of his patent, and while he starves, they live in luxury on his hard work of hand, heart and head.

But if the inventor of such a machine is entitled in natural right to its manufacture, sale and use for seventeen years, (according as I understand our patent laws,) why not for seventeen times seventeen years,—yea, why not forever? What right has legislation to say when his monopoly shall end? According as I understand your argument, he has as much right to his invention as he has to his fingers, and if so, why should your legislation arbitrarily interfere with that right? Solely sir, on my ground, and not on your's can legislation interfere with him and take his monopoly from him—viz, that while it may be awarded to him for a time, as a reward for his service, yet being at "natural enmity with human rights," it shall not be made a permanent rule.

Here I might properly ask, how much, in case of any patented machine, does any one man really invent? Less, I think, than is generally thought. He may apply some old material or force in some new way, and that is about all. While the most important inventions of human genius—at least in the germs—have never been patented at all. Tubal Cain never got a patent for working iron, which is the greatest civilizing art known to man. I am not aware that the inventor of printing, in the use of moveable types—an "art preservative of all arts"—ever got a patent on his invention. The Hindoos, it is said, invented gun-powder, and the Chinese the mariner's compass, and yet they hold no patents on either. Now, an inventor of to-day, uses the labors of former times and other men, and owes to them a debt he never thinks of paying, and without those labors he would never have thought of doing his. The same remarks apply to book makers, who make books out of other authors' books. A copyright may be granted for a limited time, to authors—but the monopoly principle being in its nature antagonistic to human rights, must not be made perpetual. I cheerfully grant, Messrs. Editors, that in relation to inventors and authors the principle of monopoly, in temporary application, is, perhaps, the best use that can be made of it—until wiser legislation shall find out some better way to reward inventive genius and mental toil. But were not the principle in and of itself at enmity with human rights, no law-givers—with a thimblefull of brains in their craniums—would ever think of limiting its application to a short number of years. No great essential human rights can be thus made by legislation or alienated by it. Human rights, if the Declaration of Independence is authority, and not a string of "glittering generalities" as Rufus Choate called it—"Human Rights," sirs, are God given, and are "inalienable," and last more than "seventeen years." Monopolies are not natural rights but expedients, at best, and as creatures of law, may last one hour or seventeen years as human legislation may ordain.

A word as to authors of books. Original books are like "angels visits," few and far between. Most books, like the compositions of school children, have been made to do service over and over again. So with what we call our learning. It is borrowed, mainly from the prolific past, whose treasures of literature and science we inherit, not by merit, so much as by "accidents of birth." Strike from the thesaurus of modern knowledge all that we have borrowed from those who have gone before us, and the little we have actually contributed will present but "a beggarly account of empty boxes." Why so much readiness to copyright stolen goods?

Finally. While I have to regret that I have not satisfied you that some of my positions are defensible, I have to congratulate myself and the public that at least you seem to agree with me as to the legitimacy of my *purpose* in writing on monopolies, and that, at the present time, the public good is menaced with their gigantic proportions, increasing greed, and corrupting influence, so much so, that those which already *exist* should be kept if possible within reasonable bounds, and they should, *hereafter*, be sparingly authorized by law, and only then, with ample reservations to the creating power to guard the rights of the people from harm at their hands.

COMMERCE.

Middlebury.

F. P. Fletcher, Esq., has commenced vigorous operations upon the building known as the "Old Gas House." A portion of it is to be fitted up for a machine shop and furnace. It is a good move to convert a building that has lain so long useless into an active business center. Mr. Fletcher is entitled to great credit for purchasing the cotton factory property which for the last few years had been running down, and putting it in complete repair for business.

Mr. Henry S. Putnam has put in new machinery and leased it for a term of years, and is now doing a profitable business in the manufacture of cotton yarn and batting.

Rev. Mr. Granger, agent of the State Temperance Society, gave a very able and practical address in the Methodist church on Sunday evening. The house was full and the audience seemed to be well pleased with his effort. There are very few men that lecture upon the subject, that comprehend the situation of the cause more clearly than Mr. Granger, and we think through his labors the cause will receive a new impetus.

ANOTHER RAID ON ELLIS' SALOON.

On Thursday afternoon Sheriff Tripp and others from the police force, armed with the right to search, visited this place of entertainment for man and "beast." The Sheriff placed a part of his force between the saloon and barns, that there should be no connection between them without being observed. On entering the saloon the Sheriff commenced reading his message of "By authority of the State of Vermont," to Mr. Dix, while the boy Broussa started across the back yard pell-mell, with a large white jug, which he hadn't time to cork, containing liquor of some sort. This was afterwards recovered and placed among the other trophies.

After the reading was concluded, the Sheriff searched the premises "ardently," but found a very little whisky. He, however, found a fresh barrel of beer which was rolled out into the back yard. They then went "prospecting for a new lead," and proceeded to search the houses of the proprietors of the saloon for the main deposits. They found nothing in the houses, and proceeded to the barns. After searching through the stalls, hay-loft, bins, etc., they found that a barrel of whisky had been put into a dung head, but in the haste had not been covered sufficiently to be entirely out of sight! The "critter" was seized by the officers and exhumed from where it had been so hastily interred.

Policeman Waller was placed in charge of the barrel by Sheriff Tripp, while a team was being procured to cart it to a place of safety. As soon as the Sheriff left, Dix appeared with axe in hand, for what purpose it was quite uncertain, but it was soon ascertained that his main object was to use his Herculean strength to smash in the head of the barrel, as he smashed in Herrick's face in his saloon a few weeks ago. Waller interfered, but at last Dix broke a hole into the head of the barrel, but Waller righted it up on end and protected it against further assault, so that very little of the precious stuff was spilled. By this time a large gathering of men and boys were assembled to see the liquor carted off to a place of safe-keeping for storage. This ended the "search and seizures."

The next day (Friday) the Sheriff went to "sieze" Dix for resisting the officers and other displays of his pugilistic skill, but he was not to be found. Mr. Tripp suggested to Dix's lawyer that he (Dix) had better show himself and answer the summons. He soon appeared and a hearing was had before justice Knapp and he was put under $300 bonds to appear before the County Court. After various attempts to obtain bail, he finally succeeded in "inducing" S. B. Rockwell to become surety for his appearance. As Dix will not be very likely to be at the trial, as he would not like to learn the shoe-maker's trade at Windsor, he will very likely leave, and of course Mr. R. will pocket the "inducements," for befriending him in his sore extremity.

Dix was arraigned in behalf of the State for knocking down Herrick in his place a few weeks ago, and put under $500 bonds to appear before the County Court. We understand that John W. Martin bailed him.

ESCAPED FROM JAIL.

On Thursday night two prisoners confined in the county jail, broke out, and left for parts unknown. Joseph Carter, *alias* Albert Stone, the noted horse thief, either was sick, or feigned sickness, and had not been confined in his cell for a few nights, which gave him an opportunity to work at the grates in the window. That night Joseph Germain, a Frenchman, who was confined in jail on complaint of Samuel Andrew of Cornwall, was permitted to stay with "Carter," who was considered quite sick. They together managed to saw off two large round bars of steel, and by some means bent them so as to escape, and thus far no clue to their whereabouts is had.

THE METHOD OF THE JAIL BREAK.

Another correspondent furnishes more detailed particulars in reference to the method of escape of Carter. They sawed off two bars of the north-west window of their prison and passed out of the opening thus made. Some two weeks since Carter was sick and was allowed some additional freedom, but was returned to his quarters when he became better, but has complained very much since of rheumatism and pretended to be scarcely able to walk. He cut off the lower end of the right hand bar as a woodman would cut down a tree; at the upper end they made a square cut about one third through the bar and then broke it off by springing the lower end. The left hand bar was cut square off at the top, and a small square cut made at the bottom by sawing entirely around the bar, and an attempt made to break it off by springing the top end, but it pinched and the whole had to be cut off. They have been to work seven days, as is evident, but the work on the bars was concealed by a dark composition that exactly resembled iron. How they were furnished tools is a mystery, but suspicion rests on some unknown persons who visited the jail about a week ago. Officers are in pursuit and they may be recaptured. The jail was repaired only last year and was considered one of the safest in the State, being wholly encased in iron.

INSPIRATION.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

Whate'er we leave to God, God does,
And blesses us;
The work we choose should be our own,
God lets alone.

If, with light head erect I sing,
Though all the muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope,
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it.

Making my soul accomplice there,
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse I forever wear,—
Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.

Always the general show of things
Floats in review before my mind,
And such true love and reverence brings,
That sometimes I forget that I am blind.

But now there comes, unsought, unseen,
Some clear, divine electuary,
And I, who had but sensual been,
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before,
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern who knew but learning's lore.

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony,
Pierces my soul through all its din,
As through its utmost melody,—
Farther behind than they—farther within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is,
Its voice than thunder is more loud,
It doth expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

It speaks with such authority,
With so serene and lofty tone,
That idle Time runs gadding by,
And leaves me with Eternity alone.

Then chiefly is my natal hour,
And only then my prime of life,
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,
'Tis peace's end and war's beginning strife.

'T hath come in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall or some chance place,
Unseasoned time, insulted June,
And vexed the day with its presuming face.

Such fragrance round my couch it makes,
More rich than are Arabian drugs,
That my soul scents its life and wakes
The body up beneath its perfumed rugs.

Such is the Muse—the heavenly maid,
The star that guides our mortal course,
Which shows where life's true kernel's laid,
Its wheat's fine flour, and its undying force.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart,
With one impulse propels the years
Around, and gives my throbbing pulse its start.

I will not doubt forever more,
Nor falter from a steadfast faith,
For though the system be turned o'er,
God takes not back the words which once he saith.

I will then trust the love untold,
Which not my worth or want has bought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

My memory I'll educate
To know the one historic truth,
Remembering to the latest date
The only true and sole immortal youth.

Be but thy inspiration given,
No matter through what danger sought,
I'll fathom hell or climb to heaven,
And yet esteem that cheap which love has bought.

Fame cannot tempt the bard
Who's famous with his God,
Nor laurel him reward
Who hath his Maker's nod.

MR. BONSALL'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander McFarlane, was waiting breakfast, an event very uncommon with him, for Aunt Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Nevertheless she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, and it was now fully ten minutes past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle McFarlane's wife. He was a widower of some fifteen years' standing. Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whispering with her last breath that she was very happy. Her mother and sister, who had come to the house to nurse her, remained after her death, according to Uncle McFarlane's particular request. He would be so glad, he said, if it were not exacting too much of a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with him, keep up his house, and attend to his little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straitened income, rented her little house in the New England village, where she had always lived, and came to preside over Mr. McFarlane's spacious mansion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich street, New York—my Uncle McFarlane lived in Greenwich street, a fact which marks the date of my story with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months, and still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle McFarlane's household. Neither of them had ever thought of a change as either necessary or desirable. Nancy had been a fair, prim and somewhat quiet girl when she came to live in Greenwich street. She was still a fair, somewhat prim woman of thirty-five, with pretty, soft brown hair, violet-blue eyes, and a pure, soft, somewhat changeful complexion. She was not in the least like a modern young lady's heroine. She had no particular aspirations beyond the limited and old-fashioned one of doing her duty in that state of life to which it pleased God to call her. She did not consider herself a martyr to uncongenial circumstances, because she made Uncle McFarlanes shirts and mended his stockings, and even the fact of going down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculate ruffles, when old Mrs. Brown's hands were too lame, and the chambermaid's too unskillful to be trusted with them, did not awaken in her mind any desire to rush out into the world in search of a career. No such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head. She was absolutely "contented with her present condition," willing to go on making Uncle McFarlane's shirts, keeping his house spoiling his child, "making it pleasant for him" as she simply said. Her great pleasure consisted in doing muslin embroidery, visiting the poor, going to church, and reading the English classics, with now and then a novel. If she had any trials she kept them to herself, confiding them to no spiritual director, newspaper editor or spiritual friend. She was Nancy Howard at five-and-thirty.

My Uncle McFarlane was a fine gentleman in the true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely perfect—a little set in his way, and possibly somewhat particular in eating and drinking. He was also given to amusing himself in a quiet way with the peculiarities of those about him. But he never willingly hurt or neglected any one, and he had a certain genial graciousness of manner, which made all his employes, from Mr. Saunders, his confidential clerk, down to Black Sam, the carman, and Davy the errand boy, fel t the better when he spoke them.

"Miss Nancy is a little late this morning," observed Uncle McFarlane, as Brown, his man, brought him the paper.

"Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve last night, at Sam's, sir."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick consumption last spring, and his wife ain't very rugged either. Miss Nancy, she's been there a good deal, and when Susy was struck with death last evening, she sends for her. So Miss Nancy went and stayed till it was all over. It was a great comfort to them, sir. You see, sir Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard!"

"I should say so, indeed. We must see that everything is done, Brown. Find out when the funeral is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to send them something comfortable when she goes to market. But here comes Miss Nancy. Send up breakfast, Brown."

Breakfast was usually a somewhat silent meal, save for Alick's chatter with his aunt; for Mr. McFarlane always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's permission.

"Why do you look at me so closely, Alick?" asked Miss Nancy as she caught her nephew's gaze fixed upon her.

"I was thinking how pretty you are!" answered Alick, with his usual frankness. "I think you are a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina Schuyler, that they make so much fuss about. And I don't want her for a stepmother. So there!"

"What is that about Miss Schuyler?" asked my uncle, laying down his paper. "It strikes me that you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—to say nothing of myself."

"It wasn't me, father: it was Mr. Bonsall," answered Alick. "Mr. Bonsall asked me if I wouldn't like a pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come into the house; and I told him no—I didn't want any one but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy was an old maid; and I said if she was forty old maids she was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—and so she is!"

"We won't discuss that matter!" said my uncle, annoyed, but repressing his annoyance, as usual. "You need not mind Mr. Bonsall. We all know his ways!"

There was something in his father's tone which made Alick aware that he had better drop the subject. Uncle McFarlane went on with his paper, but now and then glanced over it with an expression of some interest. "Nancy is pretty!" he said to himself. "There is something in her face which reminds me of my mother."

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on his overcoat, asking, as he did so, his invariable question, "Have you any commands for the city?"

"And, by the way, please see that everything is done for Sam's family. The poor woman will perhaps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let everything be nice about the funeral. I will take the expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow."

"Really Nancy is very pretty!" said my uncle, as he walked out of the house. "I never thought much about it before, but she is decidedly pretty. Miss Regina Schuyler, indeed. Really Bonsall is too bad to put such notions in the boy's head." And Mr. McFarlane pursued his way to the office, unconscious of the fate awaiting him there.

"Any letters, Saunders?" he asked, as he passed to the clerk's desk. "I see the packet is in."

"Yes, sir. They are on your desk, and Mr. Bonsall is waiting to speak to you in your room. What ails Mr. McFarlane?" said the clerk to himself, as his principal passed on. "I don't believe he ever before forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is wrong." Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was indebted to Mr. McFarlane for many little comforts.

Mr. Bonsall was waiting in the office. He was a stout man with red hair and whiskers and a bluff, uncompromising manner. He had a habit, on which he prided himself, of always speaking his mind—that is, of saying everything and anything that came into his head—a habit which did not cause him to be beloved by his acquaintance. He and Uncle McFarlane had once been partners, and they still kept up a kind of intimacy, at which many people wondered.

"Well, Bonsall, how goes the world with you?" asked my uncle, leisurely taking off his coat and overshoes.

"Oh, well enough. If it don't go to suit me, I make it, that's all," answered Bonsall. "But see here, McFarlane, I didn't come here to bandy compliments. I want to talk to you about a serious matter."

"Well, what is it?" asked my uncle, preparing to listen, not without a longing glance at his foreign letters and papers.

"I am going to speak my mind, as I always do!" said Mr. Bonsall. "I want to know what you mean to do about Nancy?"

"About Nancy!" repeated my uncle with a little start. "What about Nancy?"

"Aye, what about her?—that's just it. Of course you can't go on as you do now. It was well enough when the old lady was alive; but her death changes all that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old maid, to be sure—forty, if she's an hour—"

"Thirty-five!" said my uncle, correcting him.

"Well, five years don't matter much. She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks will and do talk, and you ought to get rid of her. The truth is McFarlane, you ought to marry again; and of course you can't with Nancy in the house."

"You think so."

"Why, of course, not. There's Miss Regina Schuyler, now. She'd jump at the chance of marrying you; but you don't suppose she would set up housekeeping with Nancy Howard, do you?"

"I must beg, Bonsall, that you will not bring Miss Schuyler's name into question," said my uncle. "Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable young ladies."

"Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love with you, herself, and of course you can't marry her—that is out of the question."

"Nancy Howard!" repeated my uncle, in a tone of bewilderment.

"To be sure, man. Any one but you would have seen it, though Nancy is not the woman to throw herself at any man's head, I'll say that for her. My wife has known it this long time, and I can see it, too. Of course you can't marry her. She is old, and plain, and in delicate health besides. So, of course, all you can do is to get rid of her. Send her home to her native place with a pension, marry Regina Schuyler, and begin life anew."

"Does Mrs. Bonsall really think that—that Miss Howard entertains such sentiments?" asked my uncle, as Mr. Bonsall paused a moment: "Women see such things more clearly than men."

"Of course she does. She was talking of it last night. 'Nancy ought to have a change,' says she, 'if she don't she'll go off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient creature,' says she; 'but it is easy to see what ails her.' Now, you see, her being consumptive is another reason why you can't marry her. So, there! I've spoken my mind, as I always do; and I hope you will have sense enough to act upon it."

"I shall certainly act upon it!" said my uncle, calmly.

"And soon, I hope!" said Mr. Bonsall, rising. "The sooner the better."

"The sooner the better!" echoed my uncle. "I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonsall, thank you."

"I think I did a good piece of work this morning," said Mr. Bonsall to his wife, as he was preparing to go out; "I spoke to McFarlane about Nancy!" And he repeated the substance of the conversation. Mrs. Bonsall was a quiet, kind-hearted woman; but, like her husband, she sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion.

"Bonsall, you are an idiot! Most men are in such matters, and you are a perfect one."

Mr. Bonsall looked as if some one had thrown a wet towel in his face. "Why, Mary Anne! What's that for?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Go along, do, and leave me in peace."

Mr. Bonsall was always very meek when his wife took these rare fits of plain speaking, and he shut the door without another word. Mrs. Bonsall sat looking at the fire with an expression of vexation, which gradually changed to one of kindness.

"After all it might be worse," said she, speaking to the fire; "Nancy is a good soul, and as sweet as honey. She will make him happy, and be happy herself, and it will be good for the boy. But I think I see Bonsall's face when he hears of it!"

For two hours my uncle sat looking through his office window without even thinking of his letters. Then he drew a deep breath, as of one relieved of a doubt, and turned to his correspondence. He did not go home to dinner, but left the office early, stopping at a florist's, where he bought some beautiful hot-house flowers, and two nice hyacinth bulbs in pretty glasses, which last he sent to Mrs. Saunders.

"Father, may I go up and see Tom Saunders?" asked Alick after tea. Aunt Nancy was sitting at her work-table, fresh and neat from top to toe. She was composed as usual, but my uncle fancied he observed a slight change in her manner toward himself. Probably Alick's remarks might have disturbed her a little.

"Certainly, my son. And be sure to ask particularly how Mrs. Saunders finds herself. I quite forgot it this morning. I was the more ready to let Alick go as I wish to consult you on a matter of the greatest importance to us both." And then, in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject. He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for some time, perhaps for some years. He thought the change would be good for Alick, who showed signs of delicate lungs.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered, and her color went and came; but she had long been schooled in self-control, and she made no other sign. "It won't be for long!" said the quiet, breaking heart to itself, little guessing what was in store.

My uncle continued. I don't know exactly how he worded it, but he made it plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy consent to become his wife, and be a mother to Alick in fact, as she had long been in name? And so in an hour the matter was all settled.

"We are asked to a wedding," said Mrs. Bonsall to her husband some six weeks afterward.

"A wedding—whose wedding?" asked Mr. Bonsall to her husband, not greatly interested.

"Nancy Howard's!"

"Nancy Howard's—you don't mean—" The idea which occurred to Mr. Bonsall fairly struck him dumb.

"Yes; Nancy and McFarlane!" answered his wife, enjoying her lord's discomfiture. "They are to be married at St. Paul's, very quietly, and sail for Europe as soon as possible."

"The deuce they are. And after all I said to him!"

"After all you said to him!" echoed Mrs. Bonsall. "The moment you told me what you said to him, and especially as to Nancy's being talked about, I knew you had made the match. You could have got him to marry old Mrs. Paget in the same way."

"But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne!"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I dare say he might feel it a little or a sacrifice just at first; but by this time he has persuaded himself that there never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her side. I don't think, for my part, McFarlane will ever regret it."

And I don't think Uncle McFarlane ever did.—*The Aldine.*

WITTICISMS.

Rapid transit—Rum.

A capital joke—Washington.

A notice of a peal—Lightning.

Pan-demonium—A French *cuisine*.

The Ancientest of Mariners—Noah.

A good side-show—A pretty cheek.

How to kill time—Take no note of it.

The worst of imps—Imp-ecuniosity.

The first Prince of Wails—Jeremiah.

Repeated penitence wearies the soul.

The best thing out—An aching tooth.

C-o-d fish is always sure to be paid for.

Revolving lights—Preachers on a circuit.

A truly polite man will always bow to Fate.

The most stupid "gal" in Europe—Portugal.

A photographer's epitaph—Taken from life.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

The great dumping-ground for political offal—Albany.

Con for country justices—How many acres go to make a wiseacre?

The highest rate of interest that one ever pays is for borrowed trouble.

What is a home without a cradle? Well, as a general thing, without a baby.

What mountain most resembles the sound of a sneeze? Catarrh-din, of course.

Isn't it high time that a civil service reform was introduced into our city hotels?

A dandy on shore is disgusting to many, but a swell at sea is apt to sicken everybody.

A man in Delaware, who has a half-sister, is now wondering where the other half can be.

An epicurean has discovered that the pleasantest way to take cod-liver oil is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons.

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, the other his profits from the law.

The fact that the old Greeks used to laugh over the same good jokes that we do, leads Dr. Hopkins to remark that Irish bulls were once calves in Greece.—[Advance.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers that don't pay for their paper."

SUNDAY READINGS.

Lean Hard.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it;
Poised it in mine own hand; made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,—
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me? I knew it; doubt not, then,
But, loving me, lean hard.

SABBATH DAY SUGGESTIONS.

The whole sum and substance of human history may be reduced to this maxim,—that when man departs from the divine means of reaching the divine end, he suffers loss and harm.—[T. Parker.

Only by a just stewardship of the temporal can we hope to merit the eternal. This is a life of trial, and when we are through with it, the soul we develop out of time's dust, and bring triumphantly to the gates of eternity, will be worth more than our handful of gold.—[Chicago Pulpit.

Never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand, and the thousands shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day.—[George MacDonald.

In deep, spiritual temptations nothing has helped me better, with nothing have I heartened myself, and driven away the devil better, than with this: That Christ, the true, eternal Son of God, is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and that He sits on the right hand of God, and pleads for us. When I can grasp this shield of faith I have already chased away the evil one with his fiery darts.—[Luther.

Christianty is not a theory, or a speculation, but a life; not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process. Try it. It has been 1800 years in existence, and has one individual left a record like the following?—"I tried it, and it did not answer. I made the experiment faithfully according to the directions, and the result has been a conviction of my own credulity."—[Coleridge.

The world is inexorably conditioned, and conditions us; and we sometimes weary of our estate, and pine as in bondage. The homesick soul demands its release. Oh that we had wings to lift us above the confining tasks and drudgery of life! The only way to escape this bondage is to give ourselves to it with mind and heart; to our life in our task, our freedom in our obligations; to make our good-will as broad as our necessity. Resist the law of duty, and it galls you with an iron grip; seek to evade it, it pursues you with a merciless lash; accept it, and it becomes a law of liberty.—[F. H. Hedge.

Gathered Gems.

He alone has energy who cannot be deprived of it.—[Lavater.

Wherever you find Humor you find Pathos close by his side.

It is but a step from the capitol to the Larpeian rock.—[Mirbeau.

He who laughs, said the mother of Goethe, can commit no deadly sin.

He who has not the weakness of friendship has not the strength.—Joubert.

On the outside of things seek for differences; on the inside for likenesses.

To be good and disagreeable at the same time is high treason against virtue.

That is a most wretched fortune that is without an enemy.—[Publius Syrus.

We are always looking into the future, but we see only the past.—[Mme. Swetchine.

Heroism is active genius; genius, contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are generally remembered for the mischief they have done.—[Bovee.

The labor of the body relieves us from the fatigues of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.—[Rochefoucauld.

It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the wrong side.—[J. C. Hare.

Man is physically as well as metaphysically a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally by good and bad ancestors and a mistake from the start.—[Emerson.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

Abasement sometimes becomes debasement, and when I hear people sing a hymn announcing that they are dying worms, I always want to a'minister a vermifuge.—[Samuel Longfellow.

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered and nothing can depreciate it, but a man's exhibiting it in himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.—[Chesterfield.

Latest News Items.

The Sioux are restive.

Pickpockets swarm in Vienna.

Bismarck is making himself odious by violent religious intolerance.

Still more developments touching the New York Tammany frauds.

The financial panic at Vienna seems even worse than at first reported.

There has been the usual number of prisoners escaped from the Auburn, N. Y., State Prison for the past week. Sing Sing is eclipsed.

The Dominion government has given out that it will make suitable acknowledgment of the labors of Rev. Mr. Ancient and the people of the coast at the recent Atlantic disaster.

One hundred and thirty first class steamers are now employed on the various lines plying between New York and European ports. Forty-four steamers have been wrecked within thirty-two years.

The necessity is urged of a light-house at Meagher's Head, where the Mayflower in 1868, the A. R. Dunlap in 1869, and the Atlantic, last month, were wrecked.

The Champlain Canal bill has passed the New York assembly by a close vote. It is said to be week in the Senate, having only nine friends there.

James A. Coe, the Boston forger, is now accused of abstracting or procuring to be abstracted from a bank vault, railroad and city bonds to the value of $32,000.

The shipment of specie from New York on Saturday was $429,020.

The strike of the Jersey Horse Shoers still continues and most of the shops are deserted. The employers are firm in their determination not to accede.

The Steamer Minnesota, the first Lake Superior boat of the season arrived at Goderich Ontario on Friday night. She reports that the north shore of Lake Superior is clear of ice, but there is some very heavy ice on the South shore.

The remains of Brevet Major Evan Thomas, son of ex-Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas, who was killed a few weeks since by the Modocs, were interred this afternoon with Masonic honors by Potomac Lodge of Georgetown. Secretary Belknap, Gen. Sherman, Adjutant General Thomas and a number of other army officers were present.