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Poetry.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors less.
For instance you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And other's follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That [illegible]ors might
Contrive [illegible];
We've faults [illegible] to mend—
It may be so [illegible]
It would seem strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind were brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

THE TWO ANSWERS.

"Charles, it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. Have compassion on me, and do not press me any further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke, with her hands clasped and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen, and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. She was beautiful, and, further than this, I had believed that she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools. Of her early life I knew nothing save that she had been educated and moved in good society; and I had reasons to believe that at some time her parents had been wealthy. But her father had failed in business, and it had been told to me that the sad reverse had killed him. I had known that Mary was poor—that she was dependent on her daily labor for support—and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantage of moderate wealth, had given increase to my prospective happiness. But this unexpected answer dashed all my bright prospects to the ground.

"Do you mean," I cried vehemently, "that you thus dismiss me? am I cast off?"

"I cannot be your wife," was the decided reply.

"Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have betrayed under other circumstances, "I leave you to yourself, and while I try to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I will only hope that ere you lead another into your net you will conclude beforehand whether you will keep him."

She looked into my face with a pained, [illegible]ce, but I did not stop to [illegible] speak further. I turned and [illegible] the house.

I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more calm and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose, dear reader, the attending circumstances were? I'll tell you candidly. I was a little heated with wine. I had drank just enough to warm my blood and give my brain an extra impulse, and my words were not chosen as I should have chosen them had the spirit of wine been absent. As I walked toward my home, I sought to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snares of a coquette, and that I might be better enabled thus to reason I stopped at the hotel, where I found a few of my companions, and helped dispose of a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with a headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceeding evening, I was anything but happy. I began to realize how well I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love, and its influence had penetrated every fibre of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groaned in bitter anguish when I thought that she was lost to me forever. I had resolved that I would feel very angry and indignant, but when the sweet face was called up to mental view, such feelings melted away, leaving me sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended church, where I saw Mary once more.—She played the organ, as she had done for the past year, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied that I could detect a tremulousness which I had never noticed before. Was it only imagination or was it really plaintiveness—a sadness in the expression of her music?

To me it seemed at times as if the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the river of Babylon.

When the services were over, and we went out of the church, I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan, as though she had been sick. What could it be? Was she suffering as I suffered? The thought flashed upon me that some one might have told her something to my disadvantage. I had enemies who envied me the love of Mary Granville.

Another week passed, and I became more sad and lonesome. My business was sad and irksome to me, and my books and papers offered me no respite. In fact, I could not read, my mind was never upon the page before me. Another Sabbath at church, and I saw Mary again. She was paler than before, and her eyes looked as if she had recently been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened [illegible] in Berryville. All when the young man exclaim[illegible] our cosy parlor, "send for the doctor, I [illegible] suggested that a bottle of wine would not be amiss.

"No, Charlie," he said, "I will leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink, Jack."

"Yes, but it never did me any good."

"And do you think it ever did you any harm?"

"As to that I will not say; if ever shall do me any harm. I know at it has harmed those who were as st[illegible] as I am. By the way, Charlie, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

I turned away my face as if I heard a noise at the window.

"I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton; "and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing."

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total abstinence stronger. When we were schoolchildren together, her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy.

"Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine, and the habit grew upon him until he felt that he could not live without his brandy.

"He was of a sociable disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was often grossly intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances, one of two things must happen; the man must reform or he must sink. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving the family in poverty and suffering.

"Thomas, the son, four years older than Mary, became dissipated, and at the age of eighteen was killed in a street fight in New York. Mrs. Granville survived her son but a few months—absolutely dying, the doctor said, of a broken heart.

"Poor Mary, thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother or sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread she ate—and nobly has she done it. If you know her, Charlie, you know one of the noblest women that ever lived. But what's the matter? Bless me! you look as pale as a ghost."

I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I rose, and opening one of the casements, stepped out on the balcony, where the fresh air restored me.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I retired to my chamber I paced to and fro till long after midnight. I could no longer mistake the motive which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine, and on that evening when last we met, she must have discovered that I had drank enough to bring a false flush to my cheeks.

"Oh, my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair, "I wonder not that she refused to place her future life in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accursed cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long enough upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening path of life led towards the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen."

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrank from wounding my feelings. I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew that she was afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resent such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined I might look upon her part as the offering of her hand in consideration of renouncing the wine-cup, and that I might spurn her offer.

On Friday Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening I called at Mary's boarding-house. Mary herself answered the [illegible]ons.

She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly toward her heart.

"Mary," said I, speaking calmly, for I had a mighty strength of purpose to support me, "I have not come to distress you; I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me an audience for a few moments."

She went into the parlor, and I followed her, closing the door behind me; and when we were alone she set the lamp upon the table and motioned me to a seat.

"No, I will not sit down yet; give me your hand, Mary."

Mechanically she put forth her hands, and I took them in my own. There was a wonderful look in her eyes, and a slight flush had come to her cheeks.

"Mary," I continued, slowly and softly, and I knew that moisture was gathering in my eyes, "you must answer it as you please, and take my solemn assurance that I ask it only for your own good. Tell me, do you love me? No, no—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not—O, fear not; for I would rather go into endless night than to do you wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you [illegible] she trembl[illegible]ingly whispered. "For my own peace, perhaps, I love you too well."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me; "when I shall have told what I have to tell, you must be the judge."

She did not strive to free her hands, but looked up eagerly in my face, and her eyes had a hopeful light.

"You know Jack Stanton?" I asked.

"Yes."

"He was my best friend when we were at college, and my friendship has not grown less. He came to see me, and told me the trials and sufferings of your earlier days. O, Mary, I know well why my hand was refused, and I blame you not. It may be that our paths will be different through life, but you shall at least know that he whom you loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance. I know that I have hitherto wandered into the path of danger, but henceforth I am free from the dread snare. Upon the new light that has dawned upon me, I hold the wine cup to be a fearful enemy. I will shun it as I would a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look upon her son, may smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen. And now, Mary, if at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness to my care, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask you again for your hand; and, should it be my happy lot to receive it, I will devote every energy of my being to make your life a joyous and peaceful one."

I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I turned towards the door, really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name. I looked back, and her hands were stretched out toward me.

"Not now," I whispered, "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love and good will."

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms about her. "Oh, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know that you cannot deceive me. God bless your noble resolution and help you to keep it."

I cannot tell how long I stopped there that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospects for the coming year were bright and glorious.

On the following day—a Sabbath bright and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were not in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the new Temple, more resplendant far than the old, they sang the songs that aforetime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by inspiration. To me it was the holy outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with a bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from the instrument, I caught her eyes. Mine were dim with moisture, but hers were gleaming with seraphic light.

Ere many weeks had passed, another hand pressed the keys of the organ, for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar by my side, and over us both the aged clergyman stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

We went out from the church together, Mary and I—out in the new life, bound heart to heart and hand to hand.

WE ARE TOLD by the monthly report of the Commissioner of Agriculture that a larger wheat crop never has been raised in this country than during the present season, though it is not as large as the breadth sown might have led us to expect. The most noticeable increase has been in the Southern States, with the exception of Texas. Oats and Rye are estimated above the yield of last year, barley slightly below, beans and peas are on an average. In corn, the cash value, and the fattening and sustaining qualities, are greater than last year. Sorgo cultivation generally is reduced; buckwheat is an average crop, potatoes a poor one, and in tobacco a decline is indicated. Cotton is estimated to amount to 2,000,000 of bales, with a probability that it will be one-fourth more than this. The stock of old wheat on hand is very low.—*Tribune.*

A "GREAT brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for strong, able-bodied men to hold his wife's tongue.

ANDORRA.

On the northern side of the province of Catilonja, in Spain, and in the midst of the chain of mountains separating that country from France, rise the two peaks of Monsal and Moladetta, each eleven thousand feet in height; and lying between them, surrounded on all sides by the white-capped summits of the Pyrenees, may be seen a little valley of singular fertility and beauty. As the traveller descends from the heights into the interior, he encounters successively the extreme heat and moderate warmth of the frigid and temperate zones. The rivulets that take their source in the region of perpetual snow, pouring at first over walls of ice, and winding about among the glaciers, a few moments afterward are passing through fruitful vineyards, and mingling with the warm streams of the valley. And here nature seems to have made the greatest effort. The atmosphere is singularly mild and pure, and the vegetation of a luxuriance almost tropical. Viewed from the heights above, the scene which greets the eye is beautiful beyond description. Like an emerald in a setting of crystal, the vivid green of the valley contrasts with the gleaming walls of ice which rise on every side.

And in this secure little retreat is situated the little republic of Andorra, the oldest in the world. Eleven hundred years ago, when Charlemangne was founding the Austrian Empire, and all Europe was a scene of turmoil and confusion, a band of peasants found their way into this secluded position, and, attracted by the apparent ferility of the soil, formed a colony, and devoted themselves to the cultivation of the land. The little colony prospered, and at length, as their numbers increased, and a system of government became necessary, they organized themselves into a republic.

Four hundred years passed by. Old institutions were crumbling into decay. To the eastward, among the Alps, a new sect had arisen, whose religion was obnoxious to the church of Rome. The order of Dominicans and Franciscans was instituted, and the Albigenses perished by thousands. But the community among the Pyrenees still flourished. The inhabitants whorshipped unmolested in their own simple manner, and still retained the pastoral habits and quaint costume of their ancestors. The earth yielded an easy and quick return for their labor, and the streams and forests afforded an abundant supply of fish and game, while the iron mines of the valley furnished the material of which were made their implements of art and husbandry. Dependent on none, they pursued the even tenor of their way, caring nothing for the storms which agitated the outside world.

Three centuries more elapsed, and Martin Luther appeared, changing the whole system of society and religion. Scenes of persecution and bloodshed followed the Reformation, and France and Spain became involved in war. But yet, though situated between the contending forces, the republic continued to thrive undisturbed by the tempest which surrounded it.

At length Napoleon came upon the stage; while his armies were sweeping over Spain, and his power was being established in southern Europe, the conqueror sent an embassy to Andorra, expressing his admiration for their government, and asking to be recognized as a friend and ally. Thus the little State passed unscathed through all the dangers by which it was beset, and still preserves its democratic form of government.

Utterly insignificant as a power, occupying no position in history, if mentioned at all mentioned only as a curiosity and wonder, yet this State may well be taken as an illustration of what constitutes the real strength of a nation. States infinitely more powerful existed on every side, but of all the nations which flourished in the ninth century not one remains unaltered. The boundary lines have been removed. Austria has lost her high position. Spain, enriched with the wealth of America, has fallen into insignificance, and either from the degradation of the people or the ambition of the rulers, all the governments of Europe have undergone great changes. But from the peculiar position of Andorra, all these evils have been averted.

Surrounded by mountains, an increase of territory is a practical impossibility. The want of commercial intercourse prevents the acquisition of great wealth, and their own little territory does little more than supply the inhabitants with the necessaries of life. They are neither rich nor powerful; they have not become celebrated as statesmen or warriors: but they are patriots none the less. Small as is the country, they love her with devotion, and it is this which has perpetuated her existence. Formed when those countries which are now the most enlightened were yet enveloped in barbarism, the little republic still exists, a problem to statesmen and politicians, and an example to the nation.

A LOVER wrote thus to his sweetheart; "Delectable darling, you are so dulcet that honey would blush in your presence, and treacle stand appalled."

Statue of Ex-Governor Hicks.

The Baltimore *American* of the 1st instant publishes the following:

H. D. A Henning, Esq., a sculptor of this city, has just completed a most magnificent statue of the late ex-Senator and ex-Governor Thomas H. Hicks. The statue is life-size, and has been completed in pursuance of the bill passed at the session of the Legislature in the winter of 1864-5, and will be placed at the statesman's grave, at Cambridge, Md. He is represented as standing erect, grasping the helm of the Ship of State, and the angularities of the modern costume are gracefully relieved by a cloak clasped over the left shoulder. The design is beautiful and striking, and the statue is a perfect fac-simile of the figure and features of the man who saved Maryland from the fate of Virginia, and as such it has given his friends great satisfaction. Mr. Henning has been engaged on this work for nearly a year, and the likeness presented is highly creditable to the artist, he having only a photograph from which to model the features. Mr. H 's studio is situated on Charles street, a short distance north of Boundary avenue, and he will be pleased to exhibit the statue to visitors.

The Old Man.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage, before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations co-equal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has wraped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a nook in fame; anon, imagining life a dream, that the sooner he awoke from it the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awaken is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would, in your old age, be reverenced.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.—The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with all its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its lessons? Who, as he sees the frost-withered leaf driven by the fitful winds is not reminded that such is human life? Even as a leaf when the frost has dried up its sap, and its stem clings no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It may be green to-day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if we shall wave there to-morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preaches not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.

QUICK WITTED.—A down East Agriculturist last summer required a number of reapers. Several presented themselves, and all were engaged with one exception. The poor man thus omitted said:

"Master, won't you hire me?'

"No,' said the farmer.

"Why not?'

"Because you are too little.'

"Too little!' exclaimed the astonished Irishman; "does your honor reap your grain at the top?'

What could the farmer do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field.

Phunnygraphic.

WANTING FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friend to help me on in life?" cried idle Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends! Why, you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked at his large, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say that you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what these true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others.

A FARMER who had employed a green Emeralder, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in, the farmer asked:

"Well, Pat, did you give the mule the corn?'

"To be sure I did.'

"How did you give it?'

"And shure, as ye tould me, in the ear.'

"But how much did you give?'

"Well, ye see, the craythur wouldn't hould still, but kept switching his ears about so, so I couldn't git but about a fist-full in both ears!'

SOME YEARS ago clergyman was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text:

"In my Father's house are many mansions.'

He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said:

"I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house.'

A BROOKLYN Presbyterian who has grett faith in catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day, when the question came up:

"Who tempted Eve?'

The little fellow, after a few moment's, exclaimed:

"It's the gentleman who lives in h—l, I've forgot his name.'

AN EDITOR in Alabama having read an article in Hall's Journal of Health, advising that husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms, says:

"Dr. Hall can sleep when and where he chooses, but for himself, he intends to sleep where he can defend his wife against the rats and all other nocturnal foes as long as he has got one to defend.'

IN the town of S—— there was a shoemaker who, at one time, officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expenses of printing. Here is one of them: "There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon on the subject, 'All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock.'"

"MAMMA," said Eddie, while looking out of the window one evening during a thunder-storm, "Mamma, isn't it time for me to go to sleep? I hear God pulling out his trundle-bed for the angels to sleep in."

A KISS on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, tender sentiment; on the lips, love. The young men in this vicinity have not much *respect* for the young ladies.

SOMEBODY who writes more truthfully than poetically says:

'An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a pile of greenbacks."

THE men who can make his own fire, black his own boots, carry his own wood, hoe his own garden, pay his own debts, and live without wine and tobacco, need ask no favor of him who rides in a coach and four.

"You lost two legs in the army, you say; what did you gain by it?"

"Single blessedness, sir; for after that no woman would marry me.

A MAN named Tease has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis. He teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

WHAT is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to rights and the other writes articles to set.

LADIES would make good traders; they never get shaved.

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