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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

The Parting Hour.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find,
But this—the gone is happier
Than the one she leaves behind!

Have you a friend—a comrade dear,
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
O, take it not unkind,
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is:
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when at last, poor man subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

Edward Pollock.

WAS IT A MISTAKE?

BY VERMILION VERNE.

"There, there, Kitty; you should not speak like that. You will not, please."

"Well, I really am getting furious. I know there never was anyone so completely poverty-stricken as we are. Only think; it is a year since I had a dress, and my hats and sacques, skirts and—well, everything else, in fact, are past wearing, and still no prospect of more. Is it any wonder, then, that I am getting desperate?—It's a shame!"

As Kitty spoke she pushed her work from her with a little motion of contempt, and began to pace up and down the room like a fairy tigress.

Clarice said nothing in reply to the feeble outburst of despair, but calmly stitched away at the delicate sewing over which she bent. She was a handsome girl—not one of your quickly-fascinating, easily-forgotten class, but a quiet, modest young lady, who, while attracting you, made you feel quite inferior in her presence; and as she sat there, looking so sad and hopeless, I know you could not help pitying her, and at the same time loving her, unless you had a heart of adamant.

"Why don't you say something to me, Clarice? Speak to me, if it is only to scold me for the way I talk. I can bear anything rather than this awful silence."

"I do not see that there is any use in my saying anything; you seem to be on a race this morning, or, rather, your tongue does. If you are getting discouraged, what do you think of me?"

An expression almost destitute of hope passed over her face as she spoke, and though she tried to speak bravely her voice trembled a little, and she bent still lower over her work. Kitty threw her arms around her cousin's snowy neck, and smiling through her tears, said:

"I'll tell you what I think. I think you are just the best and dearest mortal on earth. It was too bad to say what I did just now, when I know it is as bad for you as it is for me. You never murmur, but I am always grumbling," caressing Clarice's golden locks as she spoke. "After all," she kept on, "we are not so very poor; but I should like to be rich—like the Tracys, for instance. Then I could have money to finish my education, you know, and you could be a grand lady. Would it not be nice?"

The brown eyes sparkled brilliantly.

"Well, Kitty, when I marry Mr. Tracy, you shall have all the money you like."

"Clara Lee, you are not going to marry that man?'

"Yes, I am. I told him a week ago he should have his answer to-morrow. Uncle Ralph says I shall wed him, and I don't know but what it will be for the best."

"But you don't love him, I'm sure you don't. He is a heartless fellow, Clarice.—Think well of what you do—think of Bert Stanley."

How pale Clarice was as she replied:

"The steamer on which he was to have come arrived two months ago, and he has not been here yet. You see he has forgotten us."

"I don't see any such thing. Perhaps he has been kept away by sickness or business. I am sure something has happened to detain him."

"No, Kitty, you are mistaken. Mr. Tracy saw him a week ago on the 'Orleans,' bound for this place; he had a strange lady with him. Then I gave up all hope."

She paused, and tears filled her eyes.

"You have known this a week?"

"Yes," brushing the sparkling tears away, and rising to leave the room.

"Do not give Mr. Tracy a decissive answer to-morrow," pleaded Kitty, grasping her cousin's hand; "the lady with him may have been his sister. It may be that—"

"No, cousin, I shall not disappoint him as I have been disappointed. And now let me go, please. I must take a walk in the garden. My heart aches sadly."

Clarice drew her hand from Kitty's grasp and hurried out among the trees, where, flinging herself into a vine-covered seat under the old oak by the path, she buried her face in her hands and wept long and bitterly.

After a while she grew calmer, and alone in the shadow of the grand old trees thought it all over. It was the same old story of doubtful expectancy and disappointed love; of the orphan's hopes and the lover's inconstancy. Early in life she had placed her affections in the keeping of Bert Stanly, a young man whom she believed true as gold where his word was pledged. Time separated them, and after that the young man had failed, somehow, to renew his former visits to the girl whom he had promised to love and cherish. During this somewhat brief absence, Mr. Tracy, a man who stood high in the gaze of the world because he had—tell it not in Gath—a great quantity of what we poor mortals call gold, saw fit to offer his hand to the orphan. He told her she need look no longer for Bert Stanley; that he had no doubt forgotten that he ever held the position of her suitor.—And she believed him, for how, think you, could she do otherwise?

Her uncle and guardian immediately saw it would be a good match for his neice—this alliance with a rich man—and one which the world would sanction. So he at once set forth a decree that henceforth she should call herself the affianced bride of Mr. Tracy, else she should be cut off with that exceedingly small amount of which we so often read—a shilling.

Do not smile, and wonder at this freak of the old man's, dear reader; it is no more than many others are doing every day.—And, after all, Uncle Ralph was not so bad a man; he only did what seemed to him for the greatest good of his ward.

Poor Clarice! She had waited all this time for her lover but to find him false at last. The blow had sunk too deep in her heart to be easily eradicated; it was but little wonder that she should yield to this new alliance with seeming indifference.—She was a strange, grand woman, liberal in her affections, and as true as truth itself when her heart was plighted. Bert Stanley had seemed worthy of this troth. Alas! was he untrue to none but her?

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In her little room, with the never-ending sewing before her, Kitty Alden sat, thinking of what Clarice had told her, of Bert Stanley and her Uncle. Judging from the expressions that flitted over her face her thoughts were none of the sweetest.

"Uncle Ralph is a mean old scamp," she at last burst out, "to keep us two orphan girls here at work, when he is so well able to dress us like other girls, and all for a foolish whim of his that we may know what work is, and will enjoy his money the better when we get it, the old miser! I say I'll get married myself before long, unless uncle turns over a new leaf. I am so sorry, though, that Clarice is so hasty in marrying this Tracy. I am sure Bert will come back."

While still deep in these reflections, there came a step in the hall, and a gentle rap at the door. Kitty sprang up, and a moment later she cried, as she caught a glimpse of the new-comer's face:

"Bert Stanley! So you have come back?"

"Welcome me back, little Kitty," he exclaimed, clinging to the hand that was offered him.

It was pleasing to witness such a hearty meeting between these two friends. There was a frank, open look on the young man's features that would win one at once. At last Kitty asked:

"Bert, where have you kept yourself all this time? We began to think you had forgotten us."

Bert's frank brow darkened.

"It's not much of a story, but it has made me almost angry every time I think of it. The day I arrived in Boston a gentleman told me you had all gone South to spend the summer. As soon as I heard this I at once posted off to New Orleans.—You know that I went on a wild goose chase?"

Kitty's face lengthened somewhat as she said: "Who told you that?"

"Linmar Tracy."

"Mr. Tracy told you that? He knew better; he was well aware we were at home. He was here the very day he started for Boston. I cannot conjecture what motive he had to induce him to tell you that."

"Well, I am better at guessing than you are. It was merely a selfish motive, I think. It was that he might succeed in making Clarice think me faithless. You see I've thought it over, and I've come to the conclusion that's what it means. A friend told me Tracy said if she was not his wife it would not be his fault."

"I'm afraid you've come too late, Bert. Clarice says you have forgotten her, and—I fear Tracy has not failed in his plan."

"What do you mean, Kitty? Tell me quick!"

"She has promised to give his proposal an answer to-morrow. It will not be 'no.'"

"So he has dared to make love to her, has he? Where is your uncle? I will go tell him all."

"Stay, Bert. I beg you will do no such thing. If you will listen to me a few minutes, I will tell you how the matter stands. Uncle Ralph says she must marry Mr. Tracy. He thinks because you failed to visit Clarice, you had failed to love her, and had cast her off for some one else. So, you see, were you to rush impetuously into Uncle Ralph's presence, as you would undoubtedly do, were you not forewarned, there would perhaps be a scene, and you would lose all chance of a reconciliation. Let him know that you are sincere, and have not forgotten Clarice, and his former good opinion of you will come back. Leave the matter to me. I am your equal in managing such affairs, I'll wager. Now I'll tell you how it's to be done; are you listening?"

"Listening, you rogue? You know I am.'

Kitty drew her chair a little closer to that of her friend, and in a whisper unfolded a plan she had been maturing for the last few minutes, the result of which we shall soon see.

"Well, if you aren't the greatest scheemer yet! But, Kitty, I can't bear to wait so long."

"Patience, old friend. The world was not made in a minute."

"Then I cannot see her till after that?"

"No, sir. I warn you not to step inside these doors till the day after to-morrow.—So begone; I hear Uncle Ralph coming."

"Good, and success to your plans." And Bert was gone.

Hardly had the steps ceased to resound in the hall ere Uncle Ralph's bald pate and shining visage appeared through the door. Kitty did not appear to notice his entrance, for she stitched demurely away as if life depended on it.

"Why don't you get up and welcome me with your usual kiss, you ungrateful girl—after all I have done for you!"

"All you've done for us! Well, I should like to know what that was, more than to keep us here at work, instead of giving us our just deserts, as you ought to do. Don't you see you are killing Clara? Was it not enough that Bert should never come back without your compelling her to marry that gloomy old bachelor? I tell you, sir, I've a good mind to give you a piece of my thoughts on the way you have used her—"

"Hold on, Kitty, I can't stand a lecture from your lips just now. Besides all that, I think you have mistaken Mr. Tracy. I am sure he loves Clara as well as it is in a man's power to love. He really seemed disappointed this morning when he was told that she was unable to see him.

"Oh! of course he was disappointed, and that's no more than any other man would have been—Bert Stanley, for instance."

"Pshaw! Why is it your mind is always reverting to that poor artist? One would really think it was you instead of Clarice he once pretended to love."

"I care for him only on Clarice's account. I have got a beau of my own, thank you. But I tell you again that Bert, poor as he is, and depending upon labor for his daily bread has far more of the true gentleman in him than has this Tracy, with his purse-proud, aristocratic ways."

Kitty spoke warmly, and her eyes flashed.

"But after all, a man carries something in his face, and, judging from that, I still repeat what I before asserted, that Tracy is a true gentleman, and will stand the test of a true lover."

"Yes, he loves Clarice for her money, not for herself as she is. Were you to offer her to him as a penniless bride, you would at once see a change in the billiant manners which now possess such an attraction for you."

"There you do him injustice, Kitty. I am sure Tracy is not so mercenary as you seem to think. I cannot think you mean what you say."

"I do, uncle, truly and sincerely. I believe him to be a cruel, heartless man—one just fitted to captivate some poor little heiress like Clarice."

"Well, well, of course I do not want to force Clara on any man. Nothing is further from my thoughts. I only wish to provide a comfortable home and a loving husband for her, and did I not think Tracy would give and prove all this, why then—"

"I knew you were not so perfectly cruel as to marry Clarice to Tracy. And now, you dear old uncle, I want to ask you something. If we can prove Bert true in his devotion, and willing to take her without her money, will you yield her up to him?"

"Really, Kitty, I don't see how it's to be done. What about Tracy?"

"Never mind him. I think I shall show you before long that he is wholly unworthy of the trust you are placing in him.—Will you give me a chance to do it?"

"If you mean for me to give my consent to your scheme for finding him out, yes.—I am confident you will find him true as gold."

"And you will let her marry Bert if he comes back and claims her, if I prove Tracy faithless?"

"If you must have it so, yes."

"I shall hold you to your promise."

And again Kitty rehearsed her plot, this time in the ears of the doting uncle, which, to judge from the glow of pleasure which overspread his features, met his full approval.

"Well, Kitty, you fight in Clara's cause with a zeal which would be commendable to anyone, providing you are disinterested in the cause, and I guess you are."

"Then you consent?"

"Yes."

Kitty's soft arms around his neck, and her warm kisses on his cheek, drowned anything else he might have said.

"There, there, Kitty, do stop, please.—You have kissed me enough, quite enough already. And now to business," he kept on, as Kitty released him from her loving caresses. "When will you do it?"

"This very day. And you shall write them yourself."

"Very well. Let's see; the mail goes in an hour; we will have them ready."

What it was to which they referred will be seen by a copy of a "Personal" which appeared in the next morning's issue of the "Times."

"Personal.—We learn, just as we are going to press this morning, that the splendid mansion of Mr. Ralph Westland is to be sold to-morrow under the hammer.—The reason of this is stated to be that Mr. Westland has failed in business. Though his affairs have never seemed to lie in a more prosperous condition than of late, we are told by way of a person whose word we cannot dispute, that he has for some time past been indulging in speculative business which has not proved legitimate, and which led to his ruin. We also learn that Mr. Westlands' ward is about to become the bride of Mr. Tracy, one of our best citizens."

That morning found Tracy at his club-room, perusing the "Times" through the fumes of his cigar smoke emitted from his own lips, and with his feet tilted at an angle of at least forty degrees. As his attention became for the first time directed to that "Personal," his curiosity seemed to have been suddenly awakened. With staring eyes he devoured the few words the paragraph contained muttering, as he proceeded, "Sold!" "Under the hammer!" "Ruined!" "Bride!" "Well, what does this mean?" he at last burst out. "It seems old Ralph is not so shrewd a business man as people thought. Lucky, by Jove! that this thing happened before we were married. What an egregious mistake that would have been, to be sure! I am sorry to disappoint them, but really, I have urgent business at New York. Wonder what possible excuse I can have for this cutting off? Unexpected call—find I cannot any longer consider myself in any way connected with her without interfering with my plans, etc. No; I can't marry a woman unless she has more 'stamps' than I have. I do not see either, how I can stand it without some of what I expected. I need look no longer in that direction, however, low as my funds may be."

"So you really intend to cast her off with heartless falsehood! Linmar Tracy, I certainly thought you more of a man than that!"

Springing out of his seat, Tracy turned and faced Mr. Westland, who had entered unobserved, and heard the soliloquy Tracy was unknowingly indulging in.

"When you came and requested my consent to pay your attentions to my ward and niece, I little thought it would prove you a villain. I believed it would be a good match for her, not because I thought you were wealthy, but because I thought you would prove a good husband, and would give her a comfortable home. I am glad now that I have discovered, ere it is too late, your real character. And now let me tell you that this article which you have just been reading is not only false, but was inserted in the "Times" for the purpose of proving you; it is only a plan, devised by little Kate Alden, who read you, while I could not, to ascertain whether you were true. My affairs never advanced more readily than they do at the present time; my house will not be sold at auction, neither will Clarice Lee marry you. I'll give her to Bert Stanley, who, I have now learned, has been true all along, though rascally lied to by you, with the intention to prove him false to Clarice. You see your game is spoiled; you may go to the Rocky Mountains, or anywhere else, if you like, carrying with you the knowledge that you will hereafter be considered a slanderous villain, by me, at least."

Tracy's face paled for an instant as he saw that Mr. Westland's words were overheard by several of his old acquaintances; then, without a word, he slunk from the presence of the irate old man. He saw it would be useless to attempt to regain his lost position.

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That night Mr. Westland placed Clara's hand in Bert Stanley's and asked them both to forgive him. Clarice, ever grateful, readily overlooked the past, but Bert smilingly declared he could not unless Clarice was made then and there his. So, despite the blushing declarations on Clara's part that she was not prepared, the gray-haired parson was summoned, and pronounced the words that made two one.

And what about Kitty? We must not forget her to whom is owed all this. She was there looking so bewilderingly lovely that a certain young man offered himself to the bewitching fairy, and what the consequences are I can tell you no better than to say that they now occupy a little brown cottage just in the shadow of the old Westland House. No doubt they are as happy as they are good.

How Soon We Forget.—A leaf torn from the tree by a rugged gale, and born away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal fount is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sepulchre without waking a single echo by his footsteps.

States Rights.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, APRIL 13TH, BY HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

Mr. President: The questions presented in this debate have been of fact and constitutional law. It is insisted on one side that a condition of things exists in certain States affecting life, liberty, property, and the enjoyment of equal rights, which can only be corrected by the national arm. On the other side this statement is controverted, and it is argued also that such intervention is inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. On both questions, whether of fact or law, I cannot hesitate. To my mind outrages are proved, fearful in character; nor can I doubt the power under the Constitution to apply the remedy.

The evidence is cumulative. Ruffians in paint and in disguise seize the innocent, insult them, rob them, murder them. Communities are kept under this terrible shadow. And this terror falls especially upon those who have stood by the Union in its bloody trial and those others of different color who have just been admitted to the blessing of freedom. To both of these classes is our nation bound by every obligation of public faith. We cannot see them sacrificed without apostacy. If the power to protect them fails, then is the national Constitution a failure.

I do not set forth the evidence, for this has been amply done by others, and to repeat it would be only to occupy time and to darken the hour. The report of the committee at least as regards one State, the testimony of the public press, the stories of violence with which the air is laden, and private letters, with their painful narrations—all these unite, leaving no doubt as to the harrowing condition of things in certain States, lately in rebellion; not the same in all these States or in all parts of a State, but such as to show in many States the social fabric menaced, disturbed, imperiled in its very foundations, while life, liberty, property, and the enjoyment of equal rights are without that security which is the first condition of civilization. This is the case simply stated. If such things can be without a remedy applied if need be by the national arm, then are we little more than a bundle of sticks, but not a nation. Believing that we are a nation, I cannot doubt the power and the duty of the National Government. Thus on general grounds do I approach the true conclusion.

So long as slavery endured, a State was allowed to play the turtle, and, sheltered within its shell, to escape the application of those master principles which are truly national. The Declaration of Independence with its immortal truths was at abeyance; the Constitution itself was interpreted always in support of slavery. I never doubted that this interpretation was wrong, not even in the days of slavery; but it is doubly, trebly wrong, now that the Declaration of Independence is at least regarded, and that the Constitution not only makes slavery impossible but assures the citizens in the enjoyment of equal rights. I do not quote these texts, whether of the Declaration or the Constitution. You know them by heart. But they are not vain words. Vital in themselves, they are armed with all needful powers to carry them into execution. As in other days slavery gave its character to the Constitution, filling it with its own denial of equal rights, and compelling the National Government to be its instrument, so now do I insist that liberty must give its character to the Constitution, filling it with life-giving presence and compelling the National Government to be its instrument. Once the nation served slavery and in this service ministered to State Rights; now it must serve liberty with kindred devotion, even to the denial of State Rights. All this I insist is plain according to rules of interpretation, simple and commanding.

In other days, while the sinister influence prevailed, the States were surrounded by a Chinese wall so broad that horsemen and chariots could travel upon it abreast; but that wall has now been beaten down, and the citizen everywhere is under the protection of the same equal laws, not only without distinction of color, but also without distinction of State.

What makes us a nation? Not armies, not fleets, not fortifications, not commerce reaching every shore abroad, not industry filling every vein at home, not population thronging the highways; none of these make our nation. The national life of this Republic is found in the principle of unity and in the equal rights of all our people; all of which being national in character are necessarily placed under the great safeguard of the nation. Let the national unity be assailed, and the nation will spring to its defence. Let the humblest citizen in the remotest village be assailed in the enjoyment of equal rights, and the nation must do for that humblest citizen what it would do for itself. And this is only according to the original promises of the Declaration of Independence, and the more recent promises of the constitutional amendments, the two concurring in the same national principles.

Do you question the binding character of the great declaration? Then do I invoke the constitutional amendments. But you cannot turn from either, and each establishes beyond question the boundaries of national power, making it coextensive with the national unity and the equal rights of all originally declared and subsequently assured. Whatever is announced in the declaration is essentially national, and so, also, is all that is assured. The principles of the declaration, reinforced by the constitutional amendments, cannot be allowed to suffer. Being common to all, they must be under the safeguard of all; nor can any State set up its local system against the universal law. Equality implies universality; and what is universal must be national. If each State is left to determine the protection of equal rights, then will protection vary according to the State, and equal rights will prevail only according to the accident of local law. Therefore, in obediance to reason, as well as solemn mandate, is this power in the nation.

Nor am I deterred from this conclusion by any cry of centralism, or it may be of imperalism. These are terms borrowed from France, where this abuse has become a tyranny, subjecting the most distant communities, even in the details of administration, to central control. Mark, if you please, the distinction. But no such tyranny is proposed among us; nor any interference of any kind with matters local in character. The nation will not enter the State except for the safeguard of rights national in character, and then only as the sunshine, with beneficent power, and, like the sunshine, for the equal good of all. As well assail the sun because it is central—because it is imperial. Here is a just centralism; here is a generous imimperialism. Shunning with patriotic care that injurious centralism and that fatal imperialism which have been the Nemesis of France, I hail that other centralism which supplies an equal protection to every citizen, and that other imperalism which makes equal rights the supreme law, to be maintained by the national arm in all parts of the land. Centralism! Imperalism! give me the imperalism of equal rights. And may this National Capitol, where we are now assembled, be the emblem of our nation. Planted on a hill-top, with portals opening North and South, East and West, with spacious chambers and with arching dome crowned by the image of liberty, such is our imperial Republic; but in nothing is it so truly imperial as in that beneficent sovereiguty which rises like a dome crowned by the image of liberty.

Nor am I deterred by any party cry.—The Rupublican party must do its work, which is nothing less than the regeneration of the nation according to the promise of the Declaration of Independence. To maintain the Republic in its unity, and the people in their rights, such is this transcendent duty. Nor do I fear any political party which assails these sacred promises, even if it falsely assume the name of Democrat. How powerless their efforts against these immortal principles! For myself I know no better service than that which I now announce. Here have I labored steadfastly from early life, bearing obloquy and enmity, and here again I pledge the energies which remain to me, even if obloquy and enmity survive.

Husband and Wife.

Let the husband be the true and pure guardian of his family, laboring always to adorn himself with the god-like gems of wisdom, virtue, and honor; let him bear himself in relation to his wife with gracious kindness towards her faults, with grateful recognition of her merits, with steady sympathy for her trials, with hearty aid for her better aspirations, and she must be of a vile stock if she does not reverence him, and minister unto him with all the graces and sweetness of her nature.

Let a wife, in her whole intercourse with her husband, try the efficacy of gentleness, purity, sincerity, scrupulous truth, and meek and patient forbearance, an invariable tone and manner of deference, and if he is not a brute he cannot help respecting and treating her kindly; and in nearly all instances he will end by loving her, and living happily with her.

But if he is vulgar and vicious, despotic, reckless, so as to have no devotion for the august prizes and incorruptible pleasures of existence, if she is an unappeasable termagent, or a pretty worrier, so taken up with trifling annoyances that wherever she looks "the blue rotunda of the universe sinks into a housewifery room;" if the presence of each acts as a morbid iritant on the nerves of the other, to the destruction of comfort, and the lowering of self respect, and the draining away of peace and strength, their companionship must infallibly be a companionship in wretchedness and loss.

The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of wrangling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinements, good tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty.—Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as where they thus dwell together; they make a heavenly home.

Court is a verb active, indicative mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood.

Ten Years Ago.

Ten years ago, ten years ago!
What changes have since then
Swept over all things here below,
O'er women and o'er men.

The little girls that lisped so sweet
Are now to maidens grown;
In charms of womanhood complete,
Even as a rose full blown.

And boys have grown to manhood's size,
And feel the piercing darts
That wing their ways from maiden's eyes
And quiver in their hearts.

The silver locks are whitening, too,
On many a manly brow;
And gathering wrinkles sad to view
Make their appearance now.

And O, full many a gap is made
In every circle here!
For low within their graves are laid
The friends we love so dear!

Ten years ago! what smiles and tears
Within that time have been;
What dawning hopes, what dark'ning fears
Swept o'er the checkered scene.

Ten years ago! it seems an age
As we the past survey;
A toilsome, weary pilgrimage
Along a lengthened way.

The storm of war has ruthless swept
And marked its path with woe;
Brave men have died and women wept
Since 'twas ten years ago.

May heaven in its mercy grant
We ne'er again may know
Such scenes of death, of woe, of want,
As since ten years ago.

FACETIÆ.

—The end of a candle—to give light.

—One key to Irish grievances—whiskey.

—Cat music is done purr-puss-ly, isn't it?

—A wonderful aerial phenomenon.—A flight of stairs.

—In Tennessee a hotel-keeper is called a "hash-mill boss."

—How to make time go fast—Use the spur of the moment.

—An infallible prescription to rid a house of fleas—kill them.

—Next year is leap year, but we shall have spring here directly.

—Hints to Mothers.—Treat your baby kindly, but not *cordial*-ly.

—Whatever is, is right—except your left hand and foot.

—It is only ugly men whom women tell they can't bear handsome ones.

—What becomes of the hints people keep on dropping, so few are picked up?

—Curious.—If twice eleven are twenty-two, how can twice ten be twenty, too?

—Young ladies should be taught to rise with the larks, but not to get up to them.

—An exchange says that the frogs of Connecticut have worn the skin off their noses in the vain attempt to find water.

—If you wish to know how many friends you have, get into office; if you wish to know how many friends you haven't, get into trouble.

—A man who offered to be bail for a friend was asked by the Judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "O, yes," said he; "my old woman."

—Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest because she has so much principal.

—In the window shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

—At the dinner of an Irish Association, not long since, the following toast was given: Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Rafferty, an' may he live to eat the chicken that scratches over his grave.

—"What kind of pens do you sell here, mister?" asked a boy of a stationer.—"We keep all kinds, you young vagabond," was the rude reply. "Oh, you do, do you? Well, then, I'll take ten cents worth of pig pens."

—A little four-year-old remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a cookie." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookie."

—During the late war, Dr. —— entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

—"Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?" "No; I never said any such a thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was, that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said." "Well it's well you didn't say the other, I tell you."

—Two ladies were in conversation the other day. One lady remarked that sparrows were useful in ridding certain cities of canker worms. The other lady said she would rather be tormented by the latter than sparrows. Just then a gentleman approached and was appealed to. "Mr. —, which do you think the worst, the sparrows or worms?" He blushed a little as he said: "I don't know, I never had sparrows."

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